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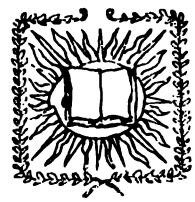

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TIMOTHY COLE'S WOOD ENGRAVINGS OF MASTERPIECES IN AMERICAN GALLERIES

WOMAN WITH A LAMP

BY

JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET

Owned by Mr. Henry Clay Frick

WOMAN WITH A LAMP. BY JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET

(TIMOTHY COLE'S WOOD ENGRAVINGS OF MASTERPIECES IN AMERICAN GALLERIES — XIII)

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. LXXXV NOVEMBER, 1912 No. 1

MR. WELLAWAY'S HOST

BY ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

Author of "Pigs is Pigs," "The Man Who was Some One Else," etc.

I

"NO, sir," said Mr. Wellaway, positively, "this is not the club at all. This is not the sort of club. The club I mean has a heavier head—heavier and flatter."

The clerk looked here and there among the racks of golf-clubs, but his general manner was that of hopelessness. There seemed to be thousands of golf-clubs in the racks, and he had shown Mr. Wellaway club after club, each seeming to fit the description Mr. Wellaway had given, but in vain. Mr. Wellaway looked up and down the shop.

"If I could remember the name of the clerk," he said, "he would know the club. He sold one of them to Mr. ——" He hesitated. "Now I can't remember *his* name. A rather large man with a smooth face. He has a small wart or a wen just at the side of his nose. You did n't wait on such a man last week, did you?"

"I can't recall him by the description," said the clerk.

"Pshaw, now!" said Mr. Wellaway, with vexation. "I know his name as well as I know my own! I would forget my own if people did n't mention it to me once in a while. It is peculiar how a man can remember faces and forget names, is n't it?"

"Yes, it is," said the clerk. "If you just look through these clubs yourself, you may be able to find what you want. Was the name of the clerk you had in mind Mills? Or Waterson? Or Frazer?"

"It might be Frazer," said Mr. Wellaway, doubtfully.

"If it was Frazer," said the clerk, "he left here last Saturday."

"But could n't you look up Frazer's sales and see what kind of driver he sold? But of course you can't if I don't remember the name of the man he sold it to, can you?"

"Not very well," admitted the clerk, with a polite smile. "Now, if you like a heavy club—"

He was interrupted by another customer. The golf goods were on the basement floor, and a short flight of steps led to the basement from the main floor, and

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the new customer had come down the stairs. He was a big, bluff, hearty man, with a cheerful manner and a rather red face, and Mr. Wellaway immediately remembered having met him sometime and somewhere. He nodded his head with the ready comradeship of a fellow-golfer.

"Hel*lo!*" exclaimed the new-comer, heartily. "Well! well! so you are at it too, are you? Got the golf fever?" Then to the clerk: "Got my brassy mended?"

"What name, sir?" asked the clerk.

"Did n't leave any name," said the big man. "It 's a mahogany brassy, the only real mahogany brassy you ever saw. I had it made to order," he said to Mr. Wellaway, as the clerk hurried away to the repair department. "So you 've taken up golf, have you? It 's a great game."

"It *is* a great game," said Mr. Wellaway; "but I 've been at it a long time. Not that I 'm much good at it."

"No one is ever any good at it except the crack players," said the other. "I 'm as bad as they make 'em; but I love it. Where do you play?"

"Van Cortlandt," said Mr. Wellaway.

"Ever play Westcote?"

"No," said Mr. Wellaway. "I 've been in the village, but I did n't know there was a course there."

"Best little course you ever saw," said the hearty man. "Nine holes, but all beauties. I want you to play it sometime. Look here," he added suddenly, "what have you got on for this afternoon?"

"Well, I was going up to Van Cortlandt," said Mr. Wellaway, hesitatingly.

"That 's all off now! You 're coming out with me and have a try at our Westcote course. Yes, you are. You know I never take 'No' for an answer when I make up my mind. And, look here, we have just time to get a train."

Mr. Wellaway's host beckoned violently to the clerk.

"But my clubs—" protested Mr. Wellaway.

"That 's all right, too. Our professional can fit you out."

"I ought to telephone my wife."

"Oh, do it from the club."

The temptation was too much for Mr. Wellaway. It was a hot day, and he knew the public links at Van Cortlandt would be crowded to the limit. He imagined the cool green of the little course at Westcote and let himself be persuaded, and in four minutes he was aboard the commuters' train, being whirled under the East River.

It was not until the train was out of the tunnel and speeding along over the Long Island right of way that he felt the first qualm of uneasiness; but it was a very slight qualm. He was ashamed that he could not remember the name of his host. The man's face was certainly familiar enough, and the man evidently knew Mr. Wellaway well enough to invite him to play golf, or Mr. Wellaway would not have been invited; but the name would not make itself known. But, after all, that was an easily remedied matter. The first friend they met would call Mr. Wellaway's host by name.

At Woodside they left the electric train and boarded the steam train, but no one had spoken to Mr. Wellaway's host on the platform. One or two men had nodded to him in a manner that showed they liked him, but none mentioned his name. Mr. Wellaway smiled. He would use a little very simple Sherlock Holmes work when the conductor came through for the fares.

Mr. Wellaway had noticed that his host used a fifty-trip ticket-book when the conductor asked for the fare on the electric, and now he waited until the new conductor tore the trip leaves from the book and returned the book to its owner.

"I see you use a book," said Mr. Wellaway. "Do you find it cheaper than buying mileage?"

He held out his hand for the book. It was an ordinary gesture of curiosity, and his host surrendered the book.

"No, I don't, not usually," he said. "And a commutation-ticket is cheaper than either. Now, a commutation-ticket costs—"

He entered into the commuter's usual closely computed average of cost per trip, and Mr. Wellaway nodded his acquiescence in the figures; but his mind was elsewhere. He read as though interested the face of the book, and then turned it over. There on the back, in a bold hand, under the contract the thrifty railroads make book-holders sign, was the signature, "Geo. P. Garris." Mr. Wellaway stared at the name while he ransacked his memory to recall a George P. Garris. He not

Drawn by Henry Raleigh

"'LOOK HERE,' HE ADDED SUDDENLY, 'WHAT HAVE YOU GOT ON FOR THIS AFTERNOON?'"

only could not recall a George P. Garris, but he could not remember ever having heard or seen the name of Garris. If the second "r" was meant for a "v," the name might be "Garvis," but that did not help. He could not recall a Garvis. At any rate, it was some satisfaction to know his host was George P. Garris or George P. Garvis. When and how he had met him would probably soon appear.

"I see you are looking at that name," said Mr. Wellaway's host, "and I don't wonder. Matter of fact, I have no business to have that book; but Garvis was a good fellow, and he needed the money, so I bought it of him when he left Westcote."

"Oh," said Mr. Wellaway, blankly, and then: "So that 's why you are not using a commutation-ticket this month." He had to say something.

"That 's the reason," said his host; "and this is Westcote."

II

THE Westcote Country Club was all Mr. Wellaway's host had boasted. The greens rolled away from the small club-house in graceful beauty, small groves of elms and maples studded the course, and picturesque stone walls and sodded bunkers provided sufficient hazards. Everything was as neat as a new pin. It was a sight to make any golfer happy, but when the station cab rolled up to the club-house door, Mr. Wellaway was not entirely happy. He was beginning to feel like an interloper. The more he studied the face of his host, the surer he became that he had no business to be a guest. As a word in print, when studied intensely, becomes a mere jumble of meaningless letters, so the face of his host grew less and less familiar, until Mr. Wellaway had decided his familiarity was with the type of face and not with this particular face. One thing alone comforted him: his host seemed to know Mr. Wellaway.

As they left the cab, Mr. Wellaway made a desperate effort to learn the name of his host; for he felt that if he did not learn it now he was in for a most unpleasant five minutes. Mr. Wellaway was a small, gentle little man, but he was al-

most rude in his insistence that he be permitted to pay the cabby.

"Yes, I will," he insisted. "I certainly will. If you don't let me, I 'll be downright angry. You paid my fare, and you offer me an afternoon's sport; but I am going to pay this cabman."

"But this is my party," said his host.

"You go right into the club-house, and let me pay," said Mr. Wellaway. "I want to do this, and you ought to let me." With a laugh the host turned away. Mr. Wellaway fumbled in his pocket until he was alone with the cabman.

"What is the charge?" he asked.

"Quarter," said the cabby, briefly.

"Here 's a dollar," said Mr. Wellaway. "Now, can you tell me the name of that man—the man who drove up with me?"

"No, sir," said the cabman; "I don't know what his name is."

"I just wanted to know," said Mr. Wellaway.

When he entered the club-house his host was alone.

"You wanted to telephone," he said to Mr. Wellaway. "There 's the booth. It 's a money-in-the-slot machine. I 'll get a greens-ticket and a bag of clubs for you while you are in there, and we will not lose any time. When you come out, come up to the locker-room."

Mr. Wellaway entered the booth and closed the door. He called for his number and waited while the connection was made. It was hot in the booth with the door closed, but not for the world would Mr. Wellaway have opened it.

"Hello, is that you, Mary?" he asked, when he had dropped the requisite coins in the slot at the request of the central. "This is Edgar. Yes. I 'm out at Westcote, on Long Island. I 'm going to play golf. I met a friend, and he insisted that I come out here and try his course. I say I met a friend. Yes, a friend. An old acquaintance. He lives out here."

For a few seconds Mr. Wellaway listened.

"No, listen!" said Mr. Wellaway. "I don't know *what* his name is, but I 'll find out. I just met him, you know, and he asked me, and I could n't say, 'Thank you, I 'll accept; but what is your name?' I could n't say that, could I? When he knew me so well? Oh, nonsense, Mary! I tell you it 's a man."

As he listened to what Mary had to say to this, Mr. Wellaway sighed deeply.

"No, it is not funny that I don't know his name," he said. "You know I can't remember names, and I know thousands of men, and speak to them, and can't recall their names. Listen! There 's no reason in the world for your jealousy to get stirred up. Not the least. I 'll know his name inside half an hour, and if you are going to act that way about it, I 'll telephone you the minute I learn it. Yes, I will! Well, that 's all right, too; but since you take that attitude, I 'm going to telephone you. Good-by." He waited half a minute for an answering "Good-by," and then hung up the receiver softly. Mary's jealousy was a real annoyance. Mr. Wellaway stepped out of the booth and wiped his forehead.

The small sitting-room of the club was deserted. In the adjacent butler's pantry he could hear the steward at work, and above the low ceiling he could hear his host changing his shoes. On the bulletin-board, among the announcements of competitions and new rules, was a list of members posted for dues or house-accounts. It was a very short list, and Mr. Wellaway recognized none of the names. On the opposite wall was a framed list of the club-members, perhaps one hundred and twenty-five, and Mr. Wellaway ran his eye down them. Only one of the names was familiar, that of George C. Rogers, and the host was not Rogers, for Mr. Wellaway knew Rogers well. Not another name was even faintly familiar. Mr. Wellaway was still poring over the list when his host descended the stairs.

"I see," said Mr. Wellaway, "that George Rogers is a member of the club."

"That so?" said his host. "I don't know him. I don't know many of the fellows yet. Rankin and Mallows are putting me up for membership, but I 'm playing on a temporary card until the next meeting of the board of governors. They say there 's no doubt I 'll be admitted; but I don't take chances. I pay as I go until I 'm a full member. When I 'm in, I 'll sign checks like the rest of them; but until I am in, I 'll pay cash. Now, you run up and shuck your coat, if you want to, while I get you a bag of clubs and a greens-ticket. I left my locker open—Number 43."

Mr. Wellaway ascended the stairs. All about the locker-room were the lockers, two high, and on each was the name of the holder. The door of 43 stood open, and Mr. Wellaway darted for it, and looked for the name of his host. There was no name on the locker.

Drawn by Henry Raleigh

"'NOW, CAN YOU TELL ME THE NAME OF THAT MAN—THE MAN WHO DROVE UP WITH ME?'"

III

In the locker was the usual accumulation of golfer's odds and ends. A few badly scarred golf-balls lay on the floor, along with a pair of winter golf-shoes. A couple of extra clubs stood in one corner. A sweater hung from a hook, and from another hook hung the coat and waistcoat his host had just removed. From one pocket, the inside pocket, of the coat protruded the tops of three or four letters. Mr. Wellaway stared at the letters and perspired profusely. He had only to put out his hand and raise the letters partly from the pocket to know the name of his host. Then he could make an excuse to telephone his wife again. Assuredly there

was nothing dishonorable in merely glancing at the address of the letters. But he stood very still and listened intently before he put out his hand. He could hear the soft tread of rubber-soled shoes on the floor below. Very gently Mr. Wellaway raised the letters from the pocket just as he heard the rubber-soled shoes touch the zinc treads of the stairs. He slid the letters back into the pocket in a panic, and jerked off his coat, but he had seen the address of the outermost letter. It was an unmailed letter, and it was addressed to "Mrs. Edgar Wellaway, Rimmon Apartments, West End Avenue, New York."

"All ready!" said his host, cheerfully.

"Just a moment," said Mr. Wellaway. He was taking his papers from his coat-pockets and putting them in the hip-pocket of his trousers. A man cannot be too careful.

IV

MR. WELLAWAY'S host used a Scotch-plaid golf-bag, without initials painted on it, and when the two men issued from the club-house the bag was leaning against the wall immediately under the outside bulletin-board. One list on the board was headed "Applications for Membership," but there were no names entered later than a month and a half old, and all these had the word "Elected" written after them. When Mr. Wellaway caught sight of the other list his face brightened.

"My handicap is eighteen," he said, looking through the list of members with the handicaps set opposite the names.

"Two better than mine," said his host. "I play at twenty."

"Twenty?" said Mr. Wellaway, running his finger up and down the handicap list.

"But I have n't been given a handicap here yet," said his host. "They don't give you a handicap here until you are a member."

"Oh," said Mr. Wellaway, and turned away. He had no further interest in the handicap-list.

The course was clear for the entire first hole. Mr. Wellaway got away with a clean drive, but sliced his second into the rough, while his host sliced his first into a sand-pit, got out with a high niblick shot, and lay on the putting-green in three. Mr. Wellaway wasted a stroke chopping out of the rough, and put his ball on the green with a clean iron shot in four, close enough to putt out in one, making the hole a five. His host took two to hole out, doing another five, but winning the hole on his handicap, which gave him one stroke on the first hole. It was good golf, par golf, and Mr. Wellaway was elated. To do a hole in par on a strange course, after getting into the rough, was better golf than he knew how to play, and the loss of the hole after such playing made him only the more eager to play his best. He forgot Mary's jealousy and his annoyance at not knowing the name of his host, and played golf as he had never played it before. The professional's clubs seemed to work magic in his hands. At the ninth hole he was still one down, but his host did the first hole on the second round in eight, to Mr. Wellaway's seven, and it was seesaw around the course the second time, with all even when eighteen holes had been played.

"I guess we can play it off before the storm hits us," said Mr. Wellaway's host, and for the first time Mr. Wellaway noticed the black clouds piling up in the west. They started the nineteenth hole with a rush of wind whirling the dust from the road across the course, and before they had walked to where their balls lay after their drives, the forward edge of the storm-clouds, low, ragged, and an ugly yellow, was full over them, and a glare of lightning, followed by a tremendous crash, blinded them both. Mr. Wellaway's host threw his bag of clubs on the grass as though it were red hot, and started at a full run for the club-house. Mr. Wellaway followed him.

Except for the steward and his wife, the club-house was already deserted, the last automobile tearing down the club roadway as Mr. Wellaway reached the veranda. The lightning exceeded anything Mr. Wellaway had ever seen, and crash followed crash in deafening explosions, as though the electrical storm had centered near the club-house. A fair-sized hickory-tree, half dead from the depredations of the hickory-bark beetle, fell crashing across the sleeping-room annex of the club-house. For half an hour after the rain began to fall in sheets the lightning continued, while Mr. Wellaway and his host stared

at the storm through the windows of the club-house; but about six o'clock the worst of the storm had passed on, and the rain had become a steady, heavy downpour.

"There 's one thing sure," said Mr. Wellaway's host: "there 's no going home for you to-night."

"But I must go home," said Mr. Wellaway.

"If you must, of course you must," said his host; "but there would be no sense in going in this rain. We will have dinner right here. I suppose you can get us up a couple of chops or something?"

"Yes, sir," said the steward, who had returned from a survey of his sleeping-quarters. "Chops or steak."

"Then I 'll just 'phone my wife that I 'll not be home," said Mr. Wellaway's host, and he entered the telephone-booth. In a few minutes he came out again. "Can't get central," he said with annoyance. "The thing is either cut off or burned out. Probably a tree has fallen across the wires. I hate to drag you out through all this rain, but my wife will be distracted if I don't get home. She 'll imagine I 'm killed. You will have to come home with me and take pot-luck."

"Why, that 's very kind of you," said Mr. Wellaway, "but I could not think of it. My own wife will be worrying. I 'll just scoot through the rain to the station and get the first train home."

"Of course, if you think best," said the host. "We have to pass the station on the way to my house. But Sarah would be glad to put you up for the night."

Drawn by Henry Raleigh

"VERY GENTLY MR. WELLAWAY RAISED THE LETTERS FROM THE POCKET JUST AS HE HEARD THE RUBBER-SOLED SHOES TOUCH THE ZINC TREADS OF THE STAIRS"

The station was not as far as Mr. Wellaway had feared, for it was not necessary to walk to the main station; there was another nearer, and they reached it a few minutes before a train for the city was due. Mr. Wellaway's host walked to the ticket-window.

"I presume the train is late," he asked.

"You presume exactly right," said the young man in the ticket-office. "She 's not only late, but she 's going to be later before she ever gets to New York. The lightning struck the Bloom Street bridge, and the bridge went up like fireworks. It will be about twenty-four hours before anybody from this town gets to New York."

"Twenty-four hours!" exclaimed Mr. Wellaway, aghast. "But I can telegraph."

"If you can, you can do more than I can do," said the young man. "I 've tried, and I can't do it, and I 'm a professional."

"Well!" said Mr. Wellaway.

"All right," said his host. "Now there 's nothing for you to do but accept

Drawn by Henry Raleigh

"'A TALL, THIN FELLOW, WITH SANDY SIDEBURNS. PROBABLY A FLOOR-WALKER IN SOME SHOP, WITH A PERPETUAL SMILE'"

my invitation, and I make it doubly warm. Sarah will be delighted. You are the first guest we 've had for the night since we moved out here. She 'll be delighted, I tell you. And so will I."

"But I ought to go home," insisted Mr. Wellaway.

"But you can't go home," laughed his host. "Come right along. Sarah will be delighted. She 's—she 's fond of company. Perhaps our 'phone will be working. You can telephone your wife from our house. Really, Sarah will be glad—she 'll be delighted, I tell you."

So Mr. Wellaway accompanied his host. The house to which he was led was an average suburban dwelling, a frame house of ample size, with wide verandas, a goodly lawn, and the usual clumps of shrubbery. At the screen door the host paused.

"If you don't mind," he said, "I 'll let you wait here while I step inside and tell Sarah we are coming. Sarah is the most hospitable of women, and that 's the reason I want to tell her. She 'll welcome you with open arms, but—you know how these hospitable women are, don't you? They like a minute or two to get into a more than casual mood. It will be all right. Only a minute."

"Certainly," said Mr. Wellaway, feeling rather uncomfortable, and his host opened the door with a latch-key and entered. If Mr. Wellaway could have heard what passed inside that door, he would have turned and run.

"Darling!" exclaimed his host's wife when she saw him. "How wet you are! Go right up-stairs and get into a hot bath this minute! You 'll die of cold!"

"In a minute, Sarah," said her husband; "but, first, I 've got a man out there. He 's going to stay for dinner and sleep here."

"Oh!" exclaimed Sarah, letting her

mind jump to her larder. "But we did n't expect any one. Really I don't know. Perhaps I can make what I have do. Is—is it any one important?"

"Don't know," said Mr. Wellaway's host, hastily. "I 'll tell you all about it when I 'm dressing. I don't know the fellow's name, but he knows me as well as I know you. I ought to know his name as well as I know yours, but I don't. I met him somewhere, and I remember he was a good fellow. We 'll get his name out of him somehow before he 's in the house very long, but, for Heaven's sake! don't let him know I don't know. He may be some one important. He looks as if he might be somebody. I 'll bring him in. Don't give me away."

"But you don't know who he is. He may be a thief—"

"Hope not. I can't let him stand out there any longer, anyway. Be pleasant to him."

He threw open the door.

"Come right in!" he exclaimed heartily. "I 've bearded the lioness, and told her the story of our lives. I don't believe you have met before."

"I have not had that pleasure," said Mr. Wellaway, making his best bow, "but I am delighted, although I 'm sorry to come unannounced."

"Announced or unannounced, you might know you are always welcome," said Sarah, charmingly. "And the first thing is to get on some dry clothes. You 'll both of you take cold. Run along, and I 'll see what we have for dinner."

The garments given him by his host did not fit Mr. Wellaway specially well. They were considerably too large, but he was glad to get into anything dry. What dissatisfied him with them more than aught else was that they were the sort of garments of which the newspapers remark, "There were no marks of identification." The spare room into which he was put offered no more aid. Three or four recent magazines lay on the small table, but bore no names except their own titles. For the rest, the spare room was evidently a brand-new spare room, fresh from the maker. For purposes of identification it might as well have been a hotel bedroom. Mr. Wellaway dressed hastily and hurried down-stairs.

The parlor, to the right of the stairs, stood open, and Mr. Wellaway entered. A large fireplace occupied one end of the room, and the furnishings and pictures bespoke a home of fair means, but no great wealth. Magazines lay on a console table, but what attracted Mr. Wellaway was a book-case. The case was well filled with books, in good bindings, and Mr. Wellaway stepped happily across the carpet and laid his hand on the book-case door. It was locked.

V

MR. WELLAWAY'S host and his host's wife descended the stairs together just as the maid issued from the dining-room to announce dinner, and once seated, the conversation turned to the storm, to the utter disruption of the telephone service, and to the game of golf the two men had been unable to finish. In the midst of the conversation Mr. Wellaway studied the monogram on the handles of his fork and spoon. It was one of those triumphs of monogrammery that are so beautiful as to be absolutely illegible. The name on the butter-knife handle was legible, however. It was "Sarah."

The soup had been consumed, and the roast carved when Mr. Wellaway's host looked at his wife and raised his eyebrows. She smiled in acknowledgment of the signal.

"Don't you think some names are supremely odd?" she asked Mr. Wellaway. "My husband was telling me of one that came under his notice to-day. What was it, dear?"

"Oh, I should n't have noticed it but for the circumstances," said Mr. Wellaway's host; "but it was a rather ridiculous name for a human being. Can you imagine any one carrying around the name of Wellaway?"

Mr. Wellaway gasped.

"Imagine being a Wellaway!" said Sarah. "Is n't it an inhospitable name? It seems to suggest 'Good-by; I 'm glad you 're gone.' Does n't it?"

"I can see the man with my mind's eye," said Mr. Wellaway's host. "A tall, thin fellow, with sandy sideburns. Probably a floor-walker in some shop, with a perpetual smile."

"But tell him the rest," said Sarah, chuckling.

"Oh, the rest—that 's too funny!" said

Mr. Wellaway's host. "I had a letter this morning from this Mrs. Wellaway—"

Mr. Wellaway turned very red and moved uneasily in his chair.

"I ought to tell you that—that I know Mrs. Wellaway," he stammered. "I—I know her quite well. In fact—"

"Then you 'll appreciate this," said his host, merrily. "You know the business I 'm in. Every one knows it. So you can imagine how I laughed when I read this letter."

From the inside pocket of his coat Mr. Wellaway's host took a letter. He removed the envelop and placed it on the table, address down.

"Listen to this," he said: " 'Dear Sir: Only the greatest anguish of mind induces me to write to you and ask your assistance. It may be that I am the victim of an insane jealousy, but I fear the explanation is not so innocent. I distrust my husband, and anything is better than the pangs of uncertainty I now suffer. If your time is not entirely taken, I wish, therefore, to engage you to make certain that my fears are baseless or well founded. Please consider the matter as most confidential, for I am only addressing you because I know that when a matter is put in your hands it never receives the slightest publicity. Yours truly, Mrs. Edgar Wellaway.' "

When he had read the letter, Mr. Wellaway's host lay back in his chair and laughed until the tears ran from his eyes, and his wife joined him, and their joy was so great they did not notice that Mr. Wellaway turned from red to white and choked on the bit of food he had attempted to swallow. When they observed him, he was rapidly turning purple, and with one accord they sprang from their chairs and began thumping him vigorously on the back. In a minute they had thumped so vigorously that Mr. Wellaway was pushing them away with his hands. He was still gasping for breath when they half led, half carried him to the parlor and laid him on a lounge.

"By George!" said his host, self-accusingly, "I should n't have read you that letter. But I did n't know you would think it so funny as all that. Do you feel all right now?"

"I feel—I feel—" gasped Mr. Wellaway. He could not express his feelings.

"Well, it was funny, writing that to me, of all people, was n't it?" said Mr. Wellaway's host. " 'Not the slightest publicity.' I suppose she looked up the name in the telephone directory, and got the wrong address. I know the fellow she was writing to. Same name as mine. Same middle initial. Think you can finish that dinner now?"

"No, thank you," said Mr. Wellaway. "I think I 'd like to rest here."

"Just as you wish," said his host. "Hello! There 's the telephone bell. You can 'phone your wife now, if you wish."

"No, thank you," said Mr. Wellaway, meekly. "I 'll not. It 's of no importance—no importance whatever."

VI

"WELL, what do you think!" exclaimed Mr. Wellaway's host's wife a few minutes later, as she entered the parlor. "Of all the remarkable things! You would never guess it. Who do you think just called me on the 'phone? That Mrs. Wellaway!"

"No!" exclaimed Mr. Wellaway's host, and Mr. Wellaway sat straight up on the lounge.

"But she did," said Sarah. "And she 's hunting that distrusted husband! She telephoned the country club, and the steward told her there had been no strangers there except your guest, so she telephoned here! Imagine the assurance of the—"

She stopped short and stared at Mr. Wellaway. He was going through all the symptoms of intense pain accompanied by loss of intelligence. Then he asked feebly,

"What—what did you tell her?"

"I told her he was n't here, and had n't been here, of course," said Mr. Wellaway's hostess, "and that we did not know any such man, and that I did n't believe he had come to Westcote at all, and that if I had a husband I could n't trust, I 'd keep better track of him than she did."

"Did you—did you tell her all that?" asked Mr. Wellaway with anguish.

They stared at him in dismay.

"See here," said his host, suddenly, "are you Mr. Wellaway?"

For answer Mr. Wellaway dropped back on the lounge and covered his face with his hands.

"Now, I 'll never, never be able to make Mary believe I was here," he said, and then he groaned miserably.

VII

"OH, I 'm so sorry!" said Mr. Wellaway's hostess in real distress. "We were absolutely unaware, Mr. Wellaway. We meant no harm. Roger did not know your name. But you can fix it all right. You can telephone Mrs. Wellaway that you *are* here. Telephone her immediately."

"Yes," said Mr. Wellaway. "I 'll do that. That 's what I must do," and he went up the stairs to the telephone. He returned in ten minutes and found his host and hostess sitting opposite each other, staring at each other with sober faces. They looked at him eagerly as he entered. His face showed no relief.

"She says," he said, "she says she don't believe I 'm here. She says I could telephone from anywhere, and say I was anywhere else. She says she just telephoned here, and knows I 'm not here. And then she asked me where I was telephoning from, and—"

Mr. Wellaway broke down and hid his face in his hands.

"And I did n't know where I was telephoning from!" he moaned. "I did n't know the street or the house number, or —or the name!"

"You did n't know the name!" cried Mr. Wellaway's host. "You did n't know my name was Murchison?"

"Murchison?" said Mr. Wellaway, blankly. "Not the—not *the* Murchison? Not Roger P. Murchison, the advertising agent, the publicity man?"

"Of course," said Mr. Wellaway's host. For a full minute Mr. Wellaway stared at Mr. Murchison.

"I know," said Mr. Wellaway. "You eat at the Fifth Avenue! You sit by the palm just to the left of the third window every noon."

"By George!" exclaimed Mr. Murchison. "I knew your face was familiar. And you sit at the end table right by the first window. Why, I 've seen you there every day for a year."

"Of course you have," said Mr. Wellaway, cheerfully. "That explains everything. It makes it all as simple as—" His face fell suddenly. "But it does n't make it any easier about Mary."

Mr. Murchison might have said that Mary was none of his concern, but he creased his brow in thought.

"Sarah," he said at length, "run upstairs and telephone Mrs. Wellaway that her husband is here. Tell her he means to stay over Sunday, and that he wants her to hire a taxicab and come out immediately and stay over Sunday. Tell her our game of golf was a tie, and I insist that Mr. Wellaway play off the tie tomorrow afternoon."

Mrs. Murchison disappeared.

"And now," said Mr. Murchison, genially, "you know my name, and you know my business, and I know your name, and everything is all right, and I 'm mighty glad to know you as long as you are not a floor-walker. Oh, pardon me!" he added quickly, "you are not a floor-walker, are you? You did n't say what your business was."

Mr. Wellaway blushed.

"Names," he said. "I 'm a genealogist. My business is looking up names."

Drawn by Henry Raleigh

"MR. WELLAWAY'S HOST THREW HIS BAG OF CLUBS ON THE GRASS AS THOUGH IT WERE RED HOT, AND STARTED AT A FULL RUN FOR THE CLUB-HOUSE"

STELLA MARIS

BY WILLIAM J. LOCKE

Author of "The Beloved Vagabond," "The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne," "Septimus," "The Glory of Clementina," etc.

CHAPTER XXII

THEY found him lying on the sofa, a pitiable object, the whole of his head from the back of his neck to his eyebrows swathed in bandages. His clothes were mere limp and discolored wrappings. They looked as though they had been wet through, for the red of his tie had run into his shirt-front and collar. The coarse black sprouts on pallid cheek and upper lip gave him an appearance of indescribable grime. His eyes were sunken and feverish.

Unity uttered a little cry as she saw him, but checked it quickly, and threw herself on her knees by his side.

"Thank God you 're alive!"

He put his hand on her head.

"I 'm all right," he said faintly; "but you should n't have come. That 's why I did n't go straight home. I did n't want to frighten you. I 'm a ghastly sight, and I should have scared your aunt out of her wits."

"But how, in Heaven's name, man," said Herold, "did you get into this state?"

"Something hit me over the head, and I spent the night in rain and sea-water on the rocks."

"On the rocks? Where? At Southcliff?"

"Yes," said John, "at Southcliff. I was a fool to go down, but I 've been a fool all my life, so a bit more folly does n't matter." He closed his eyes. "Give me a drink, Wallie—some brandy."

Herold went into the dining-room, which adjoined the library, and returned with decanter, syphon, and glasses. He poured out a brandy and soda for John and watched him drink it; then he realized that he, too, would be the better for stimulant. With an abstemious man's idea of taking brandy as medicine, he poured out for himself an extravagant dose, mixed a little soda-water with it, and gulped it down.

"That 'll do me good," said John; but on saying it he fell to shivering, despite the heat of the summer afternoon.

"You 've caught a chill," cried Unity. She counseled home and bed at once.

"Not yet," he murmured. "It was all I could do to get here. Let me rest for a couple of hours. I shall be all right. I 'm not going to bed," he declared with sudden irritability; "I 've never gone to bed in the daytime in my life. I 've never been ill, and I 'm not going to be ill now. I 'm only stiff and tired."

"You 'll go to bed here right away," said Herold.

John protested. Herold insisted.

"Those infernal clothes—you must get them off at once," said he. John being physically weak, his natural obstinacy gave way. Unity saw the sense of the suggestion; but it was giving trouble.

"Not a bit," said Herold. "There 's a spare bedroom. John can have mine, which is aired. Mrs. Ripley will see to it."

He went out to give the necessary or-

ders. Unity busied herself with unlacing and taking off the stiffened boots. Herold returned, beckoned to Unity, and whispered that he had telephoned for a doctor. Then he said to John:

"How are you feeling, dear old man?"

"My head 's queer, devilish queer. Something fell on it last night and knocked me out of time. It was raining, and I was sheltering under the cliff on the beach, the other side of the path, where you can see the lights of the house, when down came the thing. I must have recovered just before dawn, for I remember staggering about in a dazed way. I must have taken the road round the cliff, thinking it the upper road, and missed my footing and fallen down. I came to about nine this morning, on the rocks, the tide washing over my legs. I 'm black and blue all over. Wonder I did n't break my neck. But I 'm tough."

"Thank God you 're alive!" said Unity again.

He passed his hands over his eyes. "Yes. You must have thought all manner of things, dear. I did n't realize till Ripley told me that I had n't let you know. I went out, meaning to catch the 7:15 and come back by the last train. But this thing knocked all memory out of me. I 'm sorry."

Herold looked in bewilderment at the stricken giant. Even now he had not accounted for the lunatic and almost tragic adventure. What was he doing on the beach in the rain? What were the happenings subsequent to his recovering consciousness at nine o'clock?

"Does it worry you to talk?" he asked.

"No. It did at first—I mean this morning. But I 'm all right now—nearly all right. I 'd like to tell you. I picked myself up, all over blood, a devil of a mess, and crawled to the doctor's—not Ransome; the other chap, Theed. He 's the nearest; and, besides, I did n't want to go to Ransome. I don't think any one saw me. Theed took me in and fixed me up and dried my clothes. Of course he wanted to drag me to the Channel House, but I would n't let him. I made him swear not to tell them. I don't want them to know. Neither of you must say anything. He also tried to fit me out. But, you know, he 's about five foot nothing; it was absurd. As soon as I could manage it, he stuck me in a train, much against his will, and I came on here. That 's all."

"If only I had known!" said Herold. "I was down there all the morning."

"You?"

"I had a letter from Julia, summoning me."

"So had I." He closed his eyes again for a moment. Then he asked, "How is Stella?"

"I had a long talk with her. I may have straightened things out a bit. She 'll come round. There 's no cause for worry for the present. Julia is a good soul, but she has no sense of proportion, and where Stella is concerned she exaggerates."

When a man has had rocks fall on his head, and again has fallen on his head upon rocks, it is best to soothe what is left of his mind. And after he had partly soothed it,—a very difficult matter, first, because it was in a troubled and despairing state, and, secondly, because John, never having taken Unity into his confidence, references had to be veiled,—he satisfied the need of another brandy and soda. Then Ripley came in to announce that the room was ready.

"Ripley and I will see to him," said Herold to Unity. "You had better go and fetch him a change of clothes and things he may want."

"May n't I wait till the doctor comes?" she pleaded.

"Of course, my dear. There 's no hurry," said Herold.

The two men helped Risca to his feet, and, taking him to the bedroom, undressed him, clothed him in warm pajamas, and put him into the bed, where a hot-water bottle diffused grateful heat. Herold had seen the livid bruises on his great, muscular limbs.

"Any one but you," said he, with forced cheeriness, "would have been smashed to bits, like an egg."

"I tell you I 'm tough," John growled. "It 's only to please you that I submit to this silly foolery of going to bed."

As soon as Ripley was dismissed, he called Herold to his side.

"I would like to tell you everything, Wallie. I could n't in the other room. Unity, poor child, knows nothing at all about things. Naturally. I had been worried all the afternoon. I thought I

saw her—you know—hanging about outside the office. It was just before I met you at the club. I did n't tell you,—perhaps I ought to,—but that was why I was so upset. But you 'll forgive me. You 've always forgiven me. Anyway, I thought I saw her. It was just a flash, for she, if it was she, was swallowed up in the traffic of Fleet Street. After leaving the club, I went back to the office—verification in proofs of something in Baxter's article. I found odds and ends to do. Then I went home, and Julia's letter lay on my table. I 've been off my head of late, Wallie. For the matter of that, I 'm still off it. I 've hardly slept for weeks. I found Julia's letter. I looked at my watch. There was just time to catch the 7:15. I ran out, jumped into a taxi, and caught it just as it was starting. But as I passed by a third-class carriage,—in fact, I realized it only after I had gone several yards beyond; one rushes, you know,—I seemed to see her face—those thin lips and cold eyes—framed in the window. The guard pitched me into a carriage. I looked out for her at all the stations. At Tring Bay the usual crowd got out. I did n't see her. No one like her got out at Southcliff. What 's the matter, Wallie?" He broke off suddenly.

"Nothing, man; nothing," said Herold, turning away and fumbling for his cigarette-case.

"You looked as if you had seen a ghost. It was I who saw the ghost." He laughed. And the laugh, coming from the haggard face below the brow-reaching white bandage, was horrible.

"Your brain was playing you tricks," said Herold. "You got to Southcliff. What happened?"

"I felt a fool," said John. "Can't you see what a fool a man feels when he knows he has played the fool?"

Bit by bit he revealed himself. At the gate of the Channel House he reflected. He had not the courage to enter. Stella would be up and about. He resolved to wait until she went to bed. He wandered down to the beach. The rain began to fall, fine, almost imperceptible. The beacon-light in the west window threw a vanishing shaft into the darkness.

"We saw it once—don't you remember?—years ago when you gave her the name—Stellamaris. I sat like a fool and watched the window. How long I don't know. My God! Wallie, you don't know what it is to be shaken and racked by the want of a woman—"

"By love for a woman, you mean," said Herold.

"It 's the same thing. At last I saw her. She stood defined in the light. She had changed. I cried out toward her like an idiot,"—the rugged, grim half face visible beneath the bandage was grotesque, a parody of passion,—"and I stayed there, watching, after she had gone away. How long I don't know. It was impossible to ring at the door and see Oliver and Julia."

He laughed again. "You must have some sense of humor, my dear man. Fancy Oliver and Julia! What could I have said to them? What could they have said to me? I sat staring up at her window. The rain was falling. Everything was still. It was night. You know how quiet everything is there. Then I seemed to hear footsteps and I turned, and a kind of shape—a woman's—disappeared. I know I was off my head, but I began to think. I had a funny experience once—I 've never told you. It was the day she came out of prison. I sat down in St. James's Park and fell half asleep,—that sort of dog sleep one has when one 's tired,—and I thought I saw her going for Stella—Stella in her bed at the Channel House—going to strangle her. This came into my mind, and then something hit me,—a chunk of overhanging cliff loosened by the rain, I suppose,—and, as I 've told you, it knocked me out. But it 's devilish odd that she should be mixed up in it."

"As I said, your brain was playing you tricks," said Herold, outwardly calm; but within himself he shuddered to his soul. The woman was like a foul spirit hovering unseen about those he loved.

Presently the doctor, a young man with a cheery face, came in and made his examination. There was no serious damage done. The only thing to fear was the chill. If the patient's temperature went down in the morning, he could quite safely be moved to his own home. For the present rest was imperative, immediate sleep desirable. He wrote a prescription, and with pleasant words went away. Then Unity, summoned to the room, heard the doctor's comforting opinion.

"I 'll be with you to-morrow," said John.

"You don't mind leaving him to Mrs. Ripley and me just for one night?" asked Herold.

"He 's always safe with you," Unity replied, her eyes fixed not on him, but on John Risca. "Good-by, Guardian dear."

John drew an arm from beneath the bedclothes and put it round her thin shoulders. "Good-by, dear. Forgive me for giving you such a fright, and make my peace with auntie. You 'll be coming back with my things, won't you?"

"Of course; but you 'll be asleep then."

"I should n't wonder," said John.

She made him cover up his arm again and tucked the bedclothes snugly about him, her finger-tips lingering by his cheeks.

"I 'll leave you, too. Try and get to sleep," said Herold.

They went together out of the room and back to the library.

"Has he said anything more?"

He stood before her trembling all over.

"What is the matter?"

He burst into an uncontrollable cry. "It 's that hellish woman again! He saw her spying on him outside his office, he saw her in a railway carriage on the train he took. Because she disappeared each time, he thinks it was an hallucination; and somehow he was aware of her presence just before the piece of rock came down."

Unity's face beneath the skimpy hair and rubbishy tam-o'-shanter was white and strained.

"She threw it. I knew she threw it."

"So do I. He saw her. She disappeared as she did that night in the fog. A woman like that is n't human. She has the power of disappearing at will. You can't measure her cunning."

"What did he go down for?"

He told her. Unity's lips twitched.

"And he sat there in the rain just looking at her window?"

She put out her hand. "Good-by, Mr. Herold. When you see Miss Stellamaris, you 'll tell her I 'm a good girl—in that way, you know—and that I love her. She has been a kind of beautiful angel to me—has always been with me. It 's funny; I can't explain. But you understand. If you 'd only let her see that, I 'd be so happy—and perhaps she 'd be happier."

"I 'll do my utmost," said Herold.

He accompanied her down-stairs, and when she had gone, he returned to the library and walked about. The horror of the woman was upon him. He drank another brandy and soda. After a while Ripley came in with a soiled card on a tray. He looked at it stupidly—"Mr. Edwin Travers"—and nodded.

"Shall I show the gentleman up?"

He nodded again, thinking of the woman.

When the visitor came in he vaguely recognized him as a broken-down actor, a colleague of early days. As in a dream he bade the man sit down, and gave him cigarettes and drink, and heard with his outer ears an interminable tale of misfortune. At the end of it he went to his desk and wrote out a check, which he handed to his guest.

"I can't thank you, old man. I don't know how to. But as soon as I can get an engagement—hello, old man," he cried, glancing at the check, "you 've made a funny mistake—the name!"

Herold took the slip of paper, and saw that he had made the sum payable not to Edwin Travers, but to Louisa Risca. It was a shock, causing him to brace his faculties. He wrote out another check, and the man departed.

He went softly into John's room and found him sleeping peacefully.

Soon afterward Ripley announced that dinner was ready. It was past six o'clock.

"Great Heavens!" he cried aloud, "I 've got to play to-night."

After a hurried wash he went into the dining-room and sat down at the table, but the sight and smell of food revolted him. He swallowed a few mouthfuls of soup; the rest of the dinner he could not touch. The horror of the woman had seized him again. He drank some wine, pushed back his chair, and threw down his table-napkin.

"I don't want anything else. I 'm going for a walk. I 'll see you later at the theater."

The old-fashioned Kensington street, with its double line of Queen Anne houses slumbering in the afternoon sunshine, was a mellow blur before his eyes. Whither he was going he knew: what he was going to do he knew not. The rigid self-control of the day, relaxed at times, but always

kept within grip, had at last escaped him. Want of food and the unaccustomed drink had brought about an abnormal state of mind. He was aware of direction, aware, too, of the shadow-shapes of men and women passing him by, of traffic in the roadway. He walked straight, alert, his gait and general demeanor unaffected, his outer senses automatically alive. He walked down the narrow, shady Church Street, and paused for a moment or two by the summer greenery of Kensington Churchyard until there was an opportunity of crossing the High Street, now at the height of its traffic. He strode westward past the great shops, a lithe man in the full vigor of his manhood. Here and there a woman lingering in front of displays of millinery recognized the well-known actor and nudged her companion.

The horror within him had grown to a consuming thing of flame. Instead of the quiet thoroughfares down which he turned, he saw picture after shuddering picture—the woman and Stellamaris, the woman and John Risca. She attacked soul as well as body. The pictures took the forms of horrible grotesques. Within, his mind worked amazingly, like a machine escaped from human control and running with blind relentlessness. He had said years ago that he would pass through his hell-fire. He was passing through it now.

The destroyer must be kept from destroying or be destroyed. Which of these should be accomplished through his agency? One or the other. Of one thing he was certain, with an odd, undoubting certainty: that he would find her, and finding her, that he would let loose upon her the wrath of God. She should be chained up forever or he would strangle her. Shivering thrills diabolically delicious ran through him at the thought. Supposing he strangled her as he would a mad cat? That were better. She would be out of the world. He would be fulfilling his destiny of sacrifice. For the woman he loved and for the man he loved why should he not do this thing? What but a legal quibble could call it murder? Stellamaris's words rang in his ears: "You say you love me like that?"

"Yes, I love you like that. I love you like that," he cried below his breath as he walked on.

He knew where she lived, the name by which she passed. John had told him many times. There were few things in John's life he did not know. He knew of the Bences, of Mrs. Oscraft, the fluffy-haired woman who lived in the flat below. Amelia Mansions, he was aware, were in the Fulham Road. But when he reached that thoroughfare, he stood dazed and irresolute, realizing that he did not know which way to turn. A passing postman gave him the necessary information. The trivial contact with the commonplace restored in a measure his mental balance. He went on. By Brompton Cemetery he felt sick and faint and clung for a minute or two to the railings. He had eaten nothing since early morning, and then only a scrap of bacon and toast; he had drunk brandy and wine, and he had lived through a day in which the maddening stress of a lifetime had been concentrated.

One or two passers-by stared at him, for he was as white as a sheet. A comfortable, elderly woman, some small shopkeeper's wife, addressed him. Was he ill? Could she do anything for him? The questioning was a lash. He drew himself up, smiled, raised his hat, thanked her courteously. It was nothing. He went on, loathing himself as men do when the flesh fails beneath the whip of the spirit.

He was well now, his mind clear. He was going to the woman. He would save those he loved. If it were necessary to kill her, he would kill her. On that point his brain worked with startling clarity. If he did not kill her, she would be eventually killed by John; for John, he argued, could not remain in ignorance forever. If John killed her, he would be hanged. Much better that he, Walter Herold, whom Stellamaris did not love, should be hanged than John—much better. And what the deuce did it matter to anybody whether he were hanged or not? He laughed at the elementary logic of the proposition. The solution of all the infernally intricate problems of life is, if people only dared face it, one of childish simplicity. It was laughable. Walter Herold laughed aloud in the Fulham Road.

It was so easy, so uncomplicated. He would see her. He would do what he had to do. Then he would take a taxicab to the theater. He must play to-night. Of

course he would. There was no reason why he should n't. Only he hoped that Leonora Gurney would n't worry him. He would manage to avoid her during that confounded wait in the first act, when she always tried to get him to talk. He would play the part all right. He was a man and not a stalk of wet straw. After the performance he would give himself up. No one would be inconvenienced. He would ask the authorities to hurry on matters and give him a short shrift and a long rope; but the length of the rope did n't matter these days, when they just broke your neck. There was no one dependent on him. His brothers and sisters, many years his seniors,—he had not seen them since he was a child,—had all gone after their father's death to an uncle in New Zealand. They were there still. The mother, who had remained with him, the Benjamin, in England, had died while he was at Cambridge. He was free from family-ties. And women? He was free, too. There had only been one woman in his life, the child of cloud and sea foam.

Stellamaris, star of the sea, now dragged through the mire of mortal things! She should go back. She should go back to her firmament, shining down upon, and worshiped by, the man she loved. And he, God!—he should be spared the terrifying agony of it.

Thus worked the brain which Walter Herold told himself was crystal clear.

It was clear enough, however, to follow the postman's directions. He took the turning indicated and found the red-brick block, with the name "Amelia Mansions" carved in stone over the entrance door. The by-street seemed to be densely populated. He went into the entrance-hall and mechanically looked at the list of names. Mrs. Rawlings's name was followed by No. 7. He mounted the stairs. On the landing of No. 7 there were a couple of policemen, and the flat door was open, and the length of the passage was visible. Herold was about to enter when they stopped him.

"You can't go in, sir."

"I want Mrs. Rawlings."

"No one can go in."

He stood confused, bewildered. An elderly, buxom woman, with a horrified face, who just then happened to come out of a room near the doorway, saw him and came forward.

"You are Mr. Herold," she asked.

"Yes; I want to see Mrs. Rawlings."

"It 's all right, constable," she said in a curiously cracked voice. "Let this gentleman pass. Come in, sir. I am Mrs. Bence."

He entered the passage. She spoke words to him the import of which he did not catch. His brain was perplexed by the guard of policemen and the open flat. She led him a short distance down the passage. He stumbled over a packed kit-bag. She threw open a door. He crossed the threshold of a vulgarly furnished drawing-room, the electric lights turned on despite the daylight of the July evening. There were four figures in the room. Standing and scribbling in note-books were two men, one in the uniform of a sergeant of police, the other in a frock-coat, obviously a medical man. On the floor were two women, both dead. One was John Risca's wife, and the other was Unity. And near by them lay a new, bright revolver.

CHAPTER XXIII

In after time Herold's memory of that disastrous night and the succeeding days was that of a peculiarly lucid nightmare in which he seemed to have acted without volition or consciousness of motive. He ate, dressed, drove through the streets on unhappy missions, gave orders, directions, consoled, like an automaton, and sometimes slept exhaustedly. So it seemed to him, looking back. He spared John the first night of misery. The man with his bandaged head slept like a log, and Herold did not wake him. All that could be done he himself had done. It was better for John to gather strength in sleep to face the tragedy on the morrow. And when the morrow came, and Herold broke the news to him, the big man gave way under the shock, and became gentle, and obeyed Herold like a child. Thereafter, for many days, he sat for the hour together with his old aunt, curiously dependent on her; and she, through her deep affection for him, grew singularly silent and practical.

In her unimaginative placidity lay her strength. She mourned for Unity as for her own flesh and blood; but the catas-

trophe did not shake her even mind, and when John laid his head in her lap and sobbed, all that was beautiful in the woman flowed through the comforting tips of her helpless fingers.

From Herold he learned the unsuspected reason of Unity's crime and sacrifice; and from Unity, too, for a poor little pencil scrawl found in her pocket and addressed to him told him of her love and of her intention to clear the way for his happiness. And when the inquest was over and Unity's body was brought to Kilburn and laid in its coffin in her little room, he watched by it in dumb stupor of anguish.

Herold roused him now and then. Action—nominal action at least—had to be taken by him as surviving protagonist of the tragedy. The morning after the deed the newspapers shrieked the news, giving names in full, raking up memories of the hideous case. They dug, not deep, for motive, and found long-smoldering vengeance. Unity was blackened. John responded to Herold's lash. This must not be. Unity must not go to her grave in public dishonor; truth must be told. So at the inquest, John, wild, uncouth, with great strips of sticking-plaster on his head, told truth, and gave a romantic story to a hungry press. It was hateful to lay bare the inmost sacredness and the inmost suffering of his soul to the world's cold and curious gaze, but it had to be done. Unity's name was cleared. When he sat down by Herold's side, the latter grasped his hand, and it was clammy and cold, and he shook throughout his great frame.

Then Herold, driven to mechanical action, as it seemed to him afterward, by a compelling force, dragged John to an inquiry into the evil woman's life. It was Mrs. Oscraft, the full-blown, blowzy bookmaker's wife, the woman's intimate associate for many years, who gave the necessary clue. Horrified by the discovery of the identity of her friend and by the revelation of further iniquities, she lost her head when the men sternly questioned her. She had used her intimacy with Mrs. Risca to cover from her own husband an intrigue of many years' standing. In return, Mrs. Risca had confessed to an intrigue of her own, and demanded, and readily obtained, Mrs. Oscraft's protection. The women worked together. They were inseparable in their outgoings and incomings, but abroad each went her separate way. That was why, ignorant of the truth, Mrs. Oscraft had lied loyally when John Risca had burst into her flat long ago. She had thought she was merely shielding her fellow-sinner from the wrath of a jealous husband. Thus for years, with her cunning, Mrs. Risca had thrown dust in the eyes both of her friend and of the feared and hated wardress whom John had set over her. Under the double cloak she had used her hours of liberty to carry out the set, relentless purpose of her life. To spy on him with exquisite craft had been her secret passion, to strike when the time came the very meaning of her criminal existence.

"And for the last two or three years she gave no trouble and was as gentle as a lamb, so how could I suspect?" Mrs. Bence lamented.

"It 's all over," said John, stupidly; "it 's all over. Nothing matters now."

To Herold, in after time, the memories of these days were as those of the doings of another man in his outer semblance. His essential self had been the crazy being who had marched through the mellow Kensington streets with fantastic dreams of murder in his head. At the sight of Unity and the woman lying ghastly on the floor something seemed to snap in his brain, and all the cloudy essence that was he vanished, and a perfect mechanism took its place. When John with wearisome reiteration said: "God bless you, Wallie! God knows what I should have done without you," it was hard to realize that he had done anything deserving thanks. He was inclined to regard himself—when he had a fugitive moment to regard himself—with abhorrence. He had talked; Unity had acted. And deep down in his soul, only once afterward in his life to be confessed, dwelt an awful remorse for his responsibility in the matter of Unity's death. But in simple fact no man in times of great convulsion knows himself. He looks back on the man who acted and wonders. The man, surviving the wreck of earthquake, if he be weak, lies prone and calls on God and man to help him; if he be strong, he devotes the intensity of his faculties to the work of rescue, of clearing up debris, of temporary reconstruction, and has no time for self-analy-

sis. It is in reality the essential man in his vigor and courage and nobility and disdain who acts, and the bruised and shattered about him who profit by his help look rightly upon him as a god.

It was only after John had visited the house of death, where, according to law, the bodies both of slayer and slain had to lie, and had seen the pinched, common face, swathed in decent linen, of the girl who for his sake had charged her soul with murder and taken her own life, and after he had driven away, stunned with grief and carrying with him, at his feet in the taxicab, the useless kit-bag packed by the poor child with Heaven knows what idea of its getting to its destination, and had staggered to the comfort of the foolish old lady's outstretched arms and received her benediction, futilely spoken, divinely unspoken—it was only then that, raising haggard eyes, all the more haggard under the brow-reaching bandage he still wore, he asked the question:

"What about Stella? She is bound to learn."

"I wrote to her last night," said Herold. "I prepared her for the shock as best I could."

A gleam of rational thought flitted across John Risca's mind.

"You remembered her at such a time, with all you had to do? You 're a wonderful man, Wallie. No one else would have done it."

"Are you in a fit state of mind," said Herold, "to understand what has happened? I tried to tell you this morning," —as he had done fitfully,—"but it was no use. You grasped nothing."

"Go on now," said John. "I 'm listening."

So Herold, amid the fripperies of Miss Lindon's drawing-room, told the story of his summons to the Channel House some time ago—Good God!—He caught himself up sharply—it was only yesterday! and of his talk with Stellamaris in the garden, and of her encounter with the evil woman, and of the poison that had crept to the roots of Stella's being.

John shivered, and clenched impotent fists. Stella left alone on the cliff-edge with that murderous hag! Stella's ears polluted by that infamous tale! If only he had known it! Why did she hide it from him? It was well the murderess was dead, but, merciful Heaven, at what a price!

"Listen," said Herold, gravely, checking his outburst; and he told of his meetings with Unity,—it was essential that John should know,—of her almost mystical worship of Stellamaris, of their discovery of the revolver—

"Poor child!" cried John, "I bought it soon after I went to Kilburn. I took it out the other day and played with a temptation I knew I should n't succumb to. I should never have had the pluck."

Herold continued, telling him all he knew—all save that of which he stood self-accused, and which for the present was a matter between him and his Maker. And Miss Lindon, fondling on her lap a wheezy pug, the successor to the Dandy of former days, who had been gathered to his fathers long ago, listened in placid bewilderment to the strange story of love and crime.

"I 'm sure I don't understand how people think of such things, let alone do them," she sighed.

"You must accept the fact, dear Miss Lindon," said Herold, gently.

"God's will be done," she murmured, which in the circumstances was as relevant a thing as the poor lady could have uttered. But John sat hunched up in a bamboo chair that creaked under his weight, and scarcely spoke a word. He felt very unimportant by the side of Unity—Unity with whose strong, passionate soul he had dwelt in blind ignorance. And Unity was dead, lying stark and white in the alien house.

After a long silence he roused himself.

"You wrote to Stella, you said?"

"Yes," replied Herold.

"What will happen to her?"

"I don't know."

John groaned. "If only I had protected her as I ought to have done! If only I had protected both of them!"

He relapsed again into silence, burying his face in his hands. Presently Miss Lindon put the pug tenderly on the ground, rose, and stood by his chair.

"My poor boy," she said, "do you love her so much?"

"She 's dead," said John.

Herold shook him by the shoulder. "Nonsense, man. Pull yourself together."

John raised a drawn face.

"What did you ask? I was thinking about Unity."

THAT day, the day after the tragedy, Stellamaris faced life in its nakedness, stripped, so it appeared to her, of every rag of mystery.

She had breakfasted as usual in her room, bathed and dressed, and looked wistfully over her disowning sea. Then, as she was preparing to go down-stairs, Morris had brought in Herold's letter, scribbled so nervously and shakenly that at first she was at a loss to decipher it. Gradually it became terribly clear: Unity was dead; the woman was dead; Unity had killed the woman and then killed herself.

"Details of everything but the truth will be given in the morning papers," Herold wrote; "but you must know the truth from the first—as I know it. Unity has given her life to save those she loved —you and John—from the woman. She has laid down her life for you. Never forget that as long as you live."

She sat for some moments quite still, paralyzed by the new horror that had sprung from this false, flower-decked earth to shake her by the throat. The world was terrifyingly relentless. She read the awful words again. Bit by bit feeling returned. Her flesh was constricted in a cold and finely wrought net. She grew faint, put her hand to her brow and found it damp. She stumbled to her bed by the great west window and threw herself down. Constable, lying on the hearth-rug, staggered to his feet and thrust his old head on her bosom and regarded her with mournful and inquiring eyes. She caressed him mechanically. Suddenly she sprang up as a swift memory smote her. Once she lay there by the window, and the dog was there by the bed, and there by the door stood the ungainly figure of a girl of her own age. Was it possible that that ungainly child whom she had seen and talked to then, whom a few weeks ago she had kissed, could have committed this deed of blood? She rose again to her feet, pushed the old dog aside blindly, and hid her eyes from the light of day. The girl was human, utterly human, at those two meetings. Of what unknown, devastating forces were human beings, then, composed?

She took up the letter again. "Unity has given her life to save those she loved —you and John—from the woman. She has laid down her life for you. Never forget that as long as you live."

Walter Herold said that. It must be true. Through all of yesterday's welter of misery, after he had left her, she had clung despairingly to him. There was no God, but there was Walter Herold. Her pride had dismissed him with profession of disbelief, but in her heart she had believed him. Not that she had pardoned John Risca, not that she had recovered her faith in him, not that she had believed in Unity. Her virginal soul, tainted by the woman, had shrunk from thoughts of the pair; but despite her fierce determination to believe in neither God nor man, she had been compelled to believe in Herold. She had stood up against him and fought with him and had bitten and rent him, and he had conquered, and she had felt maddenedly angered, triumphantly glad. The whole world could be as false as hell, but in it there was one clear spirit speaking truth.

She went to the southern window, rested her elbows on the sill, and pressed the finger-tips of both hands against her forehead. The soft southwest wind, bringing the salt from the dancing sea, played about her hair. Unity had laid down her life to save those she loved. So had Christ done—given his life for humanity. But Christ had not killed a human being, no matter how murderous, and had not taken his own life. No, no; she must not mix up things irreconcilable. She faced the room again. What did people do when they killed? What were the common, practical steps that they took to gain their ends? Her mind suddenly grew vague. Herold had spoken of newspapers. She must see them; she must know everything. Life was a deadly conflict, and knowledge the only weapon. For a few seconds she stood in the middle of the room, her young bosom heaving, her dark eyes wide with the diamond glints in their depths. Life was a deadly conflict. She would fight, she would conquer. Others miserably weaker than herself survived. Pride and race and splendid purity of soul sheathed her in cold armor. A jingle, separated from context, came into her mind, and in many ways it was a child's mind:

Then spake Sir Thomas Howard,
"'Fore God, I am no coward."

"'Fore God, I am no coward,'" she repeated, and with her delicate head erect she went out and down the stairs and entered the dining-room.

There she found Sir Oliver and Lady Blount sitting at a neglected breakfast. The old faces strove pitifully to smile. Stella kissed them in turn, and with her hand lingering on the old man's arm, she gave him Herold's letter.

"Is it in the newspapers?" she asked.

"What, what, my dear?" said Sir Oliver, adjusting his glasses on his nose with fumbling fingers.

She looked from one to the other. Then her eyes fell on the morning papers lying on the table. They were folded so that a great head-line stared hideously.

"Oh, darling, don't read it—for Heaven's sake don't read it!" cried Lady Blount, clutching the nearer newspaper.

But Stella took up the other. "I must, dearest," she said very gently. "Walter has written to me; but he could not tell me everything."

She moved to the window that overlooked the pleasant garden, and with steady eyes read the vulgar and soul-withering report, while the two old people, head to head, puzzled out Herold's scrawl.

When she had finished, she laid the paper quietly at the foot of the table and came and stood between them, revolted by the callous publication of names, almost physically sickened by the realistic picture of the scene, her head whirling. She caught hold of the back of Sir Oliver's chair.

"The newspaper lies," she said, "but it does n't know any better. Walter tells us why she did it."

Sir Oliver, elbow on table, held the letter in his shaking grasp. It dropped, and his head sank on his hand.

"It 's too horrible!" he said in a weak voice. "I don't understand anything at all about it. I don't understand what Walter means. And all that old beastly story revived! It 's damnable!"

He looked quite broken, his querulous self-assertion gone. Lady Blount, too, gave way, and stretched out an imploring and pathetic arm, which, as Stella moved a step or two toward her, fell around the slim, standing figure. She laid her cheek against Stella and cried miserably.

"O my darling, my precious one, if we could only spare you all this! Walter should n't have written. O my darling, what are we to do! What are we to do!"

And then Stellamaris saw once more that Great High Excellency and Most Exquisite Auntship, for all their love of her, were of the weak ones of the world, and she looked down with a new and life-giving feeling of pity upon the bowed gray heads. Once,—was it yesterday or weeks or months or years ago? She could not tell,—but once, to her later pain and remorse, she had commanded, and they had obeyed; now she knew that she had to comfort, protect, determine. And in a bewildering flash came the revelation that knowledge was a weapon not only to fight her own way through the evil of the world, but to defend the defenseless.

"I wish Walter was here," she whispered, her hand against the withered, wet cheek.

"Why Walter, dear?"

"He is strong and true," said Stellamaris.

"Why not John, darling?"

Yes, why not John? Stella drew a sharp breath. Sir Oliver saved her an answer.

"John has enough to look to, poor chap. He has got everything about his ears. Stella 's right. We want Walter. He 's young. He 's a good fellow is Walter. I must be getting old, my dear,—" He raised his face, and, with a sudden forlorn hope of dignity, twirled his white mustache,— "A year ago I should n't have wanted Walter or anybody. It 's only you, my child, that your aunt and I are thinking of. We 've tried to do our duty by you, have n't we, Julia? And God knows we love you. You 're the only thing in the world left to us. It is n't our fault that you are drawn into this ghastliness. It is n't, God knows it is n't. Only, my dear,"—there was a catch in his voice,—"you 're not able to bear it. For us old folks who have knocked about the world—well, we 're used to—to this sort of thing. I 've had to send men to the gallows in my time—once twenty men to be shot.

The paltry fellows at the Colonial Office did n't see things as I did, but that 's another matter. We 're used to these things, dear; we 're hardened—"

"If I have got to live in the world, dear Excellency," said Stella, feeling that there were some sort of flood-gates between the tumultuous flow of her being and the still waters of pity in which for the moment her consciousness acted, "it seems that I 've got to get used to it, like every one else."

"But what shall we do, darling?" cried Lady Blount, clinging pathetically to the child of sea-foam, from whom all knowledge of the perilous world had been hidden.

"Anything but worry Walter to come down here."

"I thought you wanted him?"

"I do," said Stella, with her hand on her bosom; "but that is only selfishness. He is needed more in London. I think we ought to go up and see if we can help in any way."

"Go up to London!" echoed Sir Oliver.

"Yes, if you 'll take me, Uncle dear."

The old man looked at his wife, who looked helplessly at him. Through the open window came the late, mellow notes of a thrush and the sunshine that flooded the summer garden.

"I am going to send Walter a telegram," said Stella, moving gently away.

She left the room with the newly awakened consciousness that she was absolute mistress of her destiny. Love, devotion, service, anything she might require from the two old people, were hers for the claiming—anything in the world but guidance and help. She stood alone before the dragons of a world, no longer the vague Threatening Land, but a world of fierce passions and bloody deeds. Herold's words flamed before her: "Unity has given her life for those she loved." Had she, Stellamaris, a spirit so much weaker than Unity's?

She advanced an eager step or two along the garden walk, clenching her delicate fists, and the fiery dragons retreated backward. She could give, too, as well as Unity, her life if need be. If that was not required, at least whatever could be demanded of her for those she loved. Again she read the letter. Underlying it was tenderest anxiety lest she should be stricken down by the ghastly knowledge. With the personal motive, the intense and omnipotent motive of her sex, unconsciously dominating her, she murmured half articulately:

"He thinks I 'm a weak child. I 'll show him that I am a woman. He shall see that I 'm not afraid of life."

So when Walter Herold went home late that night,—the theater being out of the question, he had stayed at Kilburn until John had been persuaded to go to bed,—he found a telegram from Stellamaris.

"Coming to London to see if I can be of any help. My dear love to John in his terrible trouble. Tell me when I had better come."

The next day, when they met before the inquest, he showed the telegram to John, who, after glancing at it, thrust it back into his hand with a deprecating gesture.

"No; let her stay there. What is she to do in this wilderness of horror?"

"I have already written," said Herold.

"To keep away?"

"To come."

"You know best," said John, hopelessly. "At any rate the news has n't killed her. I feared it would. I had long letters from Oliver and Julia this morning."

"What do they say?"

John put his hand to his head. "I forget," said he.

(To be concluded)

Drawn by Frank Wiles

"SHE LOOKED DOWN WITH A NEW AND LIFE-GIVING FEELING OF PITY UPON THE BOWED GRAY HEADS"

GREAT EVENTS IN AMERICAN PROGRESS

DURING THE HALF-CENTURY FOLLOWING THE CIVIL WAR

DESCRIBED BY AMERICAN JOURNALISTS AND BY WRITERS HAVING PERSONAL AND SPECIAL KNOWLEDGE OF IMPORTANT INCIDENTS

PREFATORY EDITORIAL NOTE

Two generations of readers have entered on the field of action since the Civil War marked the end of what may be called the formative era of American life. Twenty-eight years ago THE CENTURY began its memorable Civil War Series, which gave the surviving leaders, Joseph E. Johnston, Beauregard, Longstreet, and their valiant colleagues on the Confederate side, a chance to be read with calm appreciation by the people of the North, and brought to the reviving people of the South dispassionate accounts by Grant, Sherman, McClellan, Porter, and their fighting coadjutors on land and sea, of the motives and deeds which shaped the heroic contest and resulted in a reunited country. Through the medium of personal recollection, with fairness and without feeling, the brave men of both sides fought their battles over again before an open-minded audience of all the people, and for the first time since slavery became the cause of strife, both parts of the country shook hands over "the bloody chasm" in mutual admiration and respect.

The forty-seven years which have elapsed since Appomattox have also had their conflicts, though most of them have been waged in the ways of peace. They have resulted, however, in forcing the republic, shaped by the aims of the fathers, into the wider domain of empire required by the expanding purposes of the sons. In order to bring the great happenings of this period vividly before the new generations of readers, THE CENTURY has organized an After-the-War Series. It will treat of such compelling and lasting influences as the attempt to "recall" Andrew Johnson, seventeenth President, by impeachment; the acquisition of Alaska, with its great promise for the future; the settlement of the Alabama Claims, which brought about a new status for the United States with Europe; the memorable attempt to make Horace Greeley President, which in a way may be compared to the present campaign of the "Progressives"; the near shipwreck of the Hayes-Tilden contest; the chain of measures and financial disasters from "Black Friday" and the Crédit Mobilier to the time when the nation kept its faith by the resumption of specie payments; the large features of Reconstruction, still being worked out in the South; the victory of civil-service reform, beginning with Cleveland's election over Blaine; the solidifying of the Monroe Doctrine in the Venezuelan dispute, which prepared the way for the Panama Canal; the diplomacy of the war with Spain, by which the republic became an empire; and also articles describing the remarkable

Bryan conventions, the progress of conservation, the battle with the trusts, and the gigantic problem of organized labor. In its total effect the series will reveal the drift of life in the United States.

Each of these commanding subjects will be treated by a prominent American journalist having particular acquaintance with the theme, and also, where supplemental articles are necessary, by writers having special knowledge of these historic dramas of American progress and personal contact with the actors. In this year of political conflict Colonel Watterson's article, which begins the series, has a timely as well as a distinct personal interest.

THE HUMOR AND TRAGEDY OF THE GREELEY CAMPAIGN

BY HENRY WATTERSON

I

AMONG the many misconceptions and mischances which befell the slavery agitation in the United States and finally led a kindred people into actual war, the idea that got afloat after this war, that every Confederate was a Secessionist, best served the ends of the radicalism which sought to reduce the South to a conquered province, and as such to reconstruct it by hostile legislation supported, wherever needed, by force.

Andrew Johnson perfectly understood that a great majority of the men who were arrayed on the Southern side had taken the field against their better judgment through pressure of circumstance. They were Union men who had opposed Secession and clung to the old order. Not merely in the Border States did this class rule, but in the Gulf States it held a respectable minority until the shot fired upon Sumter drew the call for troops from Lincoln. The Secession leaders who had staked their all upon the hazard knew that to save their movement from collapse it was necessary that blood be sprinkled in the faces of the people. Hence the message from Charleston,

> With cannon, mortar, and petard,
> We tender you our Beauregard,

with the response from Washington, precipitated the conflict of theories into a combat of arms for which neither party was prepared.

The debate ended, battle at hand, Southern men had to choose between the North and the South, between their convictions and predilections on one side and expatriation on the other side, resistance to invasion, not secession, the issue. But, four years later, when in 1865 all that they had believed and feared in 1861 had come to pass, these men required no drastic measures to bring them to terms. Events more potent than acts of Congress had already reconstructed them. Lincoln, with a forecast of this, had shaped his ends accordingly. Johnson, himself a Southern man, understood it even better than Lincoln, and backed by the legacy of Lincoln, he proceeded not very skilfully to build upon it.

The assassination of Lincoln, however, had played directly into the hands of the radicals, led by Ben Wade, in the Senate, and Thaddeus Stevens in the House. Prior to that baleful night they had fallen behind the marching van. The mad act of Booth put them upon their feet and brought them to the front. They were implacable men, politicians equally of resolution and ability. Events quickly succeeding favored them and their plans. It was not alone Johnson's lack of temper and tact that gave them the whip-hand. His removal from office would have opened the door of the White House to

From a photograph taken about 1872, owned by Mr. F. H. Meserve

LYMAN TRUMBULL

Wade, so that strategically Johnson's position was from the beginning beleaguered and, before the close, came perilously near to being untenable.

Grant, who, up to the time of his nomination for the Presidency, had had no partizan conviction, not Wade, the uncompromising extremist, came after, and inevitably four years of Grant had again divided the triumphant Republicans. This was the situation during the winter of 1871–72, when the approaching Presidential election brought the country face to face with an extraordinary state of affairs. The South was in irons. The North was growing restive. Thinking people everywhere felt that conditions so anomalous to our institutions could not last.

II

JOHNSON had made a bungling attempt to carry out the policies of Lincoln and had gone down in the strife. The Democratic party had reached the ebb-tide of its disastrous fortunes. It seemed the merest reactionary. A group of influential Republicans, for one cause or another dissatisfied with Grant, held a caucus and issued a call for what they described as a Liberal Republican Convention to assemble in Cincinnati, May 1, 1872.[1]

A Southern man and a Confederate soldier, a Democrat by inheritance and conviction, I had been making in Kentucky an unequal fight for the acceptance of the inevitable. The line of cleavage between the old and the new South I had placed upon the last three amendments to the Constitution, naming them the Treaty of Peace between the sections. The negro must be invested with the rights conferred upon him by these amendments, however mistaken and injudicious the South might think them. The obsolete black laws instituted during the slave régime must be removed from the statute-books. The negro, like Mohammed's coffin, swung in mid-air. He was neither fish, flesh, nor fowl, nor good red herring. For our own sake we must habilitate him, educate and elevate him, make him, if possible, a contented and useful citizen. Failing of this, free government itself might be imperiled.

I had behind me the intelligence of the Confederate soldiers almost to a man. They, at least, were tired of futile fighting, and to them the war was over. But there was an element, especially in Kentucky, which wanted to fight when it was

[1] Dissatisfaction with the administration of General Grant led a number of distinguished Republicans to unite in a call for what they named a Liberal Republican Convention to assemble in Cincinnati the first of May, 1872. Charles Sumner, Lyman Trumbull, and Carl Schurz were foremost among these Republicans. Mr. Schurz was chosen permanent chairman of the convention and delivered a striking key-note speech. Stanley Matthews, afterward a Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, served as temporary chairman.

The free-trade and civil-service reform elements were largely represented under the leadership of David A. Wells, George Hoadley, and Horace White. Charles Francis Adams was the choice of these for the Presidential nomination. The opposition to Mr. Adams was divided at the outset between Justice David Davis of the Supreme Court, ex-Senator Lyman Trumbull of Illinois, and Governor B. Gratz Brown of Missouri, with a strong undercurrent for Horace Greeley. The arrival upon the scene at the opportune moment of Governor Brown, accompanied by General Francis P. Blair, turned the tide from both Adams and Davis, and, Brown withdrawing and throwing his strength to Greeley, secured on the sixth ballot the nomination of the famous editor of the New York "Tribune," Brown himself taking second place on the ticket.

In the platform that was adopted the free-trade issue, in deference to Mr. Greeley's Protectionist antecedents and sentiments, was "relegated to the congressional districts."

The result at Cincinnati was received with mingled

much too late—old Union Democrats and Union Whigs—who clung to the hull of slavery when the kernel was gone, and proposed to win in politics what had been lost in battle.

The leaders of this belated element were in complete control of the political machinery of the State. They regarded me as an impudent upstart, since I had come to Kentucky from Tennessee as little better than a carpet-bagger, and had done their uttermost to put me down and drive me out.

I was a young fellow of two and thirty, of boundless optimism and with my full share of self-confidence, no end of physical endurance and mental vitality, and having some political as well as newspaper experience. It never crossed my fancy that I could fail. I met resistance with aggression, answered attempts at bullying with scorn, generally irradiated by laughter. Yet I was not wholly blind to consequences and the admonitions of prudence, and when the call for a Liberal Republican Convention appeared, I realized that, interested as I was in what might come of it, if I expected to remain a Democrat in a Democratic community, and to influence and lead a Democratic following, I must proceed with caution. Though many of those proposing the new movement were familiar acquaintances, some of them personal friends, the scheme was, as it were, in the air. Its three newspaper bell-wethers, Samuel Bowles of the Springfield "Republican," Horace White of the Chicago "Tribune," and Murat Halstead of the Cincinnati "Commercial," were specially well known to me; so were Horace Greeley, Carl Schurz, and Charles Sumner. Stanley Matthews was my kinsman; George Hoadley and Cassius M. Clay were next-door neighbors.

From a photograph taken about 1872, owned by Mr. F. H. Meserve

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS

But they were not the men I had trained with—not my "crowd,"—and it was a question how far I might be able to reconcile myself, not to mention my political associates, to such company, even conceding that they proceeded under good fortune with a good plan, offering the South extrication from its woes and the Democratic party an entering wedge into a solid and hitherto irresistible Republicanism.

Nevertheless, I resolved to go a little in advance to Cincinnati, to have a look at the stalking-horse there to be offered, free to take it or leave it, as I liked, my bridges and lines of communication still open and intact.

ridicule and applause. Many Liberal Republicans refused to accept Mr. Greeley and fell back within the lines of the regular Republican party. A sub-convention, called the Fifth Avenue Conference, was required to hold others of them, including Carl Schurz. Finally, the Democratic National Convention, which met at Baltimore in July, ratified the Greeley and Brown ticket.

During the midsummer there were high hopes of its election; but as the canvass advanced, its prospects steadily declined. Early in October Mr. Greeley made a tour from New England westward as far as Indiana and Ohio, delivering a series of speeches in persuasive eloquence regarded as unexampled in the political annals of the country. But nothing sufficed to stay overwhelming defeat, the portion fate seemed to have allotted Mr. Greeley on several occasions, in 1861 as a candidate for the Senate, in 1869 as a candidate for Controller of New York, and in 1870 as a representative in Congress, to which he had been sent in 1848–9.

During his absence from home his wife had fallen ill. He returned to find her condition desperate. She died and was buried amid the closing scenes of the disastrous campaign. Mr. Greeley had for years suffered from insomnia. His vigil by the bedside of his dying wife had quite exhausted him. Inflammation of the brain ensued; he remained sleepless, delirium set in, and he died November 29, 1872. General Grant and his Cabinet, with most of the officials of Congress and the Government, attended his funeral, the tragic circumstances of his death wholly obliterating partizan feeling and arousing general sympathy among all classes of the people.

III

A LIVELIER and more variegated omnium-gatherum was never assembled. They had already begun to pour in when I arrived. There were long-haired and spectacled doctrinaires from New England, and Governor Warmouth, and a motley array of Southerners of every sort, who were ready to clutch at any straw that promised relief to intolerable conditions. The full contingent of Washington correspondents was there, of course, with sharpened eyes and pencils, to make the most of

From a photograph taken in 1872

HENRY WATTERSON

short-haired and blatant emissaries from New York, mostly, as it turned out, friends of Horace Greeley. There were brisk Westerners from Chicago and St. Louis. If Whitelaw Reid, who had come as Greeley's personal representative, had his retinue, so had Horace White and Carl Schurz. There were a few rather overdressed persons from New Orleans brought up by what they had already begun to christen a conclave of cranks.

Bowles and Halstead met me at the station, and we drove to the St. Nicholas Hotel, where White and Schurz were awaiting us. Then and there was organized a fellowship of the first three and myself which in the succeeding campaign went by the name of the Quadrilateral.

We resolved to limit the Presidential nomination of the convention to Charles Francis Adams, Bowles's candidate, and Lyman Trumbull, White's candidate, omitting altogether, because of specific reasons urged by White, the candidacy of B. Gratz Brown, who, because of his Kentucky connections, had better served my purpose. The very next day the secret was abroad, and Whitelaw Reid came to me to ask why, in a newspaper combine of this sort, the "New York Tribune" had been left out.

To my mind it seemed preposterous that it had been, or should be, and I stated as much to my new colleagues. They offered objection which to me appeared perverse, if not childish. To begin with, they did not like Reid. He was not a principal, like the rest of us, but a subordinate. Greeley was this, that, and the other; he could never be relied upon in any coherent, practical plan of campaign; to talk about him as a candidate was ridiculous.

I listened rather impatiently, and finally I said: "Now, gentlemen, in this movement we shall need the 'New York Tribune.' If we admit Reid, we clinch it. You will all agree that Greeley has no chance of a nomination, and so, by taking him in, we both eat our cake and have it." On this view of the case Reid was invited to join us, and that very night he sat with us at the St. Nicholas, where from night to night until the end we convened and went over the performances and developments of the day and concerted plans for the morrow.

From a photograph taken in 1872

HORACE WHITE

As I recall these symposiums, amusing and plaintive memories rise before me.

The first serious business that engaged us was the killing of the boom for Judge David Davis of the Supreme Court, which was assuming definite and formidable proportions. The preceding winter it had been organizing at Washington under the ministration of some of the most astute politicians of the time, mainly, however, Democratic members of Congress. A party of these had brought the boom to Cincinnati, opening headquarters well provided with the requisite commissaries. Every delegate who came in that could be reached was laid hold of and conducted here.

We considered this flat burglary. It was a gross infringement upon our preserve. What business had the professional politicians with a great reform movement? The influence and dignity of journalism were involved and imperiled. We, its custodians, could brook no such defiance from intermeddling office-seekers, especially from brokendown Democratic office-seekers.

The inner sanctuary of our proceedings was a common drawing-room between two bedchambers shared by Schurz and me. Here we repaired after supper to smoke the pipe of fraternity and reform and to save the country. What could be done to kill off "D. Davis," as we irreverently called the eminent and learned jurist, the friend of Lincoln, and the only aspirant having a "bar'l"? That was the question. We addressed ourselves to the task with earnest purpose, but characteristically. The power of the press must be invoked. It was our chief, if not our only,

From a photograph by Sarony, taken in 1872

SAMUEL BOWLES

weapon. Each of us indited a leading editorial for his paper, to be wired to its destination and printed next morning, striking "D. Davis" at a prearranged and varying angle. Copies of these were made for Halstead, who, having with the rest of us read and compared the different screeds, indited one of his own in general comment and review for Cincinnati consumption. In next day's "Commercial," blazing under vivid head-lines, these leading editorials, dated "Chicago," "New York," "Springfield, Mass.," and "Louisville, Ky.," appeared with the explaining line, "'The Tribune' of to-morrow morning [or the 'Courier-Journal' or 'Republican'] will say," etc.

Wondrous consensus of public opinion! The Davis boom went down before it. The Davis boomers were paralyzed. The earth seemed to have arisen and hit them amidships. The incoming delegates were stopped and forewarned. Six months of adroit scheming was set at naught, and little more was heard of "D. Davis."

From a photograph by Gutekunst

ALEXANDER K. McCLURE

Like the Mousquetaires, we were equally in for fighting and foot-racing; the point with us being to "get there," no matter how; the end—the defeat of the rascally machine politicians and the reform of the public service—being relied upon to justify the means. I am writing this forty years after the event, and must be forgiven the fling of my wisdom at my own expense and that of my associates in harmless crime. Reid and White and I are the sole survivors. We were wholly serious, maybe a trifle visionary, but as upright and patriotic in our intentions and as loyal to our engagements as it was possible for older, and maybe worse, men to be. For my part, I must say that if I have never anything on my conscience heavier than the massacre of that not very edifying, yet promising Davis "combine," I shall be troubled by no remorse, but to the end shall sleep soundly and well.

In that immediate connection an amusing incident throwing some light upon the period thrusts itself upon my memory. The Quadrilateral, with Reid added, had finished its consolidation of public opinion just related, when the cards of Judge Craddock, Chairman of the Kentucky Democratic Committee, and of Colonel J. Stoddart Johnston, editor of the "Frankfort Yeoman," the organ of the Kentucky Democracy, were brought from below. They had come to look after me, that was evident. By no chance could they have found me in more equivocal company. In addition to ourselves, bad enough from the Kentucky point of view, they found in the room Theodore Tilton and David A. Wells. When they crossed the threshold and were presented *seriatim,* the face of each was a study. Even an immediate application of whisky and water did not suffice to restore their lost equilibrium and bring them to their usual state of convivial self-possession. Colonel Johnston told me years after that when they went away they walked in silence a block or two, when the old judge, a model of the learned and sedate school of Kentucky politicians and jurists, turned to him and said: "It is no use, Stoddart. We cannot keep up with that young man

From a photograph taken in 1861, owned by Mr. Frederick H. Meserve

CARL SCHURZ

or with these times. Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace!"

The Jupiter Tonans of reform in attendance upon the convention was Colonel Alexander K. McClure of the Philadelphia "Times." He was one of the handsomest and most imposing of men; Halstead himself was scarcely more so. McClure was personally unknown to the Quadrilateral, but this did not stand in the way of our asking him to dine with us as soon as his claims to fellowship in the good cause of reform began to make themselves apparent through the need of bringing the Pennsylvania delegation to "a realizing sense."

As he entered the room, he looked like a god, nay, he acted like one. Schurz first took him in hand. With a lofty courtesy that I have never seen equaled, he tossed his inquisitor into the air. Halstead came next, trying him upon another tack, but fared no better than Schurz. Then I hurried to the rescue of my friends. McClure, now looking a bit bored and resentful, landed me somewhere near the ceiling.

It would have been laughable if it had not been ignominious. I took my discomfiture with the bad grace of silence throughout the brief, stiff, and formal meal which followed. But when it was over, and the party had risen from the table and was about to disperse, I collected my energies and resources for a final forlorn hope. I was not willing to remain so crushed or to confess myself so beaten, though I could not disguise from myself a feeling that all of us had been overmatched.

"McClure," said I, with the cool and quiet resolution of despair, drawing him aside, "what in the —— do you want, anyhow?"

He looked at me with swift intelligence and a sudden show of sympathy, and then over at the others with a withering glance.

"What? With those cranks? Nothing."

Jupiter descended to earth. I am afraid we actually took a glass of wine together. Anyhow, from that moment to the hour of his death we were the best of friends.

Without the inner circle of the Quadrilateral, which had taken matters into its own hands, were a number of persons, some of them disinterested and others simple curiosity- and excitement-seekers, who might be described as merely "lookers-on in Vienna." The Sunday afternoon before the convention was to meet, we, the self-elect, fell in with a party of these in a garden "over the Rhine," as the German quarter of Cincinnati is called. There was first general and rather aimless talk, then came a great deal of speech-making. Schurz started it with a few pungent observations intended to suggest

and inspire some common ground of public opinion and sentiment. Nobody was inclined to dispute his leadership, but everybody was prone to assert his own. It turned out that each regarded himself, and wished to be regarded, as a man with a mission, having a clear idea how things were not to be done. There were civil-service reform protectionists and civil-service reform free traders. There were a few politicians, who were discovered to be spoilsmen, the unforgivable sin, and as such were quickly dismissed. The missing ingredient was coherence of belief and united action. Not a man of them was willing to commit or bind himself to anything. Edward Atkinson pulled one way, and William Dorsheimer exactly the opposite way. David A. Wells sought to get the two together; it was not possible. Sam Bowles shook his head in diplomatic warning. Horace White threw in a chink or so of a rather agitating newspaper independence, while Halstead, to the more serious-minded, was in an inflamed state of jocosity.

All this was grist to the mill of the Washington correspondents, chiefly "story" writers and satirists, who were there to make the most out of an occasion in which the bizarre was much in excess of the conventional, with George Alfred Townsend and Donn Piatt to set the pace. Hyde of the "Republican" had come from St. Louis to keep special tab on Grosvenor of the "Democrat." Though rival editors facing our way, they had not been admitted to the Quadrilateral. McCullagh and Nixon were among the earliest arrivals from Chicago. The lesser lights of the gild were innumerable. One might have mistaken it for an annual meeting of the Associated Press.

From a photograph by Sarony

MURAT HALSTEAD

IV

THE convention assembled. It was in Cincinnati's great music-hall. Schurz presided. Who that was there will ever forget his opening words, "This is moving day." He was just turned forty-two; in his physiognomy a scholarly Herr Doktor; in his trim, lithe figure a graceful athlete; in the tones of his voice an orator.

Even the bespectacled doctrinaires of the East, whence, since the days the Star of Bethlehem shone over the desert, wisdom and wise men have had their emanation, were moved to something like enthusiasm. The rest of us were fervid. Two days and a night and a half the Quadrilateral had the world in a sling and things its own way. It had been agreed, as I have said, to limit the field to Adams, Trumbull, and Greeley, and Greeley being out of it as having no chance whatever, the list was still further abridged to Adams and Trumbull. Trumbull not developing very strong, Bowles, Halstead, and I, even White, began to be sure that it would require only one ballot to nominate Adams—Adams the indifferent, who had sailed away for Europe, observing that he was not a candidate for the nomination, and otherwise intimating his disdain of it and us.

Matters being thus apparently cocked and primed, the convention adjourned over the first night of its session with everybody happy except the "D. Davis" contingent, which lingered, but knew its "cake was dough." If we had forced a vote that night, as we might have done, we should have nominated Adams. But, inspired by the bravery of youth and inexperience, we let the golden opportunity slip. The throng of delegates and the vast audience dispersed.

In those days it being the business of my life to turn day into night and night into day, it was not my habit to go to bed much before the presses began to thunder below. This night proved no exception: precisely what—had happened. It was, in point of fact, the arrival about midnight of General Frank P. Blair and Governor B. Gratz Brown of Missouri. I had in my possession documents which

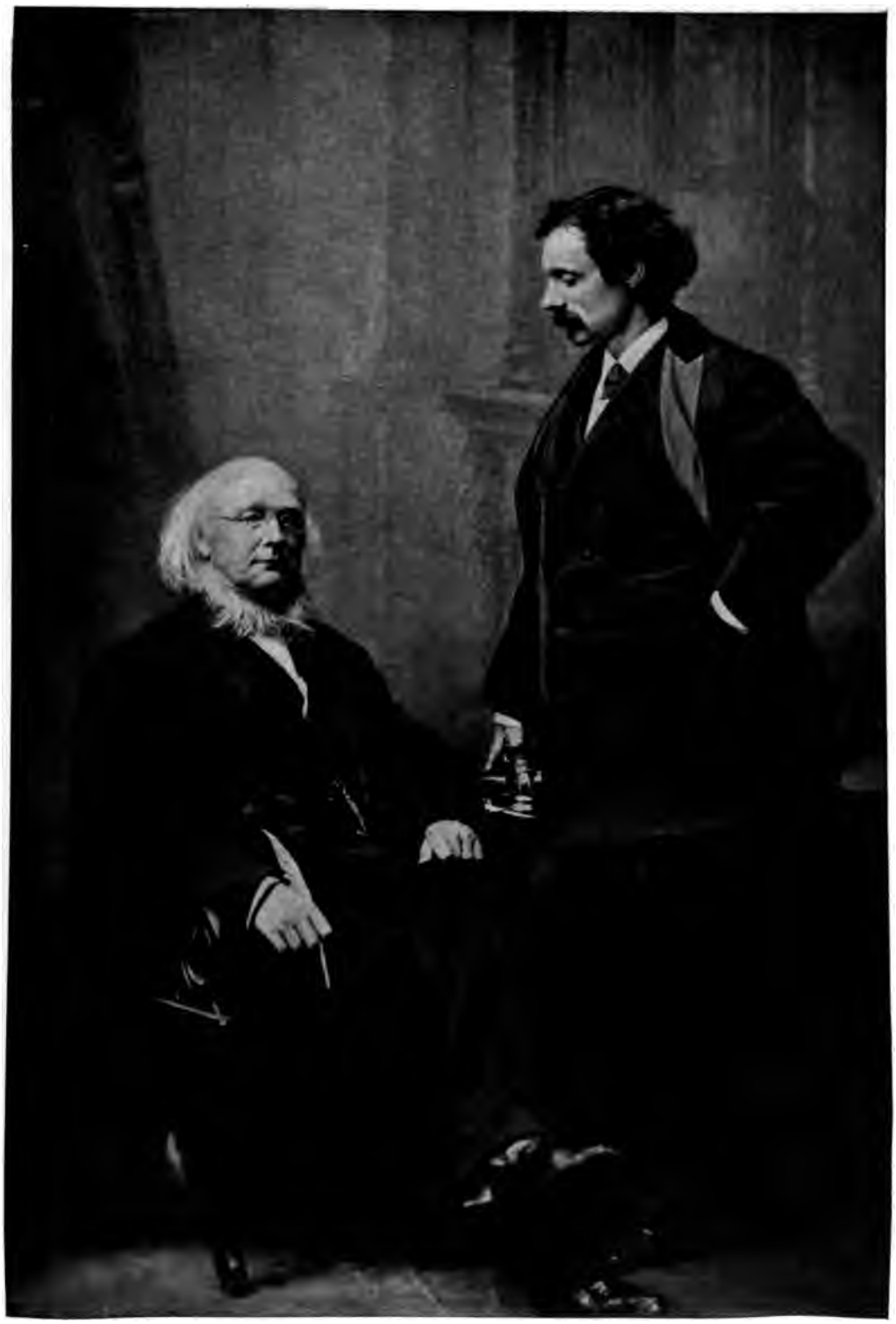
Photograph by Pearsall, taken in 1872

HORACE GREELEY

This portrait, unusual for the absence of spectacles, is owned by his daughter, Mrs. F. M. Clendenin.

being tempted by a party of Kentuckians, some of whom had come to back me and some to watch me, I did not quit their agreeable society until the "wee sma' hours ayant the twal."

Before turning in, I glanced at the early edition of the "Commercial" to see that something—I was too tired to decipher would have induced at least one of them to pause before making himself too conspicuous. The Quadrilateral, excepting Reid, knew this. We had separated upon the adjournment of the convention. I, being across the river in Covington, their search for me was unavailing. They were in despair. When, having had a few



HORACE GREELEY AND WHITELAW REID

From a photograph taken in the editorial rooms of "The Tribune" shortly before the opening of the Greeley Campaign.

From a cartoon by Thomas Nast in "Harper's Weekly"

NAST'S CARTOON, "'THE PIRATES' UNDER FALSE COLORS—CAN THEY CAPTURE THE 'SHIP OF STATE'?"

At the left Sumner is reading a book; Andrew Johnson is behind the capstan; August Belmont in the gangway with a knife in his mouth; Fenton in the background; Whitelaw Reid on a keg of powder playing a violin tagged, "This is not an organ"; David Davis is behind Archbishop Hughes with the cross; Manton Marble is hiding behind his newspaper "The World"; Senator Tipton is bawling near Greeley; Carl Schurz is waving his hat to friends on the *Ship of State* and Theodore Tilton is embracing him; Governor Hoffman holds a parasol; Horatio Seymour kneels to Jeff Davis lying on the Confederate flag, behind him a group of Confederates with Wade Hampton standing near Greeley; John Kelly holds the Tammany knife, and above his head are faces of Tweed, and Mayor Oakey Hall with eye-glasses.

hours of rest, I reached the convention hall toward noon, it was too late.

I got into the thick of the session in time to see the close, not without an angry collision with that one of the newly arrived actors whose coming had changed the course of events, and with whom I had lifelong relations of affectionate intimacy. Recently, when I was sailing in Mediterranean waters with Joseph Pulitzer, who, then a mere youth, was yet the secretary of the convention, he recalled the scene: the unexpected and not over-attractive appearance of B. Gratz Brown, the Governor of Missouri; his not very pleasing yet ingenious speech in favor of the nomination of Greeley; the stoical, almost lethargic indifference of Schurz. "Carl Schurz," said Pulitzer, "was the most industrious and the least energetic man I have ever known and worked with. A word from him at that crisis would have completely routed Blair and squelched Brown. It was simply not in him to speak it."

From a photograph by Sarony, taken in 1872

THOMAS NAST

The result was that Greeley was nominated amid a whirl of enthusiasm, his workers, with Whitelaw Reid at their head, having maintained an admirable and effective organization, and being thoroughly prepared to take advantage of the opportune moment. It was the logic of the event that B. Gratz Brown should be placed on the ticket with him.

The Quadrilateral was "nowhere." It was done for. The impossible had come to pass. There arose thereafter a friendly issue of veracity between Schurz and me, which illustrates our state of mind. My version is that we left the convention hall together, with an immaterial train of after incidents; his that we did not meet after the adjournment. He was quite sure of this because he had ineffectually sought me. "Schurz was right," said Joseph Pulitzer, upon the occasion of our yachting cruise just mentioned, "because he and I went directly from the hall with Judge Stallo to his home on Walnut Hills, where we dined and passed the afternoon."

The Quadrilateral had been knocked into a cocked hat. Whitelaw Reid was the sole survivor. He was the only one of us who clearly understood the situation and thoroughly knew what he was about. He came to me and said: "I have won, and you people have lost. I shall expect that you stand by the agreement and meet me as my guests at dinner to-night. But, if you do not personally look after this, the others will not be there." I was as badly hurt as any; but a bond is a bond, and I did as he desired, succeeding partly by coaxing and partly by insisting, though it was uphill work.

Frostier conviviality I have never sat down to than Reid's dinner. Horace White looked more than ever like an iceberg; Sam Bowles was diplomatic, but

A CARD
THE N.Y. TRIBUNE AND THE N.Y. WORLD ARE
NOT ORGANS
NOTICE
THIS CAMPAIGN IS TO BE CONDUCTED ON THE CHRISTIAN PLAN — LOVE CHARITY FORGIVENESS MAGNANIMITY AND A GENERAL HAND-SHAKING WITH
FOR SAMPLES OF THE REAL THING SEE TRIBUNE
REPUBLICAN
REPUBLICAN FRAUDS AT THE POLLS
STUFFING BALLOT BOXES
THE SAME TUNES BY ANOTHER FIDDLE WILL SOUND AS SWEET.

From a cartoon by Thomas Nast in "Harper's Weekly"

NAST'S CARTOON OF WHITELAW REID OF "THE TRIBUNE" AND MANTON MARBLE OF "THE WORLD" PLAYING IN CONCERT

ineffusive; Schurz was as a death's head at the board; Halstead and I, through sheer bravado, tried to enliven the feast. But they would none of us, nor it, and we separated early and sadly, reformers hoist by their own petard.

V

THE reception by the country of the nomination of Horace Greeley was as inexplicable to the politicians as the nomination itself had been unexpected by the Quadrilateral. The people rose to it. The sentimental, the fantastic, and the paradoxical in human nature had to do with this. At the South an ebullition of pleased surprise grew into positive enthusiasm. Peace was the need, if not the longing, of the Southern heart, and Greeley's had been the first hand stretched out to the South from the enemy's camp,—very bravely, too, for he had signed the bail-bond of Jefferson Davis,—and quick upon the news flashed the response from generous men eager for the chance to pay something on a recognized debt of gratitude.

Except for this spontaneous uprising, which continued unabated in July, the Democratic party could not have been induced at its convention at Baltimore to

ratify the proceedings at Cincinnati and formally to make Greeley its candidate. The leaders dared not resist it. Some of them halted, a few held out, but by midsummer the great body of them came to the front to head the procession.

Horace Greeley was a queer old man, a very medley of contradictions, shrewd and simple, credulous and penetrating, a master penman of the school of Swift and Cobbett, even in his odd, picturesque personality whimsically attractive and, as Seward learned to his cost, a man to be reckoned with where he chose to put his powers forth.

What he would have done with the Presidency had he reached it is not easy to say or to surmise. He was altogether unsuited for official life, for which, nevertheless, he had a longing. But he was not so readily deceived in men or misled in measures as he seemed, and as most people thought him.

His convictions were emotional, his philosophy experimental; but there was a certain method in their application to public affairs. He gave bountifully of his affection and his confidence to the few who enjoyed his familiar friendship; he was accessible and sympathetic, though not indiscriminating, to those who appealed to his impressionable sensibilities and sought his help. He had been a good party man and was temperamentally a partizan.

To him place was not a badge of bondage; it was a decoration, preferment, promotion, popular recognition. He had always yearned for office as the legitimate destination of public life and the honorable reward of party service. During the greater part of his career, the conditions of journalism had been rather squalid and servile. He was really great as a journalist. He was truly and highly fit for nothing else, but, seeing less deserving and less capable men about him advanced from one post of distinction to another, he wondered why his turn proved so tardy in coming, and when it would come. It did come with a rush. What more natural than that he should believe it real instead of the empty pageant of a vision?

After the first shock and surprise of the Cincinnati nomination, it had taken me only a day and a night to pull myself together and to plunge into the swim to help fetch the water-logged factions ashore. This was clearly indispensable to forcing the Democratic organization to come to the rescue of what would prove otherwise but a derelict upon a stormy sea. Schurz was deeply disgruntled. Before he could be appeased, a bridge found in what was called the Fifth Avenue Hotel Conference had to be constructed in order to carry him across the stream which flowed between his disappointed hopes and aims and what appeared to him an illogical and repulsive alternative. Like another Achilles, he had taken to his tent and sulked. He was harder to deal with than any of the Democratic file-leaders; but he finally yielded, and did splendid work in the campaign.

Carl Schurz was a stubborn spirit, not readily adjustable. He was a nobly gifted man, but from first to last an alien in an alien land. He once said to me, "If I should live a thousand years, they would still call me a Dutchman." No man of his time spoke so well or wrote to better purpose. He was equally skilful in debate, an overmatch for Conkling and Morton, whom, especially in the French Arms matter, he completely dominated and outshone. As sincere and unselfish, as patriotic and as courageous, as any of his contemporaries, he could never attain the full measure of the popular heart and confidence, albeit reaching its understanding directly and surely. Within himself a man of sentiment, he was not the cause of sentiment in others. He knew this and felt it.

During the campaign the Nast cartoons in "Harper's Weekly," which while unsparing to the last degree to Greeley and Sumner, and treating Schurz with a kind of considerate, qualifying humor, nevertheless greatly offended him. I do not think Greeley minded them much, if at all. They were very effective, notably the "Pirate Ship," which represented Greeley rising above the taffrail of a vessel carrying the Stars-and-Stripes and waving his handkerchief at the man-of-war *Ship of State* in the distance, while the political leaders of the Confederacy, dressed in true corsair costume, crouched below, ready to spring. Nothing did more to sectionalize Northern opinion and fire the Northern heart, or to lash the fury of the rank and file of those who were urged to vote as

they had shot, and who had hoisted above them "the bloody shirt" for a banner.

In the first half of the canvass the impetus was with Greeley; the second half, beginning in eclipse, seemed about to end in something very like collapse. The old man seized his flag and set out upon his own account for a tour of the country. And right well he bore himself. If speech-making ever does any good toward the shaping of results, Greeley's speeches surely should have elected him. They were marvels of impromptu oratory, mostly homely and touching appeals to the better sense and the magnanimity of a people not ripe or ready for generous impressions, convincing in their simplicity and integrity, unanswerable from any point of view of sagacious statesmanship or true patriotism, if the North had been in any mood to listen, to reason, and to respond.

I met him at Cincinnati and acted as his escort to Louisville and thence to Indianapolis, where others were waiting to take him in charge. He was in a state of querulous excitement. Before the vast and noisy audiences which we faced he stood apparently pleased and composed, delivering his words as he might have dictated them to a stenographer. As soon as we were alone he would break out into a kind of lamentation, punctuated by occasional bursts of objurgation. He especially distrusted the Quadrilateral, making an exception in my case as well he might, because, however his nomination had jarred my judgment, I had a real affection for him, dating back to the years immediately preceding the war, when I was wont to encounter him in the reporters' galleries at Washington, which he preferred to using his floor privilege as an ex-member of Congress.

It was mid-October. We had heard from Maine. Indiana and Ohio had voted, and Greeley was for the first time realizing the hopeless nature of the contest. The South, in irons and under military rule and martial law sure for Grant, there had never been any real chance. Now it was obvious that there was to be no compensating ground-swell at the North. That he should pour forth his chagrin to one whom he knew so well and even regarded as one of his "boys" was inevitable. Much of what he said was founded on a basis of fact, some of it was mere suspicion and surmise, all of it came back to the main point that defeat stared us in the face.

I was glad and yet loath to part with him. If ever a man needed a strong friendly hand and heart to lean upon he did during those dark days—the end in darkest night nearer than any one could divine. He showed stronger mettle than had been allowed him; bore a manlier part than was commonly ascribed to his slovenly, slipshod habiliments and his aspect in which benignancy and vacillation seemed to struggle for the ascendancy. Abroad, the elements conspired against him. At home his wife lay ill, as it proved, unto death. The good gray head he still carried like a hero, but the worn and tender heart was beginning to break.

Happily the end came quickly. Overwhelming defeat was followed by overwhelming affliction. He never quitted his dear one's bedside until the last pulse-beat, and then he sank beneath the load of grief. " 'The Tribune' is gone and I am gone," he said, and spoke no more.

The death of Greeley fell upon the country with a sudden shock. It aroused a wide-spread sense of pity and sorrow and awe. All hearts were hushed. In an instant the bitterness of the campaign was forgotten, though the huzzas of the victors still rent the air. President Grant, his late antagonist, with his cabinet, and the leading members of the two Houses of Congress, attended his funeral. As he lay in his coffin, he was no longer the arch-rebel leading a combine of bucaneers and insurgents, which the Republican orators and newspapers had depicted him, but the brave old apostle of freedom, who had done more than all others to make the issues upon which a militant and triumphant party had risen to power. The multitude remembered only the old white hat and the sweet, old baby face beneath it, heart of gold, and hand wielding the wizard pen; the incarnation of probity and kindness, of steadfast devotion to his duty, as he saw it, and to the needs of the whole human family. It was, indeed, a tragedy; and yet, as his body was lowered into its grave, there rose above it, invisible, unnoted, a flower of matchless beauty—the flower of peace and love between the parts of the Union to which his life had been a sacrifice.

The crank convention had builded wiser than it knew. That the Democratic party could ever have been brought to the support of Horace Greeley for President of the United States reads even now like a page out of a nonsense-book. That his warmest support should have come from the South seems an incredible, and was a priceless, fact. His martyrdom shortened the distance across the bloody chasm; his coffin very nearly filled it. The candidacy of Charles Francis Adams or of Lyman Trumbull would have meant a mathematical formula, with no solution of the problem, and as certain defeat at the end of it. Greeley's candidacy threw a flood of light and warmth into the arena of deadly strife; it made a more equal and reasonable division of parties possible; it put the Southern half of the country in a position to plead its own case by showing the Northern half that it was not wholly recalcitrant, and it made way for real issues of pith and moment relating to the time instead of pigments of bellicose passion and scraps of ante bellum controversy.

In a word, Greeley did more by his death to complete the work of Lincoln than he could have done by a triumph at the polls and the term in the White House he so much desired. Though only sixty years of age, his race was run. Of him it may be truly written that he lived a life full of inspiration to his countrymen, and died not in vain, "our later Franklin" fittingly inscribed upon his tomb.

COMMENTS ON COLONEL WATTERSON'S PAPER

THE foregoing was written in the south of France to help while away a winter vacation. I was not willing to give it to the public without the "visé" of my surviving colleagues, Whitelaw Reid and Horace White, to each of whom I sent a copy. At first I thought of recasting my matter to meet their objections. But, on second thought, it seems best to "let the hide go with the tallow," as it were, their comments not only illuminating my narrative, but throwing on it the side lights of their differing points of view. No one holds in higher respect than I the noble aims and great sacrifices made by the Liberal Republicans.

HENRY WATTERSON.

I—BY WHITELAW REID

Dorchester House,
Park Lane, W., London, England,
May 3, 1911.

My dear Watterson:

I have read the manuscript with the greatest interest. On a few little matters I should n't have put things quite the same way; but that of course is to be expected from the different points of view from which we necessarily regard the subject. On the whole, it seems to me extremely fair and accurate.

I shall append a few notes, which I have made on different points suggested by the manuscript, not with the idea that you will find any occasion to incorporate any of my suggestions in your account, but only by way of refreshing your memory, as your manuscript has refreshed mine, about interesting incidents of a period which now seems so remote as to belong exclusively to our romantic youth.

On page 27 it would seem to be implied that Ben Wade was somewhat influenced in his support of the impeachment policy by the fact that if impeachment succeeded, he was the inevitable successor. I saw a great deal of Wade in those days. He certainly knew what the consequence to himself of a successful impeachment would be, but I never saw any reason to suppose that if somebody else had been acting Vice-President, Wade's attitude would not have been the same. Probably he would have been even more outspoken.

Page 31. What you say of the attitude of three of the Quadrilateral toward myself is not news to me. I knew, however, the reasons for it (which would probably have influenced me if I had been in their places), and I bore no grudges. In fact, at the time I had a pretty strong conviction that they were the people who were going to be badly disappointed in the end; so that, while you all thought you were taking me into camp, I was comforting myself with the belief that I was taking the Quadrilateral into camp, and should

find them very useful articles to begin housekeeping with.

Page 35. Did McCullagh come from Chicago? I thought we always counted him as belonging to Cincinnati until he went to St. Louis. When I first went to Cincinnati, he was a reporter on the "Gazette," from which he went to the "Commercial."

Page 40. The "bravery" of Greeley's outstretched hand may have been fully recognized, but I doubt if its self-sacrifice ever was. First and last it must have cost him (poor man that he was) nearly a million dollars. Shortly after the first volume of his history, "The American Conflict," was published, I remember congratulating him on the pecuniary success. His reply was: "Oh, I have n't made as much as the newspapers say. Still, I 've made a hundred thousand dollars that I know of, for I have spent every cent of it. The past at least is secure." With that figure as a basis, you can calculate how much he would probably have made from the enormously augmented sale of the first volume when the second came out, as well as from the copyrights on the second. The circulation of "The Tribune" was also affected for a time in the same disastrous way.

Page 41. With my intimate knowledge of Greeley at that period I should hardly have said he had a passion for office. What I did think was that he had a passion for recognition, and was very sore at being treated not as an equal and comrade, but as a convenience to the machine, by Seward and Thurlow Weed. It was less office he sought than an opportunity to teach those gentlemen their places and his. Certainly he never had a lifelong passion for office like Lincoln.

Page 41. We had no better politics during the campaign than in the management of the Fifth Avenue Conference. I remember that William Henry Hurlbert and some others who were doing their best then to defeat us did not wake up to the real significance of our attitude toward this conference until the morning it met. Then Hurlbert described the course of "The Tribune" as that of a court gallant, tiptoeing forward to bow the favorites to their places.

I always thought we had the country with us until after the North Carolina election, and believed we carried that. I am afraid it was our old friend Ned Webster who deliberately rushed down to steal it away from us, and that his very strong measures had pretty high sanction. Or was it in the Hayes-Tilden election that he came to the front? The truth is the North Carolina election was the turning-point. If the result had been left as we believed it to be for the first two or three days, I don't think we should have had the October reaction, or that Nast's cartoons could have had anything like the effect they did exert.

By the way, some of those cartoons could hardly have been tolerated at any other time in America, and would hardly have been tolerated in any other country at any time, such as the one depicting Greeley—Greeley of all living men!—as clasping hands with the ghost of Wilkes Booth across the grave of murdered Abraham Lincoln. I once told "Brooklyn" Joe Harper he ought to be ashamed of that, and begin every day of his life with a prayer for forgiveness for it. His reply was that we all of us had done something at some time in our lives that we ought to be ashamed of. He understood perfectly that I never resented in the least Nast's caricatures of myself. In fact, I thought some of them extraordinarily clever, such as the one depicting me playing a hand-organ in front of the old Manhattan Club, with Greeley as the monkey holding out a hat for pennies, while on the end of the organ was the familiar quotation from "The Tribune" of those days, "This is not an organ."

Page 42. You are perfectly right in praising Greeley's hopeless campaign in the West. In fact, if I were writing, I should pitch the note a little higher. I remember Joseph H. Choate saying to a group, of which I was a member, one Saturday night at the Century Club during that campaign, "What extraordinarily good speeches Greeley is making out West!" To give that its full value, please remember that Choate was a partner of Evarts, who had nominated Seward, and that to that whole combination Greeley was anathema.

Page 42. My recollection is that Mrs. Greeley died in the interval after his return from the West, but before the election. I always attributed his sudden collapse after the election as much to his loss

In the Wilstach Gallery, Philadelphia

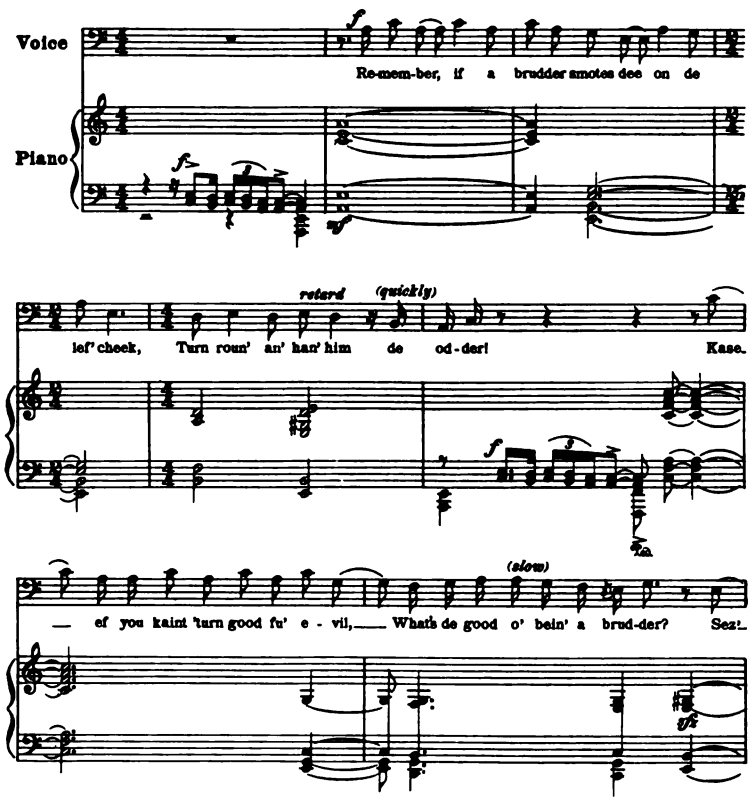
Engraved on wood by Henry Wolf

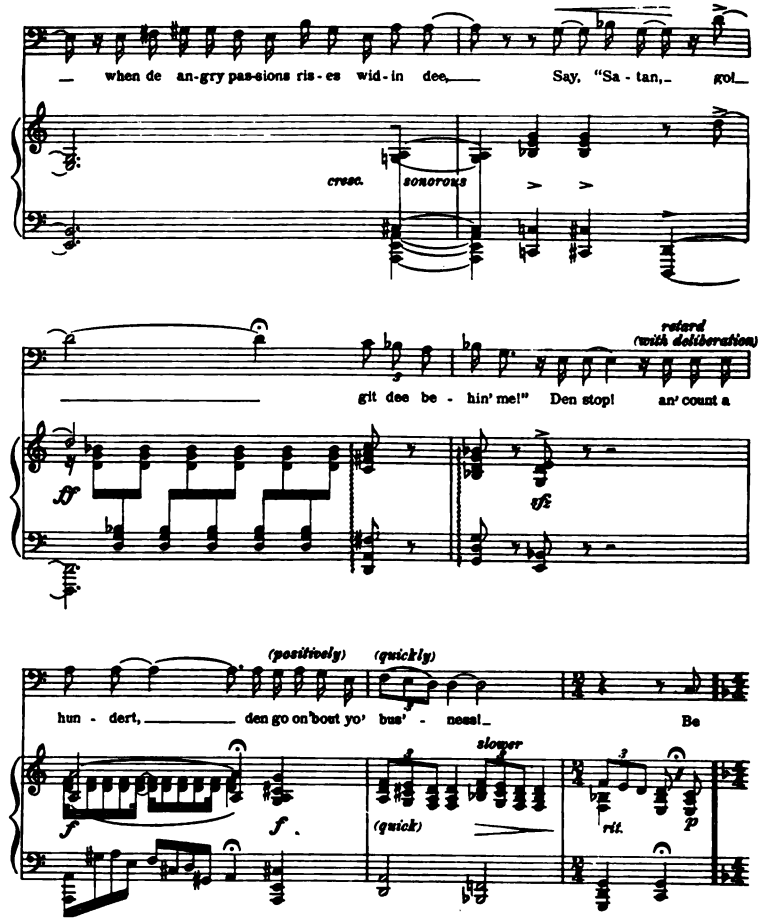
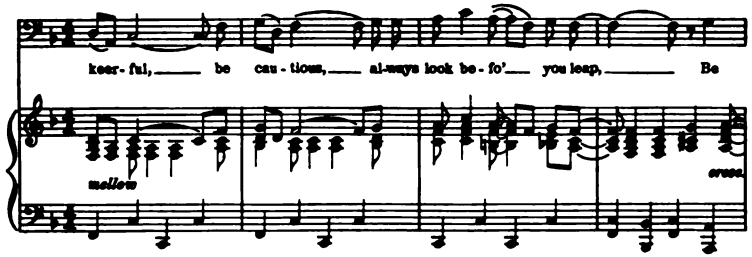
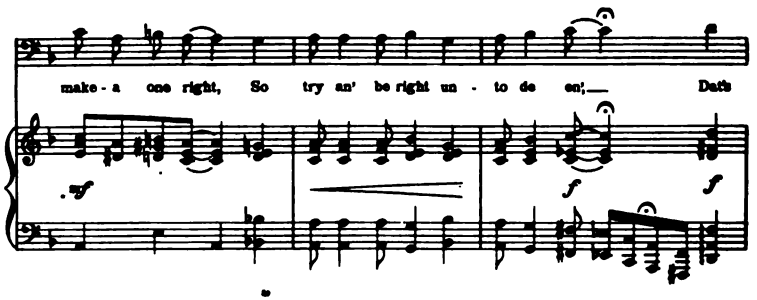
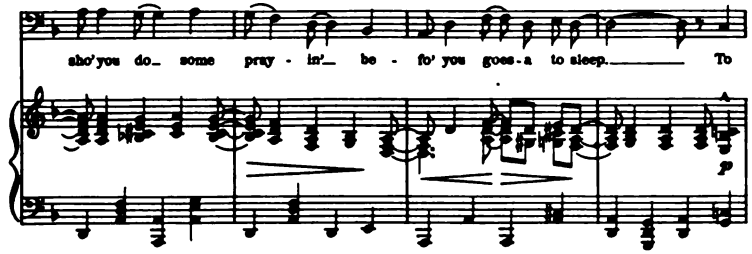
THE ANNUNCIATION

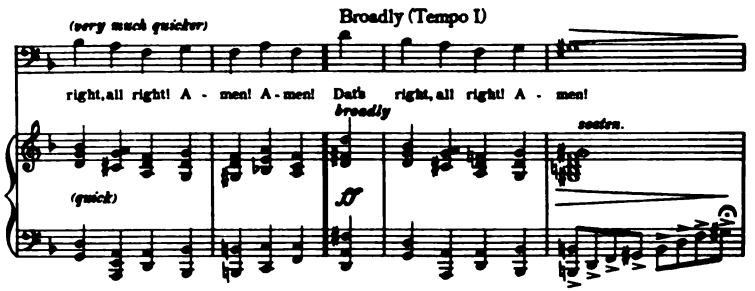
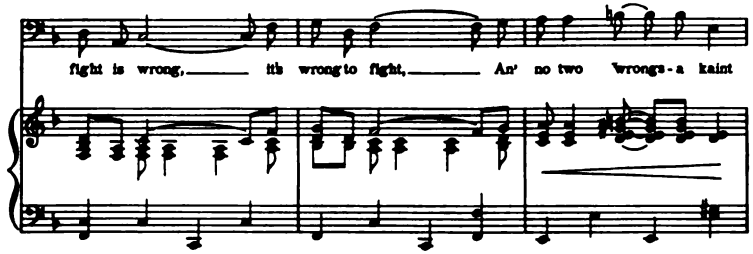
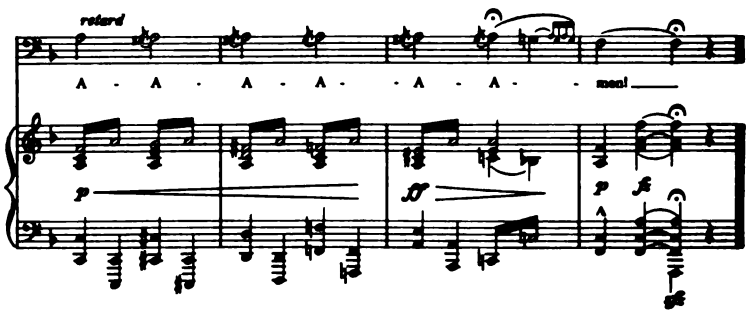
PAINTED BY H. O. TANNER

EXHORTATION (A NEGRO SERMON)

WORDS BY ALEX. ROGERS

MUSIC BY WILL MARION COOK

Voice
Piano
Re-mem-ber, if a brudder smotes dee on de
lef' cheek, Turn roun' an' han' him de od-der!
retard
(quickly)
Kase
— ef you kaint 'turn good fu' e - vil, — What's de good o' bein' a brud-der? Sez!
(slow)

Copyright, 1912, by G. Schirmer

keer - ful, be cau - tious, al-ways look be - fo' you leap, Be
mellow
cresc.

make - a one right, So try an' be right un - to de en; Dat's
mf
f
f

sho' you do some pray - in' be - fo' you goes - a to sleep. To
p


(very much quicker)
Broadly (Tempo I)
right, all right! A - men! A - men! Dat's right, all right! A - men!
broadly
cresc.
(quick)
ff

fight is wrong, it's wrong to fight, An' no two wrongs - a kaint

retard
A - A - A - A - A - A - men!
p
ff
p
fz

Scamps of Romance

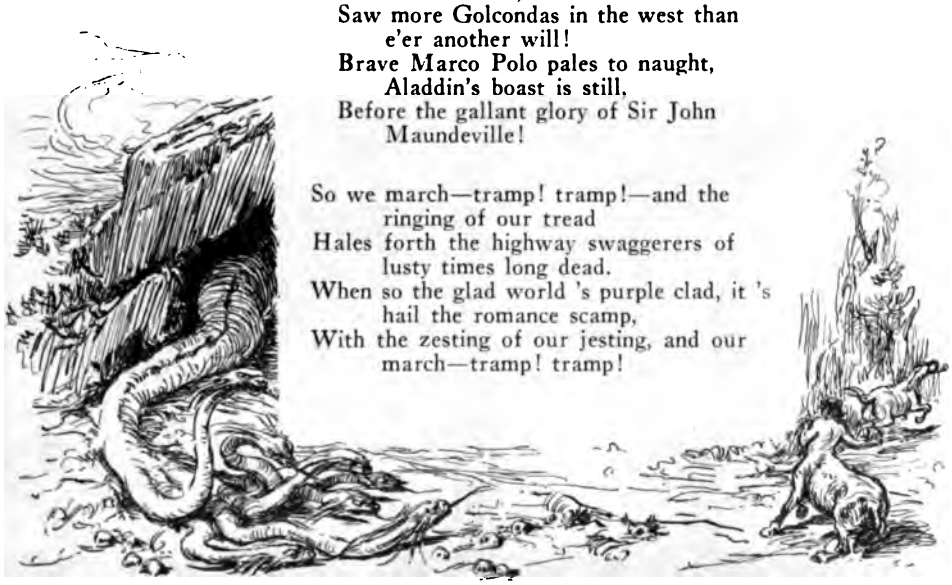
by William Rose Benét

I

WE 'RE off across the hills to-day with
merriment agog,
With pipe and timbrel ribboned gay, with
fiddle-scrape and clog.
Then, Nolly Goldsmith, here 's to thee!
Send Villon's soul no ill!
But all hail that Prince of Vagabonds,
Sir John Maundeville!

Oh, Sir John Maundeville, Sir John
Maundeville,
Saw more Golcondas in the west than
e'er another will!
Brave Marco Polo pales to naught,
Aladdin's boast is still,
Before the gallant glory of Sir John
Maundeville!

So we march—tramp! tramp!—and the
ringing of our tread
Hales forth the highway swaggerers of
lusty times long dead.
When so the glad world 's purple clad, it 's
hail the romance scamp,
With the zesting of our jesting, and our
march—tramp! tramp!



II

THERE 's Spindleshanks and Bonfire-
head and trolling Heneree,
And each as mad a braggart bred as
any age may see.
There 's castles in each wind-piled
cloud and Spain just o'er the hill;
And, for best of all romancers, there 's
Sir John Maundeville!

Oh, Sir John Maundeville, Sir John
Maundeville!
Æneas Sylvius, go up, and, Hakluyt,
rest you still;
Cathay, Damascus, Lamary, and
Persia shall fulfil
The magic of the legends of Sir John
Maundeville!

III

COME, hydra of the Lernean slough!
Promethean vulture, come!
The charms that we have learned for
you shall strike your terrors dumb.
The ghost of Raleigh gapes askance; he
takes our mirth so ill.
And Pliny louts his bonnet to Sir John
Maundeville!

Oh, Sir John Maundeville, Sir John
Maundeville!
Of Noah's Ark and Hills o' Gold
he 'll spin you yarns until
The Chan of rich Cathay 's your slave,
and Caffolos is shrill
Singing the lofty praises of Sir John
Maundeville!

IV

We know the wild chimæric herds—Aspis, Leviathan,
And all the fabled beasts and birds were since the world began.
The Solan Geese flop from their trees; yon crawls the Cuckodrill—
And all because we read about Sir John Maundeville!

Oh, Sir John Maundeville, Sir John Maundeville,
From Malabar to Tartary they marvel at you still.
Old Aldrovandus drops a tear in envy fit to kill
Because we sing the praises of Sir John Maundeville.

V

We 're off across the hills to-day with merriment agog,
With pipe and timbrel ribboned gay, with fiddle-scrape and clog.
And in our pack we 'll bring you back (I' faith, we swear we will!)
Mad tales and lays your ghost shall praise Sir John Maundeville.

Oh, Sir John Maundeville, Sir John Maundeville,
The world that gaped at romance then shall gape at romance still.
There 's portents in each autumn leaf,—Vale Parlous o'er the hill,—
And our jolly dreamland captain is Sir John Maundeville!

So we march—tramp! tramp! Do you wonder that our tread
Stamps up the ghosts of gallant knights from dust of days long dead?
When so the glad world 's romance-clad, it 's hail the romance scamp,
With old glories on our stories, and our march—tramp! tramp!

A CLEAN SHAVE

BY GRACE MAC GOWAN COOKE

Author of "Mistress Joy," "The Machinations of Ocoee Gallantine," etc., etc.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY F. E. SCHOONOVER

THERE was a storm brewing. The sun had gone down in splendor over Big Bald; heat lightnings laced the primrose of its afterglow. Now the air trembled to a presage of thunder; the world panted for its outburst of elemental rage.

The camp-meeting was in a brush arbor; the dry leaves on the boughs with which it was roofed rustled faintly when breathings of the coming tempest whispered across the highlands. The congregation, seated on backless puncheon benches, seemed to crouch beneath the uncertain illumination of a few torches and lanterns. Protracted meetings in the mountains are always held in midsummer, when the crops are laid by, so that perhaps the rising generation comes to associate their souls' salvation and hot, breathless nights like this. Fleeing from the wrath to come no doubt gets hopelessly mixed in some minds with running for adequate shelter from the sudden passionate thunder-storms of the season.

There were six exhorters at work, swaying on their feet, shouting, two of them singing, the mourners' bench partly filled, a promising tremor of excitement abroad in that portion of the congregation which had not yet come forward or risen for prayer—and the shower was almost upon them.

Vesta Turrentine, who always came up from the riverside store kept by her widower father at Turrentine's Landing to stay with her Aunt Miranda during protracted meetings, had withdrawn to the end of a bench, where she sat with bowed head, watchful, agonizedly alert, letting her attitude pass for that of a penitent, hoping to be undisturbed. She was a slim, finely built young creature, already past the mere adolescence at which the mountain girl is apt to seek a mate. As she sat, chin on hand, dark eyes staring straight forward, her salient profile, a delicate feminine replica of old Jabe Turrentine's own eagle outlines, relieved against

Drawn by F. E. Schoonover

Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"HE WORKED WITH THE AIR OF A MAN WHO HAS COME AT LAST TO SOME DECISION, TURNED TO REACH FOR THE TOWEL—AND LOOKED INTO THE MUZZLE OF HIS OWN GUN, WITH HIS DAUGHTER'S RESOLUTE EYES BEHIND IT" (SEE PAGE 69)

the lights of the meeting, a man who crawled through the bushes found her very good to look upon. So absorbed was he in staring at her that he did not notice another man, deeper in shadow, who stared at him. Careless of observation, certain that the meeting was fully occupied with itself, Ross Adene, the first man, crept forward to the girl's knee, touched it, laid his yellow head against it with a murmured greeting.

"Ross?" The whisper was strangled by terror; her hand went down against his hair, spread protectingly to conceal its shine.

"Who did you reckon it was?" whispered the young fellow. "Anybody else hangin' round hidin' to get sight of ye and a chance to speak with ye?"

"Did n't you get my word?" Vesta breathed. "Pappy 's on the mounting—unless'n the storm 's turned him back."

"I reckon it has," Ross answered, settling himself comfortably in the deep shadow beside her. "It 's shore goin' to be a big one."

As he spoke there was an instant's breathless hush of the voices in the meeting, a dying down of the lights. It was followed by a white flash so blinding, so all-enveloping, that in it one could see nothing. Close after came a crash which seemed to rend earth and menace heaven. The young fellow leaped to his feet, regardless of all concealment, pulling the girl up beside him, flinging an arm about her. After that lightning-flash the torches and lanterns seemed darkness. Women were screaming, mothers calling to their children, men shouting hoarsely, and running toward plunging teams hitched in the grove.

It would have seemed that in such confusion even the rashest intruder might go unchallenged, unrecognized, yet Vesta pushed her companion from her and into the shadow again before she looked around for her people. Her Aunt Miranda was puffing ponderously down the aisle toward a shrieking infant which had awakened from its nap on a back bench.

"Aunt 'Randy," Vesta called, "I 'm goin' home with—somebody. I 'm all right. I 'll be thar afore ye."

She could see Mrs. Minter's lips shape themselves to some words which her vigorously nodded head suggested were those of assent. She dipped into the dark; Ross swept his sweetheart up on a capable arm, and they set off running down the wood path which led across the fields to the Minter place.

The noises of the meeting behind them diminished as they ran. Other people were hurrying through the forest, calling, assuring themselves of the whereabouts and safety of members of their parties. Here and there lanterns or torches flickered.

"Had n't we better go through the bushes?" panted the girl. "Somebody 's apt to see ye—an' then—"

"No," returned Adene, half lifting her along; "nobody 'll take notice in a storm like this; an' if they should, I 'm about tired of dodgin'. We got to marry sometime, girl. How about then? Yer pappy 'll know then, won't he?"

Thereafter they ran in silence. Twice the lightning illuminated their way, diminishing peals of thunder following. It was after the second of these that a shot rang out, startling Vesta so that she clung to Ross's arm and screamed. The young fellow made the usual dry comment of the mountain-born, "They 's a man standin' somewhars right now with an empty gun in his hand." Then they fled breathlessly under the cover of a projecting ledge in the small bluff among the bushes which had been Adene's objective point. The heavens opened, and the floods descended.

There is something cozy and delightful about standing sheltered and dry, while the whole world falls down in rain, the elements themselves seeking all in vain to reach and destroy you. Vesta put out a hand to let the great drops strike on it, pushing back her hair and lifting her face to the keen, sweet coolness of the downpour.

"Don't you love it?" she asked again and again. "Hit 'minds me of playin' when I was a child, and just goin' crazy hollerin' 'Rain flag' when hit come down this a-way."

"You an' me used to play that together," Ross reminded her. "That was in the days before your dad took up the feud again."

At this the girl turned and clutched him.

"Oh, Ross, I sent ye word not to come to-night," she said, "but I wanted to see

ye an' warn ye, too. "Pappy 's actin' quare. He 's bound I shall marry."

"Well, so 'm I," assented Ross, half humorously. "Him an' me won't fall out over that."

"Don't make a joke of it," said Vesta. "Hit 's as much as your life 's worth, an' you know it. Hit 's as much as your life 's worth to be here to-night. We ort never to meet again."

She added the concluding words in a lower tone not intended, perhaps, for her lover's ears.

"Has he picked out a man for ye?" The young fellow returned to what she had first said.

"U-m—h-m," assented Vesta, reluctantly.

"Who?"

"Sam Beath." She spoke very low.

"Sam Beath." The young fellow repeated her words louder. "That feller that come up from the Far Cove neighborhood to stay in the store?"

"Pappy don't like him—for me—so very well," Vesta faltered, "but he 's kin to kin of ourn, an'—you know, he 'll keep up the feud. Pappy says I 'm gittin' awful old; an'—"

"If what he wants is to see his gal married, you an' me 'll wed to-morrow night after meetin'," Ross declared.

Vesta laid hold of the lapels of his coat. She even slipped an arm about his neck in entreaty, a tremendous demonstration for a mountain girl, who feels that she must always be in the shy, reluctant attitude of one who is besought, whose scruples are overcome.

"Ross, I know ye don't mean it, honey, but, oh, for any sakes! walk careful! Three years you an' me has been promised to each other, a-meetin' wherever we could, me scared to death for ye all the time; but pappy ain't never found it out. Ross, give me yo' word that you 'll be careful."

A fleeting glow showed Adene his sweetheart's pale, entreating face, and then came darkness and the steady drumming of the rain on the leaves.

"You an' me are a-goin' to be married to-morrow night after meetin' at Brush Arbor," he repeated doggedly. And Vesta, used to the men of her world, with whom action follows the word swiftly, if it does not precede, began to cry, leaning weakly against his shoulder.

"Ross, I 'll run away with ye, I 'll go anywhars you say. I 'll work my fingers to the bone for you. I 'll never look on the face of my kin again—for your sake."

In her pleading she raised her voice until it was almost a cry. The storm had died down; the lisp of falling water scarcely blurred the sound of their words.

"Not for my sake you won't," returned her lover, sturdily, putting a strong arm about her, bending to cup her cheek in his hand. "Why, I like your daddy fine. I picked him out for a father-in-law same 's I picked you out for a wife. I ain't never had any dad of my own to look to. Yourn suits me. I 'll make friends with him."

"And why ain't you got no father?" inquired Vesta, tragically. " 'Ca'se my uncle shot him down when you was a baby in your mother's lap—and there all the trouble began."

"Hit 's a long time ago," said Ross, philosophically. "I ain't bearin' any grudge till yet. I reckon if your uncle had n't 'a' got my father, my father 'd 'a' got him. I aim to marry ye, here in Brush Arbor meetin', an' make friends with your daddy an' put an end to the feud."

As a spectacular conclusion to the storm, and apparently to Ross's speech as well, there blazed through the woods a sudden greenish-white radiance of lightning. It flickered on the wet leaves, giving them a phosphorescent glow; it lit with an infernal illumination a face peering between those leaves, looking squarely into Adene's own—a dark face, full of the strong beauty of age and courage, vivid yet with the zest of life. The young fellow's hand went up to cover Vesta's eyes, to press her head in against his breast.

"What is it?" she breathed.

"You said you was scared of lightning," Ross answered close to her ear, as the thunder reverberated through a darkened, wet world.

Evidently she had not seen. Certainly he would not tell her. As the detonations died down, he stood rigid, waiting for the bolt of death, weighing with instant clearness the chance of whether old Jabe would kill only him, or slay as well the daughter who had proved treacherous.

Nothing came. A light wind sprang up and set drops pattering down from the boughs. The storm-clouds were rent,

torn, scattered, rolling sullenly away to the north. A few drowned stars began to make the sky lighter.

All at once, as he waited for the death that came not, Ross remembered the shot they had heard as they ran through the woods. That was Jabe Turrentine's gun. Turrentine had been the man standing with an empty weapon, without another cartridge to reload. When he was certain of this, Adene felt momentarily safe. The old panther had missed his spring; he would not try again to-night. Ross laughed a little softly to himself as he imagined Jabe skulking quietly between the dripping trees to the horse that must be tied somewhere near the timber's edge, getting on the animal and riding down the river road to his store. Yes, that 's what the old man would do. And, after that, Ross Adene knew that the next move in the game was his.

"I reckon I 'd better take you on home," he said at length. "If we 're a-goin' to be married to-morrow night, I 've got some sev-rul things to do."

Hand in hand they went through the drenched leafage, speaking low, Vesta trying feebly to remonstrate. When they came to where the lighted windows of the Minter cabin made squares of ruddy light in the blue-black darkness, Ross said his farewells.

"You put on whatever frock it is you want to be married in to-morrow night and go to meetin'," he concluded. "For wedded we 'll shorely be at Brush Arbor church. I 'll speak to the preacher, an' mebby your daddy 'll come to the weddin' hisself."

Vesta wept. She kissed her lover farewell as we bid good-by to the dead. In the dim radiance streaming out from the dwelling she watched his rain-gemmed, yellow head as he walked away, hat in hand, shoulders squared, moving proudly.

"O Lord," she sighed to herself, "why can't men persons take things like women does—a few ill words and no harm done?"

The night sky refusing answer, she went silently in and to bed.

NEXT morning Ross Adene put his house in order, as might a man on the eve of a duel. His day was busily spent. He notified the revivalist who was conducting meetings at Brush Arbor church of an intention to wed Vesta Turrentine directly after sermon that night, and, late in the afternoon, took his dugout canoe and dropped thoughtfully down the river toward Turrentine's Landing. There was money in his pocket, but no weapon on him. He had not traveled the road, for he knew that even in daylight some wayside clump of trees might hide an ambush. He put his canoe into the current, crossed the stream, going down the farther bank, out of rifle-shot of the leaning willows that dipped long, green tresses to the water, offering a veil for a possible foe. When he was opposite the landing he came squarely across, his eyes searching the prospect ahead.

There was nobody about as he beached his boat, pulling it well up out of reach of the current, and walked deliberately toward the store. The landing had no village, the only buildings being the store, Turrentine's dwelling, and barns. He approached the former by the front way, and stopped in the door, offering a glorious target to any hostile person who might be within; for he stood six feet tall and broad-shouldered against the westering light. The interior of the room was at first obscure to him, but almost immediately he made out old Jabe behind the counter and Sam Beath sitting humped in a chair at the back of the store.

For a moment no word was spoken. There was no exclamation, though there was a mental shock of encounter, evinced by not so much as the tremor of an eye upon the part of either of the principals. Beath it was who glanced stealthily toward the corner where Turrentine's loaded rifle stood.

"Howdy," said Ross in the even, musical monotone of his people.

"Howdy," responded old Jabe's deep bass.

Beath did not speak. Ross remained in the doorway until he considered that he had given quite sufficient opportunity for any gentleman who desired to pick a vital spot in his frame. When he felt he had been amply generous in this way, he came stepping slowly into the building, walked to the counter, and laid his empty hands upon it.

"And what can I do for you to-day?" inquired old Jabe with a sardonic exaggeration of the shopkeeper's manner.

"I want to buy me a right good suit of clothes," returned Ross, mildly.

The man in the back of the store, staring at the two, began to wonder when old Jabe would take advantage of the opening offered him.

"Err-um," grunted Turrentine. "Somethin' to be buried in—eh?"

"Well—no," demurred the customer, amiably. "Somethin' to be married in. A weddin' suit is what I 'm a-seekin'."

Beath's eyes went without any volition of his own to a bolt of fine white muslin on the shelf. From that Vesta had chosen a dress pattern the day her father bade him ask her in marriage. His proposal had been bafflingly received, but she had chosen the dress and taken it with her to her Aunt Miranda's to finish.

Meantime, as though his customer had been any mountain man of the district, the storekeeper calmly estimated Ross's height and breadth, turned to his shelves, and pulled down a suit. The two immersed themselves in a discussion of fabric and cut. The assistant, used to old Jabe's browbeating, could scarcely believe his eyes as he noted the glances of approval his employer gave to the goodly proportions he was fitting. Beath's ears seemed to him equally unreliable when Turrentine, a big man himself, remarked with apparent geniality on the chance of a wrestling-bout between them.

"I ain't backin' off," responded Adene, "but I 'd ruther stand up to you when I did n't have somethin' else on hand."

"Aw, I 'm gittin' old," said Turrentine, deprecatingly. "Time was when you might have said such of me; but I 'm gittin' old."

The blue eyes of the younger man looked ingenuously into the face so like Vesta's.

"Well, we 're all gettin' older day by day," Ross allowed, "but yet you don't look as though you was losin' your stren'th, an' that 's a fact."

Turrentine folded the suit and laid it on the counter.

"I think them clothes 'll fit ye," he said. "An' I 'll th'ow in this hyer necktie you looked at. I always th'ow in a necktie with a suit. That all?"

"Well—no," Ross repeated his phrase. "I want to buy the best razor you 've got in the shop."

With a sudden movement that might have been excitement or even rage, Sam Beath took off his hat and cast it on the floor beside his chair. Turrentine bent down to get from under the counter a tray of razors, setting it on the boards and inviting his customer's attention. Beath could scarcely bear to look at the two men facing each other across these bits of duplicated and reduplicated death, so tremendously did the juxtaposition excite him. He felt as he had sometimes on the hunting trail when the kill was imminent—as though he must cry out. Jabe and Ross were oblivious, trying, choosing, drawing their thumbs lightly over edges.

"I believe I like that 'un," Ross said finally. "What say?"

"You 've got a good eye for a blade," old Jabe agreed, taking the razor in his fingers. "That thar 's by far the best un in the lot." He opened and held it up, so that a stray gleam of sun winked wickedly upon the steel. "You could cut a man's head off with that, slick an' clean, ef ye had luck strikin' a j'int—an' I allers *do* have luck."

"I was n't aimin' to put it to no such use," Ross commented gently. "An' yit, when you 're a-buyin' a tool, hit 's but reasonable to know what its cay-pacities may be. I 'll take that un."

"Now—is that all?" Jabe put his query with the half-smile of a man who might easily suggest something else. He laid the razor with the other purchases.

"Is it honed, ready to use?" inquired Ross.

"Why, yes," agreed old Jabe in a slightly puzzled tone. "A few licks on a strop or your boot-laig 'll make it all right."

Ross was rubbing a rough cheek with thoughtful fingers, looking sidewise at the storekeeper.

"I 'm a-goin' to git married to-night," he murmured. "Looks like I need a clean shave. They tell me you 're a master hand at shavin' folks. Will ye shave me?"

Beath's chair dropped forward with a slam, but neither of the men started or turned. The black eyes burned deep into the blue; the blue were unfathomable. Behind a mask of primitive civility the two men interrogated savagely each other's motives. Jabe was the first to speak.

"Why, shorely, shorely," he said with

what seemed to Beath ominous relish. "Set down on that thar cheer that 's got a high back to it, so 's you can lean yo' head right. Sam,"—Beath leaped as though he had been struck,—"bring me the wash-pan an' soap an' a towel. I 'll git the lather-brush."

Beath finally arrived with the required articles. His shaking hand had spilled half the water from the basin; his eyes gloated. He put the things down on a box and retired once more to his chair, seating himself with the air of a man at a play.

Ross leaned back, found a comfortable rest for his head, and closed his eyes. The strong, brown young throat exposed by the turned-down collar of his shirt fascinated Beath so that he could not look away from it.

Jabe took the towel and put it about his customer's neck with expert fingers. As he did so, Beath's hand began to play about his own throat, and there was a click as it nervously contracted. Turrentine dipped his brush in the water and whirled it on the soap-cake, lathering Ross's face silently and with a preoccupied manner. Beath's glance flickered from the man in the chair to the man who worked over him. When Jabe took up the razor, passed it once or twice across the strop and approached it to Ross's cheek, Beath swallowed so noisily that the sound of it was loud in the silent room.

Suavely—the old man was grace itself—the operation of shaving the bridegroom was begun. Placidly it progressed, with a murmured word between the two men, the deft turning of the inert head by the amateur barber, an occasional deep-toned request.

Yet always the onlooker shook with anticipation of the sweep of old Jabe's arm which must come. Continually Beath figured to himself the sudden jetting out of crimson from that artery in the neck that was beating evenly and calmly under old Jabe's touch. Perhaps the end might have arrived then and there, and swiftly, had those fingers felt the swell of excitement in the blood of a possible victim. But Ross had closed his eyes and seemed to be dozing. Jabe made an excellent job of it.

"Thar—I believe that 's about all you need," he remarked at length.

The low sun came through the door between piles of calico, heaps of ax-handles, and glinted on Adene's yellow head. Suddenly Beath felt the light for a moment obscured. He glanced up to see a woman's figure, black against the glow, yet unmistakable in its slim alertness, and clothed, as his eye accustomed to fabrics told him, in the white muslin he had believed to be selected for a wedding-dress. Neither old Jabe nor his customer appeared to mark as Vesta Turrentine slipped like a shadow through the doorway and stole to the corner where her father's rifle stood. Sam watched as she lifted the weapon in practised fingers. His mouth was open, but he did not cry out.

Ross unclosed his eyes lazily, raised his thumb to his cheek, close by the ear, very near indeed to the great veins and arteries Beath had looked to see the razor sever.

"Ain't they a rough place right thar?" he inquired with a half-smile.

The ultimate spark of daring was in the eyes that gazed up into those of the man Ross had chosen for a father-in-law. Old Jabe, with a portentously solemn face, muttered an assent, dabbed the lather on, and made a pass with his razor.

"U-m-m—looks like they was a little more to do in that direction. Maybe I ain't quite finished ye up yit," the old man's voice had a lilt of laughter in it, and it seemed that the end had surely arrived. Turrentine's devil was always a laughing fiend. He worked with the air of a man who has come at last to some decision, turned to reach for the towel—and looked into the muzzle of his own gun, with his daughter's resolute eyes behind it.

There was no start, no outcry; the old fellow only stood, scowling, formidable, checked midway in some spectacular vengeance, Beath was sure. The clerk crept, stooping behind the piles of merchandise, toward Vesta.

"Put down that thar razor."

The girl's tone had a ring of old Jabe's own power.

"Ye say," drawled Jabe, making a jest of a necessity, as he laid the blade on the counter. "What else?"

"You let him walk out o' that door with me, same as he walked in," Vesta's air was resolute, her aim steady.

At the first word Adene had turned his

head merely, showing no disposition to get beyond Jabe's reach. But in the instant of her demand Beath rose up from behind some boxes, grasped the gun, twisting its barrel upward, and disarming Vesta. Ross sprang toward his sweetheart, hit out at the clerk's unguarded side, and sent him staggering across the room, to fall sprawling at his employer's feet. For a long moment while Beath was scrambling to hands and knees, life and death seemed to hang in the balance as old Jabe studied the two opposite; mechanically he had taken the gun Beath thrust into his hand. When Vesta saw it in his grasp, she flung herself upon her lover's breast, clasping her arms about him, protecting his life with hers.

"Me first," she screamed. "You 'll have to kill me first." She waited for the bullet.

Jabe interrogated the pair with remorseless eye; he moved forward a pace, though Sam Beath on all fours thought it was plenty close to shoot. His gun was not raised. Instead, the old man and the young were studying each other once more, speeding messages from eye to eye above Vesta's bent head. At last Jabe seemed to find that for which he sought. He looked long at the daughter who defied him in words, and her lover who braved him in action. Adene read the look aright.

"You 're bid to the weddin' at Brush Arbor church, father-in-law," he said in the tone of one who finds a satisfactory answer to a riddle.

The gun-butt rattled on the puncheon floor.

"Will your dugout hold three?" asked Jabe.

Vesta stirred, but still feared to look up.

"Shore; five, by crowdin'," came the answer.

The girl raised her head, glanced incredulously from father to lover, and a light of comprehension dawned in her eyes.

"An' me," yammered Sam Beath. "What about me?"

"You can keep sto' or come along to the weddin', accordin' to yo' ruthers," allowed old Jabe, generously; "ye hearn my son-in-law say his boat would hold five."

Drawn by Oliver Herford

TO ANY ONE

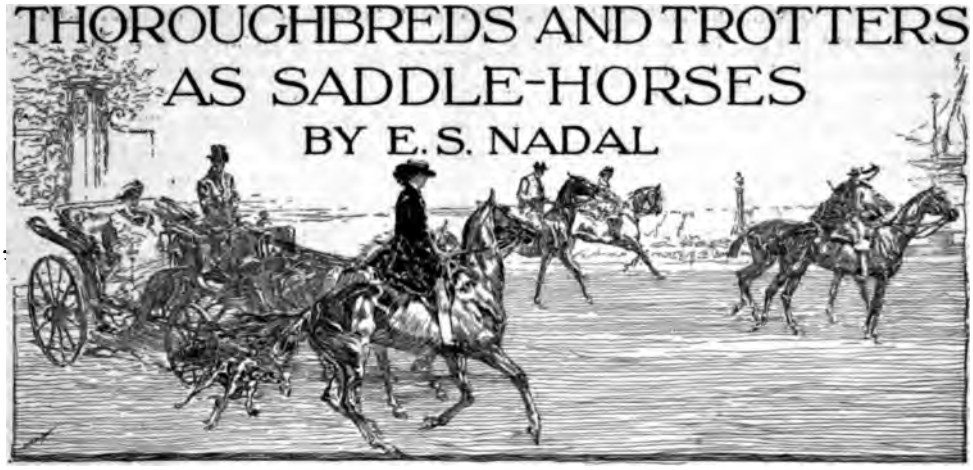
BY WITTER BYNNER

WHETHER the time be slow or fast,
Enemies hand in hand
Must come together at the last
And understand.

No matter how the die is cast
Or who may seem to win,
You know that you must love at last!—
Why not begin?

THOROUGHBREDS AND TROTTERS AS SADDLE-HORSES

BY E. S. NADAL



Drawn by Joseph Clement Coll

EVER since the employment of an English judge of saddle-horses at the New York Horse Show, a few years ago, a lively discussion has been going on between the advocates of thoroughbreds and of our American saddle-horse, which is for the most part trotting-bred, upon the subject of their respective merits as saddle-horses. The English judge had of course an Englishman's preference for a thoroughbred. He has shown this in his awards, and he has established a class of thoroughbreds under saddle. His view has naturally not found favor with the friends of the American saddle-horse, an animal usually a cross between the trotter and the Kentucky saddle-horse, which is a registered family, and is itself largely of trotting ancestry. The discussion, however, has not been confined to the merits of these two animals as saddle-horses, but has covered the whole subject of their respective characteristics.

Against the thoroughbred it is charged that he is unsound, wanting in stamina, flighty and excitable, and has not the trotting action to make a comfortable hack under the saddle or to become a good harness-horse, and even that he is inferior to some other horses in style and beauty. There is a certain truth in these accusations; but they contain also a great deal of untruth.

It is not possible to say that there is a want of stamina in a family of horses to which belong all runners, virtually all steeplechasers, and from which are directly descended all hunters and nearly all cavalry horses. Nearly all steeplechasers are thoroughbreds, and these horses do their four miles like old-fashioned runners, besides going over the exhausting jumps. And how can blood be said to want stamina which is the basis of the blood of all the cavalry horses in Europe? In 1870 the German cavalry horses of this breeding could do their thirty-five miles a day for three months during the roughest winter weather. And taking it nearer home, do any horses surpass in toughness the half-bred horses of Canada and tide-water Virginia? The old Virginians say that Kentucky can show a better head and tail than can be found in Virginia, but that for everything between Virginia is better, and the assertion is not without a color of truth. My observation is that, as a rule, trotting and saddle-bred horses have not the stamina of the best horses descended from the thoroughbred.

When we come to speak of gaits under the saddle, it will of course be admitted that thoroughbreds can walk, canter, and gallop. Their deficiency is in the trot. Most thoroughbreds do not show good hock action. They do not give one that definite rise and fall which one should have when riding at a trot. But there are thoroughbreds that have good hock action. Where, for instance, can one find better hock action than in the thoroughbred mare Jasmine, which has lately been seen about New York? There are many thoroughbreds with such a trot.

When we come to speak of disposition, the case against the thoroughbred is rather

stronger. It cannot be denied that he is hot-tempered. That an animal should be used for generations for an exciting employment, and that employment an artificial one, must result, one would expect, in some eccentricity of temper. And the bad effects are rendered worse by certain necessary concomitants of the employment. It cannot be good for the temper of an animal two years old to be an hour getting away at the start, and to be whipped and spurred for the last hundred yards of every race. As a matter of fact, they are frequently as excitable and often as vicious as one might expect animals to be which had been subjected to such an experience. There is a thoroughbred stallion in Kentucky that has killed two grooms. It is said that an attempt, which for some reason was not successful, was made to put out his eyes in order that he could be handled with safety. A few years ago at Lexington I was told that a thoroughbred stallion at a stable near by had just taken two fingers off a groom's hand. I went to the stable, had the animal brought out, and studied his countenance from a respectful distance, and he looked to me as though he could do it. The eye was somewhat ruthless, perhaps, but I should not say that the countenance was vicious or ill tempered. It had rather the opaque look of faces one will see behind the bars of a menagerie—faces unrelated to kindness or unkindness, and expressive only of the wish to survive and the readiness to perish in the struggle for existence. A few years ago we had in my native county, Greenbrier County, West Virginia, a celebrated performer on the turf, King Cadmus, which had killed at least one person. Once, when racing, he seized with his teeth a jockey on a horse that was passing him, threw him under his feet, and killed him. He was a lop-eared, rough-made brute, and if a man did not know him and took him for some harmless old screw, which might easily be possible, without any sign of ill temper he would allow the man to approach till he was in reach of his teeth, when he would try to seize him and throw him under his feet. Some of his colts are still about Greenbrier, and, strangely enough, do not seem to have inherited his vicious disposition,—an instance, I suppose, of failure to transmit acquired characteristics. I remember when a boy seeing Rarey leading about his celebrated Cruiser, which must have been very much such a horse as Cadmus. Possibly the animals I have mentioned might have been reformed if they had had such a handler as Rarey.

But these horses are exceptions, as it is hardly necessary to point out. A few years ago in Kentucky I rode for some weeks a four-year-old thoroughbred stallion that a child could have ridden, a very handsome bay, sixteen hands high, very fashionably bred (half-brother to Foxhall). He had been raced, but had not been found fast enough for the track. He was perfectly gentle. His only fault was not one of temper at all. He was a little sluggish, sluggishness being sometimes a fault of thoroughbreds. This fault affected his trot. A certain ambition and steady force in a horse are necessary to a comfortable trot.

But apart from the subject of gaits and disposition, it is claimed that the thoroughbred is inferior in style and beauty to certain other horses, such, for instance, as the Kentucky saddle-horse. That, of course, is a matter of taste, and tastes differ and change from time to time. I prefer the Kentucky horse myself, and believe him to be the handsomest horse in the world, and yet I find that when I go to England and live among people to whom the thoroughbred type seems perfection, I begin insensibly to see it as they do, and so I think will almost any one. There is no doubt that the type at its best is very beautiful. I have now in mind a chestnut mare, Miss Trix, which I saw at a pretty little show in the west of England summer before last and which afterward took the first prize at the international in London. A more beau-

ATHLETE. A COMBINATION TROTTING AND SADDLE BRED HORSE FROM GREENBRIER COUNTY, WEST VIRGINIA

tiful creature it would be hard to find, or one better gaited or better mannered. And even when one sees this type in this country, where the taste and feeling are mostly on the side of the Kentucky horse, it is impossible to deny that it is beautiful. Three years ago at the State fair at Lexington I saw a class of thoroughbred stallions judged very early before the crowd was on the grounds. It was an extraordinary display of equine beauty that was gaily paraded before the stand on that bright and fragrant September morning, and, difficult as the choice seemed, the blue ribbon went deservedly to the most beautiful, a brown horse named Jack-pot. Later in the day I saw Jack-pot judged for the championship against the superbly handsome and universally accomplished chestnut stallion Bourbon King, the champion saddle-horse of Kentucky. The prize went to Bourbon King, and I myself should have so voted; but surely no one would propose that such a type of beauty as Jack-pot should be allowed to disappear from the earth.

There is one point in which the thoroughbred is doubtless superior to the Kentucky saddle-horse. I mean the shoulder. The fault of the Kentucky saddle-horse often is that he is thick in the shoulder. The Kentucky horse would be about perfect if one could give him the shoulder of the thoroughbred; yes, and if one could give him a little heavier bone. No doubt the Kentucky men would say that the proof of the pudding is in the eating, and since the Kentucky horse, as he now is, is about perfect in gaits, there is no occasion to change him. There is reason in this, and yet there are practical advantages in the thoroughbred shoulder. The rider grasps it with his knees more easily than a thicker shoulder. And for women who ride with a side-saddle a deep and slender shoulder and high withers are a necessity; they are needed to hold a side-saddle in place. If the horse is thick-shouldered, the groom must be continually getting off to tighten the girths, which thus have to be made so tight that the animal can scarcely breathe. And then, quite apart

from its utility, there is no doubt of the beauty of the thoroughbred shoulder. It is beautiful whether you see it in Jack-pot or Miss Trix, or in some old screw of thoroughbred ancestry that pulls a grocer's wagon. You will sometimes see about a stable a half-starved, uncared-for animal with a shoulder the memory of which will remain with you for years. That shoulder is entirely the property of the thoroughbred. You never see it except in a thoroughbred or a descendant of thoroughbreds. I do not know whence it comes. It does not appear to come from the Arab, from which are derived most of the characteristics of the thoroughbred. It can come only from the thoroughbred. For this reason I cannot agree with those critics who have opposed the recent action of the Kentucky saddle-horsemen in admitting to registration the product of Kentucky saddle-horses crossed with thoroughbreds. Of course it is to be hoped that breeders will choose those thoroughbreds that are without certain thoroughbred faults.

There is one purpose for which thoroughbreds are certainly necessary. Hunters must be of thoroughbred blood. There are horses not of thoroughbred blood that can be taught to jump, but a hunter must also be able to run. It is often said that hunting in this country is not serious, and that is probably true. Hunting over timber is too dangerous to be widely and generally practised. It is different from hunting over hedges, which can be broken through. A horse must clear a wood fence if he is to get over it safely. If he strikes the fence with his knees, he may turn a somersault and fall on his rider, and horses cannot be relied upon to clear fences. The most celebrated of English hunters, Assheton Smith, who had made a study of falling and had learned how to fall, had sixty falls the year he was eighty. (By the way, one wonders what kind of horses he rode; they could have done better for him than that in Virginia.) We may be sure he did not have those falls over timber.

Drawn by Joseph Clement Coll

AWARDING THE BLUE RIBBON

But it is not certain that hunting has no considerable future in this country. Knowing what the spirit of sport has accomplished here within the memory of most of us, there is no saying what it may yet do. I have sometimes wondered why some such large preserves of land, stretches of forest and meadow as are taken by clubs for shooting and fishing, are not set apart for hunting, in which it would be possible to hunt the stag and the fox or even to revive sports more old fashioned.

I lately found a hunting-man in Virginia, a nice fellow and a gentleman, who has a whole valley to himself in which to pursue the fox. He has his own pack of hounds, and as his business is training hunters, he has always in his stable half a dozen animals he can use. To be sure he does not own the valley, a beautiful one; but he is quite as well off as though he did, for there are no wire fences, the timber fences are not too plentiful, and he tells me he can always start a fox. He hunts entirely alone, and does not mind the lack of company. He happens to be afflicted with an infirmity of speech, which makes the society of all but a few of his fellow-creatures irksome to him. This kind of sport was a new idea to me, who had always thought of hunting as done in company and with the accompaniment of red coats and blowing horns and the like. It struck me as a pretty idea, quite like

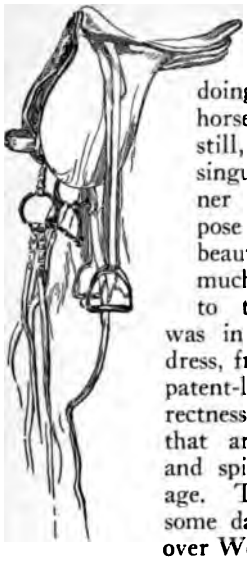
From a painting by Richard Newton, Jr.

THE MASTER OF FOX HOUNDS, ORANGE COUNTY HUNT (NEW YORK), ON HIS THOROUGHBRED HUNTER, GREEK DOLLAR

Fitz-James's pursuit of the stag in the first canto of "The Lady of the Lake." This gentleman rides mostly thoroughbreds. He told me that he found it more and more necessary to ride thoroughbreds, or, at any rate, horses as clean bred as he could get them, for the reason that they are now breeding faster hounds than formerly. I wondered why they should breed faster dogs unless at the same time they bred faster foxes.

I may add that the evidence in favor of fox-hunting is pretty strong, to judge from the testimony of those who know most about it. A celebrated hunter has expressed the opinion that all the time that is not spent in hunting is wasted, and that is what men like Assheton Smith and Anstruther Thompson really thought and have thought for two hundred years. If that view is the correct one, the sport will probably continue to exist and grow in this country. In the end Americans are likely to have whatever is good.

With regard to the questions of type and taste, I may say here that a certain deference is due to the opinion which the world's best horsemen have long entertained. We should not dismiss too lightly the views of such men as Admiral Rous, Assheton Smith, and Mackenzie Grieve. The last-named famous horseman, who lived in Paris and was a member of the well-known Jockey Club there, I once saw in his old age in Rotten Row. One afternoon in Hyde Park I noticed an acquaintance on foot in conversation over the railing with some one on a black horse. The horse, which had not a white hair, was a beautiful creature, of the kind not usual in Rotten Row, having the graceful curves of the *haute école,* preferred on the Continent, and attractive to the finer Latin perceptions rather than the straight lines of the half-bred English hack. The horse of the *haute école* is very thoroughbred in type, however, as this animal was. But perfect as the horse was, I was even



more interested in the man in the saddle. All he was doing was sitting on a horse that was standing still, but there was a singular grace in his manner of doing this. The pose and attitude were beautiful. An old dandy, much made up, and dyed to the eyebrows, there was in every detail of his dress, from his silk hat to his patent-leather boots, a correctness and thoroughness that argued great courage and spirit in a man of his age. The tight trousers of some dark color were worn over Wellington boots, which a good London tailor will tell you is the only way to have them set well. The frock-coat showed the slender waist essential to good looks in the saddle. I wondered if this waist might not be the result of pretty severe banting, being sure that the plucky old fellow would have preferred death to abating one jot his pretensions to the character of a perfect horseman. Greatly interested in this survivor of the dandies, it pleased me to think that he might in his youth have been the model from which Bulwer made his sketch of Pelham riding in the park in Paris. Some days later, happening to meet my acquaintance, I asked him who his friend was, and he told me that he was Mr. Mackenzie Grieve. Before forming a final opinion of the thoroughbred from the point of view of taste and beauty, I should like to consult the shade of Mackenzie Grieve. His opinions, whatever they were, he no doubt held strongly.

When we come to speak of horses partly thoroughbred (and that is of course the subject most interesting to breeders), I can say that I myself have known numbers of them that were neither flighty nor weedy nor wanting in physical stamina nor deficient in gaits or in looks. I may take occasion to mention one or two of these. There was a big roan mare, nearly thoroughbred, in my native county, which was sent to New York and was for some years ridden by an eminent lawyer. She was a most distinguished horse. No matter how many good horses this gentleman has ridden or may ride, he can never forget Betsey, nor be in danger of confusing her with any other horse. She was sixteen hands high, and in condition would weigh nearly twelve hundred pounds. She had been a favorite runner at county fairs and of course could gallop. She could walk like a storm, she had a single foot that was a lullaby, she had a perfectly-square trot, she was excellent in harness, and she could be ridden or driven by anybody. A little plain in the quarters, she had as fine a neck, head, and shoulders as I ever saw. "She has a grand front on her," said the owner's young Irish coachman, who knew the type. I had at first some misgivings as to the appearance she would make by the side of New York prize-winners; but when I went to the Riding Club and she was brought out with the saddle on, her fine head carried high, her large, prominent eyes awake, with her deep shoulder and sweep of neck looking as though she had just descended from one of the classic engravings of the eighteenth century, I wondered that I should have had any doubts as to the appearance she would make when put in competition with the equine upstarts of the present day.

Another of our mountain horses, also nearly thoroughbred, went to the Riding Club. He was perhaps a little eccentric in temper, if one was rough with him, and I think once he did run up the steps into the Plaza Bank; but for gaits, sureness of foot, and physical endurance he was remarkable. All his gaits were perfection, and, as for strength, I can only say that I first rode him in 1890, then a full-grown horse, and I believe he is still living, a pretty good horse yet. His purchaser, a well-known New York specialist in nervous diseases, said to me, "I am nervous, and he 's neurotic," but he admitted that his trot was, as he said, "the poetry of motion." The animal came fairly by his eccentricities of temper and his tenacity of life and strength. His mother died not long ago at the age of twenty-five, and up to the day of her death she would run away if you struck her.

It should not be forgotten that, whatever faults modern thoroughbreds may have, there is a lot of good old-fashioned thoroughbred blood behind such horses as

Drawn by Reginald Birch. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

A MORNING CANTER IN CENTRAL PARK

I have mentioned—such blood as that of Diomed, the winner of the first English Derby in 1780. Diomed, one of many good horses imported here from England, was the ancestor of perhaps three fourths of the horses now running in this country. Mr. Moses Green, of Warrenton, Virginia, a man widely learned in pedigrees, whose grandfather imported Diomed, writes me, "I have often heard my grandfather say that he did not consider a race-horse one that could not run four miles in good company in fast time and repeat." One little story of Mr. Green's I may mention in passing. He once told me that he had passed a considerable part of his childhood on the back of Diomed, and the story is in a sense true, notwithstanding the fact that Mr. Green, although by no means a young man, was of course born long after the death of Diomed. It was the custom to spread the skin of an animal under a mattress to keep the mattress from sinking in between the cords of the bedstead, and the skin of Diomed served this purpose on the bed on which Mr. Green slept when a child.

The objection urged by thoroughbred men against American saddle-horses is that they are of harness rather than saddle type. The objection most commonly made to trotting-horses in general is, however, from the breeder's point of view. It is claimed that they do not breed true. Of course, trotters can scarcely be said to be a family as thoroughbreds and hackneys are. A thoroughbred [1] must be the progeny of animals themselves thoroughbred. Trotters may become "standard" by performance. Any animal that has trotted a mile in 2:30 at some recognized fair is entitled to registration as standard. The offspring

Drawn by Joseph Clement Coll

AT A COUNTRY HORSE SHOW

[1] An animal, especially a horse, of pure blood, stock, or race; strictly, and as noting horses, a race-horse all of whose ancestors for a given number of generations (seven in England, five in America) are recorded in the stud-book. In America the name is now loosely given to any animal that is of pure blood and recorded pedigree, . . . whose ancestry is known and recorded for five generations of dams and six of sires.—*C. D.*

of parents that are themselves standard by performance and not by birth are entitled to registration as standard by birth. There are thus many standard animals whose pedigree cannot be traced. Nevertheless, although we may not know the pedigree of an animal that is standard by performance, we know that he must be trotting bred, since no horse can trot a mile in 2:30 that is not trotting bred. It must be admitted, however, that trotters cannot be bred with the certainty with which you can breed thoroughbreds and hackneys.

Thoroughbreds and hackneys, being, as families, older than trotters, hold their qualities more intensely and are more capable of reproducing them. In the matter of speed, however, you cannot breed a Derby winner any more certainly than you can breed a two-minute trotter. But the trotter's inability to reproduce himself with certainty is not altogether without its advantages. One would be sorry to lose the variety in types thrown off by the trotter, which is a result of this inability. There is no family which produces animals that have such various uses as trotters, and in which a single animal will be found to have so many good qualities. He will be a good saddle- and a good harness-horse, and he will combine spirit with the best manners and the kindest disposition. For instance, that wonderful animal sought for with such avidity by ladies, a combination of opposite, if not irreconcilable, qualities, "a bed by night, a chest of drawers by day," if he exists anywhere, can surely be found only among trotters. In horses for use in harness one will get in the same animal, besides speed, action nearly as good as that of the best hackneys, with a vigor and endurance greater than theirs, and a head and neck that for quality and fineness one will rarely see in hackneys, and will not often find surpassed among thoroughbreds. We in this country are so used to that head and neck that the English, who send us their best hackneys, are careful not to send us animals that are deficient in quality. Two years ago I saw at Bath, which has the best show in the west of England, a pair of hackneys that won there and had been winning all over England, very fine movers, but with plain heads and necks. They would have been sent to this country had it not been for their want of quality. Furthermore,

DELHI. An ideal type of thoroughbred saddle-horse. Owned and bred by Mr. James R. Keene.

SIR EDWARD. A fine type of thoroughbred hunter. Owned and bred by the Hon. Adam Beck.

TENERIFFE. An ideal standard bred roadster Owned and bred by Mr. W. M. V. Hoffman.

MAHLI. A fine type of Kentucky saddle-horse. Owned by Mrs. Thomas J. Regan.

ROSALIND

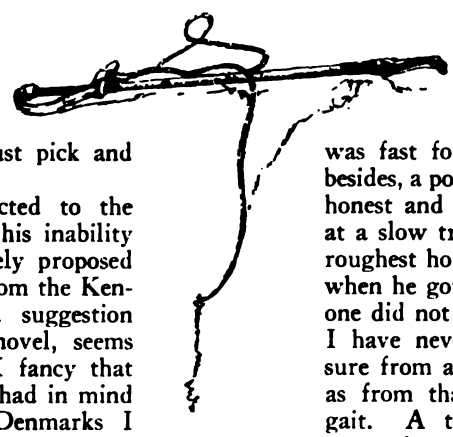
A famous saddle-horse and winner of many blue ribbons. Owned and ridden by Mrs. W. A. McGibbon.

HERO

A fine type of heavy-weight Virginia trotting bred hunter and jumper. Owned by Mr. Paul D. Cravath.

KENTUCKY'S CHOICE

One of the most famous registered saddle-horses in the world. He was sold for $7500, the record price for a Kentucky saddler. Owned by Mrs. Richard Tasker Lowndes.



a trotter will have, with the quality of a thoroughbred, a sense and kindness, to find which among thoroughbreds you must pick and choose.

A critic who objected to the trotter on account of his inability to breed true has lately proposed to get a coach-horse from the Kentucky saddle-horse, a suggestion which, if somewhat novel, seems to me a good one. I fancy that this writer must have had in mind the pair of Forest Denmarks I saw at the Lexington Fair three years ago. These horses were by Forest Denmark, a registered Kentucky saddle-horse. One of them, Tattersall, was not only a saddle-horse, but had been the champion gaited saddle-horse of Kentucky. They were undoubtedly the best pair in the State. They were afterward bought by an ardent adherent of Christian Science from Texas for presentation to Mrs. Eddy, and were sent to her. Mrs. Eddy, after trying them and finding them not entirely amenable to influence, requested her Texan admirer to take them back, which he did. I know the Forest Denmarks well. They are largely trotting bred. One of them, the champion heavy-weight saddle-horse in a recent New York Horse Show, the Cardinal, was originally a harness-horse. The official spelling of the name of these horses, by the way, is probably incorrect. The founder of this branch of the Denmarks was a horse called Ned Forrest and must have been named after Edwin Forrest, the actor.

The saddle-horses brought to New York are largely of mixed saddle and trotting stock, and are often pure trotters. Trotters have the hock action necessary to a comfortable trot under the saddle much more generally than thoroughbreds. They have this action till they get down to their very fast gait, when they are likely to begin to roll, which is unpleasant. This does not always happen, however. There is now in New York a gentleman who rides only trotters that have a record of 2:10 or thereabouts, and who finds such a trot the best of gaits. I can believe that, from some such experiences of my own. About forty years ago I used to ride, on the road from Madison, New Jersey, to Morristown, a big trotter of Kimball Jackson stock that was fast for those days, and was, besides, a powerful and particularly honest and friendly horse. Going at a slow trot, he was perhaps the roughest horse I ever was on. But when he got down to his fast trot, one did not leave the saddle at all. I have never obtained such pleasure from any action in the saddle as from that horse going at that gait. A thoroughbred galloping on turf, measuring the earth like an animated pair of compasses, with a succession of leaps and bounds, and going at the rate of an express-train with scarcely more shaking to the rider than a walk would give him,—so smoothly, indeed, that he might almost carry a glass of water,—will of course give one delightful sensations. But that trotting-horse was even better. You will notice in a trotting race in harness that a horse, when put to top-speed, will now and then give a leap forward of perhaps fifteen or eighteen feet, still holding his trot. It was at the moment when the Kimball Jackson trotter, with one of his powerful hind-quarters, assisted perhaps with an extra shove off from the other, would propel himself forward through the air in this occasional leap that I experienced the keenest delight that I ever got from any kind of locomotion. I cannot forget those morning rides in that pretty country on sunny October days, the air a golden fluid, and the distant hills lying in cameo clearness, over which were chasing the thick, sharply defined shadows cast by the clouds.

A very great merit of the trotter is his sense and kindness. His education is happier than that of the thoroughbred. As a harness-horse, he is nearer to everyday use than the thoroughbred. He is raced at a more mature age, and he does not receive the cruel treatment of the thoroughbred. Whip and spur seem to be inseparable from running races. But a trotter may break if he is whipped severely, although one sometimes sees the whip laid on pretty well in a trotting-race. People in Europe, who have used our trotters, and even those

who do not like them, have told me that they found them remarkably sensible and kind as compared with their own horses. Sense and kindness, I am sure, are not only among the most useful, but among the most attractive, qualities a horse can have. A certain trotting-bred horse of my acquaintance has a soul such as I never knew in any other horse. I have tried hard to trace his pedigree, because I wanted to know where that soul came from, and to see it bred into other horses. But I have never been able to find it. Perhaps some one who reads this may help me to some information about it. He was a black gelding, 16:2 hands high, very handsome, and was bought by Hudson from Bayless and Turney of Paris, Kentucky, and sent to New York in 1896, at that time five years old. I suppose he was bred in Bourbon County. I say I never saw such a mind in any other horse. Horsemen have many best horses they ever knew. It is not their way to be off with the old love before they are on with the new. But I am sure he was, on the whole, the nicest horse I ever knew. High-lifed as he was, he was full of sweet intelligence. In his dark, melancholy eyes one read that "sad lucidity of soul" mentioned by the poet. And he was so kind and considerate. A horse of great ambition, his one fault was that he pulled; but he consented without the least show of ill temper to the use of a pretty severe curb.

Drawn by Joseph Clement Coll

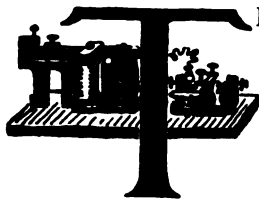
READY FOR THE PARK

I could cite many examples of his sweet intelligence. Once when a young woman upon a bicycle in Central Park was trying to ride us down, and going, as an unskilful bicyclist will do, in just the direction she wished to avoid, his efforts to keep out of her way, while at the same time putting me to as little inconvenience as possible, were charming—the horse evidently wondering whether a woman was a reasoning animal. One could teach him something one day in fifteen minutes, and the next day one could teach him as quickly just the contrary. When he first came on from Kentucky, where he had been single-footed, I found it hard to suggest a trot to him. I took him to a big mud-hole in the bridle-path in the park, and for some time worked him back and forth through it, evidently much perplexed as to what I wanted of him. In mud six inches deep he could not throw his foot out laterally, and had to bring it up vertically, and soon struck a trot. I patted him on the neck, and he stepped out cheerfully with an expression of, "Oh, is that what you want? I 'd rather do that than the other." He could trot in much less than three minutes, and so must have been trotting bred, but no thoroughbred had a better canter or gallop. And with all the qualities above enumerated, he was magnificently handsome. I gave the lady to whom I sold him the choice of two names, Casabianca, in allusion to his docility and devotion and because he would stand without hitching; and Solomon, because, as regarded his sense and intelligence, she would discover that the half had not been told her.

I think I have given pretty fairly the points of contrast between these two families of horses. In harness there can be no question that the trotter is the better. For use under saddle there is no doubt also that the American preference is for the trotter. But we have seen that the thoroughbred has his points of superiority as a saddle-horse. We should preserve the thoroughbred, improve him, if one likes, eliminate his undesirable qualities, but still preserve him. The saddle-horse of the future will combine the good qualities of the thoroughbred with those of the trotter.

THE CIPHERS OF THE ANCIENTS, AND SOME OF THOSE IN MODERN USE

BY JOHN H. HASWELL



THE art of transmitting information by means of writings designed to be understood only by the persons who have especially agreed upon the significance of the characters employed was known and practised by the ancients long before the Christian era. It has many high-sounding names, among which will be found cryptography, cryptology, polygraphy, stenganography, cipher, etc. The first is what might be styled its scientific name; the latter the one commonly used by the foreign offices.

The oldest example of secret writing is the Spartan scytale. According to Plutarch, the Lacedæmonians had a method which has been called the scytale, from the staff employed in constructing and deciphering the message. When the Spartan ephors, who, in the fourth century B.C., were the supreme power of the state, controlling alike its civil and military administration, wished to forward their orders to their commanders abroad, they wound slantwise a narrow strip of parchment upon a staff so that the edges met close together, and the message was then written in such a way that the center of the line of writing was on the edges of the parchment. The parchment was then unwound and sent to the general, who, by winding it upon a similar staff, was enabled to read the message.

Various other devices of secret writing were practised by the old Greeks and Romans. All served their purpose, and some of them were remarkably ingenious. One, by reason of its being not only very ingenious, but at the same time highly ludicrous, seems worthy of mention. It was the one which Histiæus, while at the Persian court, employed to advise Aristagoras, who was in Greece, to revolt. As the roads were well guarded, there seemed to Histiæus only one safe way of making his wishes known. He chose one of his most faithful slaves, and, having shaved his head, tattooed it with his advices; then keeping him till the hair had grown again, Histiæus despatched him to Aristagoras with this message: "Shave my head and look thereon."

Among the Greeks many systems of cipher were employed to transmit messages during war-times. To illustrate one, let us suppose that the English alphabet, by omitting the letter j, consists of twenty-five letters; then arrange these thus:

1	2	3	4	5	
a	f	l	q	v	1
b	g	m	r	w	2
c	h	n	s	x	3
d	i	o	t	y	4
e	k	p	u	z	5

Represent every letter by two figures, by the intersection of a vertical with a horizontal row. Thus we find that 11 represents a; 34, o; 52, w; 14, d; and so on.

During the Middle Ages secret systems were employed in the operation of telegraphic, military, and naval signals. Torches placed in particular positions at night, flags held in position by day, guns fired at particular intervals, drums beaten in a prearranged way, musical sounds to represent letters, lamps covered by different-colored glass, square holes diversely closed by shutters, levers projecting at different angles from a vertical post—all these were adopted as signals; but secret writing was in most cases a transposition of alphabetical letters.

Schemes of cryptography are endless in their variety. Bacon lays down the following as the "virtues" to be looked for in them: "that they be not laborious to write and read; that they be impossible to decipher; and, in some cases, that they be without suspicion." Bacon remarks that though ciphers were commonly in letters and alphabets, yet they might be in words. Upon this basis codes have been constructed, classified words taken from dictionaries being made to represent complete ideas. In recent years such codes have been adopted by governments, merchants, and others to communicate by telegraph, and have served the purpose not only of keeping business affairs private, but also of reducing the excessive cost of telegraphic messages to distant points. Obviously this class of ciphers presents greater difficulties to the skill of the decipherer. Figures and other characters have been also used as letters, and with them ranges of numerals have been combined as the representatives of syllables, parts of words, words themselves, and complete phrases. Shorthand marks and other arbitrary characters have also been largely imported into cryptographic systems to represent both letters and words. Complications have been introduced into ciphers by the employment of "dummy" letters or words. Other devices have been introduced to perplex the decipherer, such as spelling words backward, making false divisions between words, etc. The greatest security against the decipherers has been found in the use of what might be called a double code. One of the double-code methods is that after the message has been put into, say, a figure code, to recode it in one in which only words or consonants appear.

Variety is also of great importance. All the world might know the principle upon which a cipher is constructed, and yet the changes may be so numerous as, like those of the Yale lock, to be almost infinite. No cipher can ever be perfect where the same letter, figure, or character is always represented in the same manner; some mode must be adopted by which an endless variety may be secured.

During the time of the Great Commoner, Sir John Trevanion, a distinguished cavalier, was made prisoner, and locked up in Colchester Castle. Sir Charles Lucas and Sir George Lisle had just been made examples of as a warning to "malignants," and Trevanion had every reason for expecting a similar bloody end. As he awaited his doom, indulging in a hearty curse in round cavalier terms at the canting, crop-eared scoundrels who held him in durance vile, and muttering a wish that he had fallen sword in hand facing the foe, he was startled by the entrance of the jailer, who handed him a letter:

"May 't do thee good," growled the fellow; "it has been well looked to before it was permitted to come to thee."

Sir John took the letter and the jailer left him his lamp by which to read it:

Worthie Sir John:—Hope, that is ye beste comfort of ye afflicted, cannot much, I fear me, help you now. That I would saye to you, is this only: if ever I may be able to requite that I do owe you, stand not upon asking me. 'T is not much I can do: but what I can do, bee you verie sure I wille. I knowe that, if dethe comes, if ordinary men fear it, it frights not you, accounting it for a high honour, to have such a rewarde of your loyalty. Pray yet that you may be spared this soe bitter, cup, I fear not that you will grudge any sufferings; only if bie submission you can turn

them away, 't is the part of a wise man. Tell me, an if you can, to do for you any thinge that you wolde have done. The general goes back on Wednesday. Restinge your servant to command. R. T.

Now this letter was written according to a preconcerted cipher. Every third letter after a punctuation mark, was to tell. In this way, Sir John made out: "Panel at east end of chapel slides."

On the following evening the prisoner begged to be allowed to pass an hour of private devotion in the chapel. By means of a bribe, this was accomplished. Before the hour had expired, the chapel was empty—the bird had flown.

An excellent plan of indicating the *telling* letter or word is through the heading of the communication. "Sir" might signify that every third letter or word was to be taken; "Dear Sir" that every seventh; "My dear Sir" that every ninth was to be selected.

A system very early adopted, known as the "grille" was the use of pierced cards, through the holes of which the communication was written. The card was then removed, and the blank spaces filled up. As for example:

My dear X. (The) lines I now send you are forwarded by the kindness of the (bearer) who is a friend. (Is not) the message delivered yet (to) my brother? (Be) quick about it, for I have all along (trusted) that you would act with discretion and despatch. Yours ever, Z.

There were other and very complicated systems based on arithmetical calculations for the transposition of letters of the alphabet, illustrations of which would be very prolix and possibly not interesting.

At the close of the sixteenth century, when the Spaniards were endeavoring to establish relations between the scattered branches of their vast monarchy, which at that period embraced a large portion of Italy, the Lower Countries, the Philippines, and enormous districts in the New World, they needed some method to correspond with their agents. They accordingly invented a cipher, which they varied from time to time, in order to disconcert those who might attempt to pry into the mysteries of their correspondence. The cipher, composed of fifty signs, was of great value to them through all the troubles of the "League" and the wars then desolating Europe. Some of their despatches having been intercepted, Henry IV handed them over to a clever mathematician, Vieta, with the request that he would find the clue. He did so, and was able also to follow it as it varied, and France profited for two years by his discovery. The court of Spain, disconcerted at this, accused Vieta before the Roman court as a sorcerer and in league with the devil. This proceeding only gave rise to laughter and ridicule.

The manner in which the French took possession of the republic of Strasburg, during the reign of Louis XIV, while peace prevailed, is very interesting. At that time the city had acquired great privileges, it being a free town, and was governed as a republic.

In 1680, when M. de Louvois was the French Minister of War, he summoned before him one day a gentleman named De Chamilly, and gave him the following instructions: "Start this evening for Basel, in Switzerland; you will reach it in three days; on the fourth, punctually at two o'clock, station yourself on the bridge over the Rhine, with a portfolio, ink, and a pen. Watch all that takes place, and make a memorandum of everything in particular. Continue doing so for two hours; have a carriage and post-horses awaiting you; and at four precisely, mount and travel night and day till you reach Paris. On the instant of your arrival, hasten to me with your notes."

De Chamilly obeyed; he reached Basel, and on the day and at the hour appointed stationed himself, pen in hand, on the bridge. Presently a market-cart drove by, then an old woman with a basket of fruit passed; anon a little urchin trundled his hoop by; next an old gentleman in blue top-coat jogged past on his gray mare. Three o'clock chimed from the cathedral tower. Just at the last stroke, a tall fellow in yellow waistcoat and breeches sauntered up, went to the middle of the bridge, lounged over, and looked at the water; then he took a step back and struck three hearty blows on the footway with his staff. Down went every detail in De Chamilly's book. At last the hour of release sounded, and he jumped into his car-

riage. Shortly before midnight, after two days of ceaseless traveling, De Chamilly presented himself before the minister, feeling rather ashamed at having such trifles to report. M. de Louvois took the portfolio with eagerness and glanced over the notes. As his eye caught the mention of the yellow-breeched man, a gleam of joy flashed across his countenance. He rushed to the king, roused him from sleep, spoke in private with him for a few moments, and then hastily despatched four couriers who had been in readiness since five o'clock on the preceding evening. Eight days after, the town of Strasburg was entirely surrounded by French troops, and summoned to surrender; it capitulated and threw open its gates on the thirtieth of September, 1681. Evidently the three strokes of the stick given by the fellow in yellow costume, at an appointed hour, were the signals of the success of an intrigue concerted between M. de Louvois and the magistrates of Strasburg, and the man who executed this mission was as ignorant of the motive as was M. de Chamilly of the motive of his. This unjustifiable action of France received formal recognition at the Peace of Ryswick in 1697, and she continued to hold the place until it was wrested from her by the Germans during the late Franco-German War.

The mysterious cards employed by the Count de Vergennes, who was Minister for Foreign Affairs under Louis XVI, in his relations with the diplomatic agents of France, exhibit great ingenuity in their arrangement and show what the political condition of Europe must have been at that time to require such precautions. The count was a great friend of America, and it was largely through his influence that the treaties of amity and commerce and alliance of 1778 were concluded. These cards were used in letters of recommendation or passports which were given to strangers about to enter or depart from France; they were intended to furnish information without the knowledge of the bearers. This was the system. The cards given to a man contained only a few words, such as,

Alphonse D'Angeha

Recommendé à M. le Comte de Vergennes, par le Marquis de Puységur, Ambassadeur de France à la Cour de Lisbonne.

The card told more tales than the words written on it. Its color indicated the nation of the stranger. Yellow showed him to be English; red, Spanish; white, Portuguese; green, Dutch; red and white, Italian; red and green, Swiss; green and white, Russian, etc. The person's age was expressed by the shape of the card. If it was circular, he was under 25; oval, between 25 and 30; octagonal, between 30 and 45; hexagonal, between 45 and 50; square, between 50 and 60; an oblong showed that he was over 60. Two lines placed below the name of the bearer indicated his build. If he was tall and lean, the lines were waving and parallel; tall and stout, they converged; and so on. The expression of his face was shown by a flower on the border. A rose designated an open and amiable countenance, while a tulip marked a pensive and aristocratic appearance. A fillet round the border, according to its length, told whether the man was bachelor, married, or widower. Dots gave information as to his position and fortune. A full stop after his name showed that he was a Catholic; a semicolon that he was a Lutheran; a comma that he was a Calvinist; a dash that he was a Jew; no stop indicated him as an atheist. So also his morals and character were pointed out by a pattern in the angles of the card. So at one glance the minister could tell all about his man, whether he was a gamester or a duelist; what was his purpose in visiting France; whether in search of a wife or to claim a legacy; what was his profession—that of a physician, lawyer, or man of letters; whether he was to be put under surveillance or allowed to go his way unmolested.

When the Chevalier de Rohan was in the Bastille in 1674, his friends wanted to convey to him the intelligence that his accomplice was dead without having confessed. They did so by passing the following words into his dungeon, written on a shirt: "mg dulhxcclgu ghj yxuj; lm ct ulgc alj." In vain did he puzzle over the cipher, to which he had not the clue. It was too short; for the shorter a cipher letter, the more difficult it is to make out. The light faded, and he tossed on his hard bed, sleeplessly revolving the mystic letters in his brain, but he could make nothing out of them. Day dawned, and with the first gleam he was poring over

them; still in vain. He pleaded guilty, for he could not decipher "Le prisonnier est mort; il n'a rien dit."

The following mystic message is very difficult to decipher: "Tig C f p w y w e i t ao eovhvygnvrxr mbiddutl."

Take the first word, Tig, and under the second letter place that which precedes it in the alphabet, namely, h; then under the third letter, in succession backward, the two preceding letters, thus:

T i g
h f
e

In like manner arrange the second word and the connecting letters, and we obtain the following:

C f p w y w e
e o v x v d
n u w u c
t v t b
u s a
r z
y

By following the oblique line of letters, we get the words "THE CENTURY." When all the words are so adjusted, we read, "THE CENTURY is an entertaining magazine."

I cannot refrain from adding one more method which has been proposed for the transmission of secret messages. Let a man, says the ingenious author, breathe his words slowly in a long hollow cane hermetically sealed at the farthest end, then let him suddenly and closely seal the end into which he breathed. The voice will continue in the tube till it has some vent. When the seal is removed at the end which was first sealed, the words will come out distinctly and in order, but if the seal at the other end be removed, their inverted series will create confusion. This happy conception seems to have been proposed in all good faith by its author.

The first attempt at secret writing by the United States was made by Silas Deane, who was the first agent sent abroad by the Continental Congress. He was despatched to France for the purpose of purchasing arms and ammunition and to sound that country as to the probabilities of her recognizing the colonies if they should be forced to form themselves into an independent state; and whether their ambassadors would be received; and would France be disposed to enter into any treaty or alliance with them, for commerce or defense, or both; and if so, upon what principal condition. His instructions stated: "It is scarce necessary to pretend any other business at Paris than the gratifying of that curiosity which draws numbers thither yearly, merely to see so famous a city." His mission being confidential, it was necessary to have great secrecy attached to his correspondence. For this purpose he was furnished by John Jay with an invisible ink and a chemical preparation for rendering the writing legible. As letters apparently blank might excite suspicion and lead to experiments that might expose the contrivance, the communications were written on large sheets of paper, beginning with a short letter written with common ink, respecing some fictitious person or business and under a feigned name, and the balance of the paper was used for the real or intended letter written in the invisible ink. Mr. Jay was the only one intrusted with the secret, and the letters were consequently addressed to him as "John Jay, Esq., Attorney at Law." When a single sheet was insufficient to contain the secret despatch, Mr. Timothy Jones, or some other imaginary gentleman, requested the favor of Mr. Jay to forward the inclosed letter according to its directions; and the inclosed letter, with the exception of a short note on some fictitious business, was filled with the residue of the despatch in invisible ink.

Robert Morris, a member of the Committee of Secret Correspondence, writing to Mr. Jay, from Philadelphia, says:

Although your express delivered me your favor last Wednesday or Thursday, yet I did not receive the letter from Mr. Deane until this day, and shall now send after the express, that he may convey this safe to your hands; should he be gone I must find some other safe conveyance. You will find inclosed both of Mr. Deane's letters, as you desired, and I shall thank you for the copy of the invisible part. He had communicated so much of this secret to me before his departure, as to let me know he had fixed with you a mode of writing that would be

invisible to the rest of the world; he also promised to ask you to make a full communication to me, but in this use your pleasure; the secret, so far as I do or shall know it, will remain so to all other persons.

The letter of Mr. Deane written in common ink and at the top of the page was as follows:

Dear Sir: I have now to inform you of my safe arrival at this place, after a passage of thirty-two days from Martinico, and am so extremely weak that I am scarcely able to hold my pen, yet could not let this opportunity slip of letting you know where I am, and that I have a prospect of recovering; for though weak, my fever and cough have left me almost entirely. There is not much news here, and if there was, I should not dare to write it, as that might intercept the letter if taken. My compliments to all friends.

Yours

TIMOTHY JONES.

John Jay, Esqr., Attorney at Law,
New York.

Under this apparently innocent letter was written in invisible ink the following public and important letter to Robert Morris:

Dear Sir: I shall send you, in October clothing for twenty thousand men, thirty thousand fusils, one hundred tons of powder, two hundred brass cannon, twenty four brass mortars, with shells, shot, lead, etc., in proportion. I am to advise you that if, in future, you will give commissions to seize Portuguese ships, you may depend on the friendship and alliance of Spain. Let me urge this measure; much may be got, nothing can be lost by it. Increase, at all events, your navy. I will procure, if commissioned, any quantity of sail-cloth and cordage. A general war is undoubtedly at hand in Europe, and consequently America will be safe, if you baffle the arts and arms of the two Howes through the summer. Every one here is in your favor. Adieu. I will write you again next week.

SILAS DEANE.

The letter with its secret companion was received by Mr. Jay, who, having applied the necessary chemicals, brought out the hidden intent of the writer, transcribed both letters, and sent them to Robert Morris, in order that the information conveyed might be presented to Congress for the consideration of that body. Mr. Morris acknowledged the receipt of Mr. Jay's letter as follows:

Your favor of the 7th ultimo came safe to hand. Timothy Jones is certainly a very entertaining agreeable man; one would not judge so from anything contained in his cold insipid letter of the 17th September, unless you take pains to find the concealed beauties therein; the cursory observations of a sea captain would never *discover* them, but transferred from his hand to the penetrating eye of a *Jay,* the diamonds stand confessed at once. It puts me in mind of a search after the philosopher's stone, but I believed not one of the followers of that phantom has come so near the mark as you, my good friend. I handed a copy of your discoveries to the Committee, which now consists of Harrison, R. H. Lee, Hooper, Dr. Witherspoon, Johnson, you, and myself; and honestly told them who it was from, because measures are necessary in consequence of it; but I have not received any directions yet.

Congress responded, however, by giving orders for a supply of blankets, clothing, flints, and lead to be shipped in armed vessels, and these were to enter the service of the United States.

Shortly after this another cipher was adopted by the Government, which continued to be used by the Department of State after the inauguration of the Government under the Constitution, down to as recent a date as 1867. It was very seldom used, however, after the War of 1812. It was constructed upon the principle of a combination of numbers ranging from 1 to 1600, each number representing either punctuation-marks, letters, syllables, or in some few instances complete words. It was a cumbersome, laborious cipher, suited, perhaps, to ordinary correspondence, with the merit of being easily deciphered by an expert. It was found not only very inconvenient for corresponding by means of the cable, but exceedingly expensive. A similar cipher, however, is now being used by at least one of the principal powers of Europe.

In 1864 the French government under the Emperor Napoleon III, taking advantage of the Civil War in the United States, occupied Mexico and placed Maximilian on the throne as emperor. As soon as the war was over, Mr. Seward took steps to force the French to retire from that country, and by that means enabled the people to choose between Maximilian as emperor and Juarez as president, without being influenced by the presence of the French military forces. A cabinet meeting was called, at which General Grant was present by invitation. The result of the conference was that an instruction was prepared by Secretary Seward to our minister at Paris that plainly stated the sentiments of the United States, which was to the effect that the French must evacuate Mexico at once, or the United States would send her troops into that country and help the forces of the republic. The Atlantic cable had only just been completed, and the president of the company wanted the patronage of the Government to aid the enterprise. He called upon Mr. Seward and requested him to use the cable, promising that the rates should be entirely satisfactory to the Government, notwithstanding those to the public were ten dollars per word. In addition to the ordinary charge, the cable company imposed double rates upon all messages in which a cipher code was used. The instruction was given to the writer to put it in cipher, when he called the attention of the secretary to the great expense that would attend its transmission by cable, as each syllable in the instruction would be represented by four figures, and the cable company considered each figure as an equivalent for a word, and charged double rates accordingly. Having in view the assurances of the president of the company that the charges would not be excessive, Mr. Seward gave directions to have the instruction put in cipher and sent by cable, which was done. The instruction would occupy in print about a page and a quarter of an ordinary congressional document. The bill of the cable company was afterward submitted, and it amounted to over $23,000, which Mr. Seward, not considering it reasonable, refused to pay. The rates were soon reduced to the public one half, and several other reductions followed, but the bill which Mr. Seward refused to pay was never paid.

During the occupation of Mexico by the French, cipher telegrams were sent to General Bazaine, commander of the French forces. Some of these coming into the possession of the authorities of the United States were deciphered by an army officer and much valuable information was obtained.

The value and importance of secret writing is of course obvious, but the advantages which have accrued from it, while easily surmised, have become known only in a vague and general way. A specific illustration of a particular benefit derived from it by the United States in a very important matter and at a very critical time relates to the treaty of 1871 between this country and Great Britain, whereby the so-called "Alabama Claims" were to be adjusted by a Tribunal of Arbitration at Geneva, and which came very near being nullified in consequence of our presentation to that tribunal of what was known as "indirect claims," namely, claims not for actual losses, but for the deprivation of prospective profits, etc. Great Britain sought to use the presentation of these claims as a ground for setting aside the jurisdiction of the tribunal, and consequently subverting it. Our agent before the tribunal, Judge J. C. Bancroft Davis, devised a plan for saving the case of the United States and preserving the tribunal. The nature of this plan was such as to require the approval of the President before it could be put into operation, and had to be communicated to him quickly as well as secretly. In anticipation of some such emergency, the writer, at Mr. Davis's request, had prepared for him, just before his departure for Geneva, a cipher which, while perfectly secret, could be easily managed and the key of which could be memorized. Mr. Davis and Secretary Fish had recourse to this cipher for the purpose of the important correspondence above referred to, which could not have been conducted openly and which resulted in the maintenance of the Geneva Tribunal. An amusing feature of this correspondence was the perturbation it caused our minister at London, General Schenck. The messages were relayed through his office, and he, not being in the secret of the cipher,

insisted upon having them repeated, because, as he said, he found them to be only "a jargon of unmeaning words."

The Government, as such, has no distinct cipher, but each of the three departments, State, War, and Navy, the only departments really needing methods for secrecy of correspondence, is provided with a cipher of its own.

During the Civil War the Navy Department devised a cipher which was simply a substitution of one letter of the alphabet for another, and this was operated by a mechanical contrivance consisting of disks, one of which was stationary and the other movable. The stationary disk contained the letters of the "true reading," and the movable disk the cipher substitutes. The process of its operation was tedious and awkward, but it was continued in use until the middle of the eighties, when several naval officers were designated to prepare a more convenient code. The new system is a combination of numerals and cipher words to represent words and phrases, following the general principle of most commercial codes. While not as full as it might be, it answers its purpose very well. Through overcaution, however, its operation has been made unnecessarily complicated, two translations being required to decipher a message, while one should be sufficient. Words have to be translated into figures and the figures then translated into the true meaning.

The code-book of this cipher is always kept in a canvas bag lined with zinc and heavily weighted. The bag is in the personal custody of the commanding officer, whose orders are, that in the event of danger of capture by the enemy, it is to be thrown overboard. Hence there is little likelihood of the code ever falling into improper hands.

The cipher of the War Department is very simple in its nature, and by virtue of its simplicity, easiness of operation, its inscrutability, and above all the readiness with which, in the event of its capture, a new and entirely different key can be substituted, commends itself as possessing a superiority over all others for military purposes. It may in a general way be described as an ingenious method of distorting the order of the words in a message, and further obscuring the sense by the systematic interpolation of irrelevant words and the introduction of meaning and meaningless names. The variety of distortions is great, and whenever a copy of the cipher is captured, another can be supplied and communicated to all parties interested in a very short space of time. This cipher is an elaboration of one that was designed for the governor of Ohio, at the beginning of our Civil War, to facilitate secret correspondence between him and the governors of Indiana and Illinois. Its effectiveness soon became recognized, and it was generally used during the war for the direction of military operations and the correspondence between our generals and the War Department.

In this connection it may be stated that during our Civil War the telegraph and the cipher system for the first time in history became important factors in the matter of tactics and strategy. The telegraph was first utilized as a military aid during the Crimean War (1854–55), but its use was confined to being merely a means of communication between the headquarters of the allied forces. But in our Civil War the telegraph and cipher were the principal channels for the direction of military operations, embodying, as they did, all the elements of celerity and secrecy, and rendering the signal corps picturesque but very ancient fire or flag system, in general, of very little practical value. By way of illustration, the fact may here be stated that during the siege of Petersburg, General Meade received and sent in five hours over three hundred telegrams, being more than one in every three minutes. Such a feat is readily seen to be far beyond the capacity of any system of wigwagging, fire, or flag signals, no matter how ancient or modern. It must be admitted, however, that these signal systems are at times of great and essential value, especially when telegraph lines cannot be established. The victory of the Federal troops at Lookout Mountain was mainly due to the skill of our signal corps in deciphering the signals of the Confederates and advising our generals accordingly.

For military purposes, telegraph operators were looked upon as possessing the best qualifications for enciphering and deciphering secret communications, but the sense of self-importance or esteem which seemed to attach to the person intrusted

with these operations caused the staff-officers eagerly to seek such employment. As the war progressed, however, the work gradually devolved entirely upon the telegraphers, but not until after some discomfiting experiences on the part of some distinguished officers. General Grant undertook to send from La Grange, Tennessee, a cipher message to General Hamilton, who was at the front. Hamilton could not understand it, and had it repeated, but all to no purpose. Grant insisted that the message was correctly enciphered, but very soon afterward he gladly abandoned the cipher business to his operators. On another occasion General Grant, upon leaving his headquarters at Chattanooga to go to Knoxville, failed to take his telegraph operator with him. While at Knoxville he received several telegrams from Washington which he could not understand, and being consequently much annoyed, he directed his operator to turn over the cipher-key to his chief of staff, so that he would not be troubled with unintelligible telegrams in the future. For doing this he was reprimanded by General-in-Chief Halleck, who, in a letter, dated January 22, 1864, said:

A new and very complicated cipher was prepared for communications between you and the War Department which, by direction of the Secretary of War was to be communicated to only two individuals—one at your headquarters and one in the War Department. It was to be communicated to no one else—not even to me or any member of my staff. . . . On account of this cipher having been communicated to Col. Comstock, the Secretary has directed another to be prepared in its place, which is to be communicated *to no one, no matter what his rank,* without his special authority.

General Grant replied that he had regarded the whole matter of the cipher management as merely an exhibition of departmental bureaucracy, and that he had considered himself as capable as the director of the bureau of telegraph matters in Washington to select a proper person to intrust with the cipher, but he was no stickler for forms and was always ready to obey any order or even wish of the Secretary of War, or any of his superiors, no matter how conveyed, if he only knew or thought it came from him. This ended the episode, and in a few hours the new cipher was ready for use.

Copies of our military cipher messages frequently got into the hands of the Confederates by means of tapping the wires, but they never succeeded in deciphering them, although they went to the extent of advertising them in their newspapers for decipherment, and it may be added, to the credit of our corps of military telegraph operators, that no operator ever proved recreant to his trust.

As compared with the simplicity of complexity and celerity of operation of the Government's military cipher, that of the Confederates was very crude and clumsy. All their methods of secret communication were unraveled by our signal corps and telegraph operators. In addition to their signal system, the Confederates had a cipher for use in telegraphing and one for sending secret information through the mail. The first telegraph cipher message captured by our forces was the following:

Vicksburg, Dec. 26, 1862.

Gen. J. E. Johnston, Jackson.

I prefer oaavyr, it has reference to xhvkjqchffabpzelreqpzwnyk to prevent anuzeyxswstpjw at that point, raeelpsghvelvtzfautl ilasltlhifnaigtsmmlfgcca jd.

J. C. PEMBERTON,
Lt. Gen. Comdg.

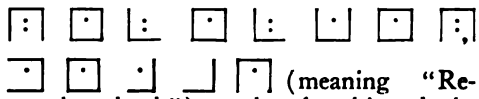
After translation it read:

I prefer *Canton.* It has reference to *fortifications at Yazoo City* to prevent *passage of river* at that point. *Force landed about three thousand, above mouth of river.*

This code was merely a system of transposition or substitution of letters, which was effected by the use of either one of the three following keys, "Manchester Bluff," "Complete victory," or "Come retribution," in connection with a square formed by twenty-six alphabets, the letters of each being written horizontally, one alphabet under the other, the first beginning with "a," the second with "b," the third with "c," and so on, following the regular sequence of the letters. In the foregoing despatch the key "Manchester Bluff" was used, and by placing those letters over the enciphered letters of the mes-

sage and applying the squared alphabets and beginning with the letters *oaavvr,* we look for "o" under the letter m in the top alphabet and find it in the alphabet which begins with c, and translate it c. Then we look for "a" under the letter a (the second letter of Manchester), and find that it means a; then we look for "a" under n (the third letter of Manchester) in the top alphabet, and find it in the alphabet which begins with n, and we translate it n, and so on. This system has no special merit except its age. The ancients used it, and it is generally the plan adopted by tyros in cryptography. The tediousness of its process makes it impractical.

The mail cipher consisted of substituted letters; telegraphic characters; parts of geometric figures, like the inscription on one of the tombs in Trinity churchyard



(meaning "Remember death"); and a few hieroglyphics. A letter from a Confederate agent which was intercepted in 1863 by the postmaster at New York was written in this cipher. Notwithstanding its puzzling appearance, it was deciphered readily, and the information obtained enabled the Government to seize a large quantity of bank-notes and the machinery for printing them which had been prepared for the Confederacy in that city. The lack of ingenuity and skill and the great crudity and cumbersomeness displayed by the Confederates in their ciphers must be regarded as surprising.

The cipher of the Department of State is the most modern of all in the service of the Government. It embraces the valuable features of its predecessors and the merits of the latest inventions. Being used for every species of diplomatic correspondence, it is necessarily copious and unrestricted in its capabilities, but at the same time it is economic in its terms of expression. It is simple and speedy in its operation, but so ingenious as to secure absolute secrecy. The construction of this cipher, like many ingenious devices whose operations appear simple to the eye but are difficult to explain in writing, would actually require the key to be furnished for the purpose of an intelligible description of it.

Ciphers are now more generally used than at any other period of the world's history. Introduced for the first time by the United States in connection with the telegraph as a war factor, telegraphic ciphers have now become incorporated in the military systems of all nations. But it is in peaceful pursuits that the largest field for their operations has been found. They are now an essential element of all financial, commercial, and industrial enterprises. In former times they were employed for purposes of evil and cruelty, and were consequently looked upon with horror and aversion. Their functions now, however, are chiefly to benefit humanity by facilitating commerce and industry, and hence they merit public interest and favor.

THE GRAPES OF ESHCOL

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER

WITH DECORATIONS BY
FRANK VINCENT DU MOND

I HAVE not entered in: across my way,
Shining and deep, a silent river lies;
But sometimes, in the dawning of the day,
I see the vision of its vineyards rise.

And once, when Joy and I walked hand in hand,
One passed, his staff with purple clusters bent;
The winey juices dripped along the sand,
And all the air throbbed fragrance as he went.

He spake no word, but in his eyes there shone
The steady radiance of the evening star,
And wooing breath of music, lightly blown
By fitful winds, came stealing from afar.

And still I wait till, on some raptured morn,
Astir with wings, and tremulous with light,
The grapes of Eshcol, through the desert borne,
May gleam again upon my eager sight.

Tranquil and cool, a little path will run
Through smiling meadows downward to the sea,
Through fruitful vineyards shining in the sun,
And Joy, that fled, will walk again with me.

THE FRATERNITY IDEA AMONG COLLEGE WOMEN

WHAT DOES IT STAND FOR?

BY EDITH RICKERT

THE wide attention that lately has been attracted to the influence of the fraternities in men's colleges and universities, from the social and democratic points of view, has suggested the treatment of the somewhat similar societies in colleges for women. At our request, Miss Rickert has made a comprehensive and impartial investigation, the results of which are embodied in the present paper and in one to follow, entitled, "What Can We Do About It?" Parents, college authorities, fraternity members, and other students will be interested in the facts and conclusions here presented.—THE EDITOR.

A TRIFLING device of Greek letters in gold and enamel is a potent badge of social distinction in our democratic country, a hallmark of a certain sort of aristocracy.

The college fraternities are aristocratic in that they are self-perpetuating. Their privileges are not to be won through the conquest of adverse conditions and opposing forces; they are handed down by the older generations. Theoretically, admittance depends upon congeniality of spirit; virtually, clanship of race is coming to count more than kinship of soul. The chapters to-day show an increasing proportion of brothers, daughters, cousins, and friends. "If we build a chapter-house, Mrs. Vangoelet will allow her two sisters to come in with us; otherwise not," expresses this attitude.

The Pan Hellenic Society is an organization of nearly fifty thousand college women, which is spreading enormously. Sixty chapters were established between 1890 and 1900, and two hundred between 1900 and 1910. It has a foothold in seventy-five of our leading coeducational institutions (that is, in all but about three), and several of the large women's colleges. It is elaborately inspected and regulated by Pan-Hellenics, national and local.

The fraternities are aristocratic in that they are destructive to freedom of intercourse. The fraternal spirit is the great modern separator. It builds first a high wall between the Greeks and the barbarians, and then a maze of social distinctions between fraternity and fraternity. Are there not Attic Greeks and Doric, and Greeks from the far Ionian Isles?

The women's fraternities began as sororities, and the change of name is significant. It means, they claim, that women as human beings have as much right to be included in the word "fraternity" as in the phrase "the brotherhood of man." It means more than that. Consciously or unconsciously they have been moved by the aristocratic impulse to attach the early traditions, to create the social atmosphere, of the men's fraternities; in other words, to lengthen the pedigree of their organization.

Is this unjust? The fraternity women have responded most generously to my inquiries; they have heaped upon me a small

mountain of manuscript in explanation and defense of their theories and their practice. How shall I get at the truth? It is almost impossible to say anything that is not true of one fraternity or one chapter and at the same time untrue of others; but I have tried to understand their ideals and to follow up and judge the tendencies of their practice.

With college men the fraternity is frankly a social privilege which may become an invaluable business asset in after life. With women it is theoretically a means of completing individual development: "The university endeavors to graduate a student; the fraternity a significant, unselfish, gracious woman."

The fraternity idea, however, reaches about one student in ten!

But forget for a time the nine tenths, the heterogeneous mass of the "barbarians," and look at the system as it develops the elect few; and, to be just, consider it in its ideal form, toward which all the chapters are striving. Here is a group of between fifteen and thirty girls living in a dignified, well-appointed chapter-house near the campus, with a "house mother," or chaperon. They are good-looking, well-dressed, all-round girls; athletic, dramatic, social-minded, rarely given to overstudy, almost always popular with men. They are not all rich, and not all of patrician family. One is a governor's daughter, one a milliner's; one spends all her summers abroad, one earns next year's fees by teaching in a vacation school; one has always helped with the housework at home, another has never touched a duster or a broom until she takes her turn in polishing the chapter-house floors. If they have one common quality, it is this, as an observant college officer says, that they "do not have to be explained; they are so instantaneously attractive as to make the reason for their selection immediately evident."

These girls make a happy family of elder and younger sisters, the elder feeling strongly responsible for the physical, intellectual, and spiritual welfare of the younger, the younger bound to heed the precepts and to follow the examples of the elder. They are closely linked by observance of a ritual which is said to be beautiful and uplifting. One enthusiast writes me: "That mere girls could have written our rituals, given expression and symbol to our creeds and initiation ceremonies, seems almost impossible, yet a proof of the divinity of clear-eyed womanhood."

They are said to be outspoken in criticizing one another in the light of their ideals, meek in accepting criticism. One chapter even went to the length of establishing after its service a special meeting in which members were subjected to the fire of anonymous criticisms from their fellows, and so set to cure dominant faults. They manage their own household and business affairs with a precision and technic alarming to read about. They learn independence and self-reliance, on the one hand; self-control and a graceful yielding to the will of the majority on the other.

Their friendships are more loyal than the outsider can well imagine. Pushed to extremes, this loyalty even led, in one instance, to a concealment of theft and a levying of contributions to make up the loss; in two other cases cited, to expulsion from a chapter for "loose morals," with, however, a rigid silence in the presence of outsiders as to the cause.

Indeed, life in the chapter-house seems to call out most of the virtues—unselfishness, neatness, tidiness, promptness, and general efficiency. In this college home, which to the fraternity girls is far more the vital center of their college experience than the classroom or the laboratory, there is much exchange of hospitality between chapters and individuals. Members of the faculty and distinguished guests are entertained. The girls are at the opposite pole from the poor student who cooks her own breakfast in her room, from the unfortunate "barb" who is left to the promiscuous friendships of the cheap boarding-house. They learn to plan a successful dinner, to pacify an enraged cook, to distinguish between porterhouse and sirloin, to lay out money to the best advantage in entertainment, to undertake without a quiver a reception for a thousand guests with only an afternoon of actual preparation. They learn to preside and to receive with grace and charm, to deal tactfully with many temperaments, to shuffle guests. Briefly, they become skilled in the complete art of the social game.

To sum up, according to the claims

made for the fraternity girl in the handbook of her organization, she develops individuality and the power to lead; she acquires invaluable business training and womanly charm. She is given a wider outlook over the field of collegiate education than her less fortunate sisters; she is blessed with congenial friendships that amount almost to a continuance of family relationships, and "whatever the line of service to which she may consecrate herself," she "will always be a success."

This is a composite picture, made up from scores of glowing accounts of the benefits of the system. Is it true?

Certainly the shield has a reverse side. Over against the select fraternity of the pillared porch, let us place that which, during a severe winter, had to go outside the pale and take in new members in order to pay the coal bill. Let us also remember the chaperon who is also the cook, and does not appear at functions.

"Good-looking?" Yes, I have heard of a would-be chapter that was almost excluded from the national organization because the photograph sent on showed that they did not do their hair becomingly; and they were solemnly admonished to this effect in a type-written letter!

"Well-dressed?" One would scarcely believe the difference it makes to a "rushee" whether she is wearing a smart fall hat or a summer left-over; and if her belt pin should one day fail to do its duty, her cause might as well be lost. One method of choosing likely members is to send delegates to the station to observe the new girls as they arrive. There is witnessed the triumph of the tailored suit over the dowdy frills of the country dressmaker, of the suitcase that has lived abroad over the bulging valise that is packed with home-grown apples and home-made cookies.

"All-round?" Yes, with possibly a slight depression on the side of scholarship. I have heard of a good many cases in which girls were dragged out of the mire of conditions and hauled through their college course by the zeal of fraternity sisters pulling all together for the glory of the chapter. They have ideals of scholarship, indeed they are trying to establish a standard for admission, and they even carry off a share of the honors; but, on the whole, their social mind interferes with the scholastic attitude, and prevents overapplication to mental effort.

"Rich?" Not necessarily; yet would not the girl who drives her own automobile have some advantage over the one who works her way through college, and the girl whose parents have a delightful home most suitable for "rushing" purposes near the campus be preferred to any sweet madonna-of-the-boarding-house? I heard only the other day how an initiation fee was raised to five times its original amount on the plea, "The girls will appreciate it *so* much more if they have to pay a *lot!*"

"Family?" Not at all, yet I know of a girl who was rushed hard and as suddenly dropped because it was discovered that her father had been a butcher; of another, who was regarded as eligible until it was found out, what neither her name nor her features suggested, that her really distinguished family was of Jewish strain.

These instances must be set over against the ideal picture of the governor's daughter and the milliner's child, the mother's helper and the patrician of the South, scrubbing floors together.

Family jars, I am told, are beneath the dignity of the fraternities. It is difficult not to be skeptical as to the power of the ritual or of the pin to keep twenty healthy girls from splitting into factions over nothing at all; but even if outer harmony is maintained, is it conceivable that there should not very often be discomfort and even actual suffering among the minority? Suppose a chapter one year includes twelve students and eight butterflies, and the next year changes to three students and seventeen butterflies? What of the occasional "mistake"? I know a Theta girl whose mother was a Beta, but this fact was not discovered by the Betas until she was pledged. "What a pity!" they lamented; but "What an escape!" said she. As it happened, she felt entirely at home with the Thetas and could not bear the Betas; but suppose the situation had been reversed! She would have had no remedy except to withdraw, which would have made her painfully conspicuous and set everybody to wondering about the reason, or to change her college. But a girl out of harmony with a crowd and obliged to live with them in intimate association, is greatly to be pitied, whether she conforms

or holds her own. What is to be said of the ethics of forcing an Episcopalian to dance in Lent against her strong religious scruples? Can it be doubted that such a minority often yields its own convictions to keep pace with the others, or, not yielding, is painfully out of step?

As to the wonderful ritual devised by "clear-eyed womanhood," I have heard it also described as "childish," "poppycock," "bunk." The ideals are necessarily those of immaturity, and have all the vagueness and some of the wrong-headedness of youth. "They are not harmful," writes a dean, a fraternity woman who is familiar also with a college where no fraternities exist, "except that they are sentimental." I take this to mean that they are more suited to discourses at fraternity banquets, as a kind of leaven to reminiscences of good old times, than to practical application outside the fraternity world.[1] That they may "have a dynamic force upon character" is doubtless true of the persons who do not develop beyond the stage at which they are propounded; that they lead to much real kindness among fraternity sisters in time of illness and trouble need not be doubted. But a loyalty which hides a thief and turns her loose in the world without warning may be a dangerous thing, and when it expels a girl for "loose morals," and gives no further explanation, it is cruel, if the term means cigarettes or slight indiscretions with men, and dangerous if her character is such that she ought not to be allowed to remain on the campus.

"Manage their own households and business affairs?" Yes, but a peep behind the scenes reveals a case of cutting out breakfast to save up for a tea, of giving a formal dinner and living on bread and potatoes for a week to make up the expense. An inspector's story hints that this business management is not unlike the average amateur performance. A dean, herself a fraternity woman of many years' experience, writes: "Usually . . . the accounts of such an organization are not so well looked after as those of the more general women's organizations in which less of the 'family' idea prevails," and "the business training of these undergraduates" . . . is "probably inferior to that gained by officers in such bodies as the Women's League, the Young Women's Christian Association, the Student Government Association, or the boards of college publications."

Then are the conclusions quoted by the handbook as to the influence of the fraternities on their members warranted by the facts? Do they cultivate individuality? How is it possible? In the first place, the fraternity girl is essentially "clubable"; and by the statute of limitations in personality she is bound to be more conventional, yes, even more superficial in her attractions, than the girl who is strongly individual. The fraternities are admitted to be groups in which like seeks like, and the whole flock aims to induce still greater likeness to the pattern of the group. The girl with a streak of genius cannot easily find her like, so she flocks not at all; the poor, proud girl fears patronage, and will not; the awkward, ill-bred country girl can't; the dig dare not for fear of missing some intellectual good thing. All these must develop more or less as individuals; but the fraternity girl, unless she enters as an individual strong enough to dominate her companions, must herself be dominated by them.

"Cultivate leadership?" Probably, in that they give to all their members in some measure the poise that comes only from an assured social position; and poise is the first requisite for leadership. Again, the fraternity girl who takes a leading part in outside college activities has always an advantage in that she does this with the backing of her group, who are all prepared to do team-work when occasion demands.

In the same way, it is only the few that from the first show executive and business ability who get much training in these directions through fraternity membership.

As to the wide outlook over the field of collegiate education, it is limited in two ways: first, in that the fraternity women are more or less segregated from the other students, and second, in that they do not come into contact at all with the great women's colleges, Vassar, Wellesley, Smith, Radcliffe, and Bryn Mawr.[2]

Then is the fraternity woman bound to

[1] And yet I read in a belated answer from a broadminded fraternity woman: "The vows of these childish secret societies are regarded as just as binding as marriage-vows."

[2] In Wellesley the societies are local, and in Smith they are not properly fraternities at all.

GAMMA PHI BETA

DELTA GAMMA

ALPHA PHI

KAPPA KAPPA GAMMA

ALPHA CHI OMEGA

CHI OMEGA

A GROUP OF WOMEN'S FRATERNITY HOUSES (UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN)

Drawn by J. Norman Lynd

"ONE METHOD OF CHOOSING LIKELY MEMBERS IS TO SEND DELEGATES TO THE STATION TO OBSERVE THE NEW GIRLS AS THEY ARRIVE"

be a success? Few of them, even while they claim inestimable benefits inexplicable to the outsider, say this. Some of them think that when the admitted defects in the system are removed, when rushing is prohibited, when pledge-day is postponed until the new students have had time to find themselves intellectually and socially and to make their friends, when a uniform scholarship standard and uniform house-rules are enforced, it will make for the finest type of womanhood.

Doubtless there is need of these things. When rushing reaches the point of tying a girl in the rooms of a fraternity house until she puts on the fraternity-badge, it is time to take measures. When of two girls who are intimate friends, one is pledged because she knows better how to make use of her good points, while, with the breaking up of their friendship, the other, made of equally fine stuff, is left forlorn because she lacks an intangible something that attracts all the girls in a chapter, or has an intangible something that repels one member of it, a remedy should be found. When a popular girl has an engagement for five nights in a single week, or averages from sixty to eighty "dates" in a year, it almost looks as though scholarship needs attention. When the chaperon exerts her influence from the kitchen, and social events are untrammeled as to numbers and hours and expense, it is almost time for a reform. In other words, while there are chapters that are almost wholly admirable in their constituency and conduct, there are also others that reflect in the miniature college world the pace of the civilization about them.

But if all these reforms were accomplished,—and it is difficult to see how enough pressure can be brought by the National Pan-Hellenic to do this except sporadically,—the evils of the system remain as before, inherent and ineradicable. As regards those within, the fraternity idea means *type;* as regards those outside, it means *caste.*

"You 'd never think Caroline was a Chi Chi, would you? She ought to have been a Tau Tau!" is overheard on the campus. What does this mean but type?

"The girl who sits next to me is an Alpha; I knew it before I saw her pin." What does this mean but type?

Drawn by J. Norman Lynd

A NOVEL METHOD OF EXTRACTING A PROMISE TO WEAR A FRATERNITY-BADGE

"I knew a chapter that was made up of three distinct types, digs, butterflies, and Y. W. C. A.'s. . . . To be sure, it rather *slumped* for a time." Why?

When a shrewd member of the faculty can forecast that certain freshmen will make Gamma Gamma, and certain others Omicron Omega, it must be admitted that not only is there a general fraternity type, but there is a tendency to type for each combination of Greek letters that is worn on a pin.

A TYPICAL SITTING-ROOM IN A GIRL'S WELL-APPOINTED FRATERNITY HOUSE

No doubt in the leveling up to type, many individual faults, such as selfishness, self-distrust, laziness, frivolity, lack of initiative, lack of self-control, bad temper, bad manners, and so on, are corrected; but in so far as the system is artificial, it is bound to develop conventionality. It is artificial because it chooses and restricts friendships. Close intimacy with outsiders is almost always made impracticable by circumstances and the mutual attitude of the elect and the non-elect; and in some cases it is held to be disloyal to the chapter. It is artificial because it strives to eliminate from a girl's experience all incongruous and hostile elements, and these are often conducive to growth. The fraternity girl's position is comparable to that of the child who is fed on soft foods.

That is, the trouble is that she *is cultivated* instead of being allowed to grow freely. She is rushed, pledged, initiated; she is studied, counseled, criticized, disciplined, drawn out, molded. Her power of initiative is developed only in that she "*is made* to go out and do things." Even as an upper classman, when it is her turn to uphold the fraternity ideals and to mold her younger sisters, she still lives in the rarefied atmosphere of an artificially selected community, where there is no chance for the free play of the individual. The fraternity girl, with all her initiative, her poise, her charm, her efficiency, is crippled by the fact that she is not allowed to come to grips with all sort of conditions and people, by which alone is gained the personal, as opposed to the group, attitude toward life.

Does the fraternity idea mean caste? Are fraternity girls snobbish? This question brought an emphatic denial from fraternity women on all sides. The existence of snobbery here and there, in chapters and in individuals, is admitted; but the attitude of the organization, I am told, is to

root it out, and by all means to encourage democracy. The only difficulty here is that snobbery is the foundation-stone of the system, and when it goes, the system topples. This is the way of it. If you and I have a secret, and we talk together in the presence of a third person who does not know it, by no means in our human power can we avoid a snobbish attitude toward that third person. We ourselves may forget the secret; but the person outside, by the very fact that he is shut out from it, magnifies its importance, and no equality of dealing is possible between him and ourselves. Extend the picture to a houseful of girls, linked together by a common knowledge, a common family, and a common social life, and give these girls the right to say who shall be privileged to join them, what chance for equal dealing has the outsider, or even a less closely organized group of outsiders, against their united social attitude? The fraternity girl may not feel *snobbish*, but if the barbarian is *snubbed*, the result is much the same. What though the "frat" girl claims that the "barb" will not meet her half-way? As long as there is consciousness of effort to bridge the gap, the gap is plainly there.

Drawn by J. Norman Lynd

MEETING DISTINGUISHED GUESTS AT A FRATERNITY HOUSE, AND—

PREPARING HER OWN DINNER

Where there is a gap, there is caste, and where caste is recognized, snobbery is inevitable. When the fraternity woman disclaims snobbery, she means that she is careful not to emphasize the distinctions between herself and others. She is like the teacher who, in order to preserve strict impartiality, takes off her fraternity-pin when she goes to class. No, the fraternity woman, aware as she is of the "greater blessings of her lot," does not snub those less fortunate than herself; she either ignores them or is kind to them. Sometimes she manages both attitudes at the same time, as in the case of a party given to all the students, in which the programs of the fraternity members are filled weeks ahead. And if the outsiders who go feel like parasites, it is surely their own fault. Admit, on the one hand, a fund of common knowledge and common acquaintance, extensive social experience, and the assurance of social standing, and, on the other, instead of these things, the ever-present sense of having been passed over as negligible, or, what is yet worse, of having been tried and found wanting. Can the gap be bridged?

Nor do the attempts of the fraternities to bridge the gap bear out their claims of democracy. In a recent report on social customs made by a committee of the Pan-Hellenic, only three chapters mentioned any effort to be "nice" to the whole student body. One spoke of a spring picnic; two, of attempts at occasional "open houses," in one case dubbed a failure by some members; and the third, "prospects of a party for all college women and a freshman scholarship"! I am afraid it is impossible to deny that the fraternities live in a world by themselves, shut off by an insuperable barrier from those who are not "their sort." And if this is not caste, what is?

The system, however, does create a sort of noblesse oblige, which in some cases makes the fraternity girls leaders in the

Drawn by J. Norman Lynd

"THE UNFORTUNATE 'BARB' WHO IS LEFT TO THE PROMISCUOUS FRIENDSHIPS OF THE CHEAP BOARDING-HOUSE"

class and student organizations, Young Women's Christian Association, and various other college activities, although in this they are sometimes thwarted by interfraternal rivalries and jealousies, and by the combined hostilities of the barbarians. Further, they are said to coöperate earnestly and efficiently with deans and presidents in coercing refractory members of their own body, and in helping put through reforms and other measures for the good of the whole student body. They are the most loyal part of the alumnæ, and through their permanent connection with their chapters, continue to come back and show interest in their alma mater long after other students have broken the tie.

So far I have said little about the girl who is left out. To many of the fraternity women she seems the most deplorable feature of the system. Except in the college where the societies contain all but a very few of the students, her case does not seem to me serious. To be sure, she misses a great deal of fun and social training; but if she is worth saving, she saves herself in the end; and if she gives up in despair and goes home because she does not "make a frat," she is not of the stuff that the college needs. Probably some sensitive girls are embittered for a long time by the slight, but the finer ones conquer, even though the sting lingers throughout their course. A large number in the great mass of the students are unaffected by the fraternity problems. They do not expect or wish to get in, and they have virtually very little to do with the fraternity girls except as they work in the same student organizations. They have their own sets, their own social life, averaging more good times, perhaps, than they are credited with by their pitying superior sisters. What the university fails to do to counteract the effects of poverty, ill breeding, bad preparation, and inexperience is another thing altogether. Individual tragedies settle themselves, and those who win come out stronger, finer women for their victory over adverse conditions than any fraternity girl for whom the way has been made smooth.

But the fraternity idea must be judged not so much by those whom it shuts out from special privilege as by the results that it produces in those whom it fosters.

The Pan Hellenic Society believes itself specially chosen and trained for service. And what has it done? Aside from a vague and general interest in alumnæ activities, this service is reduced to scholarships, some isolated attempts in education and philanthropy, a certain "dynamic

"'WORSHIPING AT THEIR OWN LITTLE SHRINE'"

force" upon the character of its members, scarcely apparent to outsiders, and continued perfection of organization, thus far for no more evident purpose than the reform of its own body.

In other words, the fraternity system seems grotesquely out of proportion in the general scheme of things. Why should this one feature of undergraduate life be magnified by means of publications, council meetings, and conventions, if it is to fulfil no other purpose than the perpetuation of itself? How does it stand in relation to the many needs of the world? Is it not rather like a crystallization of an immature stage of development? Why should a fraternity woman go about the world seeking only her own kind, like the missionary to China who wrote to her fraternity paper of the various social advantages that came to her through her encounters there with Greek sisters? It looks to me very much like an actual limitation of growth. Take the case of the country girl whom college has unfitted for her home environment. It was cited as one of the inestimable blessings of the system that her sole interest now lies in her fraternity literature and friends. To my mind this relationship is rather a handicap that retards the shifting of focus that must take place in her before she can make her life a success.

For these reasons I believe that the fraternities, notwithstanding individual benefits, are hastening on our "French Revolution"; they are creating a type that rules by habit rather than by individual power and wisdom; and by their inflexible system of caste they are emphasizing the gap, already more than sufficient for women as for men, between privilege and the working world.

A college president recently said to me in substance: "I always think of the fraternity men as in a circle, hand in hand, facing outward; but of the women as turned the other way, worshiping at their own little shrine, with their backs to the winds of the world."

"'WITH THEIR BACKS TO THE WINDS OF THE WORLD'"

DAVY

BY LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY

DAVY, her knight, her dear, was dead:
Low in dust was the silken head.
"Is n't there heaven,"
(She was but seven)
"Is n't there" (sobbing) "for dogs?" she said.

"Man is immortal, sage or fool:
Animals end, by different rule."
So had they prated
Of things created,
An hour before, in her Sunday-school.

Trusty and glad and true, who could
Match her hero of hardihood,
Rancorless, selfless,
Prideless, pelfless?—
How I should like to be half so good!

Firebrand eye and icicle nose:
Ear inwrought like a guelder-rose;
All the sweet wavy
Beauty of Davy;—
Sad, not to answer whither it goes!

"Is n't there heaven for dogs that 's dead?
God made Davy, out of His head:
If He unmake him,
Does n't He take him?
Why should He throw him away?" she said.

The birds were busy, the brook was gay,
But the little hand was in mine all day.
Nothing could bury
That infinite query:
"Davy,—*would* God throw him away?"

Copyright by Amy Otis

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

FROM A PENCIL PORTRAIT BY AMY OTIS

OUR GREAT SHAKSPERE CRITIC

THE LATE HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

NOVEMBER 2, 1833—AUGUST 13, 1912

BY TALCOTT WILLIAMS

ONLY a great man can accomplish a great task. For fifteen of Shakspere's most familiar plays, Horace Howard Furness condensed the criticism of three centuries for each play in a single volume, save "Hamlet," which has two.[1] From 6000 to 8000 works have been published on Shakspere. All on each play is brought within the compass of its volume. Who holds this volume holds the fruits of all past criticism and comment on the play.

Mere industry can do much, but mere industry could never build the monument of these volumes. I confess I never look at the impressive row without amazement at the labor for which they stand. It would be much, if this were all. Long labor of this order grinds like a glacier over a writer's style and individuality. Textual criticism saps men. There is a certain form of stupidity never found except in "notes."

> Small have continual plodders ever won
> Save bare authority, from others' books.

Nothing saves a man from this but personality. The first great tonic is humor. Dr. Furness, man and work together, brim with it. Who else would have made a merry mark of the one word in Shakspere—in "The Tempest," "young *scamels* from the rock"—for which no one has even suggested a convincing or even plausible meaning? The humor needed to salt these barrels and barrels of Shaksperian pemmican is much more than the capacity to see a joke. This is to humor what a pocket-dictionary is to an encyclopedia. What is needed for adequate comment on Shakspere, the most English of all figures in the world of letters, is that numberless capacity to see the broad laugh in all things which lies so near to tears that when the coin of fate is flipped no man knows which is to be uppermost. This gives sanity. It enables the editor of a variorum to know from time to time what a fool a German scholar can make of himself and his author. I suppose no man could see Horace Howard Furness, that solid figure, that sturdy step, that firm face of roomy planes and liberal modeling, those twinkling eyes, that air of benignant wisdom and general good-nature, without seeing that the worst joke of all, life itself, could not daunt this resolution or dull this humor.

There is a look we all know on the face of the judge—a detached habit of thought.

[1] The plays edited by Dr. Furness are "Romeo and Juliet," 1871; "Macbeth," 1873; "Hamlet," two volumes, 1877; "King Lear," 1880; "Othello," 1886; "The Merchant of Venice," 1888; "As You Like It," 1890; "The Tempest," 1892; "Midsummer-Night's Dream," 1895; "The Winter's Tale," 1898; "Much Ado about Nothing," 1899; "Twelfth Night," 1901; "Love's Labour's Lost," 1904; "Antony and Cleopatra," 1909, and "Cymbeline," completed and to appear. His son Horace Howard Furness, Jr., will complete his father's task, and has already published "Richard III," 1911, and revised "Macbeth."

It comes on the bench, and it comes, too, let me assure you, if a man has had before his bar for forty years all the culprits who for two centuries have been writing about Shakspere. His beam will stand sure and he will "poise the cause in justice' equal scales." There are scholars whose lives are given to the great in letters who become surfeited with honey and "in the taste confound the appetite." Nothing saves from this but the incommunicable capacity for the perception of the best. This capacity grows by what it feeds upon. Through these volumes there has grown certainty of touch and serenity of judgment, but from the first issue there was apparent, as in the man, the norm which is not to be corrupted even by the Elizabethan extravagance of the greatest of Elizabethans.

Dr. Furness came to his life task through the Kemble tradition. The Kembles, who succeeded Garrick, first gave dignity to Shakspere. Three critics of the contemporary stage, dramatic critics all, Coleridge, Lamb, and Hazlitt, two of them working journalists, began the present attitude. It has since been impossible for any scholar to say, as Samuel Johnson did, that a passage in a third-rate play, Congreve's "Mourning Bride," was better than anything in Shakspere.

The stage was dear to him, and he believed that no play could be adequately understood unless it was heard. The foremost players of his day he knew, and each had counseled with him, and he had gladly learned from them. With Fanny Kemble and her light touch and perspicuous, penetrating interpretation as a model, he read the familiar plays himself to many audiences, interspersing comment. To all who read or act he was a living proof that lines are "read" by the mind and that he or she who fully understands will fully express, and he or she alone. Deaf as he was, stress, cadence, emphasis, intonation, and expression were as manifold, accurate, and illuminating as his comment. All was suffused with the cheer and glow of strength, and had behind that incomparable organ of interpretation, a mind that knew, loved, and voiced the inner meaning of the uttered word.

It is now sixty-five years since Dr. Furness, a boy of fourteen, received from Fanny Kemble a season ticket for her readings. In her readings she sat at a green baize-covered table still cherished in his library. She made him a Shaksperian for life. He was living in a city which, until Boston took its place a little over twenty years ago, as Chicago is doing to-day, gave the stage a more serious, steady, intelligent, and consistent support than any other.

To a local stage possessing this tradition the Philadelphia of threescore years ago added through his father, William Henry Furness, for fifty years head of the Unitarian Church founded by Joseph Priestley, a more intimate contact with the romantic movement in England than fell to other young Americans of the period. It was in Philadelphia that Wordsworth was first appreciated at his full value by an American. It was there that Coleridge was first printed. There, in a commonwealth for two centuries nearer Germany than any other American State, German translation began. William Henry Furness early addressed himself to this field. His daughter, Mrs. Annis Lee Wister, continued the task through thirty years, her last work appearing in a volume of her brother's variorum series. Where other commentators in our tongue, in either home of our race, have looked to English comment, Dr. Furness from the first significant dedication of his "Hamlet" (1877), written in personal exultation over German triumph as proving Germany no longer the "Hamlet of Nations," has seen Shakspere as a world poet, has come close to German authority and research, and equaled its thorough and exact character without falling into its pedantry or its far-fetched gloss.

From many causes he knew all it is to be a gentleman, and when every year he rose as dean of the Shakspere Society on St. George's day to give the solitary toast, "William Shakspere, gentleman," it was on the last word that his sturdy accent fell. Beyond all the other great voices of our tongue, Shakspere was "gentle." The author of "Coriolanus" loathed the general mass. He scarce mentions it without touching on its evil smell. Its sweaty nightcap ever stank in his nostrils. Certain sympathies are needed for full critical appreciation of the poet who was the last word of the feudalism of the past to the democracy of the future, and these sympathies Dr. Furness had.

The Shakspere Society first began his study. For sixty-one years its fortnightly meetings have gathered a group of men foremost in Philadelphia. One has read Shakspere there with a cabinet-minister, a chancellor of the bar association, a judge of the first rank, a great physician as well known in the art of letters as in the letters of his art, and a novelist whose best seller has not had its total exceeded. It was in a like practical atmosphere that, a young man not yet thirty, Dr. Furness was stirred half a century ago to try to compare texts by the aid of a scrap-book. Out of this grew the Variorum, first with the first folio for a basis and later the Cambridge text. He had leisure, a perilous gift. He early collected, until 7000 volumes were at hand in a building for their use; but most collectors are swamped by their apparatus. "A Concordance of Shaksperian Poems," 1874, by Mrs. Furness, bespoke a common bond in a perfect union. In 1883 she was taken. After a generation, those who then saw his grief from without will not adventure to speak of it. A sense of loss was never absent from him. It drove him to arduous labors, which the years made a habit of life. Save a single volume of his father's intimate friendship with Emerson, he wrote nothing but the Variorum. His prefaces, his addresses, and his letters should, now that he is gone, make a volume. He preserved the epistolary gift, lost in our day. His simplest note had style, charm, and weight.

In his research he was to the end a firm believer in the study of the plays and the plays alone. The order in which the plays were written did not interest him. For "weak endings," "incomplete lines," and all the newer apparatus of Shakspere study, he had an unconcealed disregard. It was not for him. He would have questioned his personal identity as soon as question the personal authorship of Shakspere's plays.

The happy fortune befell me once at his side and over his ear-trumpet to say of him that which greatly pleased. It was at the luncheon when the New Theatre gave him a gold medal and he monopolized the affectionate attention of every woman in the room. His appreciation gave whatever value there was to my words, in which I said that it was not as a scholar unrivaled and a critical authority unequaled that he would be most loved and remembered, but because his work had made accurate study possible to the wandering player, given the solitary teacher on the frontier the best of past criticism, and armed the smallest village club with a library of learning, making the best of Shakspere the general possession of all. It was for this he labored. It was this American ideal that inspired him. It was in the service of this ideal that he renounced all royalties.

It is only as a friend I write of Horace Howard Furness, as one of those that loved and knew. It is ever ill writing of one's friends when they are gone, but his going changed the very horizon of life for us all, robbed of its landmark the landscape of the years, and left a gap where once we all looked up and learned and had new sense of the fashion in which long purpose, fulfilled and never forgotten, shapes character and carves cliffs from which men see afar.

For forty years he sat at a desk and worked to make books from books on a book. In all our American life there is no other, few in any land, who so encysted himself in a task wholly of letters. There goes with this for most, as all know, the bent figure, the absent-minded or the self-conscious gaze, aloofness from the actual. Not he. To the last there was the sturdy, erect figure, the ruddy, full face, shaped and blocked as of a man of many tasks, the resolute mustache, the solid chin, the stiff, short, aggressive hair, early whitened by tears and tasks—"your white-haired son," as he wrote in an inimitable acknowledgment to his father in one of his volumes. Even a year from eighty his very step was decision. He bore down Chestnut Street in his weekly visit from his country home like "a royal, good, and gallant ship, freshly beheld in all her trim."

There is in Philadelphia a little group which has dined together just short of four decades every three weeks for eight months of each year. He was of the first that met, and the last of the first to go. To one who began thirty years ago as the youngest of those who sat at this board, and now, alas! finds himself among the elder at a table peopled with the past, nothing so bulks in all the round of a manifold social contact as this dominant figure, alert, awake, clear-visioned, felt through all this

gathered group of men. Each of them was himself felt in all the various walks of life, on the bench, in law, in medicine, in letters, in art, in journalism, and in affairs; yet he the center, stone-deaf. How did he do it? I do not know. I only saw. He alone had the secret. Gay, responsive, indomitable, flashing sheer personality, and with a big silver ear-trumpet moving here and there, into which some one at his side poured a reversion of the passing talk, who is there whom you know, or whom you have known, who could have done it? None other that I know. Yet he so did it that one felt that the best recipe and assurance of unflagging talk, of explosive, masculine laughter, of a perpetual source of the dearest and most precious thing on earth, the easy interchange, conflict, and contact of friends with friends—the best recipe for all this was to have there a great scholar, unable to hear a word until it was dropped into the silver trumpet, yet giving edge, guidance, direction, and inspiration to all the flow of mutual utterance that has run in this well-worn channel for twoscore years.

To do this was more like his very self than all his throned volumes; and I am not sure but that, in the great chancery of existence, it is better worth while to have made friends gay, high-spirited, and ready to give a frolic welcome to all the years as they came than to be known ever after, as he will be, as foremost in his great field. It was like him to concentrate all his social life on this one group. Elsewhere he was always sought and scarcely seen, though his house was graced by an open hospitality the loss of which in time he made up by night work. How wise to know your friends in your forties, and to gather them and to be with them to the very threshold of the eighties! How far wiser than the wandering way in which, like children, we fill our hands so full that we can neither use, nor give, nor leave, nor enjoy! It was like him resolutely to keep this dinner of high talk and plain fare, with men who dined much and well elsewhere, to a dollar apiece, as a constant protest against a lavish age which kills all by gilding it, as with the luckless boy in the Medicean festival.

Life was compounded by him of simples; but they were "collected from all simples that have virtue under the moon." He lived in one city and loved it. Two homes housed all his years.

He sprang of a goodly ancestry and was justly and openly proud of it. He held high the long descent of men given to the works of the mind. His father was known before him, and his sons were known with him and will be known after him.

His heart visibly and frankly warmed, though without word or bruit, when in a narrow span of years he and his son Horace Howard Furness, Jr., published each his volume which garner the comment of all the years on a play of Shakspere. Another son, Dr. W. H. Furness, in the same span, wrote an authoritative volume on the Dyaks of Borneo, placing in the Museum of the University of Pennsylvania the best existing monographic collection on the region he studied. A daughter, Mrs. Horace Jayne (Caroline Furness Jayne), issued the one most important book ever published on the perplexing, fascinating, and almost unknown field of cat's-cradles, a mine of patient research and accurate, skilful description. His sister, Mrs. Caspar Wister, published the long series of translations from German novels the success of which, among a score of failures in this field, was wholly due to the skill with which the "translator" adapted this fiction "made in Germany" to the English-speaking world. Five years ago this brother and sister were at work side by side, Mrs. Wister on the proof-sheets of her fortieth German translation, "The Lonely House," by Adolph Streckfuss, and he on the proof-sheets of "Antony and Cleopatra," the twelfth in his monumental march. Her first translation, "Seaside and Fireside Fairies," from George Blum and Louis Wahl, had appeared forty-three years, and his "Romeo and Juliet" thirty-six years, before. His brother, Frank Furness, whose death preceded his by so short a span, was, when a mere lad, in Rush's Lancers, and all his life looked the cavalryman, with his drooping, yellow mustache and his seamed face. He retained to the end the walk of a man who, for years together in his youth, has felt the saddle-leathers between his legs. Like Lever's hero, he once escaped capture by taking a barn-yard fence no other man would have dared or persuaded his cavalry mount to venture. By carrying powder

to a battery not only under fire, but through burning woods, he won a medal of honor. At Cold Harbor he risked life openly and flagrantly by walking out between two firing-lines a few rods apart to give a wounded Confederate a drink of water. Years later, when there came to this dauntless soul heartbreaking grief, he solaced himself by finding through a newspaper friend, who sowed the strange and moving tale broadcast in Southern papers, the man whose life he had saved, bringing him to Philadelphia and filling a month with mutual memories for both. To the world Frank Furness was known as an architect, a pupil of Richard Morris Hunt.

It could be only in such a family that, as a family lark at a family dinner, a novel was written, the first chapter by Horace Howard Furness, the others in turn by the rest, three sons, a daughter, a son-in-law, and a daughter-in-law, no author to kill a character without the consent of its creator, and all printed in seven copies as "Grace Auchester." I foresee a pretty penny for this volume in catalogues of Shaksperiana a century hence.

It is the odd blunder of a dull world that social buoyancy and the notable mind seldom march together; but, as an acute thinker has said, a man with a strong pair of legs can walk east as easily as he walks west, and our great Shaksperian had all the mirth that rang under the rafters of the Mermaid. He made the Hasty Pudding Club at Harvard. He was the dancer of his year and led in the play of more than sixty years ago. I like it that after his death there were found, preserved through all the half century, the pink tights and the spangled skirt which the toil-worn commentator had worn in glad youth as *Mlle. Furnessina.* In the world of silence in which he lived so long he seemed to know laughter by instinct. His speech on the "Miseries of Old Age" at a Harvard dinner four years ago swept the tables. He presided over a dinner or a meeting marvelously. His instinct, his attention, his capacity to interpret a look as easily as a word, carried him through all. Nor was humor ever far from the ceremonial surface of things. For example, at the lunch given at the opening of the Bryn Mawr College library—it was on the hottest of June days, and he was sweltering under the crimson trappings and beef-eater hat of his Cambridge degree of Litt.Doc. (1899), when a young friend spoke a consoling word to him. He replied, "Ah, Mademoiselle, il faut souffrir pour être *swell.*"

The world narrowly missed in him a great Arabic scholar. His trip abroad after his graduation at Harvard carried him far afield. He was in Damascus when the Crimean War set the East ablaze. He saw Richard Burton, imperious-souled, a vision of masterful will, holding his consular court; and to the vision he recurred again and again. He had a week or two in the desert. He became enamoured of Arabic and its study, of which relics exist in a grammar and reader that he owned. But his brief days over Semitics had this strange by-product. In the polychrome Bible, projected by Professor Haupt of Johns Hopkins, and halted midway for lack of support, Dr. Furness, perhaps the only man alive so versed in Elizabethan English that it was as the tongue to which he was born, and knowing enough of Hebrew, furnished the translation of the revised text. In the Hebrew lyrics and psalms translated for this edition of the Old Testament he reached the summit of his style, an incomparable mingling of nice scholarship and exalted utterance. How fit it was that the Bible and Shakspere should attract the same critical capacity!

If I were to sum by a single inanimate object the temper and tradition of Dr. Furness, I would turn to the gloves, in his unrivaled collection, which one is glad to believe were Shakspere's. They are manifestly the gloves of an Elizabethan gentleman not too large in build, gold-embroidered, and shapely. They were treasured as genuine by the descendants of Shakspere's son-in-law, the physician who attended him in his last illness, and were handed down in that family. They passed to Garrick, who gave them to Philip Kemble, and so by descent again they passed from Fanny Kemble to their recent owner. There again is the double line of grace, the descent both of line and of genius, to make precious the gloves that rested on Shakspere's hand, took its shape and knew its strength and beauty.

THE HUNGRY SHEEP

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

Lampson Professor of English Literature at Yale University

"The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,
But swoln with wind and the rank mist they draw,
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread."
MILTON, "*Lycidas.*"

ONE of to-day's favorite questions, both in private speculation and in public debate, is this, "Why do not more men go regularly to church?" Like all questions of real interest, it is much easier to ask than to answer. The pews undoubtedly contain more women than men, though this fact by itself need occasion no alarm. It does not prove that the church has "lost its hold" or that the habit of going to church is relatively unimportant. Women have always taken more interest in religious organizations than men, both because they have more leisure for contemplation, and because public worship appeals more to a woman's nature than it does to a man's. If the mere fact that the minister sees in front of him more brilliant hats than bald heads be a sign that the church does not appeal to the solid intelligence of humanity, then the symphony concert and the art museum fail even more signally. The masculine proportion of listeners at a high-class musical entertainment or among the visitors at an art gallery is even less than it is at church. Indeed, it is rather interesting to observe that at almost any public spectacle the number of men is in inverse ratio to the intellectual value of the performance. At a vaudeville the men vastly outnumber the women, and amid the enormous throng at a prize-fight there are hardly any women at all. Thus the fact that the seats at a prize-fight are crowded with men, while the pews are filled with women, does not in itself indicate that the church is on the down-grade.

Still, it is unfortunate that more men do not attend church, and it is more unfortunate for the men than it is for the church. Men need the church more than the church needs men. The real difficulty is not a fundamental one; it does not lie in the nature of religion or in the nature of man. Next to questions of sex and means of subsistence, the average man is at heart more interested in religion than in any other one thing. The ordinary man is a natural theologian. He takes keen interest in constructing his God, his scheme of the universe, and the problem of life after death has always had, and probably always will have, an irresistible fascination.

The main trouble with the church to-day is not in the pews; it is in the pulpit. There is more Christian faith in the average congregation than there is in the average preacher. During the short period of Emerson's pastorate, he was obliged to call on an old man who was dying. The young minister murmured apologetically a number of confused and clumsy commonplaces, and finally his aged client cried sharply, "Young man, if you don't know your business, you had better go home." Emerson, who came to give advice, took it, like the honest and sincere man that he was; and he had no peace until he left the church for good and all. He was totally unfitted to be a minister because he had no Christian faith, and as soon as he realized his unfitness, he sought another occupation, and became enormously useful to humanity in other ways.

A United States senator met three clergymen in three different parts of the country, and each complained that he could not get a large audience. The senator asked the first man if he believed that the Bible was the word of God; the cleric smiled pityingly, and said that of course he did not in the crude and ordinary sense, and then he launched a mass of vague metaphysical phrases. The senator

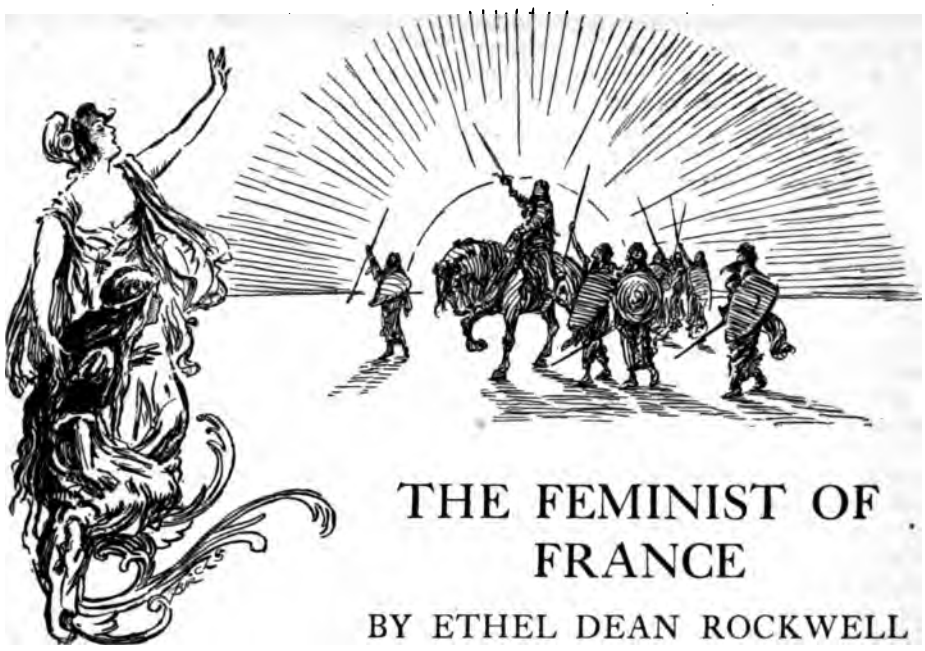
asked the second man if he believed in the future life, and the reverend gentleman said that he did not believe in personal immortality, but that the essence of life was indestructible, or some such notion. The senator asked the third man, a pastor of an orthodox evangelical church, if he believed in the divinity of Jesus Christ; the shepherd of souls replied that all men were divine. The three clergymen had themselves supplied abundant reasons why their audiences were small. They had nothing to offer them but wind. The hungry sheep looked up, and were not fed.

A vital Christian faith is the prime essential for a man who wishes to succeed in the ministry. It is worth more to him than all the learning in the world. If an honest man cannot believe, we surely ought not to blame him or quarrel with him; but he has no business in the pulpit. Christian faith is just as necessary a prerequisite for a clergyman as a knowledge of mathematics is for a civil engineer. Without it, he is not merely ineffective; he is futile and absurd. I remember being present once in a vast audience where Mr. Moody was talking, and at the end of his remarks he said that he would be glad to answer any questions. Some one asked, "What, in your judgment, is the best work a modern minister can do?" Before Mr. Moody had time to reply, there was a voice from the throng, which cried out, "This is the work of God, that ye believe on him whom He hath sent." The great evangelist hesitated a moment, and then said that he had nothing to add.

The Protestant clergy of to-day are sadly weakened by a spirit of compromise. They are afraid to preach Christianity, partly because they do not believe in it, and partly because they are afraid it won't "draw." They attempt to beguile men into the church by announcing secular themes, by the discussion of timely political and literary topics. As a matter of fact, the ungodly respect heartily a Christian minister who is absolutely sincere and who confines his sermons to religion, and they despise a vacillating and worldly minded pastor, who seems to apologize for his religion, and who substitutes lectures on politics and socialism for the preaching of the gospel. No mistake is greater than the mistake of the minister who conceives it to be his duty to preach politics from the pulpit. To an audience who have read the daily papers all the week, and the Sunday paper that very morning, nothing is more superfluous than a political discourse in church. I remember the case of a prominent clergyman who, during a whole Presidential campaign, preached Sunday after Sunday against one of the candidates, to a constantly diminishing audience. On the night when the returns came in, the object of his attacks was apparently successful, and he cried out in despair, "What can be done now?" He was effectively answered by one of the ungodly who happened to be present. "I don't see that there is anything left for you now, Doctor, except to preach the gospel."

The tremendous strength of the Roman Catholic Church lies in its fidelity to principle, in its religious vitality, and in its hatred of compromise. It should be an object-lesson to all Protestant ministers. They may not believe its dogmas, they may not accept any theological dogmas at all; but they ought to learn that the chief duty of a preacher is to hold forth Christianity, and not to discourse on sanitation, political economy, or literature. People everywhere are eager for the gospel, and always respond to it when it is convincingly set forth, whether by men like Phillips Brooks or men like Billy Sunday. The great Boston bishop never had any trouble in getting an audience; and although he was a man of the highest and broadest cultivation, interested in every modern movement in literature, politics, and art, he never preached anything but the Christian religion. He used all his remarkable gifts in that one direction. The result was that his congregations were enormous, and that he was beloved and respected by all classes of men.

The pastor should be a leader, not a follower. If he has less conviction than his audience, how can he lead them? What would be thought of the general of an army who had no definite ideas as to where he ought to take his men, and no conviction that his cause was good? If the trumpet give an uncertain sound, who shall prepare himself for battle? The main difficulty with the church to-day is that the people in the pews do not have the gospel preached to them. The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed.



THE FEMINIST OF FRANCE

BY ETHEL DEAN ROCKWELL

I

FEMINISTS include as many different kinds of women in France as elsewhere. The term can be applied equally to a George Sand or a Marguérite Audoux. We find the movement as marked, too, in France as in other countries. But the interesting thing about it is that though similar to all the others in basic principles, the French feminist is instinctively individual, always French. Compare her, for instance, with her sister across the channel. In England she bends all her energies to winning the suffrage, to carrying reforms by act of Parliament; in France she takes no part in political campaigns, cares not at all for the vote. In England the ladies of the aristocracy are the prime movers; in France, with few exceptions, the women of the upper classes look on the movement with indifference, and the leaders come from a small group of intelligent and ambitious women of the bourgeoisie. In England women are working for the cause of all women rather than for individual advantage; in France they impress one as working for their own benefit, not for humanity. In England, throwing off their feminine garb, they often become blatant, clamorous, unwomanly; in France, believing that woman's deadliest weapon is her womanliness, they never withdraw the battery of their feminine charms. In England the feminist is still a conformist to moral law; in France, unfortunately, she is too often a rebel against moral as well as social restrictions.

The tendency has existed in many brilliant women since French history began. We naturally think of the women of the salons, for instance. But they were only sporadic examples of cleverness. A general "woman movement" was not known till the French Revolution.

"Since when have women occupied themselves with politics?" asked Napoleon of Mme. de Staël.

"Since they have been guillotined," was her reply.

But the Revolution brought them no recognition, for upon its heels came Napoleon, who took from them even that which they had. Two other movements also came to naught: followers of St. Simon, the Socialist, who believed in the complete emancipation of woman and in her entire equality with man, owed their failure to the extravagance of some of their doctrines, and to lack of organization. The other attempt was snuffed out in 1851 with the *coup d'état* of Napoleon III. Through the twenty years of political reaction succeeding that event, there were

always women, often famous, who fought valiantly, if not always wisely, for emancipation; and since the establishment of the republic, their efforts have made uninterrupted headway.

II

WE speak of steady advance. Yet measured by American standards, or those of other Northern countries, Frenchwomen must yet travel far to reach the point where these were fifty years ago. Americans accept as a matter of course liberty of thought and action, equal opportunities for study and work, and the respect of men. Frenchwomen are not generally possessed of these blessings. Why this difference? Among many causes, three stand out preëminent—social, civil, and religious reasons.

Socially, France belongs with the Latin races. In these countries man has generally treated woman with gallantry, but not respect, and has received her attempts at higher life in a spirit of mockery which it has been almost impossible to overcome. Because her happiness depended on his good will, her one aim in life has been to please him. As Pierre de Coulevain expresses it, "She is entirely absorbed by man and maternity." The moral standard of both men and women has been low, and the well-known bargaining about the dowry has added sordidness. The case of the *jeune fille* serves as an example. Her carefully guarded, restricted life, her interests, and her education, not fitting her to think or to be of service to her community, are too well known to need amplification. It well illustrates how, in Southern countries, their Latin heritage has been a strong social factor in the retarded awakening of women.

In France these conditions were fixed still more immutably by Napoleon's civil code, which thus becomes the second, or civil, reason. Napoleon's only use for women was as producers of more men for his wars. "Make them believers, not thinkers," was his command. In legal status he classed them with children, imbeciles, and criminals. A married woman could possess no property; her husband owned what she brought him in marriage and what she inherited or earned thereafter. The pitiful plight of Balzac's *Eugénie Grandet* and her mother was not an exceptional case, but the rule. Furthermore, she could not testify in civil suits, or be a witness to any legal document, or have any part in the family council for the government of her children. Yet this Frenchwoman, a nullity in the eyes of the law, is respected by all the world for her marvelous common sense and managing ability. So marked is this that virtually all the petty retail business in the country is in her hands, and she manages her business, her children, and her husband as a matter of course.

This principle of the subjection of woman to the higher authority of man, installed by immemorial custom, fast bound in civil law by Napoleon's code, has in general also been emphasized by the church. It has consistently developed the passive virtue of sacrifice and the cheerful acceptance of things as they are. Therefore, although conditions have changed, to-day, and there are many noble Catholic feminists, it has in the past been the exception rather than the rule; and Frenchwomen of the upper classes have been led by their convent training to accept without question the position assigned them by social custom and the Napoleonic code. Two of these three conditions are aptly summed up by Pierre de Coulevain when she says, "France is the land of femininity, not of feminism: femininity is Latin and Catholic; feminism is Anglo-Saxon and Protestant."

Against these germs of arrested development have sprung up other germs which have almost killed the first and have produced the present epidemic of feminism. World forces which affect even China are of course felt in France. One of these is economic pressure. By the introduction of machinery and the constantly increasing cost of living, women of the lower classes have been forced into industry in France as everywhere else, until it has been stated that sixty per cent. of the women of France are now wage-earners. Naturally, then, industrial conditions have compelled them to demand recognition on the same basis as men. In the middle classes this same pressure postpones the age of marriage for the man, thus throwing the burden of support for a longer time on the girl's father; at the same time it makes it increasingly difficult for the father to pro-

Photograph by T. T.
MME. MARGUÉRITE DURAND
Editor and journalist.

Photograph by Chéri-Rousseau
MME. DIEULAFOY
Lecturer and archæologist.

Photograph by Henri Manuel
MME. CURIE
The joint discoverer of radium, who succeeded her husband in a chair of physics and chemistry at the Sorbonne.

From the portrait by Gandara
COUNTESS MATHIEU DE NOAILLES
Novelist and poet.

Photograph by Touranchet
MME. BLANC (TH. BENTZON)
Novelist and journalist.

vide the necessary dot. It therefore sends girls into professions to ease the family burden, instead of into the convent. "To ease the family burden," I say, for she seldom works, as do so many American young women, for her own enrichment. Her earnings go to her parents.

Then, too, the tradition that every girl must marry or retire to a convent has left too many women unaccounted for in the social scheme. Four and a half million women in France have no home or children—unmarried women, widows, divorcées, or mothers whose children are grown. Olive Schreiner says that the woman movement is the endeavor on the part of women to find new fields of labor as the old slip from them—a demand for a continued share in the work of the world. And these millions of Frenchwomen with no home ties are clamoring for their share. They claim the privilege of employing their hitherto ingrowing energy in useful work, and in whatever field they wish.

To these economic and social stimuli a third factor should be added—the result of the separation of church and state in 1905; and with time this change will be increasingly felt. Since the convents exerted a conservative influence, their dissolution minimizes that tendency. The convents had been almost exclusively the schools of the girls of the higher classes; they had been the refuge of unmarried and unfortunate women; the sisters had had charge of the hospitals, nursing, and nearly all other charities. But since girls must now follow the nuns to the border countries for their education, not so many go; and those who stay at home receive a more modern and less conservative training. Since the unsought in marriage must leave France in order to take refuge in a convent, more stay in the world. And since the hungry and sick were left without caretakers, other women had to take up the works of charity discontinued by the nuns. Thus perforce, since the separation, new fields of activity, new occupations, new responsibilities have been thrust upon the women of France. The withdrawal of the nuns created a vacuum into which others have rushed.

They are ready for these fresh fields and pastures new. They see women of other nations so engaged, and example is contagious. A gain for feminism in Sweden gives impetus in France; a rebellion against long-established custom in Constantinople gives courage for one in Paris. Above all, the several international women's conferences that have met in Chicago, Berlin, London, and Paris in the last fifteen years have been great educators, great awakeners. Then, too, Parisians never lack for foreign examples, for Paris is cosmopolitan, and Americans especially she has always with her. The Frenchwoman, who, when her children are grown, is inclined to lose all interest in life, and settle down to old age, sees American grandmothers making a tour of the world, and tries to find the secret of their eternal youth. Thus it may be that as French diplomats have won half Africa by the skilful use of American inventions and institutions, so Frenchwomen may yet win all France by clever adaptation of the American type of woman.

Englishwomen also furnish examples in their interest in sport. "Sport" is fashionable. Bicycling was once a fad; tennis, riding, and swimming are popular. The girls' schools are now advertising swimming-pools and tennis-courts. For one woman that you met skating thirty years ago, you now meet five hundred. We long ago learned, if we ever had to learn, the moral and intellectual value of exercise. The French, both men and women, are only now discovering it. We find, therefore, that the hothouse products are vanishing, and with them, morbidity, unhealthy thoughts, overstimulated emotions, sluggish brains. In their stead we find healthy bodies, healthy minds, initiative, organizing ability, development of the dormant will power, and last, but not least, natural and unrestrained meeting with men in all sorts of games.

Certain classes of men have been strong and active supporters of the feminist cause. Indeed, this is one of the most characteristic features of the movement in France. It seems sometimes as though the men were more ardent and intelligent feminists than the women themselves. The little band of French Protestants is naturally in the forefront of sympathy for the movement. There are fewer Protestants in all France than there are Jews in New York City, but they exercise an influence for progress far out of proportion to their small number. Almost all literary men,

no matter what their creed, and lawyers, teachers, professional men in general, as well as a few deputies and senators, are on the side of the feminists. The constant pounding away on the question by playwrights and poets such as Brieux, Lavédan, Mirbeau, and Jules Bois, has done much to break down prejudice and widen the point of view. The Odéon and Comédie Française have struck sounding blows against the old order of "The Doll's House," and novelists like Victor Marguérite, and Marcel Prévost have done their part in arousing sympathy for the *Noras* of France. Socialists, too, espouse the women's cause.

III

In the combination of all these causes, then, economic, industrial, cosmopolitan, social, religious, and literary, the awakening has come to the women—and men—of France. The successive steps, seeming slow as they were laboriously gained, become rapid in retrospect. In professional studies, since 1868, when the first woman was admitted to a medical school, one after another all barriers have come down, till to-day all doors are wide open, and in the University of Paris alone there are over two thousand women students. After permission to study and take a degree was obtained, came the more arduous struggle to be allowed to practise their profession, for prejudice acted as a complete boycott. The prejudice was of two sorts. One was that of friends and family, who considered a woman utterly disgraced if she worked. This attitude is still general, and is the cause of untold unhappiness and estrangement. The other prejudice, and a strong one, was from her competitors, the men. Women medical students could obtain their degree, but had no opportunity to attend clinics or to be internes in hospitals. Law students, likewise, could not take the bar examinations or practise. It is owing to the unflagging efforts of two or three able women that this competitive struggle is also now a thing of the past. Mlle. Jeanne Chauvin was the test case in law practice. She won after a long and bitter struggle only ten years ago. In the profession of university teaching women have been on a par with men since Mme. Curie, having twice won the Nobel prize for her benefits to mankind through her chemical discoveries, was appointed to succeed her deceased husband in the chair of physics and chemistry in the Sorbonne. Three years ago she became the test case in yet another contest—a contest over the right of women to public recognition of their attainments by admission to the Academy. In this first engagement, like most pioneers, she lost; but the decision raised such a storm of protest and discussion that there is scarcely a question of the ultimate victory in this also. We shall yet see women taking their honored place among the seats of the famous Forty.

The struggle to change woman's legal status has been particularly long and hard, and is still in progress. This cause owes much to Mlle. Maria Chéliga, a Pole, who has lived most of her life in Paris, and by her essays, lectures, stories, and plays has awakened public sympathy; and to Mlle. Jeanne Schmahl, editor of "L'Avant Courrière," who succeeded after many years of effort in getting a bill through the Chamber of Deputies giving to married women the control of their own earnings. At first it failed in the Senate. Undaunted, she worked for eleven years more until, in 1907, she wrested from an unwilling Senate the vote in favor of the bill. For the last five years, therefore, a married woman has been able to spend what she earns, and to have her own bank-account. Within the last four years women at the head of large business houses have been able to vote for the judges of the tribunals of commerce, and thus see that their business interests are not unfairly dealt with by this powerful body. Women teachers have for some time been allowed to vote for the members of the board of education, though women are not eligible for office in either of these bodies. A married woman can now testify, and act as a witness in legal documents. She still has no voice in the family council, a vital institution in France; and if she invests her earnings in furniture or other portable property, these possessions belong to the husband.

Another sign of the times is the ever-present discussion over the education and training of the *jeune fille*. Thirty years ago there was not a public school for girls in the country. To-day there are many; though five for the whole of Paris seems insufficient. The inadequate curriculum

Photograph by Henri Manuel
JEAN BERTHEROY (Mme. LE BAILLIF)
Poet and historical novelist

Photograph by Henri Manuel
MME. HENRI DE REGNIER
(GÉRARD D'HOUVILLE)
Poet and novelist.

Photograph by Ogerau
MME. SÉVERINE
A fervent and eloquent public speaker, whose conferences at the Odéon are a feature of Parisian Life.

Photograph by Nadar
JUDITH GAUTIER
Daughter of Théophile Gautier.

Photograph by Boissonnas and Taponier
MARCELLE TINAYRE
Author of "La Maison du Péché."

is a constant bone of contention, and has already been much widened and strengthened in both state and Catholic schools to meet the demand for vocational training. The *jeune fille* is gaining slowly in independence, and we find her in novels, spoken of as looking forward quite naturally to activities and spheres of usefulness outside of, as well as within the home. "A whole woman is too much for a man," one heroine declares.

Owing to the gap left by the nuns' departure, we find one important movement of humanitarian interest in the attempts to reorganize and strengthen the profession of nursing. It had been left either to the sisters, who were not always as modern in their methods as could be desired, or to an outside class of *Sairey Gamps,* lower in intelligence and decency than domestic servants. Now they are trying to interest girls of the better classes in the profession, founding training-schools and studying American methods.

The fact that the international professional-women's club of London, the Lyceum, has now a branch in Paris, and that there are many other women's clubs, is significant. Till recently the club movement has found no response in France. The woman has been too much occupied in her own household, too much claimed by an army of relatives, to be drawn outside by clubs or anything else for the sake of her own development. Then, again, the Frenchwoman of leisure and ability has been content with her own lot and oblivious of her duty to her less fortunate sisters. She has therefore not felt the need of united effort through club organization for a common humanitarian cause. And even when she has felt this call of duty, she has always shown an astonishing lack of appreciation of the value of system and organization for attaining the desired results. Sixty years ago the feminist pioneers might have succeeded if their efforts had not been scattered and individual. Indeed, even now French feminism gives one an impression of ununified restlessness. That there is now a "club movement," therefore, shows that at last there is in France desire for individual development, a sense of duty to one's neighbor, and an appreciation of the value of organization. There are still countless activities that American women are habitually engaged in—municipal improvement, efforts to improve labor conditions, child-labor laws, social settlements, etc.—that have not yet reached France to a noticeable extent. But now that a beginning has been made, we shall look for all these and more.

Marked as is this general leavening of the lump, art and literature show the most complete conquest. The art prizes are all open to women, and at one time or another most of them have been won by women. To say nothing of their success in painting, sculpture, and architecture, women absolutely own the field in illustrating, arts-and-crafts work and in making innumerable small art objects. They also nearly monopolize literature: in essays, poetry, novels, journalism, their name is legion, their influence unbounded.

Journalism in France is an influential literary profession, with strong leaders that no other country can surpass. Women hold responsible positions on the staff of most of the leading French reviews, and contribute an astonishing number of articles, generally under men's names. Beginning with Mme. Juliette Adam, the line is unbroken. She was the last of the old school, the first of the new, wielding high political influence at first through her salon, then through the pages of the "Nouvelle Révue," which she founded in 1879. She also wrote novels, essays, and reminiscences. Mme. Sévérine, a fervent and eloquent public speaker, with rather a permanent instinct for revolt, shouts her war-cry in the "Echo de Paris." The "Révue des Deux-Mondes" and the "Journal des Débats" include on their staff, among other women, Mme. Arvède Barine. Three times has the Academy crowned a work of hers, and she wears the cross of the Legion of Honor, as did Mme. Thérèse Bentzon, who died five years ago. Mme. Blanc, as she was better known, was on the staff of these two periodicals. This estimable woman also wrote novels and essays, some crowned by the Academy. She was especially loved in America, to which she made several visits, because she was the most faithful interpreter to the French of American literature, social customs, and educational methods. She was an ardent Roman Catholic. Mlle. Maria Martin edits the "Journal des Femmes," and Marguérite Durand, "Les Nouvelles." The latter is

Photograph by Eug. Pirou
MME. PEYREBRUNE
Novelist and poet.

Photograph by Chéri Rousseau
YVONNE SARCEY
Writer and feminist.

Photograph by Ogerau
MME. ADAM (JULIETTE LAMBER)
Founder of the "Nouvelle Revue."
One of the most influential of modern Frenchwomen.

Photograph by Henri Manuel
MME. LUCIE DELARUE-MARDRUS
Dramatist and poet.

Photograph by Chéri-Rousseau
MME. LUCIE FÉLIX-FAURE GOYAU
Daughter of Félix Faure.

perhaps the most popular woman in France, and charmingly and essentially feminine.

Novelists and poets have much in common. They are rather too apt to be feminists of most advanced type, drowned in a noxious wave of free-thinking, swinging too far in their revolt, and disregarding moral laws.

This epidemic of free-thinking seems to be most evident in the upper classes, leaving the women of the bourgeoisie untouched. But perhaps all this is only the fledgling trying its wings, a phase of development, an ugly stage of self-consciousness, which the French temperament, essentially one of harmony, will sooner or later adjust. In poets this characteristic manifests itself in a tendency to reveal without restraint the inmost secrets of their woman's soul. Mme. de Noailles, though admitted by men critics to be in the first rank, is no exception. She is also a novelist and is on the staff of the "Révue des Deux-Mondes." Gérard d'Houville is another poet as well as novelist; and Lucie Delarus-Mardrus another, seeking unusual and exotic effects by travels in Eastern lands. The novelists confine their plots for the most part to studies of feminists. Thus, Marcelle Tinayre's "La Rebelle" is a beautiful young journalist; her heroine in "Hellé" is a charming example of the noblest type of emancipated young womanhood; Colette Yver's "Les Dames du Palais" deals with women lawyers and the divorce question; her "Princesses de Science" takes up scientific women. Gabriel Réval's "Ruban de Venus" shows us artists; and women interested in sociological questions are the heroines of Renée and Tony d'Ulmès. But the inevitable underlying theme of them all is the irresistibility of passion, "the impossibility of woman's escaping the brutal laws of her own temperament," as one com-

GEORGETTE LEBLANC MAETERLINCK, ACTRESS, SINGER, AND WRITER; THE WIFE OF MAURICE MAETERLINCK

mentator expresses it. Moreover, the heroines are all selfish in their feminism; they are in search of their individual happiness.

Of the novelists and essayists, more than a passing word should be given to Marcelle Tinayre, conceded by men critics to be the most vigorous and virile of women writers, and even classed by one above George Sand. Her works have been crowned by the Academy, and she has won the cross of the Legion of Honor. Daniel Lesueur and Mme. Peyrebrune are both important, and have been distinguished with many honors. Mme. Maeterlinck is opera-singer, essayist, and lecturer, as well as novelist. Jeanne Bertheroy and Judith Gautier, daughter of Théophile Gautier, are famous, as are also Mme. Dieulafoy and Mme. Félix-Faure Goyau, daughter of the former president of the republic. Colette Yver, with her "Princesses de Science," was the first to win the prize offered by the woman's paper, "La Vie Heureuse." (This is the prize that was awarded to the seamstress Marguérite Audoux for "Marie Claire.") Pierre de Coulevain, remarkably cosmopolitan, and with a wonderfully wide point of view, is read more by foreigners than by the French. Mme. Yvonne Sarcey is exceptional in appealing to a sense of duty as the controlling force in life.

Much as we should like to linger over this long literary list, we must pass on to other topics. In the matter of the suffrage, progress is not so marked. Small suffrage societies here and there have existed for twenty-five years, but the National French Woman's Suffrage Association was formed only three years ago. It has converted many teachers and employees of the post, telegraph, and telephone service, but has not made any impression on the women of the working-classes. In 1911 it had a membership of 3000 out of a total female population of 20,000,000. So it can be seen that the suffrage movement in France is still in its swaddling-clothes. The most encouraging thing for the suffrage supporters is the number of *"hommes-femmes"*; that is, influential men who give devoted service to the suffrage cause. We have already spoken of the broad-minded men who have done much to educate public opinion to more enlightened views on women. They generally go further still, and are suffragists. About three years ago they formed a men's association, called "The Voters' League for Woman Suffrage," which counts among its members two senators and nine deputies. This league holds itself in readiness to push forward whatever legislative measures it considers worth while. It has been working on a bill for women's vote in municipal elections, and it is stated as a possibility that it may be passed. Socialists also favor the suffrage, both because from the anti-reactionary nature of their doctrines they must, to be consistent, and because they want the women's vote. But their help is of little practical value, for the labor party and the unions control the socialist party, and these two powerful organizations are bitter and formidable enemies of women's entrance into the economic and political field. Opposition is strong from the politicians in power. Having brought about the separation of church and state seven years ago, they fear that all the old clerical question, which has been the cause of many years of most bitter wrangling, would be reopened by the women at the first opportunity, under the instigation of the priests. It is asserted, moreover, that there is no decided Catholic opposition, as such, to woman suffrage.

It must have become evident from the foregoing pages, however, that feminism in France is not a matter of the suffrage. There have been other conquests to make, in the realm of thought rather than action; old prejudices, old traditions to be removed, rights of moral and intellectual equality to be established. Indeed, French feminism can well be defined as "a state of mind, not yet crystallized into aggressive agitation for reform." After all, in the last analysis, we see that for the realization of the feminist ideals must come, and is coming, a change in man—in his moral standards, in his attitude toward women, in his whole Latin conception of the social basis of society. Olive Schreiner says that the new woman is accompanied by the new man, or there would be no new woman. We see this development in France to-day. Says Marcel Prévost: "The new college youth cares more for sport, is more robust physically and is more healthy-minded. He is less senti-

mental, more athletic; he does not think of woman." In this one statement lies more hope for the ultimate complete emancipation of woman than in all her literary and professional achievements.

The newer type of Frenchwoman, breaking away from tradition, strong-willed, earnest, Maeterlinck is striving to depict in his later heroines, like *Aglavaine* and *Ariane*. His talented wife thus interprets them for us:

Apparently vainglorious, almost brazen, free, and unsubjected, marching in the light of day, without faith or principle, we are in reality the submissive slaves of to-morrow. Beneath our songs of gladness rises a sorrowful prayer, which no one hears. No one understands our obscure duty. Sprung from the present, we are daughters of the future, and it is but natural that the moment which created us should distinguish us but imperfectly. To hasten our work, would that men might understand us better, fear us less. Let them learn that for centuries and throughout the ages, there has been but one divine woman, lover, mother, sister. If at the present moment we appear different, rebellious, it is only that we may one day offer them stronger companions and nearer to perfection. For centuries men hailed in us a beauty that was all effacement. The women who charm the most in the past appear like those frescoes that old walls still offer to our eyes half-discolored, pale, ideal, frozen in contemplative attitude, with lilies in their hands. An abyss seems to separate these *Griseldas* from the *Aglavaines* and *Arianes*. And yet these two are loving handmaids of the future. . . . It is customary to say that woman, influenced by man, perfects herself according to his ideal. But to-day, grown clearer-sighted, she seems to look over the shoulder of her mate, and perceive what he does not yet descry on the horizon.

THE SCARBOROUGH SPOONS

A STORY FOR ENGLISH AND AMERICANS

(DOINGS ON PERILOUS)

BY LUCY FURMAN

Author of "Mothering on Perilous," etc.

DURING their talks in the Eastern States one winter, the head workers of the Settlement School on Perilous met Emily Scarborough, the distinguished essayist and college professor, and one of them said to her casually:

"In our work in the mountains we come across numbers of good, even aristocratic, English names, and are always wishing we might trace the families back through their century and more in Kentucky, and their previous residence in Virginia, to their old English homes.

"Your own name, Scarborough, is well known to us."

A look of instant interest succeeded the polite but weary smile on Miss Scarborough's face. This expression of weariness was the one flaw in the satisfying beauty of the essayist, one of those rare celebri-

ties the sight of whom is not a shock to admirers. "Tell me about them," she said.

"The only thing to tell is that all the males of the family perished in a feud twenty-five years ago—a feud so fierce that 'the Scarborough-Bohun War' is still referred to with horror. The climax came when Guilford Scarborough and his five sons were ambushed one day by twenty of the Bohuns, and with their backs against a rocky cliff fought until the last fell, a dozen Bohuns paying for victory with their lives. That cliff to-day is called Scarborough's Doom. One daughter of the race survives."

But Miss Scarborough seemed not to hear the last sentences.

"Guilford Scarborough!" she exclaimed.

"It was the name of the founder of our family, a poor knight who won renown and an earldom by saving the king's life at Agincourt. From that day it has been the favorite name for our sons.

"The present earl, the head of our family in England, bears it; my great-great-grandfather—a second son of the twelfth earl—who left England and settled an estate in Virginia the middle of the eighteenth century, bore it."

She spoke simply, rapidly,—evidently descent from and kinship with earls was only one of the many fortuitous circumstances of her brilliant life.

"This Guilford of Virginia," she continued, "had two sons who at the outbreak of the Revolution took opposite sides. Lionel, my great-grandfather, remained a stanch Tory, Guilford joined the Continentals, and when last heard of, though a mere boy, was a captain in Washington's army. Afterward he disappeared as completely as if the earth had swallowed him. Surely it cannot be that—"

"Many Revolutionary officers received land-grants in Kentucky for their services," interrupted the school woman, "and those who entered into the isolation of the mountains were afterward lost to the world."

"Then your mountain family may, nay, must be descended from the lost Guilford," exclaimed Miss Scarborough. "You will understand my excitement when I tell you I have always supposed myself the sole representative of the American line. You say that one woman there also survives?"

"Yes, Dosia Vance. Her little girl—by the way, she has your name, Emily—is in our school."

"Theodosia and Emily,—how the old names come down through the centuries!" said Miss Scarborough, adding, "You must put me in communication with this Dosia Vance at once."

"Oh, she is unable to write," was the reply.

Miss Scarborough's face paled. "A Scarborough not write!" she cried incredulously.

"What possible chance could she have, sixty miles away from a school or a church? One remarkable thing, however, she accomplished after her marriage. With the help of an old blue-back speller and the family Bible, she taught herself and her husband to read. Writing was less possible. She is a woman of great natural intelligence, and is ambitious for her children.

"Her two eldest sons are at Berea College; we have Emily, and shall take the younger ones. Emily shows remarkable home-training; on the day she came to us she was a perfect lady."

The result of this casual talk was that Miss Scarborough began an immediate correspondence with Dosia Vance through little Emily.

Of its progress the school women knew little, for soon after their return in the spring, vacation began, and all the children, including Emily, went home to hoe corn.

In June, however, a letter came to the school from the essayist. She wrote:

I send to-day by express a package which I beg you will have delivered to Theodosia Vance. As soon as I was satisfied that Theodosia was a descendant of the lost Guilford, I wrote my kinsman the earl of the interesting survival. He and I are very good friends, and several times on my trips abroad I have visited his home, the ancient seat of our family. On one of these occasions, he had an old leather case brought in, and showed me the most precious heirloom of the family, six dozen worn spoons, the property of the original Guilford of Agincourt. Taking out a dozen, the earl gave them to me. Of course I prize them more

than anything I possess. When he heard of the finding of Theodosia, he sent me, for her, another dozen of the precious spoons. They are in this package.

The spoons at last arrived, and were sent on to Dosia. The school women had much curiosity as to their reception; but when they made inquiries of Emily on her return the first of August, the child only replied, with her usual dignity, that "Maw was proud to get them."

In early October another letter came from the essayist. "I have a growing desire," she wrote, "to follow up the Scarborough spoons and see my new-found relatives. Emily's letters interest me a good deal. This being a sabbatical year with me, I purpose visiting your school and the Vance home before going abroad for the winter."

LATE October found Miss Scarborough journeying across the mountains on her way from the railroad. To a woman accustomed to luxurious motor-cars, a ride of fifty miles had not seemed formidable; but as the heavy road-wagon crashed, thumped, and banged along its difficult way at the rate of two miles an hour, she decided differently. Also, as she saw women weaving and spinning in porches of lonely log-houses, men felling timber in virgin forest, whole families gathering corn in precipitous fields, some conception of the primitive hardships of the life dawned upon her.

Although at forty-seven Emily Scarborough was as vigorous as she was beautiful, before the two-days' trip was ended, weariness possessed her, every bone seemed dislocated, and on her arrival at the school she had to be assisted to bed by the trained nurse.

The next morning the visitor was half awakened by a tap at the door and by the entrance of some silent-footed person, who set down a tray. Stillness followed; but increasingly aware that she was an object of scrutiny, Miss Scarborough at last opened her eyes.

A small girl of twelve stood by the bed, gazing with grave, controlled eagerness at the face on the pillow. When the eyes opened, she smiled ever so slightly, and said quietly:

"Will you have your breakfast now, Cousin Emily?"

Miss Scarborough sat up in bed so suddenly that the masses of her spun-silver hair fell in a cloud about her face and shoulders.

"Are you Emily?" she asked.

"Yes," replied the child. Very gravely she extended a hand. "I am proud to see you," she said.

Miss Scarborough took the small hand.

"You know we are of one blood, Emily," she said; "may I offer you the salute of kinship?" She brushed the child's delicate cheek with her lips.

The little girl as calmly returned the salute, and then stepped back.

"I was glad when I heared you was coming," she said.

"Why?"

"Well, I craved to see a ginuwine Scarborough, I have heared maw tell such a sight about them."

"I hope you did not expect so much that you are sadly disappointed in me?" Although Miss Scarborough smiled, there was a tone of real anxiety in her voice.

Emily's gaze swept her slowly, critically, for some seconds.

"I was powerful afeared you would n't be a pretty woman," she said at last; "but you are. I like your looks." She sighed, as though from relief, then made a more minute appraisement. "I like them big black eyes," she said; "I like that tender skin. I like that quare hair; it favors the Scarborough spoons. I allow," she summed up solemnly, judicially, "that you are the pine-blank prettiest woman ever I seed."

Miss Scarborough laughed, but her face flushed deeply with pleasure. Then she in her turn scrutinized the slender figure in the checked homespun dress, the small face with its lines of purity and look of race, the well-carried head, smoothly plaited hair, and austere blue eyes.

"I like your looks, too," she said.

At this the child again smiled the rare smile.

"I am glad," she said; "now you must eat before it is cold."

Miss Scarborough reached for the negligée of pink-flowered silk that hung beside her bed, and drew it over her delicate, embroidered gown, Emily looking on large-eyed.

"You dress up in blossoms, don't you?" she exclaimed, with another joyous sigh.

"Emily," said Miss Scarborough, "I do believe that you have the artistic temperament. You love beauty, don't you?"

"Ugly things they hurts me here in my breast," replied the child, solemnly, pressing both small hands upon her stomach.

For two days thereafter the distinguished guest remained in the school, visiting its departments, talking graciously with its workers; but she lingered longest in the classrooms where Emily recited, or at the table or loom where Emily worked, and the attraction between the two was plain to be seen.

On Friday morning the nag sent by Dosia arrived, and at noon Miss Scarborough and Emily set out for the Vance home, formerly that of the Scarboroughs. The last two miles the trail followed the summit of a ridge, with glorious views on each hand of mountains in autumnal splendor. At the highest point Emily reached around her cousin's waist and stopped the nag.

"I allus take a far look from here," she said. After both had drunk their fill of beauty, Emily pointed eastward, where against the horizon a great blue wall was dimly visible, remarking, "Yan side of them is where you lived at when you was little, maw says."

Miss Scarborough looked once, then turned almost violently away, cutting the horse with her whip.

Going down the ridge, Emily pointed out her home in the valley below. Very lonely and remote it seemed, folded away here in the hills, with never another habitation in sight. No wonder that here a branch of the Scarboroughs had been swallowed up and lost. Drawing nearer, the visitor saw a large log-house in a strip of bottom-land, with corn-fields stretching up the mountains on all sides.

Dosia awaited them at the stile, and her greeting was full of kindness and dignity.

"Cousin Emily Scarborough," she said with emotion, "it gives me the most gratefulest pleasure of my life to welcome you to my home and my family."

Edwin Vance, her tall husband, lifted the guest down, and she was conducted into the principal room of the house.

Here, when there was opportunity, she looked about. It was a huge room, with bare floor, log walls, and massive beams of hewn timber. The furniture—all home-made—consisted of three bedsteads, a chest of drawers, and a number of splint-bottomed chairs. On the beds were beautiful woven coverlets, and a pitcher of rich dahlias adorned the "fireboard." Nothing was ugly, nothing useless; and any effect of bleakness would have been obviated either by the great open fire, or by the presence of Dosia, sitting with her four youngest children crowded against her, her kind face, warm brown eyes, and auburn hair radiating light and cheer.

After a while Edwin and the two small boys left the room, and soon the lowing of cattle, whinnying of nags, squealing of hogs, and excited clatter of fowls announced the joyful hour of feeding, while melodious calls of "coo-nanny, coo-nanny, coo-sheep, coo-sheep," echoed back from the mountain-tops. Then Dosia went, followed by the five little girls. Miss Scarborough heard her giving quiet orders out in the open hallway that separated the two large rooms of the lower story. Later Emily returned, to say with awe in her voice:

"Cousin Emily, we are aiming to eat out of the Scarborough spoons to-night."

"You have never used them before?" inquired Miss Scarborough.

"No, indeed. Maw she would n't hardly let us look at them." After gazing into the fire a moment, the child spoke again. "Being as we are fixing to use the spoons to-night, I thought maybe you might want to put on that pretty dress that matches them so good."

"Why, of course," smiled Miss Scarborough. She had brought with her to the school a simple dinner gown of soft, silvery satin, as lustrous and shining as her own hair, and seeing Emily's delight in it, had put it into the "poke" on starting to Dosia's.

"You can get over in yan corner to change," said Emily. She came again in a few moments, and, after pinning a splendid pink dahlia in the lace on her cousin's bosom, stood back with clasped hands and an ecstatic sigh.

At last supper was ready, and the guest was taken into "t' other house" and seated at Dosia's right. This room, too, was huge and bare, with a long table in the middle. On the table was a handsome hand-woven cloth, and, at the guest's place, a napkin. A second napkin was

spread over an oblong object beside Dosia's plate.

When all were seated, Dosia reverently lifted this napkin, displaying a small leather case, the lid of which at a touch flew open, revealing a dozen teaspoons of thin old silver. Dosia then rose in her chair.

"Beloved offsprings and husband," she began impressively, "we are gathered around this board to-night on a solemn occasion, not only to celebrate the coming of our honored kinswoman, but likewise to remember ourselves of past generations and dead-and-gone forefathers.

"You will one and all bear me witness, children, that never have I give you a chance to forget that you was Scarboroughs on your maw's side, not casting no reflections on your paw's, which is good as far as it goes. But many 's the time I have heared my paw relate, which he got from his paw, and so on back, that the Scarboroughs has been brave folk and faithful folk and gentle folk for five hundred year', and has poured out their blood like water for the glory of Old England before they come over and poured it out for this present land. You have heared me tell all I know of their doings here—how your great-great-grandpaw fit under Washington, and had this land we now stand on, two thousand acre' of it, granted him for his deeds; how his sons and grandsons kept right on fighting spang down through the century, Indians, and Mexicans, and then for the Union, dying mostly with their boots on, and before they was good grown; how, when there wa' n't no more wars on the outside, they raised one here at home, for justice, and being few again' many, died a-fighting, down to my little brother of fourteen. Never have I forebore to tingle your years with the braveness of our men and the honorableness of our women, and what you was bound to live up to.

"But little did I ever look to hear the history of them 'way-back forefathers of ours that flourished allus-ago in Old England. On which text Cousin Emily Scarborough is now raised up for to enlighten us. She knows 'em from lid to lid, and has writ me some of the marvelousest tales ever I heared, especially the antecedents of these here Scarborough spoons, which come down from a man that saved his king that was felled in battle five hundred year' gone. These spoons, as you know, has been kindly sont us at this present time by another far-away relation in Old England. Him Cousin Emily speaks of as a' earl, which entitlement I don't rightly know the meaning of, but I take it to signify that he is a' extry brave and God-fearing man, and one you would not be ashamed to claim kin with.

"I will now ax Cousin Emily Scarborough to rise and relate such glimpses of ancient history as she thinks befitting. Following which I will pour the coffee. Then I request all and singular—you too, Edwin, sence you may rightly be called a blood-relation—to rise in your chairs whilst I pass around the Scarborough spoons. And then, in solemn silence, I charge you to take, all together and simultaneous', a sup of coffee with them spoons, being careful not to chaw down on them with your teeth, or so much as mumble them with your lips. Having done which, lay them back in your saucers and don't touch another finger to them till Emily can gather and wash and restore them to their case. And my onliest regret is that our two boys Guilford and Lionel hain't here to keep the feast, too."

Miss Scarborough rose and related salient points in family history—the story of Guilford of Agincourt; of Austin, the bishop burned at the stake by Mary; of Lionel, the famous admiral of Elizabeth's day; of later Scarboroughs great in war or peace.

Then came the solemn moment when the case was passed, and every member of the circle drew forth a spoon; then the still more awful instant when, hanging breathless upon Dosia's movements, the family took the simultaneous sup of coffee.

Silence reigned until the spoons were collected, washed, and returned to the case, after which the meal proceeded with subdued cheer.

As Emily Scarborough sat there, another scene rose before her—the great old dining-room of Scarborough Castle, with its carved ceiling, splendid plate, and elaborate service. But she rejoiced in the fact that in log-house as in castle voices were gentle, manners kind, spirits simple and earnest. "Ah, the old blood runs virile and pure in whatever environment!" she said to herself with pride. But her next breath was a sigh. Was it that she her-

self should have no part in handing down such a heritage?

Bedtime came soon after all had returned to the first room, and Dosia said:

"Now, Cousin Emily, I have got four good, warm beds in the loft, every grain as nice as these. But they are purely for strangers and sojourners; I could n't have the heart to send blood-kin that far off from me to sleep. And I take it you feel the same, and would be better pleased to sleep right here with me and Edwin and the children, in the bosom of the family."

"Certainly," replied Miss Scarborough, repressing a smile. "Any arrangement that suits you, Dosia."

Edwin considerately left the room during the undressing. Miss Scarborough and Emily had one bed, three of the little girls another, Dosia, Edwin, and the smallest child a third, while the two little boys occupied a pallet on the floor. There was general conversation for a while, and it was all very sociable. Miss Scarborough felt that she was indeed in the bosom of a family.

Days of large peace followed. With all the manifold, unceasing activities of the household,—everything eaten and worn was produced upon the land or manufactured in the house,—there was no stress or strain, hurry or worry. Dosia herself had saved up what she called a "good listening job" against Miss Scarborough's visit, and while Emily and the smaller girls carded, reeled, knitted, or sewed, she herself, a picturesque figure in brown homespun and red yarn stockings, walked back and forth across the floor in that most ancient and graceful of all the occupations of women, spinning. At other times they ascended to the huge "loft," where on a great loom Dosia wove awhile on winter clothing. Always the spirit of the home was perfect; the children hung reverently upon their mother's every word, and the visitor noticed that Edwin never looked upon his wife without pride.

Dosia asked endless questions. "This great, unthinkable world of which I have seed nothing, I crave to l'arn about it, now I may," she would say; and Miss Scarborough would tell tales, old and new, of the countries she had visited, the family listening spellbound.

As the two women talked and listened there day after day, one the typical woman of the past, with all her ancient duties and burdens, the other the most admired and brilliant product of the new day, it was the woman of the past whose eyes were clear and unclouded, whose step as she spun was buoyant, whose smile was assured and calm. In the other, with all her achievements and culture and beauty, a spring seemed to be broken, a profound sadness at unguarded moments seemed to brood. Only when little Emily brought knitting or sewing and sat at her kinswoman's feet, or when the two started off for a walk together, did an expression of refreshment come into the beautiful, tired eyes.

It was not until the last afternoon of her stay that Emily Scarborough broached the subject nearest her heart. The day was a perfect one in early November, after a night of frost. The children were all in the fields helping their father, Dosia had moved her wheel to the porch, and the guest was with her there. After sitting silent for some time, Miss Scarborough said abruptly:

"I have a boon, a great boon, to ask of you, Dosia: I want Emily."

Dosia's yarn snapped, and the loose end whirled about the spindle.

"You mean to visit?" she asked.

"No, I mean to keep, all the time, for my own." Miss Scarborough's voice vibrated strangely. Then she said more calmly: "I will give her all she ought to have; the best possible education, travel, culture, opportunity to develop her artistic instincts. She shall take my full name and inherit my possessions. The old Virginia plantation after long years has become a valuable property, and there is more beside."

Dosia listened silently, a line of painful thought in her forehead.

"And not these alone; better things shall be hers," continued Miss Scarborough. "I have long been weary of teaching; I shall stop now and make a home for Emily. And as my adopted daughter, the best social life of two continents will be open to her. My very first act shall be to take her to Scarborough Castle; I have the greatest desire to show her to our kinsman the earl before she is in any way changed. All this, Dosia, I can do for her, and you never can."

Drawn by F. R. Gruger. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

"DOSIA LISTENED SILENTLY, A LINE OF PAINFUL THOUGHT IN HER FOREHEAD"

life sweep on during the ensuing years that I was thirty-five before I realized the shallowness of it, knew that I had not a real tie in the world, saw that I was poor, empty, selfish, and, above all, horribly alone, and that not my life alone, but my art, was starved and barren; for how could I, who had never known the elemental emotions of my kind, hope to touch with my pen the quick of feeling? Here, too, in saving my life, I had lost it.

"I awoke to suffering, to hunger, to knowledge that I had sold my birthright. In other words, I knew at last that I was a woman, with a woman's deep and eternal needs. Love, home, children,—ties that grapple one to life, experiences that, whether in the white flame of joy or the seven-times heated furnace of suffering, weld one with the race,—these inalienable rights of woman I awoke to desire and crave. Too late, too late! For although even then I might have ended the mere solitude,—other men beside Godfrey have wanted me,—I knew that he alone was my mate, and, knowing it, nothing but loyalty was possible. You remember the Scarborough motto, 'Keep Troth.' I had broken it with him living; I would keep it with him dead.

"But, oh, the loneliness, the detachment, the need of something vital in my days, of some creature to live for and call my own! If I had had the man of my love for even a short while, and, dying, he had left me a child, how different all would have been! Let them say what they will, the deepest, most fundamental craving of every woman's heart is for children of her own; nothing else fulfils or satisfies. Missing this, we only half live in our youth and not at all in our age. Knowing my great need, I have many times considered the adoption of a child; but in every case a selfish fastidiousness has held me back.

"When I heard of Emily, a child of my own blood, and already bearing my name, my thoughts turned at once to her; when I saw her, small embodiment that she is of the dignity and simplicity of our race, I knew she was the one thing necessary. Everything in her appealed. She drew me out of myself, warmed my cold heart; her admiration was like wine to me; my very flesh rejoiced at her touch. With her to love and be loved by, I could now set up the long-desired home. In my busy plans, my happy absorption, my belief that blessing was at last to crown my days, I did not even think of your refusal!"

Again Emily Scarborough sat silent, with stricken eyes fixed upon the waning colors of the season.

"I was wrong, presumptuous, wicked," she broke forth bitterly, "as usual, absorbed in self, careless of the suffering of others. The door of hope is closed; I shall never see another child I want. Nothing remains but a return to the desolation of a life thrown back upon and hating itself.

"But you, Dosia, so rich in love and duties and burdens, so necessary to many, your children about you, your husband beside you, pity a lonely woman with starved heart and barren body!"

Flinging out her arms in a wild gesture, she dropped them on the porch railing, and bowed her head heavily upon them.

Scarcely breathing, and with wide, wet eyes, Dosia drew slowly nearer, and stood a moment with hands outspread above the beautiful, bowed head. Then laying them upon it, she said tenderly:

"Emily is yours, dear cousin. You have the better right, the greater need; I give her to you gladly."

THE TRADE OF NORTHERN AFRICA

("THE TRADE OF THE WORLD" PAPERS)

BY JAMES DAVENPORT WHELPLEY

Author of "The Commercial Strength of Great Britain," "Germany's Foreign Trade," etc.

AS the Atlantic liner enters the Mediterranean through the western straits, the port rail is generally crowded with passengers on the lookout for Gibraltar, that symbol of British power in the control of the high seas. Before the great rock is reached, however, there is to be seen plainly the little Spanish coast town of Tarifa, from which in olden days the boats of its feudal lord sallied forth to demand toll of every passing ship. This action was only the forerunner of what happens now in every harbor the world over; for the word *tariff*, derived from the name of this Spanish town, has come to mean the toll demanded of foreign goods before they may enter domestic markets.

Among all the people who pass through the Strait of Gibraltar, few take the trouble to sweep with their glasses the horizon to the south of the strait. It presents a long, low coast-line, appearing and disappearing from view as its promontories or indentations are passed; but it is well worth looking at, for the land of which this coast is the northern boundary, Morocco, has played a big part in the game of European politics in the last few years. In the near future it will hold the eyes of the world by reason of its own interest, wealth, and commerce, and it will not be long before no vessel of importance carrying freight or passengers to or from the Mediterranean will fail to make a port of call somewhere along its coast.

There is little of novelty for the blasé traveler between Gibraltar and Naples on the north side of the Mediterranean, but between Tangier and Suez, on the south, everything can be found to excite the most jaded interest, be it of ancient or modern civilization or a remoteness which up to the present time defies the white man to enter except at peril of his life. Northern Africa is one of the new-old spots of the earth now in the making of its regenerated political and economic life, and while from one end to the other it is within easy view or even reach of the casual passer-by, the repellent hand of nature and the native are raised most effectively against the foreigner, except in places where the powers of Europe have made travel possible, in many cases at a cost of lives and money beyond the scope of easy estimate.

To-day this continent of Africa is the most striking example of non-resident landlordism in the history of the world. It is a stretch of territory approximately 5000 miles north and south, and the same east and west, presenting all possible variations of climate, unlimited in the extent and range of its natural resources, inhabited by 150 million people, a tenth of the earth's humanity, of all colors known to the human race, and speaking with polyglot tongue. Its civilization is ancient and modern; its barbarism the same. The ruins of Memphis speak eloquently of glories existing in the days when Europe

and America were the haunts of wild men; the modern cities reflect the present-day life of the rest of the world; and yet from the jungle, distant only a few days' journey, naked savages still peep for their first look upon a white man.

In all this land and among all these millions of people not one community has yet been found equal to the task of intelligent self-government on modern lines. Hence it is that this great domain has passed, peacefully in most cases, under the sway of the overlords of the world, and the flags of far-away nations float above the homes of the people from Cape Good Hope to Cairo, south and north, and from Sokotra to St. Louis, east and west. The apportioning of Africa has been accomplished in the foreign offices of Europe by men who know naught of wind-swept plains or jungle heat, but who are experts in this great paper game, the finals of which have not been played even yet. The state of the game is the billion dollars' worth of foreign commerce which to-day flows through the African ports, and the billions more which will materialize as fast as soldiers and pioneers can conjure into actualities with sweat and human life the treaty agreements and understandings arrived at by the master minds in the great game.

On the west coast, under the flag of Liberia, flickers a feeble flame in the torch of liberty, but the country it illumines presents only the scene of a pathetic failure at self-government and the mockery of a republic. The flame itself is kept alive only through the jealous ministrations of the absent overlords of the adjacent lands. On the east coast, close to the heart of the desert, lies Abyssinia, with an independence purely nominal. Hemmed in on all sides by watchful foreign legionaries, her king can keep his crown so long as his own people are willing and no harm comes to foreigners or foreign interests. A false step—and the path is narrow—and the crown itself will become as a vassal to those in the North who rule intelligently, but with a purpose and a power that brooks no resistance. We can eliminate these independencies, therefore, as they exist only on sufferance, and the fact remains that the government of Africa is accomplished at long range by those who have a purpose of their own to serve. That purpose is to increase the trade of the world, with the hope that their share may be the larger.

In the past, trade has followed the flag in Africa, but now as elsewhere, in these days of open doors, favored nation treaties,

From a photograph by the Detroit Publishing Co.

A MARKET-PLACE IN TANGIER

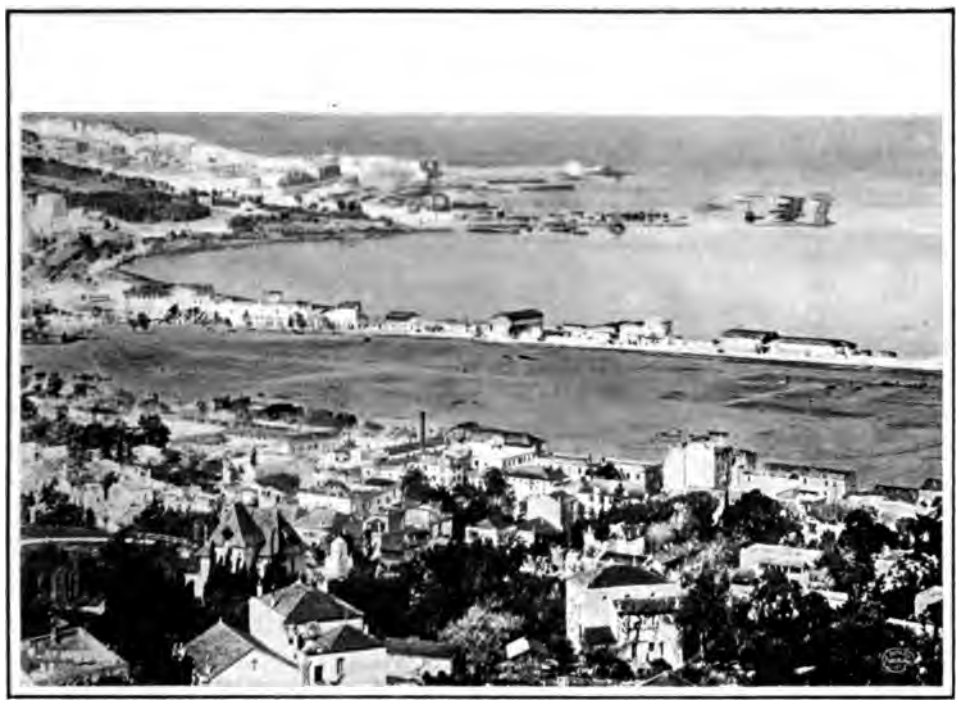
From a photograph by the Detroit Publishing Co.

THE ENTRANCE TO THE SUEZ CANAL AT PORT SAÏD

and equal trading, the exclusive right to buy and sell lies less within the hands of the landlord than it did of old. In the first flush of occupation, the landlord even now takes the large percentage; but to the degree in which he administers his estate successfully, so do opportunities for others present themselves, and are quickly taken advantage of. In southern Africa, and to a great extent up and down the east and west coast, it is now a free-for-all game. The same may be said of Egypt in the north.

At present France is still gathering her harvest of trade in Algeria and Tunis by virtue of military control. The same will be her lot in Morocco for a few years to come; but in this latter case the period of undisputed gain will be shorter, for the German eagle is hovering along the Moroccan coast with eye alert for opportunity to alight upon the land. Once at rest, his free participation in the commercial spoil is now assured through the foresight of those who play the game in Berlin. The French traders will then need to look well to their profits, for in this war for trade Germany has no superior in resourcefulness or tenacity of purpose. As soon as France completes her self-imposed task of policing the African coast from Tunis to Agadir, the only practical advantage which will remain to the landlords of Africa because of their holdings will lie in the fact that a great number of foreign purchases are due to foreign enterprises, and in the conduct of these the purchasing power is naturally more subservient to purveyors of like nationality.

The conquest of Africa, as shown by the political map of to-day, was achieved in the first instance without an appeal to arms except in the case of the Boer republic and the Italian occupation of a portion of Tripoli. Annexations, protectorates, and spheres of influence generally follow conquests at arms. In Africa this method has been largely reversed. Under the plea of establishing stable and peaceful conditions, wars, generally of the bush-whacking variety, have followed the political map-making; but by the time the real fighting began, each one of the overlords was accredited by the world with fighting for his own already established rights and for the ultimate good of the native defenders of the soil. The latter have generally been converted into rebels or outlaws by a decree written in London, Berlin, or Paris before they fired their first



Photograph by the Detroit Publishing Co.

A PANORAMA OF ALGIERS

arrow or gun at the foreign invader. Italy is almost the only country which has done open violence to this peculiarly African method of territorial aggrandizement, and by way of contrast her action appears brutal, inexcusable, and bungling, and, as many diplomats aver, she is demonstrating its amateurishness by the questionable success achieved. This is specially true in view of the known inherent and acquired leanness of the prize, a plucked bird despoiled of its scanty trade feathers by Egypt on the east, Algeria on the west, and the Kongo development on the south, long before Italy moved to acquire the prize presumably for her own exclusive profit.

Of the total foreign trade of Africa, fully one half is conducted through the ports of Egypt, Tripoli, Algeria, Tunis, Morocco, and the Kongo, and in these countries will take place the greater part of the development of the future. In south Africa development of industry will proceed, but the pace has been set, and for one reason or another it may be added that, contrary to the expectations of the world thirteen years ago, it is not rapid. On the other hand, in northern and specially northwestern Africa, the gates are not yet fully open, the trail of the trader does not yet reach far into the hinterland, and from what is already known of the possibilities, the next twenty-five years will witness an exploitation of northwest Africa which will produce astonishing results. International effort is more concentrated than in years gone by. The unknown spots on the earth's surface have shrunk to within comparatively small and well-defined boundaries. The eager trader, looking for new markets, is now early on the ground when the way is clear. Trade development in the twentieth century is far more rapid than ever before; the attack upon a new field is sharper, fiercer, more international, and more overwhelming. The new field soon becomes an old one, and quickly makes the pace natural to its geographical, social, and economic limitations.

The part the United States has played in northern Africa is not considerable. The first official appearance was about one

From a photograph, copyright by Underwood & Underwood

LEOPOLDVILLE ON STANLEY POOL (KONGO RIVER). THIS IS THE MOST IMPORTANT TRADE CENTER OF THE KONGO FREE STATE

hundred years ago, when American naval vessels chastised the pirates on the Mediterranean coast. Our last was about ten years ago, when for some reason yet to be discovered the United States Government sent a mission to King Menelik of Abyssinia. The less said about that mission the better. The chief commissioner met a tragic death before Africa was sighted, and from that moment the mission trailed off into nothingness, its disappearance marked by a succession of inexcusable and appalling diplomatic blunders, to say nothing of an attempted duplication of the mission by one bureau of the same government department acting independently of the others. The foreign offices of the overlords of Europe were considerate, and hid their amusement at this amateur performance under the cover of a sympathetic demonstration.

As a nation holding a neutral position in the affairs of all continents except the Americas, the United States has been looked to on several occasions to furnish experts to help out young or old, but weaker, nations struggling in the coils of inter-European jealousies. Almost invariably Washington has made the mistake of taking the request at its face-value. Ex-

perts have been sent, the best in their line in the world, men full of enthusiasm for the task set before them, but, after all, it was found that a knowledge of the big game was even more essential than knowledge of finances or tariff, and the experts, through no fault of their own, have shortly trailed back home again, their only accomplishment having been, unwittingly perhaps, to eliminate another "exceptional American opportunity"; and again the foreign offices of Europe have condoled and regretted the necessity, etc., and the old hands at the game have smiled among themselves at the ease with which the "open door" had been closed without a sound of protest from its hinges.

Of the billion dollars in foreign commerce which ebbs and flows through African ports, about half is to be found in northern Africa, distributed as follows:

	IMPORTS	EXPORTS	TOTALS
Egypt . . .	$119,818,000	$103,559,000	$223,377,000
Algeria . . .	95,184,000	76,104,000	171,288,000
Tunis . . .	23,744,000	18,172,000	41,916,000
Tripoli . . .	2,667,000	1,080,000	3,747,000
Morocco . .	11,875,000	10,011,000	21,886,000
	$253,288,000	$208,926,000	$462,214,000

The trade of Abyssinia, the Kongo, Liberia, and other political divisions which might be included in what is known as northern Africa, does not amount in its total to a sufficient sum to make any important change in the significance of the above figures. With an area of, say, two and a half million square miles and a population of fifty millions, the density of population is about twenty to the mile; but this calculation is valueless, owing to the vast areas virtually uninhabited. The real density ranges from the 931 to the square mile in the lower valley of the Nile to that found in the great stretches of desert, where in the course of a week's travel one may meet perhaps a single caravan of Bedouins with their scanty outfits.

Up to the present time the foreign commercial intercourse of these north Africans has been largely confined to Europe, and this state of affairs will continue for some time to come. There are two reasons for this: first, because of the flags of the European powers, which float over this country and which are emblematic of the administration control within the far-flung shadows they cast on the earth about. Second, the Europeans are better traders than others, who would be their competitors if they knew how to go about it. Of the quarter of a billion dollars and more worth of merchandise the people of north Africa buy from foreigners, the United States furnishes about one per cent. Of the two hundred millions or more in goods sold abroad by these same people, the United States buys considerably less than two per cent. In this last statement is found another reason as well why the trade of the United States is so small in northern Africa. Freight both ways is a requisite of international trade. Commerce is not so much a matter of gold as it is of barter. He who buys can sell, and so long as the buyer and the seller are one and the same person, he will dominate the situation. This is one of the stumbling-blocks in the path of American commerce abroad. American traders go with their hands full of goods to sell, but with ears closed to the offers of other wares in exchange. Our home markets do not want them, hence we will not buy them. The European will take them even if he has later to find a second market to dispose of what he cannot use at home. It is admittedly easier for him to do this, however, because of the geographical location of his own base of operations.

Africa sells food-stuffs and raw materials. She wants staple manufactured goods and novelties in exchange. The figures of her trade show that she can buy little more than the equal of what she has to sell; hence the advantage to the seller who can distribute with one hand and collect with the other. It is a transaction with two profits, so that both margins can be made smaller, and competition with the single-handed salesman is made easier.

The more primitive these African peoples are, the more they are dependent upon

and controlled by the administrative power. The more developed the country and easy of access, the more enlightened and advanced the people, the wider and less restrained is their market. To Egyptians and Algerians the people of the United States sell goods of the kind imported to amounts reaching into seven figures, while virtually nothing is sold in Tripoli, and only a few thousand dollars' worth in Morocco, countries credited with at least two thirds the population of the first named.

The entire civilized world is vitally interested in the progress made by the European powers in their development of trade in northern Africa, for the time is coming when the benefits to the outside trader will not be apportioned according to nationality, control, or interest, but will be measured by competitive power alone. To bear this in mind is manifestly the greatest feature of modern statesmanship in the making of commercial treaties, for it is necessary to safeguard the future so that when the door opens by reason of pressure from within, there shall be equal chance for all. It was an insistence upon this principle which nearly brought war to Europe through the making of the Moroccan agreement between France and Germany. The latter won her point; she won it not only for herself, but for all others, including the United States, and the importance thereof justified the seriousness of the pourparlers which preceded the actual agreement.

It might be said with apparent justice that those who have borne the burdens of the pioneer should have preference as their reward, but such is not the lot of pioneers in these days of the new internationalism. The commerce and finance of the world is assuming a solidarity that admits of no nationality or preference, no matter what apparent claim one or another people may have upon it by reason of pioneer work in the earlier stages of development and organization.

Not long ago an English acquaintance of mine stopped me in the street in London and asked me what I thought of things in Morocco. He was a man of average intelligence and information, and in business for himself in a small way. The German war-ship *Panther* was then at Agadir, and there was much talk concerning this bold move on the part of the Kaiser.

"If I was not old," he said, "I would go to Morocco. I was there fifteen years ago and saw something of the country. There is nothing between the valley of the Nile and Cape Verd that will compare with the wealth and productiveness of Morocco, and with opportunities for trading when Europeans are free to come and go in safety. This Agadir business is the beginning of new days for the land of the Moors. It is a very different country from what we know as northern Africa."

That is the opinion of "the man in the street" in Europe, and it is the knowledge of the few venturesome traders who have prospected the country as widely as the Moors have permitted. They are a most exclusive people. Four years ago the American consul at Tangier wrote to his Government:

> Despite the many centuries of life, Morocco has not been developed; it is almost virgin territory. Its forests and mines are intact. No railroads, no electric transportation, no telephones, no telegraph, the interior a wilderness, where even the sultan dare not go, and eight to ten millions of people are living in primitive style. Morocco has a choice climate, fine scenery, great wealth of earth and sky, vast supplies of precious metals, and the soil has never been more than scratched by the crude wooden plows of the people—a soil that will give them three crops a year. There are warm winds and sunshine for 300 of the 365 days of the year; 300,000 square miles of fertile farm and grazing land broken by majestic mountains, crossed by rivers, and bounded by the sea on two sides. There are vast forests and valuable shrubs, and the sea is generously supplied with fish.

Foreign adventure has obtained a slight and precarious foothold along the northern and western coasts, where there are excellent harbors. Tangier is the best known to the north, while on the west lie El Araish, Rabat, Casablanca, Mogador, Mazagan, and Safi; but the influence of these places extends barely forty or fifty miles inland. The great inland Northern trade capital Fez, and Marrakesh to the South, are as remote from foreign influence as the customs of the people differ

from those of Europeans. Notwithstanding all this, the foreign trade of Morocco last year was over $20,000,000, or seven times that of Tripoli, for the possession of which two European powers calling themselves great are now at war.

The isolation of Morocco to the day, this year, that the French established themselves in Fez, is due absolutely to the self-sufficiency and hostile pride of the Moors, for their country lies in sight of Spain and is only three days from London. In the midst of the stirring affairs of the modern world Morocco has remained in truth a *terra incognita*. The pressure has been too great, however. Such isolation could not last; the advance-guards of the trade army of the world have penetrated the barriers, and with eyes glistening with eager lust of gain have told of what lies beyond. The future is no longer a matter of doubt. The French soldiers now bivouac in Fez, and changes are coming to Morocco even beyond the wildest fears of the warlike and gloomy-eyed Moors. As a rule, a strong foe makes a strong friend. In the degree with which they have so long successfully fought modernization, it is probable they will in time accept the inevitable with equal strength of character, and, aided by the natural wealth of their land, become the strongest and wealthiest of all the countries that bound the continent of Africa on the north, not excepting even that most limited but most fertile of all places on the earth, the valley of the Nile.

It is in Egypt that an effective demonstration has been made of what can be accomplished by an intelligent landlord on a great estate. Here was a country the people of which were living on its ancient monuments and the erratic rise and fall of a great and uncontrolled river. These people have only just learned to laugh, and how could they have done so before, living as they were in the shadows of countless centuries of slave-driving by rulers who took everything from them and did nothing in return?

"What do you think of the British rule?" I asked an Egyptian farmer.

"We pay our taxes only once now," was the reply he made.

But in that he summed up the evils of past administrations and one of the greatest benefits of the present. The Turkish flag flies over Egypt, but the Khedive is an intelligent man, so he does not take his position very seriously. "England can have Egypt any time she wants it," say the European diplomats at home. Those on the ground say: "England has Egypt now. Why should she take it twice?" That is the truth. England has Egypt. The Egyptian nationalists would like to have it for themselves, but they will not get it as things are going now. The noisy and talkative politicians who crowd the cafés of Cairo can plot and scheme to their hearts' content, but there is a force at work apparently beyond their power of comprehension. Mistakes are sometimes made through the stupidity of subordinates, but a quiet and commanding impulse is behind the finances of the country, is applied to the industrial regeneration of the people, and the army is its complaisant ally. Millions of money have been spent to regulate the Nile, and millions more are constantly being added to this fund to bring the land up to the highest point of its marvelous productive power. Here it must be watered and there drained. Thousands of tourists annually visit the monuments and bewail the gradual disappearance of the temples of Philæ as the crest of the Assuan dam rises higher and higher; but for every foot it submerges the temples, it adds thousands of acres to the green fields of Egypt, from which the granaries are filled to running over. It is a symbol of the decline of the old and the coming of the new régime.

Those who come from the centers of civilization elsewhere find it hard to reconcile themselves to this new order of things, for the treasures bequeathed by ancient to modern Egypt are like unto no others in the world, a wonderful and enviable heritage; but they were built at the expense of the people of long ago, and now, when Rameses II lies in the Cairo museum, the descendants of the starved and whip-driven slaves who built his monuments are coming into their own under the paternal eye and assisted by the guiding hand of a new civilization. It was not without a sign, however, that this Egyptian king yielded to the spirit of the present, for, as the story goes, when his mummy was taken from its tomb, the wrappings undone, and the remains placed in temporary position in the museum, one

of the horrified attendants saw him slowly raise his arm, as if in protest, from the position it had occupied for centuries. The curator attempted to quiet the fears of the attendant by a scientific explanation as to change of temperature and humidity causing a relaxation of the time-bound muscles, but to this day the more superstitious move with cautious tread in the neighborhood of the glass case in which rest the bones of this builder of wonderful monuments to himself, his wives, and his patron gods. In all of Egypt there is nothing left to tell of anything done for the people. From one end of the land to the other monuments good, bad, or indifferent were built to the glorification of the living when they should come to die. "Tombs of sorts," as a weary tourist expressed it, but tombs they are, and as the history of Egypt unfolded itself they proved to be in reality more the graves of the hopes and aspirations of a nation and of the hundreds of thousands who died in the building than of the rulers they were meant to glorify. It was not until the Romans came fresh from the oratory of the Forum that a temple was built to the gods of all the people; but even these are few and far between.

Far out in the desert on a still and glorious night I talked with my Arab guide as to the stars and his knowledge of the trail through their guidance. He was struck dumb when I told him I had traveled countless miles in other lands by the same guiding lamps that then looked down upon us.

"I knew you had a moon," he said, "but I did not know it was the same moon," and as I looked far out into the silvery desert with its fleeting cloud shadows, and the remoteness of all things elsewhere was borne in upon me, I almost believed with him that it was a moon that shone for Egypt alone, and that he was wise and I was ignorant; for this land, its history, its people, and their problems are like unto no others.

To stand on the edge of the ocean of sand that reaches to the westward hundreds upon hundreds of miles and view the brilliant green meadows of the Nile Valley at one's feet, watered as it is by the floods generated in the tropic torrents which fall somewhere in the heart of darkest Africa almost beyond the ken of man, is to realize what water means to the twelve million people of Egypt in their struggle for existence. Without it, land is to be had for the asking; with it, the most fertile farm in the corn belt of the Mississippi Valley is to be bought acre by acre, for half the price.

The foreign commerce of Egypt has grown apace as the country has come under the sane and regulating influence of the Anglo-Saxon. The landlord has reaped, and will long continue to reap as his reward, a golden harvest of profitable trade and investment; but he takes none but a natural advantage to himself. The German, the American, the French, and all the other traders of the world are free to come and go and to compete in supplying the wants of Egypt. The growth of the Egyptian trade of other nations has been coincident with that of the British, and the United States trade is no exception to this rule.

In 1911 the United States imported from Egypt $21,700,000 worth of merchandise, or about one sixth of what Egypt has to sell. In the same year the United States sold to Egypt $2,114,000 worth of goods, or about one and a half per cent. of what was purchased. These figures of import and export show a gain in gross amount of nearly one hundred per cent. over the commerce of two years preceding. The producing and absorptive power of the Egyptian people is steadily increasing. They have yet far to go before they reach modern standards, but since their release from the weight of ungoverned Turkish misrule they have shown a recuperative power almost equal to that of the wonderful soil upon which they live. Their trade will increase from year to year, and as it grows larger, the share of the overlord the sultan and his sub-tenant the Englishman will decrease in proportion, and thus it is that in these days of internationalism the welfare of one community is the concern of all even in a most narrow and practical sense—that of markets for the handiwork of man.

On the northwest corner of Egypt is the Gulf of Solum, an indentation of the Mediterranean. A reinforced garrison of Egyptian troops officered by Englishmen is quietly camping there to see that in the excitement of the Italian-Turkish war the eastern boundary of Tripoli shows no sign

of advance beyond a certain point. West of that boundary-line two non-resident African landlords are at war for the possession of Tripoli without consulting the wishes of the one million inhabitants of the land, or the millions of their fellow-Mohammedans to the south, west, and east. Turkey was the landlord in possession, Italy the aggressor. The bird in hand this time was loosely held, and will probably be lost to its erstwhile captor; but the bill of damages, only a small instalment of which has yet been paid, to be assessed against the invader will be heavy and the subsequent retention expensive, unsatisfactory, and unremunerative.

To the onlooker the prize does not seem to be worth the price. Setting aside all high-flown expressions such as "control of the Mediterranean" and the like with which the Italian politicians keep up the spirits of the people at home and justify the conduct of the war, expressions which mean nothing, owing to their lack of foundation in truth, the test as to the wisdom of the conquest of Tripoli narrows down to the value of the land itself as a colonial possession.

Tripoli contains over 400,000 square miles of territory on which live about one million people, a population of two and a half to the mile. Most of these people, however, live on a narrow strip along the 1100 miles of coast-line, and the rest find abiding-places in scattered groups among the oases of the desert. As a matter of fact, the entire population of the country lives upon 19,000 square miles, or about one twentieth of the territory of Tripoli. Along the coast, on which there are no very good harbors, with the possible exception of Tobruk, is the low plain of Jefara, about forty miles wide. To the south of this rises the Jebel range of hills, and still farther south extends a plateau over 40,000 square miles in extent, absolutely barren, rocky, and uninhabited. This reaches to Hammada-el-Homra. To the south of Hammada lies the land of Fezzan, a collection of oases in a vast region of sand-dunes and desert. To the eastward lies Tobruk, whose people trade with Egypt. Still on toward the Sahara is Murzuk, formerly the great caravan station between the Mediterranean and Lake Chad, but now, since the trade of this part of the world has been diverted from the north to the mouth of the Kongo, the northern terminal of the great caravan route. Only three European travelers have visited Murzuk in the last twenty years. The green banner of the prophet flies throughout this country, and the brotherhood of the Senussiya is bound together in anti-foreign tenets. Its headquarters are at Kufrah, in the Libyan Desert, and it sends a mission of its own to the sultan at Constantinople, so independent of the government of Tripoli does it regard itself.

There are legends as to the richness and prosperity of Tripoli in the time of the Roman occupation, but that this prosperity has been grossly exaggerated is now well known. The sand-dunes have been creeping over the coastal plain of Jefara until they have reared their dreaded crests within sight of the city of Tripoli. The sultan's nominal authority has extended even to the Tuaregs, near Ghat, but with the advent of Europeans in the Niger Valley and Hausa Land, the southern portion of Tripolitania, might as well be across the Sahara Desert, so far as the northern coast is concerned. And Tripoli is no longer the gateway to the Sudan or to black Africa. The trade that formerly flowed north and south now goes to Egypt on the east or to Algeria on the west, or, in some instances, to the west coast of Africa.

For the last ten years this quiet but effectual disintegration of commercial Tripoli has been going on until there is little left for the new landlord even should he succeed in establishing his rule and secure acknowledgment thereof. There are no mineral resources, no possibilities in agriculture, and the desolation of the vast, unfertile, rainless area daunts the most intrepid adventure. The problems of centralized government are many and apparently impossible of solution, certainly by the Italians, who know naught of colonial science. To the north the city of Tripoli, with its 50,000 population, is an inharmonious community of Jews, Berbers, Arabs, Maltese, and Levantines, with probably fewer than two hundred genuine Italians among them. Hundreds of miles to the south, separated by rock and desert now seldom traveled, are the Tuaregs, where the women own all property and take plural husbands much for the same eco-

nomic and social reasons that the Turk has several wives.

Naturally the exports of a country like Tripoli are of the most primitive character, exporting grass, hides, fruit, and a few other things that are found wild or are grown in limited quantities. Her imports are food-stuffs, cotton, and woolen goods, fuel, iron, and steel. Of the exports, half a million dollars' worth find their way to the United States, and in return a few thousand dollars' worth of cloths and other manufactures are sold. Of the total foreign commerce, amounting to less than five million dollars, the United States participates to only a fractional per cent., and there is little hope of improvement in the future. English merchants do the largest part of the trading, with France second, Italy third, and Turkey fourth, and both exports and imports hold in about the same proportion as to destination and origin.

It is a relief to cross the Tripolitan border into Tunis and Algeria, the French possessions. Here everything has been done by an intelligent landlord to develop the country and encourage the industry of the people. With an area only half again as large as Tripoli, and even so the larger part desert, a population seven times as great finds a living and occupation. A foreign commerce of 225 million dollars nearly equally divided between export and import slightly exceeds even that of Egypt, and the exchanges of the United States, although a comparatively small trader, amount to nearly two million dollars' worth of goods. The administration of Algeria and Tunis has cost France many millions of francs, but the task has been well done. In return, however, the people of France have benefited largely, for they supply over eighty per cent. of the imports of these African possessions, and take about seventy per cent. of the exports. The United States sends machinery, oils, and tobacco, and takes the raw products of the country in exchange. Trade is on a stable and safe basis, and the consuming power of the country is increasing rapidly in the direction of manufactured goods and the conveniences of civilized life.

It requires a certain form of genius and a certain temperament to be a successful landlord, and this is even more requisite when governing a far-distant community of foreign people. These qualities have been demonstrated by the French in their control of northern Africa, and, it may be added, to the surprise of the rest of the civilized world, for in their government at home the French people have not shown equal genius or been as successful as they have in Africa. To allow the exercise of autocratic power is perhaps the best way to utilize the virtues of the French temperament.

In general the African continent is in good hands, English, French, and German alike. The natives, as a rule, get justice; their religions and their customs are respected, and they are benefited materially, socially, and even politically as dependencies. In the days of a recent British agent in Egypt who believed in a larger degree of local government than had been allowed by his predecessor, some confusion resulted and things got rather out of hand. Proof was promptly given in the trouble that quickly arose that this was a mistake. When Lord Kitchener arrived on the scene he had many loose ends to pick up and weak spots to reinforce, but he was not long in the mending. His administration has been notably successful so far, and with all the firmness with which he is credited he has also developed a tact not expected even by some of his greatest admirers. He came to Egypt at a difficult time, and to keep his Mohammedan friends neutral, which he has done, while their coreligionists are waging what they term a "holy war" against the Italians to the west of Solum Bay, is not easy. It is told of him that shortly after the beginning of the Italian-Turkish war some of the Arab chiefs of Egypt and the Sudan were keen to go to the assistance of the Tripolitans, and signified their wish to the British agent. Lord Kitchener replied that of course they could go if they wanted to, but whereas they were now free from compulsory military service in the Egyptian army, it would be impossible for him to overlook the value as soldiers of Arabs who had served in actual modern warfare, and that on their return he would have to draw upon them for military service. As this freedom from service in the Egyptian army is one of the much-prized Arab privileges and exemptions, the sheiks, recognizing the possibilities involved, promptly gave up their idea of participat-

ing in the war, and have remained neutral, at least so far as not to render assistance to Tripoli openly.

In all northern Africa no invader has attempted suddenly to change the customs of the people, and the local religions have been recognized and their tenets respected. Italy did not seem to profit by this example, for her troops have shown scant regard for the feelings of the Mohammedans, and it will take many years to live down the situation created by the violation of mosques and other injudicious and unnecessary vandalism. Northern Africa would not be what it is to-day if the same policy had been followed by others, and it is fortunate for the world at large that the Italian attack has been made upon the most worthless and most sparsely inhabited part. Less harm can be done there than elsewhere, and with the firm hand of Egypt to the east and France to the west and the physical limitations to the south, the evil effects of this ill-judged attempt at conquest may be confined within present boundaries.

The United States has entered into the field of world politics too late in the day to secure trade by other than competitive power. The earth is now mapped out, and few boundaries will be changed in the future except as it may be deemed wise or advantageous to create more or less self-governing communities. Participation in the financing of new or new-old governments will prove of little avail, for money is now international, and the New York firm which underwrites its allotted portion of an international loan has its branches or even its parent house in Europe, and cannot use its power to draw trade to America without giving offense elsewhere. It really makes no difference in modern times which nation furnishes the money to take up a large issue of securities, for in the end they find their resting-place where there is money willing to be tied up, and this is generally in France, England, or Germany. A debtor nation like the United States, especially one whose people can find active employment for surplus funds at more profit than is offered by government loans, cannot be rated as an international money-lender.

The demand for an international or equal participation in any great money transaction comes in reality not from keen and equal competition for the privilege of investment, but from the machinations of international money, which desires the backing and security of a harmonious group, of powerful governments to enforce its terms and insure the collection of the debt without friction on the day it may become due. With this backing the underwriters are assured of their great profits as it decreases the difficulties of unloading the securities upon an investing public at an advanced figure. The modern international loan carries with it no special trading rights, for all governments must now insist upon and obtain for its citizens abroad treatment like unto those accorded other nationalities.

To reduce the cost of production, facilitate the shipping of goods, and meet the local needs of foreign markets, or in other words to conduct foreign trading on an intelligent and scientific basis, is the one hope of the people of the United States in the world expansion of their industries and the profitable employment of labor. In the long run no nation stands a better chance of holding its own by reason of the self-contained character of material resources, the climatic stimulus to work and invention, the so-called unsophisticated enthusiasm of the people for practical accomplishment, and the mixture of racial strength in the make-up of the community. When the home market strikes a balance between production and consumption, and a surplus for export can be relied upon every year, it is reasonable to assume that the same genius will be applied to conquering the foreign market that has been developed at home. In no place in the world is there opportunity for greater gain for American trade than in Africa even to-day, while the future presents no such limitations as are met with in more highly commercially developed areas.

VIOLENCE IN THE WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE MOVEMENT

A DISAVOWAL OF THE MILITANT POLICY

BY MILLICENT GARRETT FAWCETT

President of the National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies (Great Britain)

I WRITE from the standpoint of those who regard the women's movement for political freedom as incomparably the most important political fact of the present day; and who look upon the women's movement, as a whole, in its social, economical, political, industrial, and educational developments as one of the most remarkable events which have ever taken place in the history of the world. I do not know where one could look for another so nearly universal in its operation, making itself felt in every country in the world, in all civilizations, whether eastern or western, and affecting the well-being of such masses of men and women of all races and nations.

Men's political movements toward freedom have nearly always been accompanied by "confused noise and garments rolled in blood." No great emancipating evolution for men has taken place without violence and bloodshed. One of our most learned historians, Lord Acton, wrote: "It seems to be a law of political evolution that no great advance of human freedom can be gained except after the display of some kind of violence." Yet notwithstanding all precedents to the contrary, but just because men are men and women are women, the women's movement toward freedom did progress and progress marvelously for the first half of the nineteenth century till about six years ago without the use of any kind of violence. We shot no one, we exploded no bombs, we destroyed nothing; but we have been building up and creating a new social order in which the women of to-day occupy a wholly different and better place from that occupied by the women of preceding ages. The universities have been opened; girls' schools have been made over again, and made different; the medical and, in many countries, the legal, professions have been opened; municipal and all other local franchises in Great Britain and her colonies have been won; women have been made eligible for election on all local governing bodies; the civil service has been opened; the barbarity of medieval laws founded on the absolute subjection of women in marriage has been modified; full parliamentary suffrage has been won for women in New Zealand and Australia, in Finland and Norway, in Wyoming, Colorado, Utah, Idaho, Washington, and California, and women's suffrage amendments have been recommended to the electorate by the representative governing bodies of six other of the United States. All these actual victories and indications of further victories in the near future have been won (Lord Acton notwithstanding) without violence of any kind. The American humorist Mark Twain, with his keen practical insight into the essence of things, remarked this strange feature of the women's movement. He wrote in "More Tramps Abroad," p. 208:

For forty years they have swept an imposingly large number of unfair laws from the statute books of America. In this brief time these serfs have set themselves free—essentially. Men could not have done as much for themselves in that time without bloodshed, at least they never have, and that is an argument that they did n't know how.

All these great and indeed immense victories for the cause of human freedom have been accomplished by moral force and not by physical force. Physical force as a means of promoting women's freedom was never even heard of till about six years ago, and for the first two and a half years of their activity the so-called militant suffragists did not use physical violence toward their adversaries; they suffered violence far more than they inflicted it.

At the outset, so long as they confined themselves merely to sensational and eccentric means of propaganda, they could hardly be looked upon as a physical force party; they undoubtedly did service to our common cause by making the claims of women more widely known; there is probably hardly a village, hardly a family in which the claims of women to share in the representative system of the country has not been eagerly discussed. This to a very large extent we owe to the activities of the "militants." But when they departed from the attitude they first adopted, of suffering violence but using none, in my judgment they put themselves in the wrong morally; and if judged from the point of view of practical success have put back the cause rather than promoted it. For twenty-six years from 1886 to 1912 women's suffrage was never once defeated in the House of Commons. The Conciliation Bill, which had been carried in second reading in 1911 by a majority 316 to 143 after a truce from militancy of nearly eighteen months, was defeated in 1912 by a narrow majority. This was very largely due to the intense indignation and resentment caused by the window-smashing outrages which had taken place a few weeks earlier.

The carrying of a women's suffrage amendment to the government Reform Bill is the next stage either of victory or defeat which awaits us. If militancy is renewed, defeat is almost certain. The average man is not convinced of the value of conferring full citizenship on women by hearing of tradesmen's windows being broken, or of attempts to set houses and theaters on fire. The militants often claim that a display of physical violence is the only way to success. This, I maintain, is a wholly mistaken reading of the facts. Our victories have been won through convincing large masses of quiet, sensible, average men and women that the citizenship of women would be good for women themselves and for the State as a whole. We can point to the activities of such women as Julia Ward Howe and Jane Addams in the United States, of Florence Nightingale and Josephine Butler in Great Britain, and can more and more convince our countrymen of the futility and absurdity and the loss to the community of excluding such women, and women at large, from the rights of citizenship. I regard the militants as misguided enthusiasts, and believe that at this moment they are the most dangerous obstacles in the way of the immediate success of our cause in England. But when I compare the degree of violence they have used with the excesses of, say, the French Revolution or the destructive fury which swept over our own and other countries, in connection with the Reformation, or with the awful violence which has occasionally been associated with the Labor movement both in this country and in the United States, we may feel that there is no cause for panic and still less for despair. The political emancipation of women has made immense strides toward complete realization in the English-speaking countries on both sides of the Atlantic. Every victory scored by either of us helps the other. The latest honors are with America. We do not grudge them; but hope soon to vie with them.

TOPICS OF THE TIME

A WAY OUT OF THE CANAL BLUNDER: REPEAL THE EXEMPTION

ANY one who knows how little consideration is given to the preparation of political platforms can readily understand how both the Democratic and the Progressive parties were "committed" to the blunder of advocating the exemption of our coastwise shipping from the tolls to be charged for the use of the Panama Canal. It is this sort of inside arrangement of party policies—which usually, in the last hours of fatigue, restlessness, and excitement, there is never time to discuss on their merits—that has cast discredit on platforms and has justified many a candidate in disregarding or modifying a given "plank." The overwhelming judgment of our people, as reflected in the press, that nothing is so important to us as a strict observance of our plighted faith,—just as nothing is so important to a merchant as his credit and reputation for honorable dealing,—shows how easy it is for half a dozen men in a hotel parlor, at the suggestion of some "good fellow," to lead a convention to the indorsement of a disastrous policy.

To claim that we have not broken our pledge that there shall be no discrimination in the tolls and conditions when we thus favor our own coastwise trade, as against that of Canada, Mexico, and Colombia,—each with an Atlantic and a Pacific coast,—simply does not rise to the dignity of a quibble. Already by misrepresentation of the sense of fair-dealing which pervades American commercial life, incalculable injury has been done to our standing abroad—an injury which cannot be measured in money. After all our honorable diplomacy—the return of the Boxer indemnity, the open door policy in the Far East, and the strict observance of our promise to withdraw from Cuba, which foreign sneerers at America said we never would observe, "and never meant to observe"—it is shameful to have to drop to a lower plane of national conduct.

As if our cup of humiliation were not already full, it is argued that we are at liberty to refuse to submit the question of the breach of the Panama Treaty to the Hague Tribunal, if Great Britain should make the appeal. *"Nicht zwei dumme streiche für eins"* (Not two stupid strokes for one), says Lessing's character in "Minna von Barnhelm." Unless we desire to become the welsher of the nations, it is time that the good faith of the people should find an adequate expression in the good faith of the Government. All the money saved (to whom?) in tolls in a hundred years by the exemption could not compensate for the loss in money—not to reckon honor—which will result from the loss of credit and of great commercial opportunities all over the world. A strange way, indeed, to promote American commerce!

But there remains for us another chance—or will, if Great Britain shall a little longer pursue her friendly and forbearing course of waiting for our public opinion to assert itself. *The coastwise exemption should be repealed.* And, our obligations aside, why should we enter upon a policy of subsidizing our ships just at the time when apparently we are giving up the policy of subsidizing our manufactures? Are we never to get away from the inequality of privilege, that has already corrupted the sources of government by the "vicious circle," creating and feeding by legislation agencies whose natural interest it thus becomes to destroy the principle of equality? Why subsidize ships any more than subsidize railways, or newspapers, or authorship? But if we *must* subsidize our ships, let it be done outright, in bills for that purpose, and not through the violation of the plain words of a solemn treaty.

Not only should the exemption be re-

pealed, but, if we are to recover the ground that has been lost, it should be done in the first week of the December session of Congress. We feel sure that President Taft, whose misgivings tinctured his message of assent, now that the Canal bill has provided for a *'modus operandi,* would not interpose his veto to the sober second thought of Congress. If the repeal is not accomplished, and if we refuse the appeal to The Hague, the great cause of Arbitration—the substitute for war—will be set back for unreckonable years. And it is the championship of Arbitration, together with his far-sighted and consistent defense and extension of the Merit System, which will give the President his highest claim to the respect of posterity. The object of the latter is to keep politicians from gambling with the resources of office; the object of the former is to prevent governments from gambling with the lives of men.

Should the repeal not be promptly made, it will become the duty of the people to organize to bring it about. We much mistake the temper of the country if within another six months its servants do not remove this blot in the national escutcheon.

WANTED: STRAIGHT THINKING ABOUT MILITANT SUFFRAGISTS

APROPOS OF THE RENEWAL OF VIOLENCE IN ENGLAND

ONE of the startling signs of the times is the recrudescence of violence among the militant suffragists in England. The physical attacks by women upon members of the government, including the hurling of a hatchet at the Prime Minister's party; the attempt to set fire to a theater in which he was about to make an address, and other outrages, are in themselves a sufficiently deplorable symptom of lawless impulses, with which the government, as it was obliged, has dealt promptly and vigorously. As we have recognized in previous articles, this course of action has been disavowed in England by other prominent bodies of suffragists, who deserve honor for their refusal to be deflected from their "appeal to reason" to a policy which can only end in disaster. In this number of THE CENTURY we give place to an article by Mrs. Fawcett, President of the National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies, of Great Britain, written at our request for a disavowal of this policy. If, besides the editorials in the New York "Evening Post," there has been any similar official disavowal in America, it has escaped the attention of one careful reader of the daily news. Already many men in this country must be asking themselves whether it is wise to add to the electorate a body of voters who do not see the perilous influence of tolerating such actions—the influence not only upon women, but upon other impressionable classes having a real or fancied grievance.

And now comes another test of the wisdom and patriotism of these ladies. Before these lines shall be published, Mr. and Mrs. Pethick Lawrence, two convicted lawbreakers of England, are to be honored by a reception by the National Woman Suffrage Association in New York, as Mrs. Pankhurst was received at Carnegie Hall after a similar conviction. We cannot conceal our sympathy with any person willing to suffer for opinion's sake, but in these instances the punishment was inflicted not for opinion, but for deliberate violation of the elementary principles of civilized government—by the destruction of property (usually of unoffending persons) and the creation of public disorder. Of what use is it for conservative agencies to address themselves to the discouragement of lynching in the South, or in Pennsylvania, or of hired assassination in New York City, or the lawlessness of capital or of labor, or the lawlessness of brutal students, fashionable smugglers, bribed officials, or "fixed" juries, when the sentiment of so large and estimable a part of the community as the advocates of woman suffrage—teachers of the young—fail to see their responsibility toward their followers and the public? The defense that "no class has ever obtained its rights except by violence" is both false and insidious, and sets an example which will rise to plague the women themselves if they ever obtain a measure of responsible power. Deeper even than this vicious idea is the world-old delusion —which has its strongest exponent in politics—that the end justifies the means. The drift toward the employment of this standard is a hard blow to those who believe that women are to show us a more excellent way in government.

Admitting that this policy of terrorizing one's opponents is valuable as advertising a movement, it seems never to have occurred to the advocates of woman suffrage that as effective a presentation of their cause could have been obtained without violence. Ruskin said that war would cease in Europe if on the declaration of hostilities Englishwomen would put on mourning. Ingenuity certainly could devise some form of *réclame* more worthy than the precipitation of delicately minded young women into the program of a New York vaudeville theater. Something must be allowed to the instinctive protest of human nature that *everything* shall not be thrown into the melting-pot of agitation.

THE NEW WAY OF FINANCING A CAMPAIGN

A NOTE OF POLITICAL HEALTH AND PROGRESS

WE called slaveholding and Mormon polygamy "twin relics of barbarism," persisting in our modern civilization, and we put an end to them long ago. We have now made an end of those twin evils of our politics, the spoils system and secret campaign funds. Ten years of agitation put the merit system into our laws, the movement for publicity of campaign contributions, actively urged on after 1904, became effective in less than six years. The Federal act bears date of June 25, 1910. The spoils system and the secret campaign fund have the likeness of twins. Both are a fraud upon the people, both are illegitimate devices for perpetuating party power, both are indefensible save by frankly and cynically immoral arguments.

Perhaps the greater evil of the two, as a betrayal of the interests of the people, is the acceptance by campaign committees of large gifts of money from persons or corporations who expect, and who have usually received, much more than the worth of their money in legislative favors or valuable privilege. There have been many indiscreet revelations of the theory and practical working of the system. Indignantly protesting that the highly protected manufacturing interests had been too niggardly in their giving, one politician gave instructions to "fry the fat" out of them; and it is notorious that in the field of tariff legislation the covenant between the party in power and the corporations that gave bountifully to keep it in power was faithfully kept. The hand that gave the fund guided the pen that wrote the schedules. It is equally notorious that with these great sums the suffrage was corrupted. In one of the States where directions were given to marshal the "floaters" in "blocks of five," a distinguished beneficiary of that process humorously admitted the efficiency of "soap" in achieving the victory. It was bad, wholly bad; in a republic no political evil could be much worse.

The completeness of the reform is astonishing. The statute enacted two years ago and amended last year commands campaign committees to keep accurate accounts of receipts and expenditures, and sworn detailed statement of contributions received, with contributors' names and the objects for which the money was spent, must be filed with the Clerk of the House of Representatives fifteen days before the day of election and every sixth day thereafter; thirty days after election a final statement must be so filed. The statements are open for inspection and publication.

This law of publicity has been complied with in this campaign with such alacrity that two of the party committees "rushed into print" with their statements of contributions more than a month in advance of the date fixed by the statute. The Democratic committee gave out the names and the figures on September 9, and on September 10 the statement of the Progressive party was given out.

It was then that the public suddenly became aware that this Presidential campaign is unlike any other in our recent history. The first striking fact observed was that the total of the contributions was pitifully meager compared with the royal profusion with which, according to the prevailing belief, former campaign committees have been put in funds. The Wilson and Marshall Committee acknowledged the receipt of $175,000 up to the date of publication, and there were only three gifts as large as ten thousand dollars; the Roosevelt and Johnson Committee had received $55,199, and the largest contributions were two of $15,000 each. Comparison was at once made with the Republican campaign fund of 1904, amounting to $1,900,000 as stated in testimony and

with old-time individual contributions of $50,000 and $100,000. The total of the Republican fund in 1896 is not accurately known, but it was certainly much larger than in 1904.

The second point of unlikeness of this campaign to all others within any man's memory is the fact that the fortunes of all three candidates are committed to the management of men who are amateurs in "big politics." The "Zach" Chandlers, the Mark Hannas, the Arthur Pue Gormans, where are they? If these men have successors in our day, they are watching and waiting, it may be; certainly they are not in the strife, they are not at the heads of the committees, they are not the chief men in the work.

It means that our politics, our political campaign methods, have in good faith been changed and reformed. As a part of what in the broad sense, not in any party sense, we may call the progressive movement, this change is of impressive significance. The machines and the bosses may devise ways to retain much of their old power under the conditions of what is called "direct government" of the people in the States, but now that their dominance is destroyed in respect to the great quadrennial contest of the parties, it is not easy to see how they can regain control. They carried on the war of politics with money; they bartered, when they could, government policies for cash. We have put an end to all that. The qualities of the candidates, the merits of the argument, the decision of the people for or against promised measures and policies, are now to be determining. That is as it should be, it is the ideal way, in a government by the people. For a government by the "interests" and the politicians the old way was ideal.

In very truth the publicity of campaign contributions is a reform of far-reaching vitality and importance, and it is immensely gratifying that it has been ungrudgingly accepted by those upon whom this ordinance of great self-denial has been imposed. But the people, the voters themselves, must understand that their emancipation brings its duties and responsibilities. It costs a great deal of money properly to enlighten the electorate upon the issues of a Presidential campaign, as it is of the very essence of good government that the voter should make his choice with understanding. Knowledge is necessary, it is to his interest that he have it, and he should pay the cost of putting it within his reach. The corporations and the "interests" have been relieved of this burden of expense. Let the men of the parties assume it, willingly, for their own benefit, for the benefit of all. Campaign committees must spend money, yet if at the close of the campaign they are left with heavy debts, it will not be long before we lapse into the old, bad conditions. Campaigns can be "financed" with the money of the voters. A multitude of small individual contributions will fill the campaign chest, and candidates and party will be under no obligations save to the people, and those it will be their highest duty to fulfil.

IF LINCOLN COULD RETURN

(FIFTY YEARS AFTER EMANCIPATION)

ON Sunday, September 22, in negro churches everywhere, men and women of dark skin celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of the first Emancipation Proclamation. It was an occasion which might well have been made a day of heart-searching, to ask ourselves whether, in our treatment of the negro, the nation as a whole is honoring the memory of Lincoln himself, and of those who labored, fought, and died to abolish slavery. Are we, as a nation, dealing fairly with the negro? Or is "The Independent" correct when it declares that of all our ninety millions there are none to-day so oppressed as the race that Lincoln freed?

In this number of THE CENTURY we group examples of the work of four members of the race,—in prose, poetry, art, and musical composition, the first being a paper of entire authoritativeness and singular moderation of tone. In it Dr. Washington, with the dauntless faith and courage which have carried him so far, sets forth his answer to the question whether the American negro is having a fair chance. Discouragement he will not admit; he fixes his eyes ever upon the hopeful signs. When he goes abroad it seems to him the working-classes of Europe are worse off than our own colored people, whose accessions from abroad are proof to him that the negro fares nowhere else so well.

That Dr. Washington serves a useful

purpose in ever presenting the cheerful side is obvious. But he who fifty years after Emancipation would stop there would see but one side of the question. The shadows upon the race which the head of Tuskegee glides over so lightly lie heavily upon ever-growing numbers of intellectual colored people, who are moved but little by figures of increased negro farm holdings, by statistics about negro grocers, lawyers, physicians, and teachers. Grateful as their hearts may be that they are to-day in possession of their own bodies, they regard the future with troubled eyes.

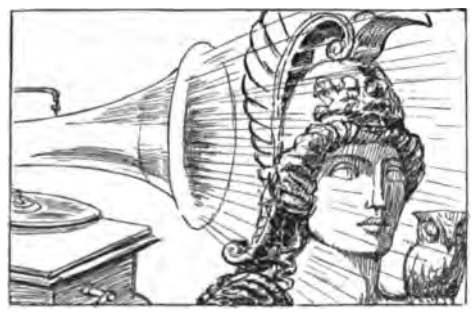
Looking upon their children they ask with panic fear if these are to be the children of the ghettos now being established, set apart as though leprous, with one avenue of advancement after another closed to them, denied the participation in government guaranteed to them by law, and in some States put beyond the pale of law. They read that the American Bar Association has virtually drawn the color line. They read almost every week of men of their race burned at the stake, North and South; of their women, done to death, ruthlessly shot out of semblance to their Maker, by the mobs that destroy them in the name of the purity of the white race! They read that even Northern communities where the mob rules, like Coatesville, Pennsylvania, and Springfield, Illinois, once the very home of Lincoln, fail to punish those who defy the laws and slay the accused or the innocent with barbarities known in no other land. They see themselves left out of account in the South by a leader of a new political party that boasts its desire for "social justice." If their children, deprived of school by the thousands, and depressed and ignorant, without a single influence to uplift, go wrong, the imputed shame is that of the whole race. Every negro criminal becomes a living indictment of his people. Bitterest of all, they cannot defend themselves against official wrong-doing, for having only a phantom ballot in their hands, the vilest sheriff is beyond their reach. Moreover, to the injury of the whole body-politic, no adequate education through self-government is provided for them in this Republic of Lincoln.

This is the reverse of the picture and its pathos is beyond description. What would Lincoln say? Would he, if reembodied, declare that the negro, for all his progress, is having a fair chance, North or South, to-day?

OPEN LETTERS

ON THE RELATIVE CLAIMS OF SWEETNESS AND LIGHT

To One who Thinks Women "Movement-Mad"



Dear Helen:

A cowardly fear of being funny silenced me last night, but, now, refreshed by sleep and by your absence, knowing that you are well on your road, I mount my slow nag, and, armored to be dull, come pricking after. I know that words are creatures of chance, subject to jeopardy from all the winds that blow, and that in writing I am only increasing the hazard of misunderstanding, "harnessing for a yet more perilous adventure," but despite this I follow soberly behind, your own words upon my lips.

You said, in part, you may recall, that our little group, and especially the women among us, are movement-mad; that peaceful, esthetic conversation has been done to death by furious talk on wrongs and reforms; that the amenities of civilized soci-

ety, so you said, have fallen beneath the ax of chop-logic; that even at dinners we women grow red and shrill over astonishing topics—eugenics, political nominees, prison menus, and woman suffrage; that art, "the world's sweet inn," has become a house of brawlers; that to speak of dancing is to bring up in a dance-hall, and to discuss a play is to become entangled in a wreckage of commandments. All of Pan's gay world is silenced, you declared, shut off with a cordon of linked question marks; that the very laughter in our throats has become brazen and controversial—the derisive laughter of the Hebrew Scriptures; that, oh, dreadful climax, you will open your purse to no more reforms, unless it be to a Society for the Reformation of Manners.

When you quote Falstaff's plaint that "It were better to be eaten to death with rust than scoured to nothing with perpetual motion," I understand what you mean—that is my misfortune in debate. But are you really enamoured of rust? You, who would keep all talk in low relief, sweet, level, and cool as the heads on a Greek frieze, are you not turning from a world that is alive and alight to wander in a land of shades?

Esthetic ideals were shaped for us by the centuries that lie between us and Myron. What wonder that talk moves smoothly upon such age-worn ways! Slave-owning Greeks and subtle Italians wrought out, in sweat and toil, arts that were old when a social conscience was an amœba. In sweat and strife men and women are blazing new trails to-day; and the overcoming of inertia still generates heat. But, once more, something comes forth, shining, from the lustration of fire.

Smile down upon us from your tranquil bleacher! It is quite true that we are ravished by the dazzling, many-sided iridescence of what we take for a new Truth, hailing its radiance with our uncouth cries. We buffet hotly the ideas that each is driving toward his goal, but when, out of the rush and turmoil, some one scores a touchdown the whole field cheers.

When a new country is discovered—though it be a desert—the explorer plants his flag with a shout; and there is as high authority, in the authentic tribune of men's hearts, for our passion as for your calm. The "lark of aspiration" must sing as it mounts.

A modern master of friendship has said that, after all, there are only two real subjects of conversation—love and conduct. As love is best in tête-à-tête, that leaves us morals. Thinking of it in cold blood, it seems as though we might be calmer talkers, but when have morals not been associated with heat, here or hereafter? The part of your charge that I find strangest is that this noisy super-heatedness, that you impute to us, is a new evil. Where is your memory, Girl? Mine takes up the thread about the year that you were born, when people were still talking back over the questionable morality of one set of men freeing the slaves of another set, and of the political right of the Southern States to secede. I see a room, a hollow square of books, the air blue with smoke, torn by lightning-jags of talk. Voices—raised voices, dear Lady—talked of Predestination and Free Will. They talked as we poor weaklings of this Laodicean age may never hope to talk, hurling Eternal Damnation at each others' heads and imputations of blasphemy, in horrid whispers. Goethe's Elective Affinities and the doctrine of one Thomas Paine were discussed; Darwin, in relation to the osteoplastic romance of Eve. Apostolic Succession, Infant Damnation, Predestination—these are some of the live-wires of another day. I never hear the echo of raised voices, down the long vista of my past, without realizing that real talk is going forward—morals, preferably with a dash of love.

To-day, we, true children of those senior wranglers, have inescapably, in our blood, the passion for moral research; "the invisible masters that reign in our innermost cells" have predetermined our choice. The names of all the protagonists have changed; the battleground has shifted from skyey metaphysics to the slum street; from Infant Damnation to Certified Milk for Babies; but we, too, are doing battle for our realities. In the hospitals and the settlement houses are the children and grandchildren of our old circuit-riders and militant bishops. The children of those who warred for righteousness still seek and serve.

Your quarrel is not with our little group of noisy talkers; your quarrel, Madam, is with the leaven of the world, that froths and foams and stirs because it is working. In the stormy schools of religious controversy—in that old, warm talk on morals, when the souls of men were the stake—we learned that we are our brothers' keepers, and that idea, once generated, will be conserved, generation by generation, and the force of it will not be lost. As they strove to insure to men eternal life, their children strive that men may inherit the earth.

Our contention, yours and mine, is the old Hellenic-Hebraic clash of ideals.

"Beauty and Light!" you cry.

"Justice and Right!" comes the response.

We are both right, but my right is deeper and more elemental than yours. Yours exists for a few, happy, chosen spirits; mine for the whole, wide travailing world. Yours

rests upon mine; mine does not rest upon yours.

"Rest!" you jeer. "You people never rest, and you let no one else rest."

"'Restfulness,'" I cry, with inky vivacity, "Stevenson told us long ago that 'restfulness is a quality for cattle.'"

"Ah, Chantecler! Chantecler!" I hear you murmur, "when will you learn the secret of the dawn."

Well, you see I have given you the last word, at least.

As ever yours,

Louise Herrick Wall.

AFTER-DINNER STORIES

BY SYLVESTER MENLO

BEARDING WHISTLER IN HIS DEN

THE following anecdote of Whistler was told by the painter himself.

One day when Whistler was absorbingly busy in painting the portrait of a prominent American gentleman, a ring was heard at his studio bell, and his man-servant appeared with the cards of a certain rich American lady and her husband, saying they would like very much to see him. He sent word that he was closely occupied with a sitter, and begged them to excuse him. But the servant brought back word that the lady had come from America for the distinct purpose of having him paint her portrait, and that it was necessary for her to have an interview. He immediately sent word down that interviews could be had only by appointment, and he regretted that he could not receive her. But despite this rebuff, the lady and her escort succeeded in passing the guard, and were soon heard mounting the stairs; whereupon Whistler said to his sitter:

"Oh, Jack, for heaven's sake, do go and send her away!"

At the top of the landing the sitter found the lady and her husband. He expostulated with her on her intrusion, but was unable to make any impression upon her, and so reported to the painter, who finally came out with a handful of wet brushes between his fingers and advanced upon the enemy with a determined manner, and, as he went toward her, pushing his hand in front of him, to the imminent danger of spoiling a very beautiful costume arranged for an effective portrait.

It was very amusing to see Whistler punctuating his remarks with the jerks of his hand in which he had put two or three pencils to illustrate the situation.

"My dear Madam," he said [forward gesture], "you must know [gesture repeated] that an artist [another gesture] cannot be interrupted in his work [deprecatory gesture], and I must ask you kindly to desist from this intrusion [forward gesture]. It is impossible for me to make arrangements [gesture] except by appointment, and I am obliged to ask you [gesture] to be so good as to excuse me." As he approached her, the lady was obliged to retire a few inches, until she reached the top of the landing, when Whistler, seeing that she acknowledged her discomfiture, bade her good morning as she took her leave. The painter did not mention the lady's name.

On the conclusion of the anecdote, one of his auditors said, "You must have a great many such experiences with the *nouveaux riches,* Mr. Whistler."

"Ah, yes, ah, yes," he said; "and it takes them a long time to grow up to the portraits we make of them."

"RULES ARE MADE TO BE BROKEN"

IN the early days of a certain club of New York, when it was rather harder sledding for the club than it is at the present time, in a meeting of the council the question came up as to the arrears of members' dues, and the treasurer reported that one man was particularly recreant in this regard. It was in the winter, and the club was then maintaining throughout the day and evening beautifully heated and lighted quarters. At this time the only person in the club who frequented it every day was this delinquent, who, in addition to doing a large portion of his writing there, was accustomed to make considerable inroads upon the stationery of the club for home consumption.

At the meeting of the council referred to,

there was protest against this state of affairs, and a determination was manifest to put an end to it, and after discussion the secretary was instructed to notify the member in question that his name had been dropped from the rolls of the club.

The question then arose whether there was anybody else who was in arrears, whereupon the treasurer reported that this was true of another member.

"Who can that be? Let us make an example of them both," remarked one member, bringing his fist down on the table for emphasis. The reply was that it was Mr. X——, the poet.

"Oh, heavens!" replied another. "We can't let X—— go. He 's too important to the club."

Whereupon the resolution was amended to read as follows: "Resolved, that the secretary be instructed to drop the name of Mr. Q—— from the rolls of the club for non-payment of dues, and to retain the name of Mr. X—— for the same reason."

SERVICEABLE FRENCH

SOME years ago a young American woman, Miss G——, met at a Paris pension a compatriot, a spinster. One evening the conversation turned upon the study of languages. Miss G——, though she had lived some time in Paris, expressed an indifference to acquiring French, and said, with an air of concluding the matter, that on the whole she thought a knowledge of French took away very much from the feeling of strangeness which one had in the country, to which Miss G—— warmly assented.

"But, Miss S——," she said, "you certainly know *some* French; otherwise it would be very difficult for you to find your way about the city."

"Oh, yes," responded the older lady, "I know some French—quite enough for all practical purposes."

"For instance," pursued Miss G——, who herself spoke French very beautifully, "what do you do when you wish a *cocher* to drive faster?"

"Oh," was the response, "that 's easy enough. I simply rise, poke him in the back with my parasol, and"—shaking her hands, palms forward, nervously—"I say, 'Rapidilly, rapidilly!' Oh, I know French enough for that."

THE PLAINT OF THE SOREHEAD

BY JAMES D. CORROTHERS

'T WA' N'T 'zackly de ack o' "de Pahty,"
  'T wus slidin' too quick f'om de fence,
Wid an appetite ovahly h'ahty—
  An' *dis* am de quinsequence!

Nothin' "comfo'tin' " visible!
  Laud! but it 's suttainly tough!—
Mis'able, mis'able, mis'able!—
  Mis'able enough!

I worked foh "de Pahty" last 'lection;
  An' winked at de Dimocrats, too,
Thinkin' I 'd "make a collection"
  F'om *one* uv 'em, sho!—would n't you?
But heah I sets, sad an' commis'able—
  I *tell* you dey 's treated me rough!
Mis'able, mis'able, mis'able!—
  Mis'able, sho' 'nough!

APE OWE 'EM

BY DEEMS TAYLOR

WHEN fur stews can this sill leer I 'm,
  Toot rye tomb ache theme e'en ink Lear,
Youth inked wood butt bee weigh sting thyme;
  Use eh, "It 's imp lean on scents, shear!"

Gnome attar; Anna lies align!
  Nation mice lender verse says knot—
Fork rip tick poet real Ike mine,
  How Aaron weal, demesnes allot.

THEN AND NOW

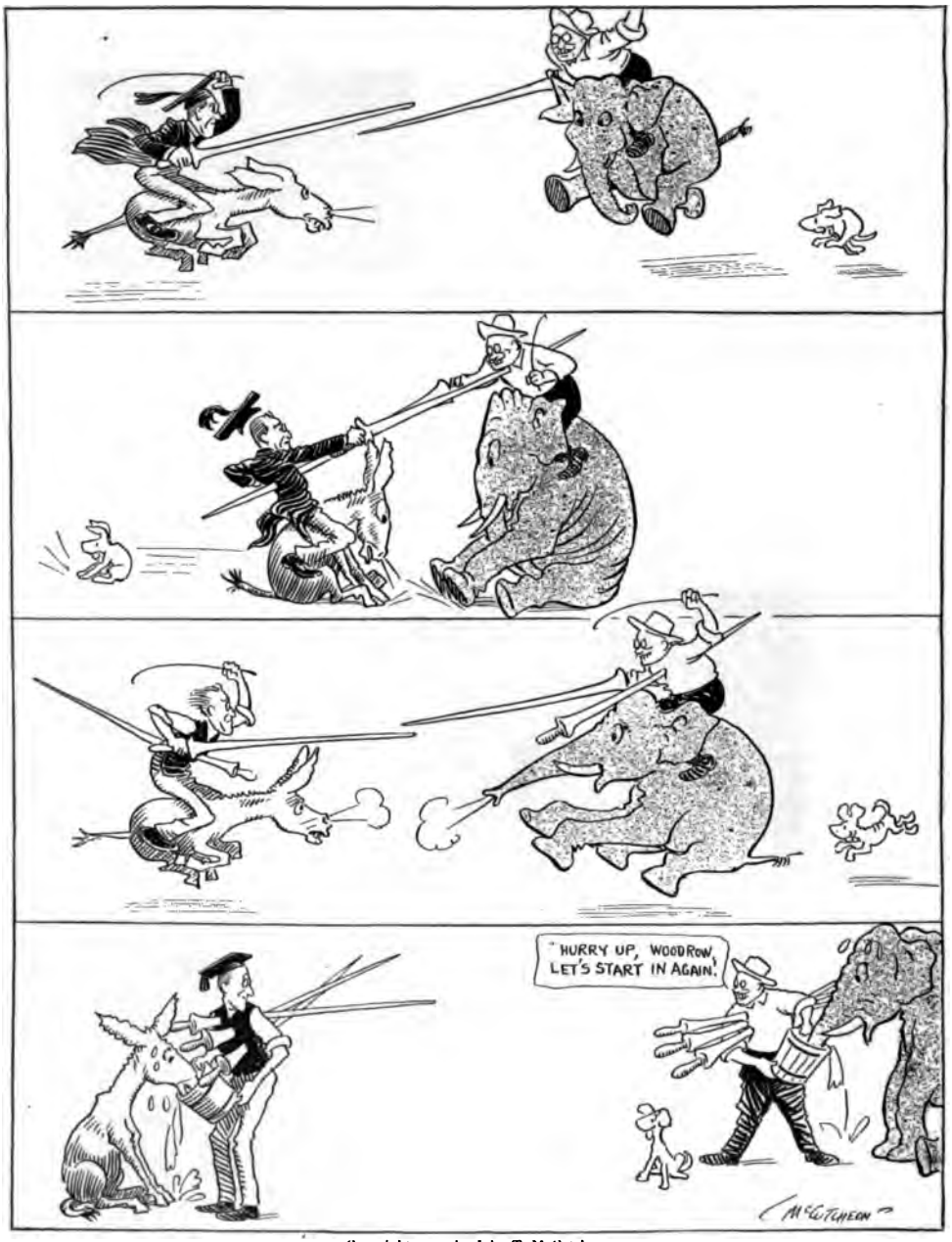
BY CAROLYN WELLS

WHEN my jokes appeal to the editors' mind,
  And they send me word they 've kept 'em;
I am so glad if they 're the kind
  Who pay when they accept 'em.

Months later, when in print I find
  My charming lucubration;
I am so glad if they 're the kind
  Who pay on publication.

AMBIDEXTROUS

"Oh! Jack, I 'm so sorry you 've hurt your arm."



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"WHEN IMMORTAL MEETS IMMORTAL"

A PROPHETIC CARTOON. BY JOHN T. McCUTCHEON

(Both Mr. Woodrow Wilson and Colonel Theodore Roosevelt are members of the American Academy of Arts and Letters.)

This drawing, made for the Chicago "Tribune," before the nomination of either candidate, is here reprinted by permission.

LIMERICKS

TEXT AND PICTURES BY OLIVER HERFORD

XVII - THE FINANCIER FOX

THERE once was a plausible fox
Who explained that he dabbled in "stocks,"
But they found out one day
"Live stock" was his "lay,"
When he "cornered" ten prize Plymouth Rocks.

XVIII.—THE FASTIDIOUS YAK

THERE was once a fastidious yak
Who refused to eat hay from a stack.
"A haystack," said he,
"Looks so very like me!"
(The haystack 's the one at the back.)

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IDLENESS

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THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. LXXXV DECEMBER, 1912 No. 2

THE CHRISTMAS TREE ON CLINCH

(DOINGS ON PERILOUS)

BY LUCY FURMAN

Author of "Mothering on Perilous," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY F. R. GRUGER

ONE Saturday morning in October the head-workers and some of the teachers of the Settlement School on Perilous were unpacking barrels and boxes on the front porch of the "big house," a wagon having come in from the railroad the previous day. Christine Potter, the newest and youngest teacher, looked up from a box of books to see an odd procession approaching along the road. A yellow mare, bearing a small woman with an infant in arms, and a tiny child behind, was followed by a half-grown mule colt, on which rode three little girls, while a small yellow colt trotted sedately in the rear. At the school gate the party halted. The yellow colt flung his four legs in as many directions and began to frisk about his mother; the riders dismounted and came up the walk.

The woman came straight to the heads, her eager face beaming under the black sunbonnet, inevitable badge of the married woman.

"Don't you know me?" she inquired—"little Anne Goodloe that was, from the head of Clinch? Don't you mind the summer, ten year' gone, you sot up a tent over there, and I holp you with the singing and gatherings?"

Yes, indeed, the heads remembered, and gave Anne a hearty welcome, asking a volley of questions about her family. But these she cut short.

"Women," she said, "all that will keep. Let me first get off my mind what I come for. Before I lose another minute I crave to enter these young uns of mine on the highroad to l'arning in this here fine school. I have heared you write 'em down in a book, and take as they come; and many 's the time I have woke with a nightmare, dreaming my offsprings was writ down too late to get a show. I want you to put 'em down immediate'. Phœbe, Ellen, Minervy, Lukeanna, stand forth!"

The four small girls drew up in line be-

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fore their mother, their blue sunbonnets forming an exact stairway.

"Six, four and a half, three, and going on two is their ages," continued Anne, "and my man-child here, too—John Jeems, four month',—don't pass over him."

One of the heads wrote down the names and ages; then she inquired:

"And the last name—your married name?"

Anne watched their faces expectantly as she replied:

"Talbert."

"Talbert!" they exclaimed in one astonished voice.

"I allowed it would take your breath to hear that John Goodloe's daughter had married Jeems Talbert's son," Anne said, smiling.

"When we were over on Clinch the Goodloes and Talberts were mortal enemies. There was constant trouble between them, and not a Talbert would ever come inside our tent simply because it was on Goodloe land."

"Yes," said Anne; "forty year' they have been at war—ever since Paw and Jeems fell out over a gal, and shot each other all up."

Christine had gathered the sunbonnets, and placed a chair for Anne, who now sat down, smoothed and recoiled her abundant yellow hair, and proceeded to give her man-child his dinner, the little girls ranging themselves silently on a bench, still in step formation, and gazing about them with big eyes and bobbing pigtails.

"There was some little shooting going on when we were there," continued the heads, "and five years previous the two eldest sons had killed each other in an engagement."

"Yes," replied Anne; "that was a mighty sorry time when the boys on both sides got sizable enough to take up their paps' war—a sorry time it was for both Goodloes and Talberts." She sighed deeply.

"Doubtless they made peace later, or you would not have married a Talbert?"

"No, they hain't never made peace; but there never was no war betwixt me and Luke. We was the youngest on both sides, and I allus did think Luke was the prettiest boy that ever rid a nag. When we would be out hunting the cows, I never regretted when I met up with him, though of course we would n't speak or let on to

Drawn by F. R. Gruger. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Coates

"'T WA' N'T LONG BEFORE I KNOWED HE WAS THE ONLIEST BOY I WOULD EVER MARRY'"

see. But one day when we had passed in the road unseeing that a-way, we both turned back to look. Luke he blushed, and I laughed. 'Goodloes hain't pizen,' I says. 'Neither is Talberts,' he says; and from that time we would stop and pass a few words when there wa' n't nobody in sight. 'T wa' n't long before I knowed he was the onliest boy I would ever marry, and him the same of me. Of course I never told nobody but granny, and she holp us off; she allus did contend that Goodloes and Talberts never ought to be nothing but friends, paw and Jeems having been raised like own brothers.

"Well, maybe you think there wa' n't a general commotion when me and Luke run off. Paw and Jeems b'iled and raged scandalous, for men lamed and maimed up like them, and it looked like the war would be fit all over ag'in. Luke had took his logging money and bought a piece of ground from his paw right j'ining ours, and raised a house on it, so we had a roof over our heads; but nary a foot did a Goodloe or a Talbert set in it, or so much as look our way in passing, for over a year. But me and Luke we never seed no slights, and allus spoke civil and cheerful to all we met, and in time they begun to drap in, first one side and then t' other. Then when my young uns come along, paw he would sa'nter down now and then to see 'em, and finally Jeems he stumped up on his crutch a time or two, which pleased me a sight, and I had hopes of their meeting peaceable and maybe patching up the war, like granny says she knows they pine to in their hearts, now they are both widows, and getting along in years, and lonesome. But when my man-child come, what did I do but spile everything by naming him John Jeems, atter both; sence which I hain't had a glimp' of neither.

"But though the feeling keeps up, there hain't been to say no active warfare betwixt paw and Jeems sence Luke and me married, and no bad shootings amongst the sons and sons-in-law, like there used to be at Christmas and election-time. Four year' gone, a five-month district school started up two mile' down Clinch from us, and both Goodloe and Talbert young uns has been a-going, and has got acquainted and friendly, which has sort of swaged down their payrents; so you might say the war is ended with everybody now but Jeems and paw.

"I been a-going to that district school myself sence it took up. From the time you women was over on Clinch I got me a big hankering for l'arning. Jeems Talbert had sont Luke away to school two term', and when we was married, to see him read and write and figure, and me not able to tell a from izzard, went ag'in the grain terrible. No Goodloe don't like to be outdone by a Talbert. So when the school started, though I were a' old married woman of nineteen, I gathered up my young uns and lit in for l'arning, riding back and forth to school on Cindy and her mule colt. Luke he made cradles for the babes to lay in at school, and the scholars holp me mind 'em, and they never give a' hour's trouble. Minervy here she started on the road to knowledge at five days old, —time was precious, and I could n't stay away,—and now at three she knows all her a b c's. And I am able to read and write and figure as good as Luke, and can read every word of that Testament you give me, and hain't neglected my cooking or spinning or weaving neither."

Having made sure that Anne would remain to dinner, the heads resumed their work, leaving Christine to entertain the guest. The interesting fact was soon established that the two were almost of an age, both being twenty-three, with birthdays in August.

"Just as good as twins," exclaimed Anne, delightedly. Then she sighed, and looked wistfully at Christine's girlish face. "But you that fair and tender you don't look sixteen," she said, "and me a' old woman!" Later she asked, "When a woman don't marry at fourteen or fifteen or anyhow sixteen, how does she put in her time? What is there for her to do?"

"Many girls put in their time as I did," replied Christine. "After finishing school, I spent four years in college, then I traveled in Europe for a year, then my father said I knew little more than an infant about actual life, and ought to do some real work for a while to find out; so I came here, where I hope I am learning."

When the dinner bell rang, Christine found great pleasure in taking Anne to the table and in watching her eager scrutiny of room, children, manners, service.

At two o'clock Anne announced that

Drawn by F. R. Gruger

Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

"'JEEMS AND JOHN, THE MESSAGE COMES TO YOU THIS BRIGHT CHRISTMAS DAY STRAIGHT FROM THE TONGUE OF ANGELS'" (SEE PAGE 171)

she must depart, as it would be necessary to reach the half-way stop-over place, nine miles distant, by night.

"My young uns sets a nag uncommon' well, from such constant practice going to school," she said; "but I consider nine mile' is about enough for 'em to travel in a day. And now," she continued, flashing a smile at Christine, "being as we 're twins, I do hope you will use your endeavors to make me a visit before long. Seems like I have a mighty near feeling for you."

A sudden thought came to Christine.

"Would you like me to come over and have my Christmas tree at your house?" she asked. "Father has promised that I may have one."

"I don't rightly know what a Christmas tree is," said Anne, "but I will be proud to have you any time or season."

Christine explained that a Christmas tree is simply a small evergreen tree on which at Christmas time presents and candy are hung for the children.

"I should like to have the tree at your house, and invite all the children, and older people, too, in the neighborhood," she said.

"I can answer for the young uns turning out if there 's pretties and rarities to see," said Anne; "but the grown-ups is different. There hain't nobody but Goodloes and Talberts on the head of Clinch, and I misdoubt if they 'll gather under one roof. But I 'll do my best, and give 'em all a' invite."

Letters passed between the two later, Anne sending the names and ages of the children of the neighborhood, Christine giving directions for making strings of popcorn and holly-berries for the adornment of the tree.

BEFORE day on Christmas morning, Christine, accompanied by Howard Cleves, a big boy from the school, set forth for the head of Clinch, the great "pokes" of Christmas things slung across the saddles standing out like panniers from the sides of the two nags. As they wound up the mountain-side above Perilous Creek, the whole east awoke and flushed with joy in memory of the day.

The eighteen miles were long and difficult and lonely; the mountains folded in and out, dazzling white where they caught the sunlight, deep blue in the shadows. Occasionally in a hollow or beside a frozen stream appeared a small log-house, tight-shut against the cold, the only sign of life or cheer the thin column of smoke rising straight from its chimney. Once or twice the travelers met parties of young men and boys riding with jugs and pistols, doing their utmost to celebrate the day, but always suddenly quiet at sight of Christine.

About half-past one they drew up before Luke Talbert's house on Clinch, and Anne, Luke, and the four little girls gave Christine the warmest of welcomes. After being thawed and fed, she glanced about the two rooms of the house with some surprise and disappointment.

"I see you have n't put up the tree yet," she said.

Anne looked puzzled.

"Hain't put the tree up?" she repeated. "Why, it 's already up—up and growing back here in the gyarden." She led the way to the back porch. There, beyond the tall palings of riven oak, in the very center of the small, sloping garden, its delicate branches garlanded with snowy popcorn and scarlet berries, was a splendid young hemlock, apparently rejoicing in its vigor and beauty and in the sacred use to which it was being put.

Christine was dumb for an instant.

"Hain't it right?" Anne inquired anxiously.

"Yes, beautiful, the loveliest I ever saw," answered Christine. "Usually people cut down the Christmas tree and set it up in the house; but how much more appropriate to have it living and growing!"

"It was such a pretty little tree I would n't let Luke cut it when we cleared the land," said Anne; "I told him I would plant my gyarden round it. Granny she allus liked it, too. She come down yesterday and holp me cap corn and string berries. She 's powerful keen to see the doings to-day, and aims to fetch paw along if she can."

Two fires were already burning, one to the right, one to the left of the tree, and large piles of wood stood beside them in the snow. "Luke allowed the folks would freeze to death if we never fixed to warm 'em abundant'," Anne explained.

Then Christine and Anne and Luke

and Howard set to work to fasten on Christmas bells, tinsel, bags of candy, dolls, and lighter gifts, climbing up on chairs when necessary. The oranges and heavier things were stacked below the tree. There was no need to take out the candles, with the glorious sunshine streaming all around.

"I warned the young uns not to show their faces before three," said Anne, "but they are that wild I look for 'em any minute." She had scarcely spoken the words before a dozen small excited faces peered through the palings. Picking up a stick of wood, Anne sallied forth. "Shoo, you feisty young uns, you!" she cried, "get along into that house there! Anybody that shows a face outside till called don't get nary single pretty."

Before she could return to the tree again, another crowd of children had collected at the palings, and the rout had to be repeated.

"And I see 'em a-coming as far as eye can reach," she reported, "up Clinch and down Clinch, Talberts and Goodloes, both young and old. Of course I knowed the young would turn out, but the older ones would n't make no promise, though I could see they was terrible curious to behold a Christmas tree. They 'll be mad as hops over being shut up that a-way; but they had no business to come so soon. And I hain't aiming to take no chances on their raising a quarrel, neither: I 'm locking Goodloes in one house and Talberts in t' other, with the door fastened between."

From this time Anne was busily occupied meeting visitors and diverting them to the two "houses" (rooms). Once a little old lady who had just dismounted from behind a gaunt, grizzled man dodged past Anne and ran into the garden. "I am jŭst bound to see how it looks," she said. "Oh, hain't it a sight for cherubim!" She stood in an ecstasy of delight, hands clasped, withered little face shining within the quilted woolen sunbonnet, small body all alertness beneath the heavy homespun shawl.

"Now, Granny, you get right back in that house there with paw," admonished Anne. "You have brung him thus far; but if he sees any Talberts, or gets wind of a whole passel being locked up in t' other house, you know he 'll be off like a shot."

Granny turned sorrowfully away.

"That 's p'int'ly true," she admitted, hastening into the Goodloe room after her tall, stoop-shouldered son.

For a few minutes longer the sky seemed to rain Goodloes and Talberts. Both rooms must have been filled to bursting. Then, just as the tree was completed, and Anne was about to call out the guests, there was a last arrival. A heavy-set man, with a crutch under one arm, rode slowly into the yard, peering carefully about the house and over the palings as he came.

"My Lord! Luke, if there hain't your paw!" cried Anne, breathlessly. "I made sure he would n't come. Help him down and bring him right here, and don't let on there 's any Goodloes in fifty mile'!" She placed a chair by the left-hand fire, and hither, on his crutch, Jeems Talbert was piloted, all the time gazing in fascination upon the tree.

The next instant garden gate and house doors were flung open, and the guests streamed out, young and old with eyes glued to the dazzling tree. Last of all came granny, her arm in that of her son, John Goodloe, whose one remaining eye was so intently fixed upon the tree that he had almost reached it before he saw his blood-enemy, Jeems Talbert, rise on his crutch not five feet distant, surprise and rage in his eyes. Both men stiffened and glared; the hand of each instinctively moved toward his hip-pocket; a gasp ran through the crowd. Granny's cracked old voice rang out sharply:

"John, Jeems, hain't you got no manners? Do you aim to spile the woman's Christmas tree?"

The appeal to chivalry had its effect. Still glaring, the two enemies backed away, each to a fire.

The general uneasiness and apprehension abated somewhat when Christine stepped out in front of the tree, Anne's Testament in her hand, and began to read, in her earnest, tender voice, the story of the first Christmas. As she proceeded, there was absolute silence. Not a person whispered, not a child stirred, not a baby winked. Faces became rapt, astonished, awed. The white, everlasting hills themselves appeared to hearken. "And Joseph also went up . . . to Bethlehem . . . to be taxed with Mary his espoused wife. . . . And she brought forth her firstborn

son, . . . and laid him in a manger. . . . There were in this same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night. And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them, . . . and the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. . . . And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

Christine and Howard lifted up their voices in "Hark the Herald Angels Sing," then, beginning with the youngest,—there was one infant even newer than John Jeems, a Goodloe baby of three weeks,—Anne and Luke read off the names and handed out the gifts. To children who had not seen a store doll or toy before, the simple things were marvels indeed. For every girl, little or big, there was a doll; for every boy, a toy of some kind; every person received an orange and a tarleton bag of candy; every family a large Christmas-bell. And at the last, at Anne's suggestion, the smaller bells and ornaments and tinsel were stripped from the tree, in order that no one should go away without a "pretty." For granny there was a handsome Bible, none the less joyfully received that she could not read a word of it. But even as she clasped it, her eyes wandered to the dolls.

"Who would ever believe there was such pretty poppets in all this world!" she exclaimed, hearing which, Christine laid the prettiest poppet of all in her arms. At this, three or four other old ladies crowded about granny in such voluble delight that Christine was glad she had enough dolls left over to present to them.

Nor, in the general largess, was the "stranger within the gates" forgotten. The tree held for Christine a fine pair of mittens from granny, a most beautiful woven coverlet from Anne, and a rosy apple each from Phœbe, Ellen, Minervy, Lukeanna, and John Jeems.

The scene was indeed a happy one. Absorbed in the joy of their offspring, and in their own gratified love of the beautiful, Goodloes and Talberts mingled freely, and melted into friendliness and cordiality. John Goodloe and Jeems Talbert alone stood apart, each by his fire, eying gloomily his orange and poke of candy.

Suddenly granny, laying her "pretty poppet" in Christine's arms, stepped forward in front of the tree and raised a hand for silence.

"Friends, Talberts and Goodloes," she began, in a wavering old voice which took on strength as she proceeded, "we find ourselves gathered to-day in onlooked-for and, I may say, onpossible fashion, refreshing our mortal eyes with the sight of this here wonderly tree, and our immortal sperrits with the good tidings the fotch-on woman has just read us out of the Book. I never heared just that particular scripture read before, or if so I never kotch its full meaning. Of course I knowed Christ had come to earth 'way back yander in old, ancient days some time or 'nother; but I never heared tell of his coming to *all men.* From what the preachers said, I got the idee he just come for to snatch a few elect favor-rites out of the hell to which all the rest of us was predestinated, whether or no; and consequent', I never tuck no great interest in him, or felt particular' grateful. Even if I had had the assurance of being one of the elect myself, which I never, I still would have worried a sight over them which was bound to be lost, not seeing no justice, let alone mercy, in it.

"But now comes the woman, and reads out of the scripture that the angels theirselves laid down and declared that unto *all men* was borned a Saviour, that the tidings of joy was for *all.* Which, though it takes me by surprise, is the very best and most welcomest news that ever fell upon my years. Yes, glory to God! *all men,*—not only the elect, not only the upright, but the very low-downest and dog-meanest, the vilest and needingest and most predestinated, is all took in. Now that 's the kind of a Saviour my heart has allus called for; that 's the kind I have laid awake of nights longing to hear tell of; and now at last the news has come, 'pears like my bosom will bu'st with the joy I hain't able to utter.

"And that hain't the only good tidings we have heared this notable day. That selfsame angel, and a multitude more, sang together in that Christmas sky, 'Peace on earth, good-will toward men.' O

friends and chillens, words indeed fails me when I try to tell what powerful good news that is to me. For if ever a woman has craved peace and pursued it, if ever a woman has had her fill of bloodshed and warfare, and her heart tore and stobbed by violence and contention, I am that woman. Yes, for forty year' I hain't opened my eyes a single morning without fear of what the day might bring forth; my soul and body has been wore to a frazzle by anxiousness and tribulation. All you Talberts and Goodloes under the shadow of my voice know well what I mean, for all of you has staggered under the same burden. Yes, I 'll be bound there hain't one here but has had his 'nough of war and strife, and is ready to welcome the good Christmas news to-day, and forgit whether he 's a Goodloe or a Talbert.

"Not a one, that is, but two. Surveying all around and about me, I don't behold but two faces here that hain't decked out, like the love-lie tree, with Christmas joy and peace. John Goodloe and Jeems Talbert is onliest humans in all this gathering that wears gloom and darkness on their countenance.

"John and Jeems, I am minded to speak out my full thought to you two boys here and now, if I die for it. I 'm a-going to unbottle my mind and feelings, now I got you together, which God knows hain't likely to happen ag'in. And I aim to speak to you, Jeems, just as free as to my son John, for the time was when you was every grain as dear to me as a son, and I never knowed no difference betwixt the two of you. Yes, when your pore young maw died at your birth, and you was left a leetle, pindling, motherless babe, not scarce able to cry, it was me, your nighest neighbor, that tuck you in and keered for you, that worked over you and prayed over you, tryin' to keep life in your puny leetle body. Many 's the hour you and John have laid in my arms together, him a-sucking one breast and you t'other; and if the milk run short, he was the one that done without, being a week older and a sight stronger than you. And I would set, looking on you both, not able to tell which I loved the best. For him I had love, but for you both love and pity. Yes, I loved you pine-blank as good as John; I may say you was both my firstborns. And when your paw got him a new woman, it was with weeping and wailing and rebelling that I give you up; I reckon I 'll never git over the hurt of it. But even atter that, having fell into the hands of a stepmaw, you was allus a-running back to me; my house was home to you; you knowed where to find understanding of your leetle troubles, sympathy for your hurts, and comfort for your stummick. I allow you hain't forgot them batches of gingercake I used to keep cooked up for you and John?"

Jeems made no reply; but he swallowed perceptibly, and the hand on his crutch twitched nervously.

"You and John," continued granny, "was allus together in your boy-time in all your pranks and antics; when I whupped one, I knowed it was safe to whup t' other, and I done it glad' and generous', for your future profit. And as you begun, you kep' on. In your teens, if one sneezed, t' other kotch his breath. And finally when you got up to be tall, pretty boys, sprouting mustaches and dashing around on nags, you was just as onseparable, doing all your rambling and drinking and gallivanting together, even down to falling in love with the same gal. Yes, that 'ere pretty leetle jade, Nance Bolling, I can see her now,—these store-poppets reminds me pine-blank of her,—just as beautiful, just as empty-headed and hollow-hearted. Well, Nance she left nothing undone to agg you both on, and foment jealousy and hate in your hearts, and then, when she had you plumb beside yourselves, she sot you to fight it out. You fit it out, to that extent Jeems has gone through life on a crutch, and John with one eye and one lung; and while you was laid up with your wounds, Nance upped and run off with another boy, God help him! But did that restore you to your nateral senses and feelings? Did you rise up clothed in your right mind and ashamed of your conduct? Far from it! You riz up b'iling with rage, thirsting for blood, black in the face with that fierce hate which springs only from the root of love. You that had once lived closer than brothers, sot in to layway and ambush and kill, and to rid the earth of one another. You will both bear me out in saying it hain't the fault of neither that t' other draws the breath of life to-day.

"And even when you had both forgot Nance time out of mind, and tuck you

two of as nice women as the wind ever blowed on, you still cherished deadly hatred in your hearts, and handed it down to your innocent offsprings as they come along, so that as they growed up they holp you in your devilment, and there was war betwixt every man and boy that bore the name of Goodloe and Talbert, shootings every Christmas and election, and battles and ambushings at odd times, till I allow there hain't a man here that hain't got a lot of scars to show. And the worst come fifteen years gone, when your two oldest, as likely and handsome a pair as ever drawed breath, and with young wives and babes depending on them, fit the terriblest battle of all, and fell both with six bullets in 'em, stone-dead. Yes, having nothing ag'in' each other, they died, a living sacrifice to the hatred in your hearts. Jeems, John, it was a costly price to pay. I seed John, and heared of Jeems, aging twenty-year' in a week. The fight was right smart took out of both of you, though the pride wa' n't; you continued to go about with hate in your eyes and guns in your pockets.

"John and Jeems, you know it 's the truth I 'm a-laying down when I say it is pride, and naught but pride, that stands betwixt you now at this present time. You know well you hain't neither of you forgot, or can forget, them fair early days when you was nigher than brothers, and never had a thought you could n't share, and that it is them very ricollections that has give' such a keen edge to your hate. You know well that, being sixty year' old now, and considable past your youth, and widows at that, with many of your acquaintance' drapped off and gone, you would both injoy fine having a boyhood friend and brother to set by the fire and talk old times with. I know myself how lonesome it is to git old and outlive everybody.

"Jeems and John, the message comes to you this bright Christmas day straight from the tongue of angels, 'Peace and good-will'; no more hate, no more pride, no more projeckin' and devilment, but 'Peace on earth, good-will toward men.' I charge you both, boys, hearken to the words, put by your stubbornness, trample on your pride; for Christ's sake and your old mother's, be j'ined together ag'in in brotherly love!"

The two grizzled, scarred men were staring across the intervening space now into each other's eyes, fixedly, painfully, awfully, as though they saw ghosts. Suddenly the hand of Jeems dropped to his hip-pocket, he drew forth his revolver, and flung it far up on the mountain-side. John's pistol rose almost simultaneously in the opposite direction. Then, with working faces, the two advanced and silently clasped hands.

Weeping and shouting, little granny caught the big men to the shrunken bosom from which they had once drawn life. Goodloes fell on the necks of Talberts; men embraced and wrung hands solemnly, women wept hysterically on one another's shoulders, children cried, not knowing why; Anne and Luke shed happy tears on the face of little John Jeems between them.

After a long while granny released the two men from her clasp, held them at arms'-length a moment, looking at them hungrily and joyously, and then laid a hand in the arm of each.

"Come along home now, boys," she said; "it 's a-gitting on late, and I allow you 'll both injoy a good batch of gingercake for supper."

HENRI BERGSON

PRONOUNCED "THE FOREMOST THINKER OF FRANCE"

HIS PERSONALITY, HIS PHILOSOPHY, AND HIS INFLUENCE[1]

BY ALVAN F. SANBORN

IF the generation now coming to the front in France is healthy and vigorous physically, mentally, and morally, and proud of its health and vigor, if it is confident, expectant, full of energy and will, impatient for action and fit to act, if it dares to be happy, if it will have none of the pessimism of Schopenhauer or of the nihilism of Renan; if it is, in a word, a generation of young young men, whereas the generation that preceded it was a generation of old young men, melancholy, morbid, dilettante, neurasthenic, and proud of its melancholia, morbidness, dilettantism, and neurasthenia,—and such is generally admitted to be the case,—certainly not the least of the numerous and varied influences that have combined to bring about this radical transformation is the inspiriting message of Henri Bergson.

In the early years of the twelfth century, at the base of the Tower of Clovis, on the summit of the Montagne Ste.-Geneviève in Paris, a scholar in the habit of a monk, Pierre Abélard, proclaimed under the open sky "the rights of the earth, the right of the reason to reason" in discourses which Michelet characterizes as "the veritable point of departure of the first Renaissance for France and for Europe." The élite of the then civilized world—two popes, twenty cardinals, fifty bishops, "all the orders," Romans, Germans, Englishmen, Italians, Spaniards, Flemings—flocked thither to listen to the great innovator. He was silenced by the dogmatists of the period, but he left behind him an idea which "became more and more the fixed idea of the Renaissance, namely, 'wisdom is not wisdom if it confines itself to logic, if it does not add thereto erudition, all human knowledge.' "

Five hundred years later, on this same Montagne Ste.-Geneviève, René Descartes demolished scholasticism and founded modern psychology. Persecuted by the Sorbonne, as was nearly every other expounder of new doctrines at that time, he nevertheless created a veritable furor among the bluestockings of the magnificent court of Louis XIV. His "vortexes" and "fluted matter," his "three elements" and his "innate metaphysical ideas," were the small talk of the *précieuses;* snobbishness for the most part, of course, but it is one of the redeeming features of snobbishness that it sometimes bestows its plaudits and its patronage upon genuine merit.

At the present time the philosopher Henri Bergson is assailing, in his turn, another scholasticism—the scholasticism of science. At the Collège de France, the consummation and the coronation of the various schools of the Montagne Ste.-Geneviève, he is creating a flutter in the dove-cotes of bluestockingdom such as no pure philosopher has created there since the time of Descartes. Indeed, Bergson has become so fashionable that soon, as some one facetiously observed regarding Francis of Assisi after the appearance of Sabatier's fascinating biography of that saint, "they will be wearing him upon bonnets," another instance of snobbishness adoring actual achievement.

The biggest amphitheater the Collège de France can provide is quite too small for M. Bergson's would-be auditors. Long before the lecture-hour, the seats and the steps of the aisles, which can be made to serve as seats, are preëmpted by patient waiters of both sexes, of varying ages, sorts, conditions, and all nationalities. The standing-room fills up rapidly also, while about the doors are enacted scenes vaguely reminiscent of those that occur daily at the City Hall terminal of the Brooklyn Bridge during the rush hours, in which the gentle, but not always man-

[1] Professor Bergson is about to visit the United States, and will deliver a series of lectures at Columbia University in January.

nerly, sex does rather more than its share of pushing, tugging, elbowing, and treading upon toes, in virtue, no doubt, of its superior zeal for knowledge.

When the lecture begins, the sitters, and such of the standers as are lucky enough to have their arms free, scribble furiously in their note-books, the hapless strugglers at the doors and in the vestibule crane their necks in a futile attempt to catch a glimpse of the platform through the rifts in the monstrous feminine headgear now in fashion, and all alike, those who neither see, hear, nor comprehend, as well as those who do, promptly take on the rapt, superior expression of initiates—the expression that used to characterize the audiences at "Pelléas and Mélisande" when Debussyism was in its infancy.

The lecturer is short of stature, spare, an almost perfect ascetic type, somewhat, gray and slightly bald. He has slender hands, tapering fingers, a weasel-shaped head, heavy eyebrows, a close-cropped mustache grayer than the hair, and "liquid and profound eyes that suggest mysterious molten metals in the stars." He is correctly, even fastidiously, but not foppishly, dressed. He speaks slowly and distinctly, but easily, with engaging indifference to his notes and without any effort at oratory, his nearest approaches to gestures being abruptly arrested semi-spasmodic workings of the hands, periodical inclinations of the head, and an occasional deepening and darkening of the eyes. It is as though sheer intellect, abstract intellect, were endowed with the power of speech. There is not the slightest trace in M. Bergson's manner of the overweening vanity that too often mars the public appearances of world celebrities, nor is there a scrap of the unlovely pedantry and arid officialism against the prevalence of which at the Sorbonne a considerable portion of cultivated France recently rose in revolt. On the contrary, he is constantly referred to in university circles as "the lark," partly perhaps because he offers a certain physical resemblance to that ungarish creature; but mainly because there is a touch of lyricism in all his utterances, even his most trenchant analyses. He presents his views progressively and with a modest tentativeness which makes his auditors feel that they are assisting at the birth of a system rather than listening to the exposition of a perfected one. They seem to see the lecturer suffer and create, as the symbolical pelican of ecclesiastical tradition pierces her flank for the wherewithal to feed her young. Indeed, the regular attendants follow the stages of the creative process as eagerly and impatiently as though they were the instalments of an absorbing novel.

How far Henri Bergson's extraordinary vogue is due to the substance and how far to the form of his thought is not easy to determine, since either alone amply suffices to account for it. His philosophy is a rehabilitation, to employ untechnical language, of God and the soul. It is a reconciliation "in a harmony felt by the heart of terms irreconcilable, perhaps, by the intellect," of science and metaphysics with religion, of knowledge with life, of law with conduct, of liberty with authority, of the ideals of the Occident with the ideals of the Orient, of the present with the past and with the future. According to M. Bergson, the universe, which is incessant mobility, perpetual, continuous flux, is acquiring a constantly swelling volume of free creative activity, and the inner life of each and every person in the universe is absolutely original. "Life is really creation. It is not a fabrication determined by the idea of an end to be realized; it is an impetus, an initiative, an effort to make matter produce something which it would not produce of itself." We know reality by living it. We may act freely, and in so acting we experience creation.

M. Bergson's philosophy is a vindication of intuition, the faculty upon which the poets, the Shelleys and the Keatses, the Villons and the Verlaines, have always depended for their knowledge of themselves, of the universe, and of their relations to the universe. We who are not poets are the deluded victims, says M. Bergson in effect, of our reasoning faculty, which is constantly playing hob with us. We should submit to the authority of intuition, for to do a thing without reason, even against reason, may in certain cases be to act from the best of reasons. This does not mean that reason should be despised or discarded, as some of the philosopher's overzealous followers are prone to proclaim,—even the great poet must resort to it in expressing the conceptions

his intuition gives him,—but rather that reason is a highly useful subordinate of intuition, bearing much the same relation thereto that the housemaid bears to the housewife, the mason or carpenter to the architect, the private soldier to the strategist. In short, M. Bergson's attitude toward reason is essentially that of the immortal seers. It recalls Pascal's "The heart has its reasons which reason knoweth not," Joubert's "It is easy to know God if you do not attempt to define Him," Emerson's "With consistency a great soul has simply nothing to do," and Browning's "Others may reason and welcome, 't is we musicians know."

Our William James pronounced every page of Henri Bergson to be "like the breath of morning and the song of birds." M. Bergson's style, though delightfully free from affectation, is not so simple and direct as these comparisons imply. They suggest admirably its freshness, melodiousness, graciousness, and grace, but they fail to suggest the exquisite subtlety which is its most distinctive trait. They may be given a fair approach to adequacy, however, by substituting for "the morning," a morning of luminous haze such as Corot loved to paint, and for "the song of birds," the cuckoo's "wandering voice." As soft, tenuous, filmy, fluid as mist or wreathing smoke, it is as precise, not to say geometrical, in design as the spider's gossamer web, and is equally iridescent. The critic who characterized it as Arachnean, therefore, was most happily inspired, though his purpose in doing so was, if I remember right, to hold it up to derision. No living writer, not even Maurice Maeterlinck, surpasses Henri Bergson in evoking, in projecting, in visualizing, so to speak, those subconscious activities of the soul which are commonly esteemed unanalyzable and, great poetry, possibly, apart, unutterable. He "forces language to express things for which language was not intended." With impalpable pigments and ghostly brushes he paints upon imaginary canvases veritable landscapes of the soul. We do not go to pure philosophers for esthetic sensations,—no one ever frequented Kant, for instance, for his style,—and in general we enjoy or do not enjoy them according as they do or do not succeed in convincing us. Henri Bergson is a striking exception to this rule. We read Bergson, as we read Plato, out of sheer infatuation with his verbal artistry, and we should continue to read him ecstatically if he should undertake to prove that the moon was made of green cheese.

Such as he is in the lecture-room, such as he is in his books, unassuming, unpedantic, gracious, well-poised, subtle, tactful, alert, resourceful, stimulating, such Henri Bergson is in his every-day existence. In his case, and to an unusual degree, the style is the man. An easy talker, ever ready to speak freely upon all subjects,—his personal affairs, work, and politics excepted,—he nevertheless goes little into society, not because he dislikes social functions, but because he cannot contrive to make the necessary leisure. He resides about midway between the Seine and the Bois de Boulogne, in an umbrageous and incredibly tranquil corner of the Auteuil quarter, where he is well nigh as secure from the hustle and bustle of Paris as he would be in a provincial village; and he spends his summers in Switzerland at St.-Cergue, almost ten miles from the nearest railway station, in a modest two-story villa, surrounded by meadows and evergreen woods, the front windows and veranda of which afford ravishing views of Lake Geneva and Mont Blanc. Winter and summer alike, six in the morning finds him installed at his desk, and from that moment until he retires for the night he allows himself virtually no respite save that which is afforded by an occasional varying of occupations.

Though so little of a Parisian in the sense in which the word is currently employed, M. Bergson is one of the relatively few famous Frenchmen who possess a clear title to that distinction. He was born in Paris on the eighteenth of October, 1859. From nine to eighteen he attended as a day student the Lycée Condorcet (then Lycée Bonaparte), in the Opéra quarter, an institution founded in 1803 under the consulship of the First Napoleon, which numbers among its illustrious alumni Dumas *fils*, De Banville, the Goncourts, Eugène Sue, and Hippolyte Taine. Less precocious than Pascal, who at sixteen wrote a treatise on conic sections that excited the admiration of Descartes, and who is said to have rediscovered at twelve the first propositions of Euclid, young Bergson was nevertheless suffi-

dreamed of perfecting Spencerianism. While at the Ecole Normale he came under the joint influence of Félix Ravaisson, harmonizer of the Greek spirituality of the intelligence and the Christian spirituality of the will and of the heart, and Emile Boutroux, author of a memorable assault upon the then dominant determinism entitled "De la contingence des lois de la nature," and now President of the Institut de France, who speedily freed him from his Spencerian obsession and turned him in the direction he has since followed. Obliged, after his graduation from the Ecole Normale to submit, like the majority of its graduates, to a period of banishment from Paris, he taught philosophy for two years at the Lycée of Angers, in the province of Anjou, and for five years at the Lycée of Clermont-Ferrand, in the province of Auvergne. During his stay at Clermont, he delivered a number of lectures in the university of that city, and wrote the work "L'essai sur les données immédiates de la conscience," which revealed him as an original thinker and as a redoubtable antagonist of determinism. At Clermont he also mapped out his life-work (studies, researches, and publications), calculating carefully the time to be allotted to each subject, and thus far he has not only succeeded in executing his program to the letter, but he has been able to permit himself such interludes as a course of lectures on Plotinus, his essay on laughter, a lecturing sojourn at Oxford, and the projected visit to the United States.

His "stage" in the provinces over, he taught first in the Collège Rollin and then in the Lycée Henri IV, located upon the very spot where Abélard held his open-air classes. While connected with the latter institution, he published "Matière et mémoire," and it is thanks, no doubt, to the sensation this work created in the university world that he was called in 1897 to an assistant professorship in the Ecole Normale, and, in 1900, to his present professorship at the Collège de France.

Teaching, for Henri Bergson, is not a makeshift, but a veritable sacrament. His former pupils are virtually unanimous in testifying to his conscientiousness and zeal, as well as to his magnetic qualities as a teacher. Not a few of them, become teachers in their turn, call upon him often for counsel and guidance, which he invariably bestows gladly, however preoccupied and harassed by his formidable undertakings he may be at the time. And this is not the least of the reasons why a goodly proportion of the younger professors of philosophy in the French *lycées* and *collèges* of France proclaim themselves Bergsonians. Furthermore, the young men who have attended his classes or his lectures or who have come under the less direct, but only a shade less potent, spell of his writings, seem to be possessed with a passion for "living things"—for "doing things," we would say in America—as distinguished from analyzing things.

Bergson has been hailed as "the inaugurator of a new era in philosophy," "the foremost thinker of France," "the most original and significant figure in the philosophical field of Europe," "the sole philosopher of the first rank France has had since Descartes and Europe since Kant," "the restorer of psychology," "the modern Heraclitus," "the Darwin or the Newton of philosophy," "the Wells of philosophy, adventurous inventor of a new machine for exploring the world." And his system has been characterized as "a new principle for the integral renovation of philosophy," "the matrix of all future systems," "the ruin of Marxism," "the annihilation of materialism."

Whether all of these appraisals be just or none of them be just, whether Bergsonism be sound or unsound, enduring or ephemeral, time, the supreme winnower, will of course determine. In the meanwhile it is perfectly safe to affirm that Bergson is a peculiarly fine and rich personality, an admirable example of the consecrated scholar, a consummate literary artist, a genuine prose poet, a keen psychologist, an observer of life, and one of the most suggestive and stimulating of contemporaneous thinkers; and this, even though his philosophy may ultimately share the fate of the greatest of its predecessors, is enough to make the glory of one man.

Christmas Echoes
from PROVENCE
by
Edith M. Thomas
Charles J. Chapman

The Almond Branch

(Cache-Fiò)

I

Come answer me this, petite, petite-
A riddle for you to guess, my sweet:
What is the tree that in winter's gloom
Breaks in an hour into bloom, into bloom?
Here's silver for her who tells"
(Hark to the nougat bells!)*

II

"Mon vieux, mon vieux, that's no riddle for me
'Tis a branch of the little almond tree
The poor man brings from the orchard-plot;
A branch for a yule-log - is all he has got,
While his children sing noëls"
(Hark to the nougat bells!)

III

But it snaps in the fire and the whole branch glows—
Breaks into blossoms of white and rose!
His wife and his children laugh to see
Those blossoms of fire from the almond tree—
And the smoke how sweet it smells!"
(Hark to the nougat bells!)

* The Christmas chimes, so called from the confection of that season.

Edith M. Thomas

Saboly

Seventeenth Century.

Saboly is dead,
Is dead in Avignon!
He made the organ sing
As it had been a choir
Of angels of the Lord
Cleaving and brightening
The roof of dark St. Pierre!
The sound was of great glory,
It trembled all arownd
And quivered through our hearts.

Saboly is dead,
The maker of noëls
That all the people loved,
Saboly is dead —
And Yule is here again;
The great log on the hearth,
The crèche with all its lights,
The children gathering there;
The Kings are on the road —
The twilight road that leads
From out the purple East
The road from St. Remys! ....
How shall we sing his songs
Who sang so well of these!
Folk say, when death was near
He set his hand to write
For us a new noël.
(So many a one before
He wrote with pen of gold!)
When he to Heaven came
I wis was silence then.
While Mary Mother bent
And raised him to his place,
The sweetness on his lips,
Of that last, best noël!

But we — how can we sing
The songs he made for us,
Though Yule is here again!
For Saboly is dead,
Is dead in Avignon.

Edith M. Thomas.

"Little Christmas Ghost."

I

I am an old, old woman
And I do not see so well;
The things that are from the things that seem,
I may not at all times tell.

II

But this for a truth I know—
I know I had locked my door,
And had buried the fire on the hearth
As I'd always done before.

III

I am an old, old woman—
Not a chick nor child have I;
But that Christmas night as I climbed the stair,
A Little One flitted by!

IV

It was nothing of flesh or blood,
But it passed with a lilting joy;
Its hair so bright flew out in its haste,
And in either hand was a toy!

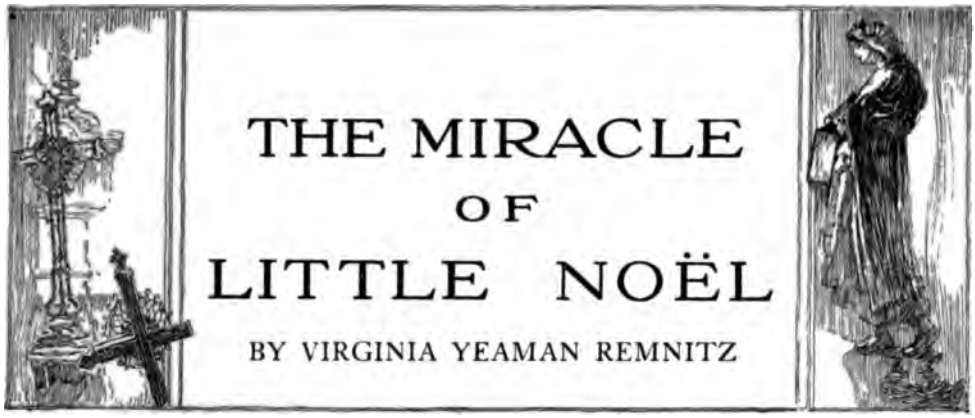
V

It heeded me not at all—
It was passing me by, when I said,
"Who art thou, thou little Christmas Ghost?"
And quickly It turned its head!

VI

I am an old, old woman
You will not believe, but I know
That Christmas Elf was my own child-self
Of fourscore years ago!

Edith M. Thomas.



THE MIRACLE OF LITTLE NOËL

BY VIRGINIA YEAMAN REMNITZ

Drawn by Joseph Clement Coll

LIZETTE AMBOISE sat beside the window making lace. The lovely line of her profile caught the light; the clear white of cap and kerchief enriched the olive of her skin. Seen thus from within the room, she was so beautiful that the old eyes of Pierre's mother brightened as they looked at her.

Pierre himself was working in the woolen mills at Lisieux. Soon after he went his house had caught fire, and Lizette, rushing through the flames, had led his mother out to safety. Since then the old woman had remembered only in flashes.

So there she sat in Lizette's cottage, her eyes brightening as they rested on the girl. But all at once they clouded; she had remembered.

"If it was as it used to be," she broke out in a quavering voice, "you might be restored for Pierre's coming home."

At the words Lizette turned, and the old woman began to cry.

"For him to come back at Christmas," she wailed, "to see that!"

The girl looked quickly away. The rich olive of her cheek had faded to a dead pallor; her hands lay idle in her lap. "For him to come back to see that!" She used to rejoice in Pierre's love of beauty. He was different from the other young men of the village, who cared more for a woman's strength than for her face, and who looked always at the earth they tilled and never at the sky. Pierre could be keen and shrewd as any other Norman peasant; but Lizette knew his dreams, his delight in beauty, the thoughts he hid from his neighbors.

Once Lizette had said to him:

"Perhaps I can serve you as well making my lace as though I were strong to work in the fields."

And Pierre, his dark eyes glowing, had answered:

"It is not your service I want, my Lizette. I want only to have you near me, to be able to look into your face."

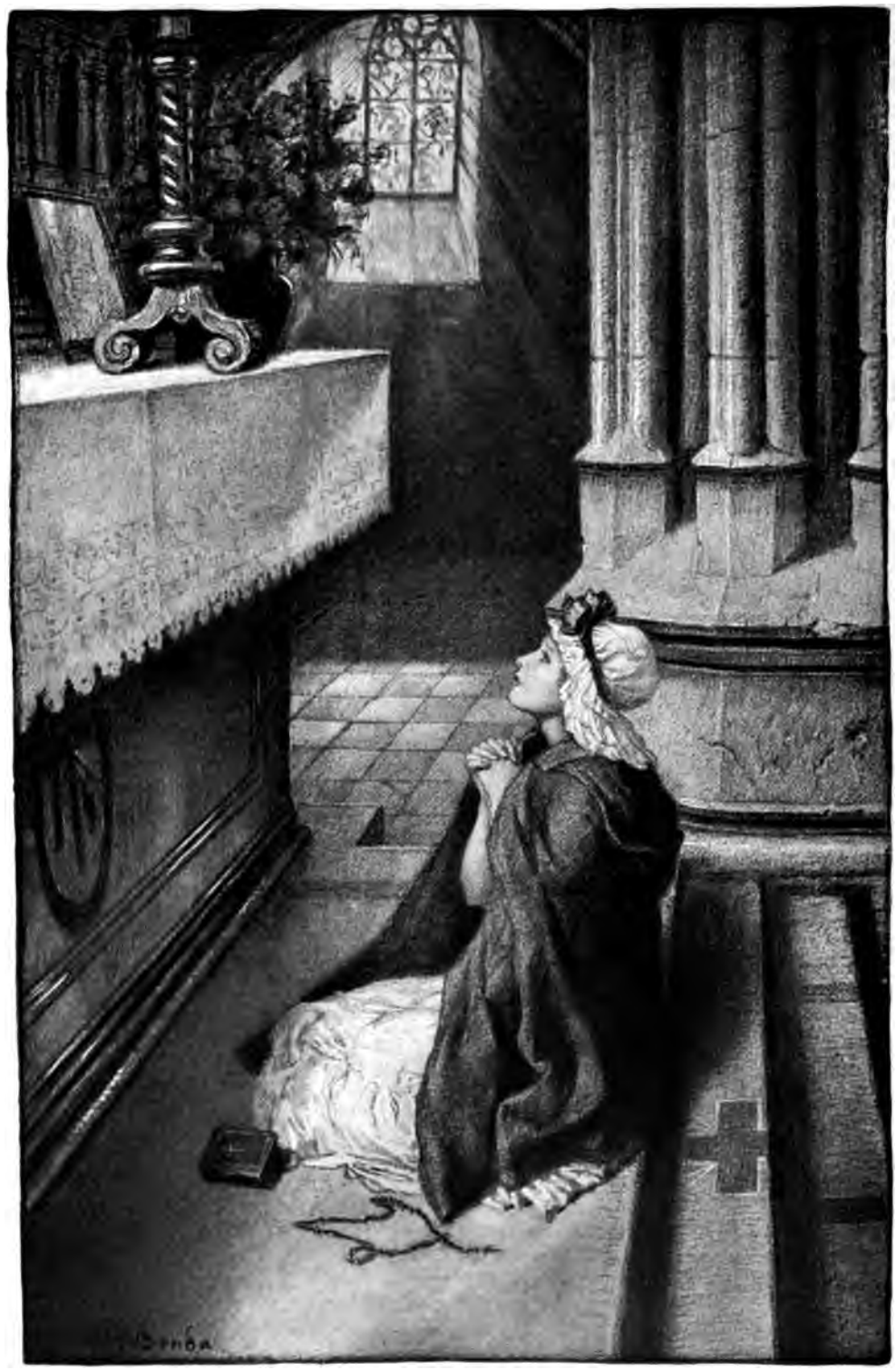
The words had pleased her when he spoke them; now they stabbed her to the heart. And so did these lines of the letter Pierre had written after he heard from the curé about the burning of his house, and how Lizette had saved his mother: "My beautiful, brave Lizette! How shall I wait to see you! Your face is always before me."

"Mère Bernay,"—Lizette had turned again to the old woman,—"listen to me, Mère Bernay. What did you mean when you said I could be restored for Pierre's return if it was as it used to be?"

"By a miracle of Little Noël. You would make the nine-days' prayer before Christmas mass. Many are the cures were made so at our church in the old days. But that was long ago; they are made no more."

The miracles of Little Noël! Lizette had heard of them ever since she was a child, but they had seemed merely a tradition. Suppose—her eyes widened and she drew her breath in quickly.

If the miracles had ceased, it must be because the faith of the people had died. Had not the curé often bewailed the worldliness of the times, the love of pleasure that had replaced piety? If she had faith, if she prayed with her whole heart,



Drawn by W. T. Benda. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"THE STARRY EYES, UPRAISED, OVERFLOWED WITH TEARS; THE LIPS QUIVERED IN THEIR SUPPLICATIONS: 'GRANT TO ME FAITH, THAT A MIRACLE OF LITTLE NOËL MAY BE WROUGHT UPON ME'"

it might be that a miracle of Little Noël would be wrought even now for her!

It was only two weeks before Christmas. Soon she could begin the nine days of special fasting and prayer; and there was time before that for preparation. Lizette rose, took down her long cloak, bent over Pierre's mother, kissed her withered cheeks, and then went out into the golden light of the sunset.

She pulled the hood of her cloak far over her face, and walked rapidly. She saw no one until Mère Fouchard came to her door, calling shrilly to the little Henri. Mère Fouchard stopped shrilling when she saw Lizette.

"How the girl keeps the hood over her face!" she said to herself. And then, "Does she think she can hide it thus from Pierre Bernay when he comes back!"

She called a greeting, hoping Lizette would turn; but she was disappointed. The girl answered without looking around.

The church was in the middle of the wood in which the village was built. In Normandy these little villages try to hide themselves among the trees; but the gleam of their white-walled cottages betrays them.

When Lizette reached the church, twilight was gathering, and the branches of the trees wove delicate traceries against a sky of pale amethyst and rose. The old stone church, with its square tower, made a picture amid that setting which Lizette was quick to note. Pierre had taught her to see such things.

But she noted also, and with a sorrow she had never felt before, the dilapidated condition of the church. In the days when the miracles of Little Noël made the village famous, it had been different. Then, as Lizette knew, not a crumbling bit of mortar had gone untended or a candlestick unpolished. And the women of the village had woven finest cloth for the altars, and bordered them with lace of their own making. Lizette resolved that she would begin such an altar-cloth on the morrow.

Now she pushed the door open and looked shrinkingly about. There was only stillness and peace within, and the Virgin with the Child in her arms. It seemed she was waiting for Lizette. With a little sob, swept by a wave of emotion that laid bare all her heart, the girl went forward and fell on her knees, throwing back the hood from her head.

Her face was now revealed, as though for the pitiful eyes of the Virgin to see. On one side it was the beautiful face Pierre Bernay hungered for day and night: on the other it was furrowed across by the crimson scars the fire had made.

The starry eyes, upraised, overflowed with tears; the lips quivered in their supplications: "Grant to me faith, that a miracle of Little Noël may be wrought upon me! Have pity upon me and restore me for Pierre's return!"

How often she had pictured that return—the leap of her lover's eyes to her face, their horrified turning away; for she had begged the curé to write no hint of her disfigurement. She would have no pretense, she who had throbbed and glowed under the long caress of Pierre's gaze. If he could not bear to look upon her, she must know it. It would be better than finding out little by little. If it should be as she feared, she would go away. She had a cousin who worked on a farm in the rich country to the east. Perhaps she could find the place; it did not much matter.

Suddenly Lizette realized that these thoughts were intruding themselves upon her devotions; that fear and foreboding were driving out the faith she longed for. She began to pray again, and little by little her heart grew still within her. It was as though a light broke softly and grew; there was no room left for fear.

In the church, meantime, the dusk had been gathering. Lizette, when she rose to her feet, could just see the face of the Child. It was in honor of his birthday the cures had been made; for the sake of the little Jesus, who had come to heal the sicknesses and sorrows of all the world.

For some minutes Lizette stood there. Then she remembered the Mère Bernay, sitting all alone, with the fire dying on the hearth, and she hurried away. But the crushing weight was gone from her heart. She walked with light steps, and looked up at the stars, which were beginning to come out in the sky.

Every day now Lizette prayed in the church, but no one who saw her pass guessed at what was in her heart. It may be, however, that Pierre's mother knew;

she knew many things that no one ever told her. Sometimes when Lizette came in with that light on her face the old woman would look at her with eyes which seemed to understand.

When the time came for her to make the nine-days' prayer, Lizette went to her devotions both morning and evening, and so absorbed was she that the fire often died on the hearth, and Pierre's mother shivered as she sat beside it. But it was on the last day of her waiting that the girl knelt longest in the little church. When she came again it would be for the midnight mass; she hardly dared to think further than that. The old fear seemed to be hovering near, threatening to seize her. She sought shelter from it in her prayers: she even tried to forget a certain resolve she had made, lest it argue lack of faith. This resolve was that Pierre's eyes should be the first to rest upon her after the midnight mass. She would neither look in her glass nor touch her face with her fingers. His eyes, and his alone, should tell her whether the miracle had been performed.

Pierre had written again, saying that he would come early on Christmas morning. In a few hours he would be on his way, walking from Lisieux to a little inn where he slept. But long before dawn he would start again, and be with her soon after the sun was up. She was glad that Mère Bernay lay in bed until late. She wished to watch for Pierre alone.

That evening she told the old woman that they would eat the réveillon before mass. "You would be too weary if you waited for my return," she said; but the true reason lay in her resolve that Pierre should be the first to see her face after the midnight mass.

The réveillon may be spread either before or after that mass. Lizette brought out the roasted chestnuts soaked in wine and the little cakes. Her heart was suddenly light and gay. She made Mère Bernay put her shoes on the hearth, ready for gifts; then Lizette put one of her own beside them, and next to that she put the other of the pair for her lover.

The gifts were in readiness; the cottage wore a festive air. Branches of laurel and pine were fastened over the fireplace, and the vessels of copper and brass twinkled in the light of the yule log. Père Fouchard had brought the log in that morning. He was as kind as his wife was shrewish.

When the feast was eaten and Pierre's mother was in bed, Lizette made herself ready to go to the church. With greater care than ever she hid her face in the hood of her cloak; then she lighted her lantern and stepped out into a white mist, which seemed to open to receive her. The frosty road crackled beneath her feet, and the branches of the trees waved ghostly arms on each side.

The mist was like a delicate veil, entwining everything. Lizette knew that the little procession of village folk had already passed on its way to the church. She had heard them singing a few minutes before as they went; but she had not wished to join them.

Now that she was on her way, she realized that her gaiety had deserted her, that she felt frightened. But she must not be frightened; she must have faith. It was faith that would make the miracle possible.

So Lizette came to the church after the others, and slipped into a dim corner. Nevertheless, several saw her and peered curiously. Among these was Mère Fouchard. Like all the rest, she had heard that Pierre Bernay returned on the morrow.

Lizette scarcely heard the hymns or the sermon. She sat like one tranced, waiting. Her rosary slipped through her fingers, and her pale lips moved. She tried to think of the words of the prayers, and she tried not to see Pierre's eyes as they leaped to her face. Beyond her meeting with Pierre everything was a blank.

The mass was over, and Lizette was on her way home. The others had lingered to sing the Christmas carols and to exchange greetings; but Lizette had slipped out quickly, and went alone through the fog. She held her cloak tight about her with both hands. At first it had been all she could do not to touch her face, but that temptation had passed. She did not even think of it; she knew she would wait for Pierre's coming.

But the reaction after the long strain had set in. She felt a great weariness; she would have liked to creep away into the wood and cry like a little child. But she stumbled on through the fog, came to the cottage, and lay down on her bed.

Then it was morning, and the mist was lifting and drifting away. It drifted away in trailing veils, clinging to everything it passed. But Lizette looked at the mist only a few moments; she had to make herself ready for Pierre's coming.

She watched for him from the window where she sat when she made her lace, and the mist rose as though to let her see as far down the road as possible. She could not have said whether she believed herself healed. There was a sort of blankness in her head. Yet she knew she was suffering supreme suspense. Now and again the anguish of it pierced through the blankness; but it was only for a moment, or she could not have borne it.

Then a figure came into sight at the farthest point of the road she could see. She rose instantly; she knew it was Pierre. His tall figure, his eager gait—how often she had seen him coming thus to the cottage! But now her heart seemed to stop, and she felt she would never get to the door; never put on her cloak, and pull her hood over her head. She held the hood tight about her face as she went.

When Pierre saw her coming he stood perfectly still, his head lifted up. It was as though his very longing, the piercing delight of her nearness, had fixed him there. And Lizette, her knees trembling beneath her, went on toward him. Then stopping suddenly, she lifted her hands and threw back the hood from her face.

Ah, the leap of Pierre's eyes! But before Lizette's there came a swimming blackness; the earth seemed to rise up and the trees to rush past her. She tried to speak, she tried to see; then the deadly struggling ceased.

She found herself in Pierre's arms. His eyes were on her face. Their love enveloped her and drew her close—closer than ever before. It was like something in which she lost herself. She lay still, looking up at him.

"Lizette," he whispered brokenly. He put his face down against hers. "My brave, beautiful Lizette!"

Tears sprang to her eyes; an incredible happiness flooded her being.

"It is the miracle of Little Noël," she whispered.

Pierre paid no heed. He seemed not to care about her meaning; he cared only for her. Raising her to her feet, he supported her with his arm. He gazed in her face as though his hunger for it could never be appeased; and at last he put one hand beneath her chin and turned her head gently to one side.

"This is the Lizette I left," he said—"the Lizette whose beautiful face made me forget her soul. I loved her as a man loves a woman when both are young."

He stopped, and then he turned Lizette's face so that his eyes rested upon the side which had been burned.

"And this—" He broke off; when he could speak again, his voice had a hushed, exquisite note—"and this," he said, "is the Lizette I never knew. It is the wonderful, beautiful soul of Lizette. When we are old and our bodies have changed, still I shall always see your brave, tender, beautiful soul."

But Lizette, with a low cry, had pushed him from her. She put a hand to her face.

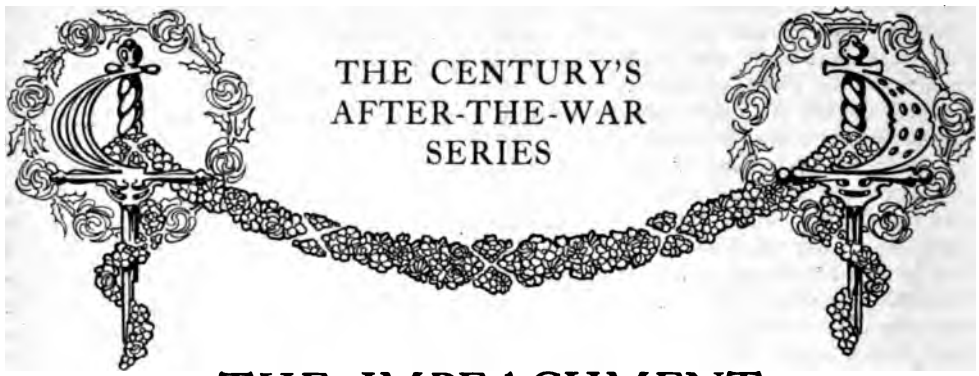
"The burns!" she gasped. "I feel the burns!"

Pierre seized her hands in his. He drew her to him, kissing the scars again and again.

"My Lizette," he whispered, "I did not know before what love was—this love of soul and body!"

And Lizette, raising her head, clasped her hands together.

"It is the miracle of Little Noël," she said.



THE IMPEACHMENT OF ANDREW JOHNSON

INTRODUCTION

No period of our history better repays perusal by thoughtful readers and good citizens than the political happenings of the three years following the Civil War, culminating in the attempt to "recall" President Johnson. But the subject is so vast that no magazine article can more than suggest its outlines, or sketch the personalities involved in the first efforts to reëstablish civil order in the South.

Probably no actor in that series of passionate events could write of them without some bias; nor would any picture be quite true without the perspective due to individual experience.

Considered in the large, the long fight between Congress and President Johnson must be regarded as a wrestling of political forces, a struggle for major influence in reconstruction, between the executive and legislative branches of the Government.

In the Civil War the Democratic party, which for many years had been dominated by the slave-holding interests of the South, had been dethroned by the new Republican party, which, however, could not have achieved its purpose to save the Union and abolish slavery without the aid of the large body of War Democrats who had been rallied to the support of Lincoln by his defeated rival, Senator Douglas.

At the end of the war, the Republican party was dominated by its Radical wing, whose extreme aims were almost as offensive to the War Democrats as to their old allies of the South; and the latter were not slow to grasp at the political advantage of a reunion which promised Democratic control of the National Government.

A fourth great factor in the war had been the Union men of the South, formerly Democrats, of whom Andrew Johnson had been the forceful leader. It was this prominence which dictated his nomination for Vice-President in 1864. When, at the close of the war, by the assassination of Lincoln he became President, his utterances gave the Republicans hope that as a convert his zeal would equal if not exceed that of the Radicals in their purpose to subject the South to a period of political probation. But it was soon manifest that he would steer the course of conciliation which Lincoln, before the end of battle, had already charted and begun. The tendency of Johnson's policy was to draw to him men imbued with the old Democratic sentiment. In a little while, the Republican leaders perceived that as soon as the Democrats of the South should be allowed to vote they would unite with the Democrats of the North, and thus Republican ascendancy might come to a sudden end, and some of the results achieved by battle might be reversed at the ballot-box.

The black man had been freed, and, to protect him against the political power of his former masters, the Republicans decided to give him the ballot. This, it was expected, would also offset Democratic votes in the South, and help to perpetuate Republican rule. President Johnson had championed emancipation, but was opposed to immediate Negro suffrage. In the minds of the Radicals that attitude not only stamped him as a traitor to the party which elected him, but also incited an obstinate South. When the efforts to thwart the President by obstructive laws had failed, the Radicals sought to remove him by impeachment.

Each side had abundant legal and moral grounds for its actions, and each believed that the other was reaching for selfish political advantage. Outbreaks of lawlessness in the South, peculiar to the extraordinary conditions, and chargeable to both sides, convinced each that its worst fears were justified.

In the pages which follow, the main motives for impeachment are sketched by General Otis, who fought through the Civil War as a Union soldier, then entered the long political contest as a militant journalist, and finally resumed his place by the flag in the war with Spain. A more conservative view is taken by General Henderson, a War Democrat high in Lincoln's confidence, and a slaveholder who yet proposed the final edict of freedom in the Senate. He is the only survivor of the seven Republican senators who thwarted impeachment, ex-Senator George F. Edmunds, of Vermont, being the only other surviving member of the court. Out of his personal recollection General Henderson describes his intercourse with Lincoln in securing emancipation, and his part in the impeachment fiasco.

Papers to follow, in the January CENTURY, will include an account of the impeachment trial, largely based on the President's notes and letters, and an anecdotal sketch of Andrew Johnson, one of the most peculiar characters in American history.

In subsequent papers, after an interval, the later aspects of "Reconstruction" will be treated from the Southern point of view.—THE EDITOR.

THE CAUSES OF IMPEACHMENT

BY HARRISON GRAY OTIS

Editor of the "Los Angeles Times"; veteran of the war for the Union; Brevet Major-General in the war with Spain

THE SAVING OF THE UNION

THE War of the Rebellion was the offspring of a desire on the part of the South to secure exemption from laws that its people believed would be enacted by a great Northern party, following the election of Abraham Lincoln, and which would put an end to the extension of slavery, and menace its safety in the States where it existed. In vain Republican statesmen protested that slavery would not be interfered with south of the Potomac. Behind Lincoln and Seward the South beheld Garrison and Lovejoy and Phillips. It was the belief of Davis and Breckinridge and Benjamin and Toombs that to exclude slavery from Kansas and Nebraska would be to sound the prelude of its abolition in Virginia and the Carolinas, and that those who commended the raid of John Brown and indorsed Helper's "Impending Crisis" would sooner or later dominate the Republican party and commit it to universal abolition of the system of servile labor, upon the perpetuation of which depended the industrial life of the South.

It was believed by Southern publicists that the Dred Scott decision would be

reversed by a reorganized Supreme Court, and that a Republican Congress would enact laws denying the slaveholders the right to carry their slaves into the territories, and to be protected there by Federal power. As a matter of fact, slave labor could not have been employed profitably in the corn-fields of Kansas and Nebraska, and the cotton States had no slaves to spare. As was wittily said by Charles Francis Adams, "The South seceded because she could n't get protection for a thing she had n't got, in a place where she did n't want it."

In the months between the election and inauguration of Lincoln, during which the Southern Confederacy was organized, members of the Thirty-sixth Congress made futile efforts to avert the coming struggle. Senator Mason of Virginia sneeringly characterized the Crittenden compromise resolutions as "a bread pill." Senator Douglas rejoined that "hypochondriacs were sometimes best cured of imaginary disorders by the use of bread pills." Compromise was impossible. The South was determined on separation. Her press and her orators cherished the delusion that Northern men would not fight to preserve the Union. They fired the Southern heart and precipitated the cotton States into a revolution.

The uprising in the North that followed the assault on Sumter amazed the South and astonished the world; but it was not until nearly two years after Sumter that the nation became fully aroused to a sense of its power, its duty, and its destiny. The Emancipation Proclamation of President Lincoln struck swift and sure at the cause of the war, which was the Southern determination to perpetuate slavery. It enlisted the sympathies of Christian civilization. By the late summer of 1864 it became apparent that the sacrifices, the generalship, and the desperate valor of the Confederates could not much longer hold out against the superiority of the Union forces in numbers and arms, and the financial resources of the Federal government. The one hope of the Confederacy was that, at the ensuing election, the people of the loyal States might decree to end the contest. But the soul went out of the Confederacy on the sixth of November, 1864, when the ballots cast for Abraham Lincoln settled the issue of continuing the war for the Union. Victory succeeded victory, until the old banner, hallowed by the new motive, floated over every Southern stronghold.

AN ELECTION ON THE MARCH

MANY of the volunteer troops had been authorized by the laws of their respective States to vote in the field for President of the United States. In the case of my command, this voting was done in the Shenandoah Valley on November 6, about a fortnight after the famous battle of Cedar Creek, the scene of "Sheridan's Ride." My brigade was then on the march from Cedar Creek to Martinsburg as guard to a long supply-train. The usual practice on infantry marches was to march fifty minutes and rest ten minutes. Our troops availed themselves of the opportunity offered by these ten-minute rests to go to the polls and cast their ballots. Polling-places had been provided in every regimental line, proper election blanks supplied by the State, and the voting was done not "early and often," but with honesty and a fair degree of regularity. In my own regiment the care of the rolls fell to me and my associate election judges, who had charge of the polling throughout the day. A bullet through the leg, received in the battle of Kernstown three months before, had deprived me of my full "hiking" powers, compelling me to resort to the "hurricane-deck" of a mule for transportation throughout the march; but I "arrived" all right, and on the following day, in the midst of a snow-storm, I was able to collect the rolls, certify to the results, and officially transmit the papers to the Ohio Secretary of State. The votes cast were almost entirely for Abraham Lincoln's reëlection, General George B. McClellan, his Democratic, anti-war opponent, securing scarcely more than a "look in" at the hands of this steadfast Ohio brigade. McClellan fared little better at the hands of those Ohio volunteers than had Clement L. Vallandigham when he was a candidate for governor of the Buckeye State.

CIVIC AND MATERIAL DESOLATION

THE surrender of Lee and Johnston left the South in a deplorable condition. Its

people were without money or credit, and their labor system was destroyed. Its legislators and judges were fleeing or hiding from Federal soldiers. The organic and statutory laws of the South that were in existence before the war had been changed by State conventions and legislatures during the war. Twelve millions of people, white and black, were not only without representation at Washington, but they were without local law, without civil government of any kind, without other protection than the bayonets of Federal troops. Somewhere there must exist the power to create, to adjust, to set the machinery of government again in motion. Clearly the creative power was in the people of each State capable of giving their consent to be governed, and not in a few, or in a class who should assume to govern the others. The adjusting power was in Congress under Section 8 of Article I of the Federal Constitution, which provides that Congress "shall have the power to provide for the general welfare of the United States."

The national statesmen of those days were confronted with a perplexing problem. They desired to remove the blight from the fair face of the South, to open her seaports to the ships of the world, to restore her marts to commerce, her fields to plenty, her people to prosperity, to citizenship, to equality, and to a place in the councils of the Government. Nothing less than this was intended by those who undertook the task of reconstruction. There was no vengeful outbreak of passion, no proscription of the Southern people, no spirit of retaliation in the hearts of Union men.

The new nation which was to issue from the war began to take form before the surrender of Lee or the assassination of President Lincoln. The Thirteenth Amendment, validating the Emancipation Proclamation and abolishing slavery, had been ratified by eleven of the States which had joined the Confederacy, also by Maryland and Missouri of the border States, and by all the Northern States. Delaware and Kentucky alone had refused to ratify. But it was unfortunate for the Southern people that their leaders in the fighting did not participate in the public affairs of the South and advise the politicians that they could not expect to win from Union statesmen what their armies had failed to gain on the battle-field. Southern soldiers, as a whole, showed the spirit of men who had fought bravely and lost fairly, and recognized the duty, not less than the patriotism, of submitting to the inevitable. Almost without exception, Union soldiers of the line and their officers stood ready to reflect in their acts, attitude, and feelings the sentiments of their great commander General Grant, who had said to the vanquished at Appomattox: "Take your horses home with you; you will need them to put in your crops." Had the Southern people, the non-cambatants among them, taken the attitude of the mass of the Confederate soldiers, the difficulties of reconstruction would have been lessened. But in the first year after the close of the war the country, as already described, was convulsed by disturbing political events, in which the rebellious spirit shown by the Southern people caused deep anxiety and created marked revulsion in the North. There were strong exhibitions of aroused and indignant sentiment in Union conventions and other public assemblies, and there was a tremendous outpouring of protest and warning. At the same time the South was aflame with claims of Southern rights denied and of wrongs suffered.

INCIDENTS OF PROVOST-MARSHAL RULE

Two incidents within my personal knowledge illustrate the inconvenience caused by the total absence of civil law in the South at that juncture. In June, 1865, I was serving as provost-marshal at the town of Harrisonburg, in the Valley of the Shenandoah, with instructions to preserve order, gather up various sorts of United States military property scattered through the country, arrest outlaws and marauders, and receive the surrender of, and give paroles to, bands of scattered Confederate soldiers who had not been "in" at the all-compelling surrender at Appomattox Court House two months before. The country was honeycombed with stragglers, and I was burdened with my unique tasks. Civil government being non-existent, there was not even authority for the issuance of marriage-licenses and for the performance of like civic duties. One day, in this emergency, I received a per-

sonal application from an ardent Virginia swain, who announced that he wished to get married, and appealed to me for instructions as to how to go about the tender though untimely task. Rising to the occation, I told him that I would issue him a license, and accordingly did so in my capacity as a captain of United States Volunteers, and for the time being provost-marshal of that district. I wrote out the necessary authority, observing no forms, empowering any minister of the gospel, or any former justice of the peace under the Confederacy, to perform the ceremony. Then I sent the happy lover on his way rejoicing, and assumed that the knot was tied with due solemnity, that the couple would live happily ever after, and rear a family of Virginia children.

As provost-marshal I imposed a fine on a portly Negro saloon-keeper for violating a military order commanding the closing of all liquor shops in the town. The amount of the fine was fifty dollars in greenbacks, which was promptly, albeit ungraciously, paid by the aggrieved dispenser of fire-water. Then, not knowing what to do legally with the money, I transmitted it to the regimental and post commander. He, also, not knowing how to dispose of this exceptional collection under any section of the army regulations, sent it to the Treasury of the United States at Washington, accompanied by an explanatory letter. The treasury officials, likewise "stumped" by the unusual problem, sent the fifty dollars back to the colonel commanding. He in turn threw the money back upon me, with a hint that in the unique dilemma the colored man's unwilling contribution might not inappropriately be covered into the treasury of a certain regimental fund which was then being raised to promote a permanent, patriotic, and reverent object. Without delay I proceeded to act upon the hint, and to this day I hold among my private military archives the receipt of the regimental quartermaster for the money thus forcibly extorted from that Negro at Harrisonburg who had undertaken to sell Virginia apple-jack without a military license.

OPPOSITION TO THE EDICT OF FREEDOM

THE Thirteenth Amendment to the Constitution, abolishing slavery, which was pending when Lee surrendered, was not acceptable to the South. Almost the first acts of the Southern legislatures which assembled under President Johnson's proclamation of amnesty, and the provisional organizations provided for by these agencies, breathed antagonism to the abolition of slavery. In November, 1865, Mississippi provided by legislative enactment that any Negro over eighteen years of age found in that State with no lawful employment or business should be deemed a vagrant. Conviction of vagrancy was punished by fine, and for non-payment of fine for five days it was made the duty of the sheriff to hire out the "vagrant" to any person who for the shortest period of service would pay the fine. In March, 1865, three months after the Thirteenth Amendment was declared in force, Georgia enacted a vagrant law authorizing the sale of the black man's time for a year. The same law provided for the return and punishment by fine and imprisonment of runaway black employees, and authorized the employer to pay the fine and deduct it from the servant's wages. Alabama, South Carolina, and Virginia had vagrant laws similar to those of Mississippi, and Louisiana had an additional provision requiring employers to pay only half-wages, and giving them the right to keep the remainder if the laborer quit before his time was out; and also the right to complain of a laborer who might quit work, and cause him to be put on the public works, without pay, until he returned to his employer.

Union men who had left their Southern homes during the war came back to find their property, real and personal, in the hands of Confederates, who refused to surrender it. Returning Unionists encountered such persecution as compelled them to leave again. There was, under "the black law," a virtual reënslavement of Negroes. Confederate sentiment was nearly as dominant from the Potomac to the Gulf as when the Stars and Bars floated from every flagstaff. Georgia elected, or tried to elect, Alexander H. Stephens a United States Senator. Mobile made Raphael Semmes, the captain of the *Alabama,* a probate judge. Monroe was elected mayor of New Orleans, and Robert E. Lee was offered the nomination for Governor of Virginia. National airs were

hissed in the theaters, and the national flag was insulted in the streets. The local press extolled the "Lost Cause" and flouted those who had overthrown it. Former Confederate officers were the chosen leaders of public sentiment. Taxation was levied to pay municipal indebtedness contracted to fit out Confederate regiments. The generally expressed Southern opinion was that, if reconstruction was necessary, it was the Confederates who should do the reconstructing.

Northern representatives in Congress, under the leadership of Thaddeus Stevens and Henry Winter Davis, were not hospitable to the Southern claims for immediate and unconditional representation in Congress. In substance they said: The alleged "right" of secession has been trampled under the feet of the Union armies; the Confederate claims of exemption from the consequences of their action is not allowed. The North does not demand punishment of Confederates, nor indemnity for the past, but it will have security for the future. Taxation is a consequence of war which the South must bear with the North. Representation—participation in public rule—is a privilege which, except under satisfactory conditions and guarantees, will not be extended to the people of the cotton States.

THE MILITARY STATE GOVERNMENTS

A LAW of Congress was enacted authorizing an officer not below the rank of brigadier-general of the United States army to make a list of all the voters in a State which might be under his command as a military district. In making this list, residence and manhood were the only qualifications.[1] The general was authorized and directed to issue a proclamation inviting the listed voters to assemble at the polls and elect delegates to a convention to draft a State constitution to be submitted to a vote of the people, and if ratified and approved by Congress, the State to be placed at once in practical political relations with the other States, and accorded her proper representation in Congress. The only persons excluded from participation in reconstruction were those who before the war had taken an official oath to support the Government and Constitution of the United States, and who had afterward violated that oath by voluntarily bearing arms against the Government of the United States. The class thus excluded from suffrage was perhaps 30,000 in number. The conventions were required to perpetuate the basis of suffrage set forth in the Reconstruction Act and to ratify the Fourteenth Amendment. That amendment provided that Federal indebtedness should be paid, and that Confederate indebtedness should not be paid; that those who were under disabilities should not be eligible to office until Congress should remove their disabilities; that representation in Congress and in the Electoral College should not be accorded to those to whom the right of suffrage had been or might be denied, and that all persons should be protected in their rights of liberty and property.

The Fourteenth Amendment was opposed both South and North by those who asserted that the Union armies had fought to establish the doctrine that no State could secede from the Union; that the Union victories had established such doctrine; that as no State could secede, therefore no State did secede, and, so being in the Union, every Southern State was entitled to representation without conditions.

To such reasoning it was answered that no statesman and no party had ever claimed that a State might not destroy herself, even as a city might disincorporate, or a county merge itself with another. No State could absolve its citizens from their allegiance to the United States or release them from their obligation to obey Federal laws and their liability for Federal taxes, or deprive them of their right to Federal protection. No State could withdraw her territory or her people from the dominant jurisdiction of the United States. But, nevertheless, a State might destroy her internal government, repeal her local laws, and discontinue her political relations with the other States. She might commit state suicide. If she sent no senators or representatives to the Federal Congress; if through her officers she emptied her treasury, abrogated her courts, disrobed herself of sovereignty, dissolved her legislature, smote her constitu-

[1] See page 195 for a reference to the Fifteenth Amendment, which introduced into the fundamental law the phrase, "without distinction of race, color, or previous condition of servitude."

tion to pieces with anarchic blows, and submitted to military rule or to the sway of a revolutionary central power, she did not take her territory or her people out of the Union, but she took herself out of existence as a State, leaving only her territorial boundaries to mark her place on the map. In such circumstances it became the duty of the Government of the United States to treat such disorganized Federal territory as it would treat unorganized Federal territory acquired by purchase or by conquest.

LINCOLN'S RECONSTRUCTION POLICY IN WAR AND JOHNSON'S IN PEACE

BETWEEN the assassination of President Lincoln and the meeting of Congress in December, 1865, an interval of over seven months, there was no authoritative Republican declaration of the party policy as to reconstruction. The murder of Lincoln, hastily and unjustly charged by some Union men against the entire South, was received with an outburst of rage that encouraged Thaddeus Stevens and other leading Radicals to propose that the South should be reconstructed by treating the eleven late Confederate States as conquered territory, wiping out State lines, and organizing the Territory of Grant, the Territory of Lincoln, the Territory of Sherman, the Territory of Sheridan, and other territories to be named after Union officers, which should be governed like the Territories of Idaho, Montana, and Colorado, and in due time admitted to the Union on a satisfactory showing in each case.

President Johnson opposed the program of Thad. Stevens. He called attention to the fact that before the surrender of Lee at Appomattox the white men of Tennessee elected two United States senators and a full complement of congressmen, made Brownlow governor, and gave a majority for Lincoln and Johnson. He reasoned that if Tennessee was in the Union sufficiently to provide a Vice-President who had become President, she was in the Union absolutely, and entitled to have her senators and representatives admitted to seats in Congress. Johnson's policy was to ignore everything in the past; to readmit senators and representatives from the late Confederate States without guarantees and without delay; to withdraw our armies, and permit the Confederates to reestablish their local governments to suit themselves. He proposed, in effect, that the Confederates, after four years of fighting, having surrendered to the Union, Union men in turn should, after four weeks of rejoicing, surrender to the Confederacy.

In assuming this position, Johnson claimed that he was carrying out Lincoln's plan of reconstruction, for Lincoln had said long before the surrender of Lee that his purpose was to save the Union, whether such saving was accomplished by abolishing slavery or by preserving it. But Lincoln was a progressive and constructive statesman, and a policy which he might have favored to obtain peace conditioned on the disbandment of the Confederate armies, while they were still in the field as a mighty force, might not have been his policy after the enforced surrender of Lee and Johnston.

There was no time between the collapse of the Confederacy and the assassination of Lincoln for him to formulate any policy. It may be said, however, that he was not in favor of the plan of Thad. Stevens and Ben. Wade to blot out lines and names in eleven States, and deal with them as conquered territory. Lincoln's plan was not to destroy the Southern States as existing entities, but to recognize the fact that, as far as government in those entities was concerned, "chaos had come again," and it was the duty of Congress to provide for a reëstablishment of government there, and to prescribe the conditions on which the people of those States should be accorded national representation.

NEGRO SUFFRAGE

CONGRESS was determined that one of the conditions of reconstruction should be the admission of colored men to the right of suffrage. Most of those who advised this were influenced by politico-economic rather than moral or sentimental considerations. They said to the South, the action of your legislatures and the utterances of your public men and newspapers all evince your determination virtually to restore slavery by establishing peonage. We must either garrison every school district in the South with soldiers at enormous cost in

order to protect the Negro, or else we must give him the ballot and enable him to protect himself. If he is made a voter, the struggle of candidates to obtain his vote may protect him.

Congress, as subsequently appeared, was determined to make Negro suffrage an essential part of any plan of reconstruction. Johnson was equally determined to refuse the franchise to the black man, and he had the power to do it.

KU-KLUX OUTRAGES

ONE of the most potent instrumentalities in discrediting Andrew Johnson was the Ku-Klux Klan. It would be impossible within the limits of this article to give even a brief synopsis of the outrages of this remarkable band of outlaws. The report of the "Congressional Committee on Affairs in the Insurrectionary States," made to the Forty-second Congress, fills thirteen large volumes. The Ku-Klux organization extended over eleven States. It was estimated that its membership exceeded one hundred thousand, and included men who otherwise were reputable and respected citizens. Its avowed purpose was to exclude from participation in public affairs, either as voters or office-holders, all Negroes, all "carpet-baggers," as incomers from the North were called, and all "scallywags," as Southern Union men were designated.

The purpose of the Ku-Klux Klan was not primarily to depredate private property, but for a long period they were merciless in dealing with those who came under their ban. A white man obnoxious to them was ordered to leave the vicinage. If he failed to obey, the torch was applied to his home, and he was openly assaulted or secretly assassinated. If he offered armed resistance, he was murdered. The colored man who attempted to exercise the right of suffrage was called from his cabin at midnight, tied to a tree, and whipped, and his house was burned to the ground. Prosecutions of the members of the Ku-Klux instituted in the Federal courts in North Carolina, in South Carolina, and in other States almost invariably resulted in failure for want of proof, hard to get; and not until the second administration of General Grant were these outlaws finally disbanded and dispersed.

PUBLIC SENTIMENT AGAINST JOHNSON'S POLICIES

TWO great national conventions were held in the year 1866, one at Pittsburg and the other at Philadelphia. The latter, beginning on September 3, was made up in large measure of Southern loyalists and other civilians, among whom the tide of patriotism ran high. It made a tremendous impression upon the country and upon the recalcitrant and dissatisfied South. Among the delegates were Ralph Waldo Emerson, James Russell Lowell, Oliver Wendell Holmes, John G. Whittier, eleven governors, and eight United States senators. Among the thousands of Unionists whom I met there was James A. Garfield, who had won his spurs as a major-general in the field, who subsequently served in the House of Representatives, became President, and died that tragic death which history has sadly recorded. In his joyousness and geniality he seemed to me like a great overgrown boy. While masses of shouting, cheering, and singing men were parading through Independence Square, within the sound of the Liberty Bell, that big man passed his arms affectionately about the shoulders of a young soldier, whom he did not know, and strode proudly along as though the latter had been his lifelong friend. It was enough for Garfield to know that the other was a comrade. I was the obscure young soldier.

The object of the convention was to devise means for the protection of the imperiled lives and property of loyal Southerners. The chairman, the Hon. Charles Gibbons, voiced the purpose of the convention when he said: "It is the honest sentiment of the North, held and uttered in the interests of union, of peace, and of Christianity, that when the South returns to her duty she must come in new robes, with new covenants for liberty, equality, and justice, led by her own loyal Unionists, who are free from the guilt of treason."

The Union Soldiers' and Sailors' convention, at Pittsburg, followed the other in the same month. It was equally large, equally serious and determined in its character and utterances. It was attended by hosts of soldiers of all grades, from private to major-general. The speeches and resolutions breathed a sentiment of deep devo-

tion to the restored Union, expressed a fearless determination to prevent the fruits of the nation's sacrifices from being snatched away or diluted. Revolt against the tendencies in the White House and the South was general among the friends of the Union.

THE FAILURE TO DISLODGE THE PRESIDENT

IN 1867 an act of Congress was passed depriving the President of the power to issue an amnesty proclamation, which he overrode. His disposition and his plans to defy Congress and pursue his own method of reconstructing the South caused Congress to deprive him of the command of the army, a bold act, the constitutionality of which might well be disputed at any stage, but which illustrates the almost desperate frame of mind in which Congress then was. Johnson's continued defiance was met by the enactment into law of the Tenure-of-Office bill, which prevented him from making a change in his cabinet, his own official household.

These strained relations between the President and Congress, which had existed for more than two years, reached an open rupture on February 21, 1868, when the President informed the Senate that he had removed Edwin M. Stanton as Secretary of War, contrary to the Tenure-of-Office act. The House at once adopted a resolution, by a vote of 122 to 47 (not voting 17) to "impeach Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, of high crimes and misdemeanors." James G. Blaine, in his "Twenty Years of Congress," says that, in adopting this resolution of impeachment, Congress acted hastily; but it is the opinion of many still living that he did not consider the precedent circumstances, which, as much as the removal of Stanton, led 122 congressmen to cast their votes for impeachment. Still, it was probably fortunate for the nation that Johnson was saved from impeachment by one senatorial vote. If Johnson had been impeached, Ben. Wade of Ohio, a fearless Republican statesman, would have become President. Wade was a Radical of the Radicals, who always had the courage of his convictions. He probably would have given the whole force of his administration to the plan of Thad. Stevens to organize the South into territories and govern it as such, yet granting the States readmission to the Union gradually and on stipulated terms. The people of the North were so enraged over the assassination of Lincoln and the continued efforts of the Southern States to nullify the Thirteenth Amendment that they might then have approved the Stevens plan of reconstruction. At this day, nearly half a century after Appomattox, it seems best that neither the Johnson plan nor the Stevens plan did prevail.

TWO CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENTS

THE failure to impeach Johnson accentuated the need of further constitutional amendment. As early as June 13, 1866, the Fourteenth Amendment, declaring that no State may abridge the rights of citizens of the United States, was proposed in Congress, but it was not finally ratified and declared to be in force until July 28, 1868. California never took final action on this amendment. It was rejected by Delaware, Maryland, and Kentucky. New Jersey and Ohio rescinded their ratification of it. Arkansas, Florida, Louisiana, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina, Texas, and Virginia at first rejected the amendment, but afterward ratified it.

Notwithstanding the adoption of the Fourteenth Amendment, feud, anarchy, and devastation continued in the Southern country, and the failure to impeach Johnson was an incentive to continued disorder. How to secure peace, justice, and prosperity was the pressing question of the hour. Congress had tried constitutional amendments, and the South ignored them. It had tried civil-rights bills, which were useless without military power to enforce them. Then Congress said in effect to the Southern people: "If you have not a loyal white majority which can be trusted with the administration of civil government, we will enfranchise the black man. We must either garrison every school district with Union troops in order to protect the Negro from a peonage that is practical reënslavement, or we must give him the ballot and let him protect himself." It was believed that the contending ambitions of office-seekers to obtain the colored man's vote would cause them to treat him justly.

It was such conditions that produced the Fifteenth Amendment, providing that no State might deprive a citizen of his vote

"on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude." The first draft contained the word "nativity," which was obnoxious to the Pacific coast because of the apprehension of Chinese suffrage, so the word was eliminated. Nevada was the first State to ratify the Fifteenth Amendment. California, Oregon, Delaware, Kentucky, Maryland, and New Jersey rejected it. Georgia and Ohio at first rejected it, but finally ratified it. New York rescinded her ratification. The amendment was proposed February 26, 1869, and declared in force March 30, 1870.

Half a century ago human slavery had been banished from every civilized nation in the world except the United States. Here it was intrenched behind apparently impregnable fortifications composed of cotton-bales, pulpits, and counting-rooms, of bank vaults and political conventions.

The reverberations of Sumter's guns changed a majority of the people of the Northern States from conservative indifference to toleration of antislavery sentiments, and, as the war progressed, into active abolitionists; and thus the Emancipation Proclamation was acclaimed by millions who three years before would have scouted such a measure. It is more than forty-seven years since the last gun was fired in the Civil War; it is more than forty years since the last measure of reconstruction was enacted. The generals and statesmen of that historic era have journeyed on. The veterans in the soldiers' homes grow rapidly fewer in number, and it will not be many years until the last of them will have joined the great majority. The acerbities and rancors of the war have been submerged in Lethean waters, and the Southern States, once desolated, have become prosperous and powerful supporters of the Old Flag.

Drawn by Joseph Pennell

THE CAPITOL, FROM PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE

EMANCIPATION AND IMPEACHMENT

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE SENATOR WHO PROPOSED THE THIRTEENTH AMENDMENT, AND WAS ONE OF THE SEVEN REPUBLICANS WHO THWARTED THE ATTEMPT TO IMPEACH PRESIDENT JOHNSON

BY GENERAL JOHN B. HENDERSON

THE "RECALL" FOR PRESIDENTS

ARTICLE II, Sec. 4, of the Constitution provides that "The President, Vice-President, and all civil officers of the United States, shall be removed from office on impeachment for, and conviction of, treason, bribery, or other high crimes and misdemeanors." Thus the principle of the "recall," in very broad terms, has been written into our fundamental law. Human nature is such that the idea of resorting to this remedy originates first in the minds of political opponents. As applicable to Presidents, the recall was probably much desired by the enemies of John Adams, the second President, and of Andrew Jackson, the seventh. Fortunately it has actually been invoked only against the seventeenth President, Andrew Johnson, who owed his position to the recall by assassination of Abraham Lincoln. His impeachment, I believe, was due mainly to a counter-tide of passion, prejudice, and political revenge. His trial formed a crisis in the life of the nation, the dangerous import of which may not yet be fully understood. His rescue from conviction by the narrow margin of one vote was followed by demands for the recall of the seven Republican senators who voted with the Democrats. I happened to be the youngest of the seven, though not the least berated. By the refusal of a reëlection, all of the seven were retired to private life. Then out of several years of bitterness came the wisdom of reflection. Those who had reviled began to praise and finally to utter words of thankfulness. Even some of the leaders of impeachment, in the calm of reason, have put on record frank confessions of error. Thus it has been my happiness to live to see the keenest disappointment of my public life transformed into its chief honor.

BORDER-STATE INFLUENCE AND WARFARE

IN his great wisdom Lincoln early perceived that unless antislavery sentiment could be sustained in the border States, the Federal cause was likely to fail. With that belief he sought information and counsel from those men in Congress who, like myself, had been bred in the shadow of slavery and who yet desired the extinction of the institution. Though born in Danville, Virginia, most of my early life was spent at Louisiana, a town north of St. Louis, on the Missouri side of the Mississippi. There I began to practise law in 1848 and to hear of a lawyer, Abraham Lincoln, located at Springfield, seventy-five miles to the northeast. In that year he was serving his only term in Congress, while I was beginning public life as a member of the Missouri legislature, to which I returned in 1856. Though a member of the Electoral College in 1856 which made Buchanan President, I was strongly opposed to his Kansas policy. In 1860 I was an elector on the Stephen A. Douglas ticket. I had inherited slave property, but was convinced that slavery was an economic drawback in Missouri. On her borders, east and north, white settlers were founding prosperous communities, and avoiding us because white labor would not compete with slave labor. My only purchase of slaves was made on the appeal of a black man who had built the fires in my office. He and his wife and son were sold at auction to pay the debts of their master. I bought them in for about $1400. Thereafter they never served me; but as the law required that

they should be in regular employ, I hired them out, they taking the wages.

Civil war was an actual fact in Missouri before the sword and the torch were at work in the other border States. Early in 1861 our legislature, which was secessionist in sentiment, provided for a state convention to join, as they hoped, the other seceding States; but, to their great surprise, a majority of Union delegates were chosen at the special election, I being among that majority. Ex-Governor Sterling Price, then classed with the opponents of secession, became president of the convention which assembled soon after Lincoln's first inaugural made it plain that a conflict was inevitable. As Jackson, our governor at that time, was disloyal, the life of the convention was prolonged by adjournment, during which the secession element ranged itself under Jackson and Price, and the Union element, with the continuing authority of the convention, grew strong enough to organize and to elect Governor Gamble. Under the arrangements for home defense, I organized a brigade, and in General Schofield's command operated against the raiders who burned bridges and disturbed northeastern Missouri during the first year of the war. The conditions were such that no man could safely remain neutral. Unless he was openly for one side or the other, he was suspected by both, and doubly liable to pillage and arrest.

THE TREND TOWARD EMANCIPATION

FROM the field I was sent to the United States Senate in January, 1862, to fill the unexpired term of Trusten Polk, who had joined the South. In March, President Lincoln sent to Congress his message asking for a joint resolution favoring the gradual abolishment of slavery with compensation. A few days later he asked the border States delegations to a conference at the White House in which he urged that policy without gaining much encouragement. On July 12 he made a second direct appeal to the same delegations, in conference, and urged that if the border States would adopt measures of compensated emancipation, the war must shortly end, since then, and not till then, would the South realize that slavery was doomed. Twenty of them signed a written qualified refusal to urge his recommendation; seven assented in a prepared address; and Horace Maynard and I wrote individual replies. I had been absent from the conference on business relating to my duties as senator, but I gave the President my view that, while I had supported the measure when first introduced, I did not share his belief that it alone would bring the war to an early termination. But I added that in such a period of national distress I knew of "no human institution too sacred for discussion, no material interest belonging to the citizen that he should not willingly place upon the altar of his country, if demanded by the public good. The man who cannot now sacrifice party and put aside selfish considerations is more than half disloyal. Pride of opinion, based upon sectional jealousies, should not be permitted to control the decision of any political question. These remarks are general, but apply with peculiar force to the people of the border States at present."

THE FAILURE OF PLANS TO PURCHASE EMANCIPATION

THESE sentiments indicated that I was drifting toward Lincoln's position that emancipation was indispensable to the saving of the Union. After the July conference at the White House, a general bill offering aid to the border States if they would adopt compensated emancipation was introduced in Congress, but not brought to final action. In the autumn, at Mr. Lincoln's request, I went to Missouri to take part in the agitation of the question, and the reversal of sentiment shown at the November election seemed altogether favorable. So, on December 10, I introduced a bill in the Senate appropriating twenty millions of dollars to aid Missouri if her people would adopt compensated emancipation. At the same time Congressman Noell, in the House, gave notice of a similar bill, but reducing the aid to ten millions. His bill passed the House on January 6, 1863, and was sent to the Senate, where, on February 7, a compromise of fifteen millions was adopted; but the pro-slavery members from Missouri gathered enough strength to prevent action by the House. Meantime Lincoln's proclamation of freedom to all slaves in rebellious territory had gone into effect on the first of January.

The idea of compensated emancipation

for the border States made no further progress in Congress, and probably lost ground in the North, for a reason humorously stated by Senator Jacob Collamer of Vermont. During the recess he addressed a meeting of several hundred neighbors and stated that the measure would call for the payment of about $300 each for four million slaves. He asked them to go home and consider what they would advise their representatives to do. An old leader in the town waxed eloquent over the fact that the North shared the responsibility for slavery and ought to help settle the bill, and, though poor, he declared himself willing to pay his share. But in a day or two he was back again with a different opinion.

"'Senator,' he exclaimed, 'me and wife and the boys figure that our share would be just about all we 've got; so I guess you might as well let that damned Negro question alone.'"

THE THIRTEENTH AMENDMENT

A YEAR later the distress of the nation had enforced a more united sentiment, and on January 11, 1864, I offered in the Senate a joint resolution to abolish slavery in the United States. After a good deal of discussion over the wording of the resolution, Senator Sumner offering one form, and Senator Trumbull suggesting the terms of the ordinance of 1787, which prohibited slavery in all the Northwest, the latter was favored. Though the requisite two-thirds vote was obtained in the Senate, the House did not acquiesce until after a whole year of discussion. The bill became a law on January 31, 1865. A hundred guns announced the event, and the rejoicing was great and spontaneous.

LINCOLN AND THE LIQUOR HABIT

AT the second inauguration of Lincoln I was chairman of the committee which escorted the President to the Capitol, and sat by his side while Andrew Johnson, after taking the oath as Vice-President, harangued the crowded senate chamber. During the painful ordeal, Mr. Lincoln's head drooped in the deepest humiliation. As I offered him my arm for the procession to the steps of the Capitol, where he delivered the Inaugural, he turned to the marshal and said, "Don't let Johnson speak outside."

Senator Doolittle, who had escorted the Vice-President elect to the Capitol, told me that when they went into Mr. Hamlin's room Johnson said to the retiring Vice-President:

"Mr. Hamlin, I have been feeling very ill. Can you give me some good brandy?"

A bottle of French brandy was found, and to brace his nerves for the task before him, he poured out the full glass that wrought the mischief. His reputation was that of a temperate man; and this was his only show of inebriety; but the scene was so deeply humiliating that a caucus of senators a few days afterward seriously considered the propriety of asking him to resign as their presiding officer.

Mr. Lincoln's aversion to liquor and tobacco was well known. He once told me with relish of a rebuke for his abstinence given by a friendly stage-driver. During the time that he was a circuit lawyer, he sometimes walked from one county court to another. While on such a tramp a stage overtook him and the driver invited him to take a seat on the box. After they had chatted for a while the driver produced a whisky-flask, saying:

"Stranger, won't you take a drink?"

"No, thank you," Lincoln replied; "I never drink."

A little later the driver drew some tobacco from his pocket and said:

"Stranger, won't you have a chew?"

Lincoln answered:

"No, thank you, I never chew."

After a period of reflection the driver said:

"Stranger, do you smoke?"

Lincoln replied:

"No, I never smoke."

Looking at him quizzically, the driver exclaimed:

"So you 're one of those men I 've heard of who have no small vices."

To which Lincoln answered:

"It is true that I don't use liquor or tobacco."

Then the driver turned on him with the conclusive remark:

"Stranger, I 'll tell you what I think: those men who have no small vices seldom have any large virtues."

I once heard Mr. Lincoln tell of another liquor experience, this time at the

From a photograph by Prince, taken in 1908. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

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expense of Senator David Davis, who was present and enjoyed it as much as the rest of the company. While attending a session of court presided over by Judge. Davis, the latter overtook him one morning on the road, and asked him to get into the Davis carriage, which was drawn by a pair of spirited horses, driven by a trusted coachman. They traveled at a rate which made Lincoln uneasy, and soon entered on a piece of new road abounding in ruts and stumps. As the carriage bumped and swayed, Lincoln, in much alarm, turned to the judge and asked:

"Mr. Davis, is n't your driver drunk?"

"No," replied the judge, "Michael is a sober man and never takes anything."

After a jar which nearly upset them,

Lincoln asked that the carriage should be stopped, so that he could get out. The judge expostulated, but when they struck another stump, Lincoln exclaimed:

"Mr. Davis, your driver *is* drunk!"

Thereupon Davis loudly demanded of the coachman that he should stop, and, observing him closely, saw the whole truth in the wild gleam of his eyes. The judge indignantly exclaimed:

"Michael, you are drunk!"

And Michael, with an approving leer, answered:

"Judge Davis, that 's the correctest decision you 've rendered in the last twelve months."

LINCOLN'S CLEMENCY

My last interview with Mr. Lincoln occurred after the adjournment of the extra session of the Senate about the middle of March, 1865. I went to the White House to ask the President to pardon a number of the men who had been languishing in Missouri prisons for various offenses, all political. Some of them had been my schoolmates, and their mothers, sisters, and sweethearts had persisted in appeals that I should use my influence for their release. Since it was evident to me that the Confederacy was in its last throes, I felt that the pardon of most of these prisoners would do more good than harm. I had separated them according to the gravity of the offense into three classes, and handing the first list to him, I said:

"Mr. President, the session is closed, and I am about to start for home. The war is virtually over. Grant is pretty certain to get Lee and his army, and Sherman is plainly able to take care of Johnston. In my opinion, the best way to prevent guerrilla warfare at the end of organized resistance will be to show clemency to these rebel sympathizers."

Lincoln shook his head and said:

"Henderson, I am deeply indebted to you and I want to show it, but don't ask me at this time to pardon rebels."

Then I offered new arguments, but he replied in a grieved tone:

"I can't do it! People are continually blaming me for being too lenient. Don't encourage such fellows by inducing me to turn loose a lot of men who, perhaps, ought to be hanged."

I answered:

"Mr. President, these prisoners and their friends tell me that for them the Rebellion is over, and it will surely have a good influence now to let them go."

He answered:

"Henderson, my conscience tells me that I must not do it."

But I persisted:

"Mr. President, you *should* do it. It is necessary for good feeling in Missouri that these people should be released."

"If I sign this list as a whole, will you be responsible for the future good behavior of the men?" he asked.

"Yes," I said.

"Then I will take the risk and sign it." He wrote the word "pardoned," signed the general order of release, and returned the paper to me.

"Thank you, Mr. President," I said, "but that is not all; I have another list here."

"You are not going to make me let loose another lot!" he exclaimed.

"Yes," I answered, "but I am not quite so sure of the merits of this list. However, I believe the men are not dangerous, and it will be good policy to let them go. My argument for this list is the same as for the other. The war is virtually over; the guilt of these men is at least doubtful; mercy must be the policy of peace."

With the only word approaching profanity I ever heard him utter, he exclaimed:

"I 'll be durned if I don't sign it!" and he signed the second list like the first. "Now, Henderson," he said, as he handed the list back to me, "remember that you are responsible to me for these men; and if they don't behave, I shall have to put you in prison for their sins."

THE DISCONTENT WITH PRESIDENT JOHNSON

On December 18, 1865, eight months after the death of Lincoln, the Thirteenth Amendment was proclaimed by Secretary Seward, it having received the indorsement of two thirds of all the States in the Union. Partly through my solicitation, President Johnson had used his great influence with the border States to gain their approval of emancipation. During the fight for the Thirteenth Amendment it was no secret that some of the leading

Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

ANDREW JOHNSON

This portrait is from a photograph taken not long before his death.

Radicals in Congress were indifferent toward the abolishment of slavery at that time, as well as toward Mr. Lincoln's scheme of reconstruction, out of the belief that those measures would make inevitable his renomination and election, which they did not favor. The Radicals had been sympathetic toward Andrew Johnson as senator and as military governor of Tennessee, on account of his vigorous anti-slavery views, but when he became President, and, as he believed, took up the work of reconstruction on the lines that Lincoln had begun, they at once realized that his success would frustrate their plans for the political domination of the South.

Senator Sumner's theory of "State suicide" and Thad. Stevens's idea of "conquered provinces," became the basis of the Radical scheme of territorializing the South by keeping the States that had seceded under semi-military rule, and condemning them to a period of probation before they should be allowed to come back into the Union on terms of self-government.

Those of us in Congress who believed that Johnson's policy was in the main in line with the right principles were nevertheless not in entire agreement with him. He felt that he was following precedent as far as Lincoln had established it, and that he was entitled to the confidence of the conservative Union element of the country; but he was hot-headed, and as the controversy with the Radicals in Congress grew, his attitude became more and more aggressive and irritating to the majority.

Early in 1866, Congress passed a bill enlarging the powers of the Freedmen's Bureau. Johnson vetoed it, as well as a revised bill that followed, and the latter was enacted over his head. Congress soon after enacted a measure to fortify the rights of the Negroes, known as the Civil-Rights Bill, which he promptly vetoed, and which was as promptly passed over his head. Then, to prevent the President, who was now in open conflict with the Radical Republicans, from dispossessing the office-holders who were their friends, Congress passed the Tenure of Office Act in a form which most of the Radicals interpreted to mean that the President might not supplant even a member of his own Cabinet. As another weapon against the administration, Congress passed the Reconstruction Act, which designated as illegal the State governments which had been set up by Johnson in the South, and provided that those States should be ruled by military governors appointed by the President, but really under control of the head of the army. Both these bills were vetoed by the President and Congress promptly enacted them over his head.

The President's official advisers, who, it should not be forgotten, were those who had formed Lincoln's Cabinet, themselves strongly objected to the Tenure of Office Act, the President's veto being drawn up by Seward and Stanton. The latter was most emphatic in declaring that the act was unconstitutional; but it was part of the irony of the situation that Stanton was the first to feel its effects, and thereafter to become active in maintaining its validity. With Stanton's suspension and the appointment, first of General Grant, and then of General Lorenzo Thomas, as Secretary of War *ad interim*, the first practical move for impeachment may be said to have begun.

PREPARING FOR IMPEACHMENT

THUS the impeachment of Andrew Johnson was the culmination of political differences which had become increasingly strained in the disturbed conditions which followed the death of Lincoln. The trial has been wrongly described as a great judicial event, but in the strict sense it was not a judicial event, since it was without sound basis in law. It was the culmination of a struggle for political advantage. Still the Radicals who brought it about were intensely in earnest. They felt that the tendency of Johnson's reconstruction policy was toward the return of the Democratic party to power, which would have the effect of neutralizing the political results of the Civil War.

The very nature of the so-called Court of Impeachment was a monstrosity, as several of the lawyers in that body perceived, for the Senate was to act both as judge and as jury. I made several motions or orders to separate the jurisdiction of the jury from that of the judge, but in vain. I wanted a judge, preferably Chief-Justice Chase, to decide the judicial points, as the Senate was like a mob, deciding everything for themselves.

SENATOR PETER G. VAN WINKLE
OF WEST VIRGINIA

SENATOR LYMAN TRUMBULL
OF ILLINOIS

SENATOR JAMES W. GRIMES
OF IOWA

SENATOR EDMUND G.
ROSS OF KANSAS

SENATOR JOSEPH F. FOWLER
OF TENNESSEE

From a photograph by Brady

SENATOR WILLIAM PITT FESSENDEN
OF MAINE

Impeachment was of course a matter in which personalities and personal ambitions played a large part. Without Benjamin F. Butler and Thad. Stevens, there never would have been an impeachment trial, for impeachment was chiefly a scheme to get place and power for themselves and their friends. Like many other politicians of selfish aims, they flourished under the peculiar conditions following the war—conditions in which the sole inquiry was, "Is he loyal?" and not, "Is he honest?"

Butler was able to push the impeachment scheme on the claim that Johnson was not loyal. It was even charged that Johnson was conspiring to form a new secession, despite the fact that he had been instrumental in securing the adhesion of a number of the Southern States to the Thirteenth Amendment. And this charge was fomented by Butler, the man whom I had heard vote fifty-seven times in the Charleston convention for Jeff Davis as President, and whom I heard address a group of Southern delegates in support of a declaration for the protection of slavery in all territories. On that occasion he declared that if the North undertook to raise troops to "coerce the South," the bones of the Northern soldiers would rot upon the mountains before they reached the South. Yet this same man was the leader of one of the first regiments to march through Baltimore to "coerce the South."

Feeling ran high in all parts of the country, and whenever a Republican senator showed a disinclination to join in impeachment he was bombarded by excited constituents. I was not slow to make my attitude known, for I would as soon have voted to condemn an innocent man to death as to vote to impeach Johnson on the articles that were presented. The Republicans in Missouri were, if possible, more aroused than in other parts of the country. Even the legislature passed a resolution requesting me to resign. I replied finally that I would hold my seat until impeachment was defeated. That position carried a great deal of significance, since the alinement of forces indicated clearly that the change of a single vote would result in the President's condemnation.

All of the articles of impeachment were based on some phase of the quarrel with Stanton. The eleventh article, which accused him of violating an act of Congress in suspending the Secretary of War was the strongest, though in my view of the law, as I declared in the Senate, he had legally suspended Stanton and had un-

From a photograph by Brady, taken in 1867

SENATOR JOHN B. HENDERSON
OF MISSOURI

doubted authority to fill the vacancy by an *ad interim* appointment. When the Tenure of Office Act was before the Committee of Conference, Senator John Sherman, chairman of the committee, was asked if the bill was intended to take away the power of the President to remove his own Cabinet, and he answered, "No, it is not to interfere with his power to remove or to retain his Cabinet." During the impeachment trial, when it was reported that Senator Sherman was in favor of convicting Johnson on the eleventh article, I had a talk with him, and asked:

"Do you remember your attitude in the Committee of Conference on the question of the power of the President to remove his Cabinet?"

He said:

"I remember it very well."

Then I asked bluntly:

"You are not going to stultify yourself by voting for the eleventh article?"

He replied:

"No."

That conversation convinced me that the advocates of impeachment could not depend, as they hoped, on Sherman to vote guilty on the eleventh article, and in fact, when the crucial moment came, he voted against it.

GENERAL GRANT'S CHANGE OF VIEWS

DURING most of the period of agitation for impeachment General Grant had ranged himself with those who stood by the President. Everybody believed in the honesty of his purpose, and owing to his great fame, his influence was paramount. The Radical leaders understood the difficult task of carrying out their plans without Grant's coöperation, and they shaped their course so that he would profit by the overturn of the administration. Grant's quarrel with the President, over the question of his relations as head of the army to the Secretary of War, afforded them a line of approach, and the talk of making Grant a Presidential candidate in the coming election suggested the reward.

About the last of April, 1868, I received an invitation to a ten o'clock breakfast at General Grant's house, which had recently been presented to him. Commodore Porter and other guests were present. Our host asked me to remain, and after the other guests had departed, he lighted a cigar—I did not smoke—and proposed a walk.

He shortly broached the question of impeachment, and asked for my opinion as to the result, saying that there were personal reasons why he should like to know definitely what might be expected.

I said:

"General Grant, you may rest assured that impeachment will fail."

He answered:

"Senator, I have reason to believe, from good authority, that the managers of impeachment are confident of success."

"They have no substantial grounds for such confidence," I replied.

"I may tell you in confidence," he then said, "that not only is it expected that Ben. Wade will become President, but the members of his Cabinet have already been selected."

"Can you tell me, General, who they are to be?" I asked.

"Perhaps I ought not to say," he replied, "but I will tell you, at least, that General Butler has been designated as Secretary of State."

I reiterated my belief that the program never would be carried out, whereupon General Grant said:

"You know that people are talking of me for the Presidency at the coming election. I have not had political ambition, but I begin to think that possibly I might be of great service to the country in bringing peace to the disturbed sections of the Union. These men who are counting on the success of impeachment offer me their influence as the nominee to succeed Wade in case he becomes President by the removal of Johnson."

"What are the conditions?" I asked.

"That I shall agree to take over Wade's Cabinet."

"Good God, General!" I exclaimed, in astonishment, "you did n't consent to that, did you?"

"No," he replied; "I did not give them any answer."

He expressed distrust of Butler; yet I thought he seemed to lean toward the bargain. Then I said:

"General Grant, you may feel confident of the nomination whether these men support you or not; and you may rest assured that the succession will not occur as they promise."

Drawn by Jay Hambidge, on the basis of a woodcut in "Leslie's Weekly," April 11, 1868

IMPEACHMENT IN SESSION IN THE SENATE CHAMBER, MONDAY, MARCH 23, 1868

[illegible] at the table in the middleground

About a week later, as I was coming from the Capitol in a street-car, General Grant got in. The car was well filled, and the General came over and sat beside me. He asked whether I had changed my opinion about the impeachment.

"No, General," I answered, "I am of the same mind about it."

"Do you think you can defeat it?" he asked.

"Well, I can't warrant that," I replied. "We have friends enough against it to defeat it, but I cannot give a pledge that we shall actually defeat it."

"Well," he said, "I hope you won't."

"Why, General," I exclaimed, "you would n't impeach Johnson?"

"Yes I would," he answered bruskly.

"Then you have changed your mind," I said, "and I am sorry to hear it."

"Yes," he repeated, "I would impeach him if for nothing else than because he is such an infernal liar."

"I very much regret to hear you say it," I answered, looking at him earnestly, for his language and manner aroused my indignation. "I regret it because on such terms it would be nearly impossible to find the right sort of man to serve as President."

He seemed annoyed, but made no further remark, and in a few minutes left the car. We never had any further conversation on the subject. I inferred that the Radicals hoped to influence me through Grant, since they knew I was ready to support him for President. When I saw how and why he had changed about, I lost respect for his opinion.

From that time a coolness entered into our relations; but during his Presidency I was paid the compliment of being asked to take charge of the Whisky Ring prosecution in St. Louis.

THE SEVEN REPUBLICAN SENATORS

ALL of the Democratic senators were ranged on the side of President Johnson, and the division of the voting power was such that seven Republican senators voting with the Democrats could defeat impeachment. We senators who were opposed to the scheme held several informal conferences. At first we numbered at least eight, since Senator William Sprague of Rhode Island joined in the talks and was frankly on our side. He was the son-in-law of the Chief-Justice who would preside at the trial, and it was no secret that Chase looked upon the articles of impeachment as flimsy. But after the opposing senators began to be deluged with appeals and threats from their constituents, Sprague evidently decided that the good of the country required that he should return to the Senate, and he absented himself from further conference. It was rumored that Senator Edwin D. Morgan, formerly Governor of New York, would have voted with us in case of the defection of one of the seven. For political reasons he finally alined himself with the Radicals.

The tension in the senate chamber during the first vote, which was on the last, or eleventh, article, was tremendous, for at least two of the seven Republicans were claimed by both sides. William P. Fessenden of Maine was the first of the seven to rise on roll-call and be questioned by the Chief-Justice, saying:

"Mr. Senator Fessenden, how say you? Is the respondent, Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, guilty or not guilty of a high misdemeanor as charged in this article?"

Fessenden responded in a clear voice, "Not guilty." In a written opinion filed later he disposed of the suggestion that "popular opinion" demanded the conviction of the President, by saying that the people had not heard the evidence as the Senate had heard it, and that the responsibility was not on the people, but on the senators who had taken an oath "to do impartial justice according to the Constitution and the laws."

When the name of Senator James W. Grimes of Iowa was called, Fessenden asked for a moment's delay, in order that the senator, who was ill, might be brought into the chamber. He was carried in and placed in his seat. Before the Chief-Justice summoned him to answer he suggested that Grimes might answer from his seat; but the ill senator rose with the aid of friends and, after the summons, in a feeble voice answered, "Not guilty." Perhaps no one of the seven was afterward so roundly abused by newspapers and politicians who had formerly been his friends.

Senator Joseph F. Fowler of Tennessee had been claimed by both sides, since he had voted on some questions favorable to

the Radicals and on others favorable to the President. Though not a man of conspicuous ability, he was regarded as level-headed. After his vote of "Not guilty" he received a despatch congratulating him on the position he had taken, to which he answered, "I acted for my country and posterity, in obedience to the voice of God."

After my vote of "Not guilty," which created no surprise, Senator Edmund G. Ross of Kansas was the next Republican to disappoint his party friends. He had begun political life as an Abolitionist and had been appointed to fill the unexpired term of the noted senator, "Jim" Lane. He had voted with the Radicals on some questions, and the reticence he had maintained with regard to his position on impeachment subjected him to enormous pressure. Still he maintained silence, and the audience held its breath until, in a clear voice he unhesitatingly answered, "Not guilty." As Ross had been the main hope of the Radicals, his vote made a sensation. It was claimed that a sum of money had been subscribed to reward him for taking the stand he did contrary to the sentiment of the people of Kansas, who had threatened him with expulsion from the State if he voted for the President. He was made to suffer heavily for his adherence to principle, and his immediate hardships and poverty indicated that he was not bribed. After the trial was over, he stated in the Senate that he had entertained doubts on some of the articles until a few days before the vote, but had settled the matter in his own mind, as he said, "by giving his country the benefit of his doubts."

Senator Lyman Trumbull of Illinois, though he had voted for the resolution censuring Stanton, had been outspoken against impeachment; consequently his vote of "Not guilty" awakened no surprise. His position was based on the harm which would be done to the country by setting the example of impeaching a President, and he expressed the opinion that if Johnson were removed on such partizan grounds, "no future President will be safe who happens to differ with a majority of the House and two thirds of the Senate on any measure desired by them, particularly if of a political character." In other words, his action was based on antagonism to the principle of the "recall" as it is being urged to-day.

Senator Peter G. Van Winkle of West Virginia was a substantial, fair-minded man, who on some questions had favored the President and on others had voted with the Radicals. Still, his vote of "Not guilty" occasioned no surprise.

During the clamor from Missouri to induce me to change my attitude, I was appealed to by the Missouri delegation in Congress, who, as a body, besought me to vote for impeachment. Under the stress of their urging I entertained momentarily the question of resigning, but as that would have brought victory to the side of the impeachers, I resolved to stay. On May 13 I received from St. Louis a despatch making a final appeal, which read:

> There is intense excitement here. Meeting called for to-morrow night. Can your friends hope that you will vote for the eleventh article? If so, all will be well.

To this I immediately replied:

> Say to my friends that I am sworn to do impartial justice according to law and conscience and I will try to do it like an honest man.

Every one of the seven Republican senators who voted against impeachment was relegated to private life at the expiration of his term. In addition to all kinds of printed and written abuse, I was burned in effigy at Macon, Missouri.

HOW TIME VINDICATED THE RIGHT

My part in this crisis strained some of my friendships, particularly that with Sumner. At first he had been rather opposed to impeachment, especially to the eleventh article, remarking that no one but a Pennsylvania justice of the peace (alluding to Thad. Stevens) could have drawn that article; but he and Stevens were "thick as thieves" before the trial terminated. Meantime, as Sumner's enthusiasm for impeachment grew, his regard for those of us who opposed it lessened. After the trial he directed a personal remark at me in the senate chamber that rankled. I was denouncing the course of the managers of impeachment for converting them-

selves into a committee to investigate and punish the seven senators. They sent telegrams and spies over the country. Butler was the most active in using the spy system, and it became an acute annoyance. Mr. Fessenden complained of it to me. He said, "I cannot go out at night without being pursued by spies who come behind me at every cross street." Others told me the same. I had nothing to fear, for there was nothing they might not know about me. While I was denouncing the conduct of this committee as that of traitors, Sumner in a taunting voice exclaimed, "It is only the wounded bird that flutters."

The coldness between us lasted for several years. In fact, it was not until the controversy over the treaty for annexing Santo Domingo arose that I had any further relations with him. At that time I had gone to Washington to argue a case before the Supreme Court, and Mr. Sumner asked me to dinner. I was a little surprised, but I went to his dinner, where I found a very good company. When I was ready to bid him good night, he insisted on my staying, as he wished to talk with me; but I was reluctant, as I wanted to do some work before I went to sleep. Still he insisted, and after Senator Thurman, who lingered enjoying his cigar, had gone, Sumner said that he had desired for several years to have a private talk with me over the impeachment of Johnson. He then said impressively:

"I want to say that in that matter you were right and I was wrong."

"Mr. Senator," I answered, "I am very glad to hear you say so for my own satisfaction, and also on your own account, because your course was a disappointment. I believed that you would take ground against impeachment."

"That was my original impression," he replied, "but Johnson talked so foolishly, and was so abusive, I came to believe it would be just as well to turn him out." After a pause he repeated earnestly: "I did n't want to die without making this confession, that in the matter of impeachment you were right and I was wrong. But," he added, "if it is just as convenient to you, I would rather you would say nothing about it until I am dead—and I won't live many years."

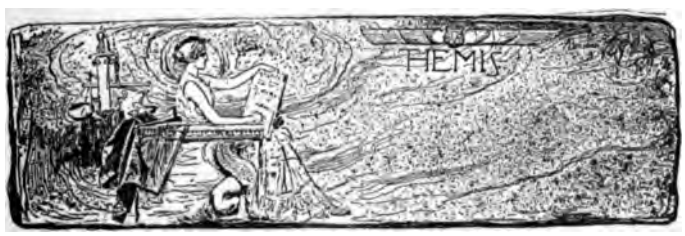
In his "Recollections of Forty Years in the House, Senate, and Cabinet" John Sherman says:

> I felt bound, with much regret, to vote "guilty" in response to my name, but I was entirely satisfied with the result of the vote, brought about by the action of several Republican senators.

James G. Blaine in "Twenty Years of Congress" is less apologetic and more candid. He says:

> The sober reflection of later years has persuaded many who favored impeachment that it was not justifiable on the charges made, and that its success would have resulted in greater injury to free institutions than Andrew Johnson in his utmost endeavor was able to inflict.

It would be well if those who are urging the "recall" as a general panacea for mistakes and dissatisfaction in the working of elections, would study the personal motives and partizan manœuverings which were the soul and body of this enormity of injustice in American history.



A CHRISTMAS FÊTE IN CALIFORNIA

INCLUDING A MASQUE IN THE MUIR WOODS

BY LOUISE HERRICK WALL

WITH PICTURES BY W. T. BENDA

EARLY in December the Angel of Peace on earth came to us, saying:

"How would you like a Christmas day deep in the woods, with no tissue-paper parcels or tinsel ribbon, with the people that you know best and like best and their children, with old English carols and games and wassail-songs and morris-dances, and stockings, and a huge bowl of innocent punch, and presents that cost fifteen cents, and no more, on pain of death? Now, how would you?"

Then we cried with one accord:

"Hath eye seen or ear heard? Can the cords of custom be loosened?"

"They can," said the Angel, snapping her glove-clasp into its socket. She rose.

We turned questioningly to our Valiant One.

"I should like that," she said. "I remember seventy Christmases, but none like that."

"If I go," said the Objector, "my Christmas-tree shall be a living tree. No cut-down, mutilated trees in a forest for me."

The Angel frowned. Commentators spring up to amend the text almost before a miraculous visitant can catch a ferry-boat back to town. "We will see," she said with the asperity common to women and angels.

MANY were called before our party of foresters was chosen. We were told that a little inn on a mountain-side, in a redwood grove, even in California, is a drafty place for aged parents and young children to be laid. And who would be separated from his own on Christmas day?

We found, too, that when Heaven had made the marriages between our friends, that no trouble had been taken to pair them for like qualities. Initiative and energy lay in streaks in families: the woman would, and the man would not, or the other way around, which, alas! was no way around at all, but just an *impasse*. Then there were aged parents-in-law who purposed to eat their turkey in the immemorial, family way or to perish forthwith of reproachful old age; others frankly confessed themselves caught in the Christmas mill: it was not that they enjoyed shopping for Christmas, or even the effects of Christmas-shopping, but to stop seemed perilous. Had it been tried?

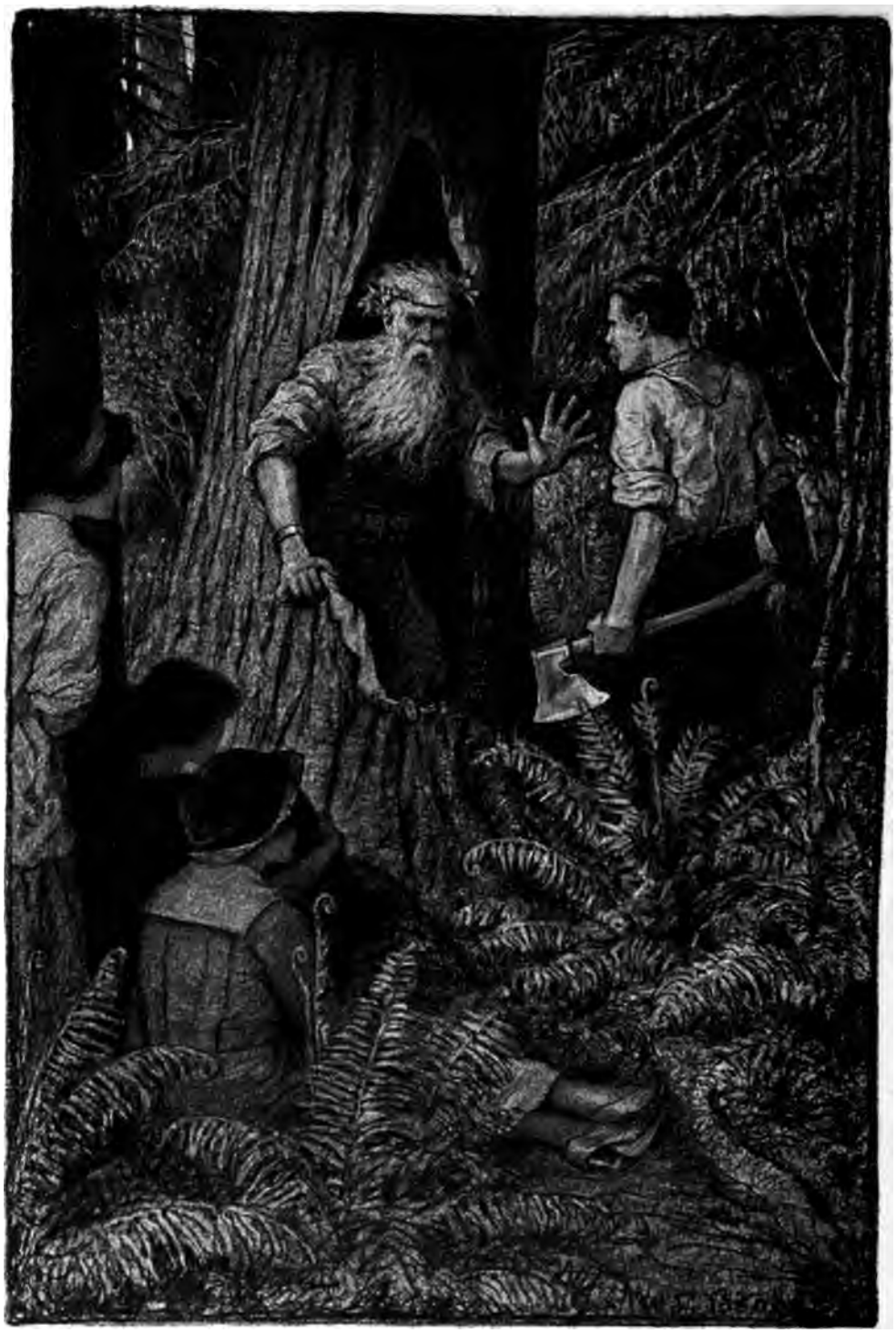
At length forty freed spirits agreed.

"THE GREAT FIRE WAS FED AGAIN, AND BY ITS LIGHT CHRISTMAS STORIES, IN SOBER PANTOMIME, WERE ENACTED"

Muir Inn, part way up the shaggy flank of Mount Tamalpais, was to be the place; December 24 was to be the time; and sixteen young people were to do what they could toward supplying the action.

On the day before Christmas seven of us, tucked in a touring-car, were climbing the foot-hills opposite the purple bulk of the mountain. A soft drizzle hung its drops on the fronds of the redwoods and made the leaves of the dwarf manzanita look ashen on their twisted, wine-red stems. As we beat up the grade, the world behind and below began to unroll, the inlets of the bay and the light-lying islands flattened to a map, while across and beyond we lifted San Francisco on her hills. The broken gray of the city houses laid washes of color, one above another, dove against rose-gray, against fawn, against pearl, and all cut by the sharper tones of the dark buildings.

At the crest of the foot-hills the car plunged down into the green-black shade of Muir Woods. Autumn and winter had touched the interior of the forest, and left sparse, lantern-like leaves of pale yellow on the bushes along the stream that gave to the wide, dim evergreen space an air of delicate and transient mortality. We ran beside the stream, the huge, shifting columns and the red, needle-silenced ground flowing past us, and on our eyelashes clung the caressing mist. Then our good cylinders labored hard to lift us by a winding, slippery grade up the abrupt side of the mountain to the inn. At a turn, without warning, we came out on a little plateau and up to the weather-stained building itself.



"AT THAT MOMENT FROM THE HOLLOW TRUNK OF A REDWOOD ANOTHER FIGURE STEPPED OUT"

As we stopped, the inn doors flew open, and out on the porches came friends, and friends, children, young girls, and men called our names, tossing us greetings and laughing. Something tightened in the throat, and we knew, before we tore the rugs off our knees, that the Muir Woods Christmas was going to be—different.

The inn was chiefly one big room of seventy feet or so smelling of evergreens. The fireplace, built for a sleigh-and-six, held a red mound of fire that just now gnawed, half-sated, at the carcass of a tree. Evergreens hung from the rafters, and all the tangle of California winter woods—wild huckleberry, manzanita, sallol, Oregon grape, rose-haws, Woodwardia fern, as tall as the tallest child, and sword-fern—branched forth from jars in the corners.

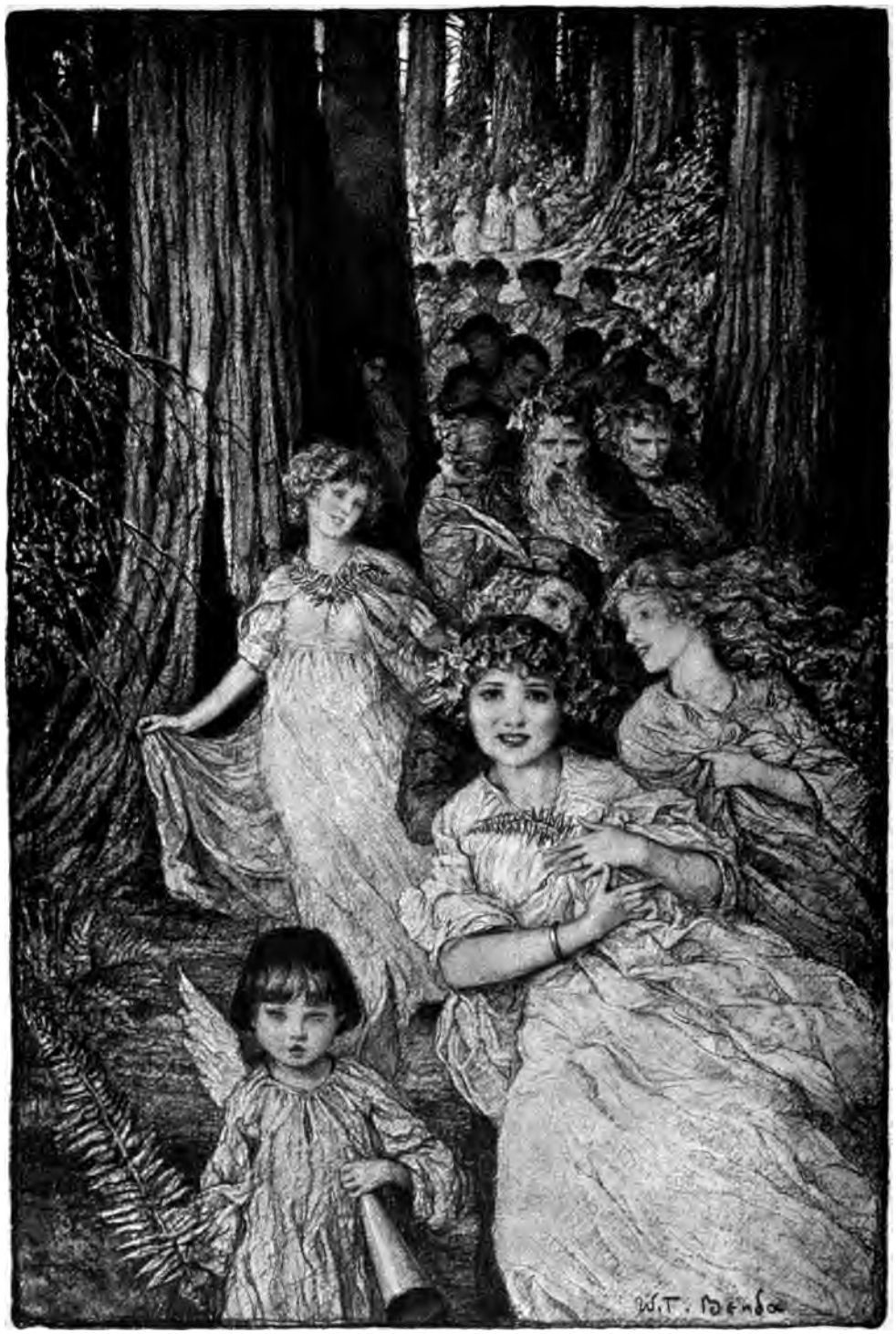
We were busy at once. There were costumes to arrange for the charades, and costumes to trim in secrecy for the Christmas masque in the woods; there were stockings—each family had brought characteristic ones for its group—to make ready to be strung on the wire in front of the fire; there were derisive jingles to be written and affixed to fifteen-cent presents for one's dearest friend; ferns, evergreens, and candies had to be tied to things; there were packages with disguised contours to be hidden. Concealment, like a worm, preyed everywhere, and people talked muffledly because of twine and tacks between the teeth. Busy, efficient men nailed things, to the envy of wives who had brought ruminative, pocket-handed men of the smoking variety. The children romped and peeped at forbidden things, and the people who were not their mothers said they were wonderfully good, and what the mothers said was not recorded. About the whole place there was such a smell of evergreens and such a mood of noisy fellowship, climbing, nailing, upsetting, and standing about, that one suddenly realized that Dickens was not a caricaturist, just a merrymaker.

When the lights were lighted and things at their busiest, so that they could not possibly be moved from the tables, the waiters came to lay the cloth for Christmas-eve dinner. This sent us all to the fire. Laps were made, two-child deep; the very little people were fed hygienic pulp and simmered into drowsiness, so that they could be put to bed; and the women, and especially the girls, went and dressed in chilly little bedrooms smelling of matting.

We got back to the warm room again, to find that the tables had been laid in the form of a great cross, red berries at every place. All seemed sweet and familiar as we seated ourselves, for every face was the face of a friend. Food came and went, songs, stories, laughter; toasts were drunk and answered, and we wagged our heads and said the inevitable thing, "There used to be a time when people had families the size of this!" and were half sad and half glad for the decline of the good old times of abundance.

After dinner, chairs and tables were pushed aside, the great fire was fed again, and by its light Christmas stories, in sober pantomime, were enacted: Joseph and Mary, foot-sore and weary, knocked at the door of the inn at Bethlehem, and found not where to lay their heads; the shepherds fed their flocks by night, and a voice sang of peace on earth, good-will to men; then came the Magi, following the star, to the manger where the Child was laid and offered gifts of frankincense and myrrh, and all the simple, reverent scenes spelled adoration for those who watched. The absence of footlights and formal costumes made the little plays seem a part of some humble worship in memory of the hallowed and gracious time. The familiar faces, with a thousand every-day associations, perhaps, under veil or turban took on a new suggestion, a shade of mystery from a time and thought not wholly ours, yet wrought with ours by centuries of faith.

"Mirth is also of Heaven's making," and this soberness melted into laughter with the tramping of feet as the big circle formed to play the old English ring-games that have been sung and played where children have gathered, in merrymaking times, since our speech broke into rugged, rhythmic verse. As the older children and most of the grown people played,—for only trundle-bed trash had been put to bed,—the rope in front of the fire was putting forth a grotesque fruitage of harlequin stockings, stuffed with ten-cent surprises. One giant, pink sock, decorated with carnations, was for some one's big, red-haired nephew, and the St. Patrick



"GIVING AN ALMOST INTOLERABLE BEAUTY TO THE AGE-OLD TRUNKS"

green one, bound with serpents, was marked "For Rattlesnake Pete, the Sierra Snake-Destroyer." And so all down the line the stockings mocked their owners with intimate audacities. There were genuine baby stockings, too, to melt one's heart, so little, woolly, and shrunken from the wash.

It grew late; the piano, which had been beating its life out all the evening over, "Oats, Pease, Beans, and Barley Grows" and "London Bridge is Falling Down, O My Lady!" began whispering a strange, old air, a marching tune with a pulse of marching feet, more and more loudly, until suddenly we all sang in lusty unison:

"Here we come a-wassailing
Among the leaves so green,
Here we come a-wandering
So fair to be seen.
Love and joy come to you—"

when in came the large and paunchy punch-bowl, borne by the stoutest of the waiters. All in line, singing and marching, old and young, we circled in a wide detour about the room, coming to a stand, our glasses high, about the wassail-bowl.

"Christmas! God bless us!" We drank the toast, and even the lip of the abstainer was touched with the foam of egg-nog.

When at last all was quiet for the night, the big room dark and empty, and the heavy line of forty stockings sagged and bulged in front of the fire, several sober rioters stole back for a few last words.

"The only thing that could spoil Christmas now," said an anxious Martha, stooping to pick up a string from the floor, "would be that some of the younger children who have been sending letters to Santa Claus for automobiles and hill-coasters may be disappointed by ten-cent toys."

"I know children," said the Chief Emancipator. "They are not half as mercenary as we think. Play is what they love. They will never think of hill-coasters on the happy day when the grown people come to their senses and give themselves up to fun."

Noël, Noël, Noël, Noël,
Born was the King of Israel!

Did you ever wake on a Christmas morning to the sound of fresh voices singing at your door and the soft swish of a redwood bough across your window-pane—eyes opening upon walls as bare as the walls of a stable, and the smell and feel of Christmas in the air of your naked little room?

The first Noël, the angels did say,
Was to certain poor shepherds, in fields as they lay,
In fields as they lay, keeping their sheep,
On a cold winter's night that was so deep.
Noël, Noël, Noël, Noël,
Born was the King of Israel!

The carolers were down from the little cabins on the hillside where they had slept with a figment of roof between them and the stars, and the cries of Merry Christmas beat upon our doors until we all came together, in noisy collision, on the porches, and swept in to strip the line of stockings. The babies dropped on the floor with their pouches, dumping their toys frankly between their outspread legs, laughing, crooning, and picking, with tiny, pointed fingers, at the mystery of things. It was with them, as the wise woman had said, all bubbling contentment and delight. Little tin wagons bounded over the floor, any side up, two babies abreast, and every mouth blew upon squeakers and trumpets the blasts of which were mercifully tempered to the short wind of the little lambs. Our own gifts unmasked, with even-handed justice, our inner foibles, but the children's came to the breakfast table with them in a spirit of peace. Live stock surrounded every plate, and cattle fed from porcelain mangers, and became entangled in patent breakfast foods.

As breakfast ended, a call came from the doorway, "Who wants to come with me to the woods and pick out a Christmas tree?" It was she of the Yerba Buena wreath and shoe-top skirt. We all wanted to come. This finding of the tree was to be a ceremony. Though a faint mist was still a-drift, no one cared, and a few wraps made the children snug.

A dozen tangled little paths lead down among the chaparral to the redwoods, and here the children gathered from everywhere, laughing and calling among the undergrowth, scattering, breaking, and

running down the steep paths exactly as a brood of quail run and call and scatter through the mesquite under the convoy of their crested leader.

"The Woodsman! The Woodsman! First we must find a woodsman with an ax to cut the Christmas-tree," called the leader. "He used to live over here. Who can find him?"

Her brood scurried here and there, unconsciously led where she would, beating up the brush, when suddenly, shouting with delight, they came full upon a man with an ax—a flannel-shirted man with a kind face and a great, broad, shining ax.

"Yes, I am the Woodsman," he called. "May I cut a Christmas-tree for you this morning?" He came forward, and jumped straight into the story, without preliminaries. The whole flock surged down upon him and off to find the tree, accepting his being there with his ax as children do accept pleasant things. We all went down into the winding wood road, almost roofed over by redwood plumes, the little children stopping to consult gravely with the Woodsman about the suitability of trees two hundred feet high or saplings of a century's growth, squinting up trunks, considering, rejecting, earnestly intent, each one, upon finding the perfect tree. The older conspirators, half lost in brake and fern, kept close behind.

"This one I think will do," cried the Woodsman at last, and he lifted his ax.

At that moment from the hollow trunk of a redwood another figure stepped out, and all the children started, he was so strange.

"I am the Spirit of the Woods," he said in a deep voice; "I come to plead with you for the life of this tree."

He wore a mantle bordered with fern and moss. Instead of hair, his head was closely covered with the greenish lichen that grows on the north side of trees in winter, and his beard was of long, gray moss. He spoke very earnestly, and told the children how sweet it is to live, as a tree, in the forest. They were not exactly frightened; they even drew a step nearer: in that beautiful, solemn place strange things might happen. Then the Woodsman once more lifted his ax, when a very little boy, quite unprompted, and to every one's surprise, suddenly broke from his father, and ran to the Woodsman, clasping his arms about him, crying out for the life of the tree.

"Don't cut it down!" he sobbed. "It wants to be a tree; it does n't want to be logs."

We were quite still for a moment, then the Spirit of the Woods said: "The tree has another friend. I thought I was the only one who really loved it." Then turning to us all, he said with authority: "Do as the child bids. Come with me, for I have something to show you." He moved with a long stride in his long mantle, the moss wagged from his sleeves like the beard of a goat, and the children crowded nearer to the Woodsman; but at a turn of the road they all cried out and ran forward. Growing beside the road, with its branches full of gold and silver ornaments, snow and cranberries and gifts, was a lovely living Christmas-tree, bearing its shining fruitage in the thick forest.

Then all took hands and danced about the tree, and sang to it, and praised it, and called it beautiful. From the thick branches, which were not so very high in that high place, grown people took packages marked with names. There were little Robin Hood costumes for several of the children, with feathered caps and feathered bows, and a Cupid's dress of white gauze and filmy wings for the four-year-old cherub, and green mantles for every one, that slipped over the head, and wreaths of fresh green vines for the hair. The living tree gave up toys and tinsel and everything, as other trees, that have given up their lives, have never been known to do. The children starred themselves over with its ornaments, and everybody dressed at the same moment. The pretty girls wrapped tinsel and cranberry ropes in their hair, and looked prettier than ever. It was so deep in the forest that for mirrors each must inquire of the eyes that loved her for news of how she looked.

By the time that the tree was stripped quite bare, with only a spangle here or a fleece of snow there, the whole party was peacocking in its finery down the wood road, two by two, and two by two: the Woodsman with his boy on his shoulder; the green-mantled, vine-wreathed folk; the lonely Spirit of the Woods, a hesitating child peeping up at him; the little Robin Hoods, a-chase for sparrows; and, straggling behind the rest, the Cupid-baby,

like a new-born butterfly, not quite able either to run or to fly. And so, winding with the winding red road, all our brightness subdued to the dim atmosphere in which we moved,—that impalpable violet that floats about the stems of the trees in these vast groves, giving an almost intolerable beauty to the age-old trunks,—we came to recognize that about us were the real Christmas-trees; for they were fast-rooted here when homeless Mary was with child in Bethlehem.

What broke the spell was the old Edenic curse. Some one spoke of food. I think it was a man. He said, in effect, that he wished to be comforted with apples; that he was sick of love; he described a cold Christmas dinner; then a dinner burned to a crisp and served to forty empty chairs. It was a moving tale, and had that effect upon our procession.

The dinner-hour had been set early that every child might come; and one or two little heads, with their first thistle-down thatch, beside the old white ones, made the Christmas dinner seem more than ever a gracious family feast. We did not come dressed as people dining on Christmas day, but all still in our mantles of forest green and wreaths of vine. Down the tables, formed like a cross, shone the red of toyon berries, in the folds of the girls' coiled hair and in the chains about children's necks.

If there was a moment of disillusionment, it was the one in which it was discovered that the Spirit of the Woods did not subsist on wood-alcohol, as had been rumored, but contrived large pieces of turkey between the fringes of moss about his lips. But this, too, had a happy influence, because it loosened some rather silent tongues, and the children's talk burst out fluent and simultaneous.

Housed intimately in by the evergreen-hung walls, the fire-light and soft lamps bringing us into one warm group, the sense of comradeship, up there on the big, misty mountain, and the gracious presence of little children and our own, dear people, brought us to our feet to sing again the wassail-song.

"Here we come a-wassailing
Among the leaves so green,
Here we come a-wandering
So fair to be seen."

And as we stood, glasses lifted, we looked from the faces that had made our own first Christmases bright to the little ones, just above the cloth, and pledged the birth of this good, new way of being glad on Christmas day.

THE DREAMS DENIED

BY MARION COUTHOUY SMITH

OUR lives are molded by the things we miss.
Not by Love's answering eyes, not by his kiss,
But by Love's hunger do we learn Love's bliss.

Our growth must answer to the swell and strain
Of thew and sinew toward the ultimate gain;
The warrior's worth is measured by his pain.

Upward our hopes are flung, like tongues of fire.
The dreams denied unendingly aspire:
The soul must take the shape of its desire.

THE WOOING OF "HOLY CALM"

BY MARION HAMILTON CARTER

MISS ASHBELL'S first name was Matilda, but everybody at her boarding-house called her "Miss Mittie" by way of friendliness to a stranger; nor did they express much wonder as to what had brought her from Philadelphia to Laramie, because to a Wyomingite it is the most natural thing in the world that anybody should forsake every other place in the world for Wyoming, the only wonder being that millions more did not do it all the time. Possibly these dwellers on the altitudes would have thought her being in Laramie still more natural had they seen the house of her birth and rearing, one of those three-hundred-and-forty-seven-thousand-all-just-alike homes for which Philadelphia is famous, each with its bath-room, each bath-room with its cake of Cashmere bouquet soap, each parlor with its onyx-topped table between the two lace-curtained windows; and outside, white marble steps, and white, solid wood shutters to keep the Indians out at night. That is, they were to keep the Indians out, but as the Indians went faster than Philadelphia, the shutters are there yet. And Miss Mittie missed them dreadfully in Laramie; it did n't seem like home if you could n't barricade at night, and scrub white marble steps in the morning.

But at Mrs. Ingersoll's store, where Miss Mittie "had the ribbons," they called her "Holy Calm," pronouncing it "ca'm." Coming from peaceful nights behind white, solid shutters, calm was to be expected, though perhaps not so much of it as Miss Mittie had. Her calm was of the peculiarly Quaker variety that exasperated you to the depths: instantly your desire was to ruffle it, to tear it open, and find out what was underneath, and if it were calm all through, and holy, or just put on for effect. And you felt somehow that the Lord made her on Sunday, after He had rested from His labors in the meetings attended by her father and mother; and by the same token, you felt that the Lord made Roddy McQueed on Monday, as a preliminary to getting the creative hand in on original chaos. It is beyond me to determine why these two should have been each other's particular fate, yet such was the case.

My one experience with Miss Mittie showed me what she was. It was in the days when they were wearing yard-long hat-pins as articles of warfare. I went into the store to buy two short ones, and Holy Calm showed me a cushionful of rapiers, and told me "those were all they had now."

There was just something in the way she said it that "got" me. I retorted that she did n't know her stock—that I had bought proper hat-pins there three months before on my way up to the ranch, and there were a million of 'em still in a box.

"Oh, only two sold," said she, taking it for truth, though never till that instant had she set eyes on me. "Then they must all be here except those two," and with that, she drew out a box marked "ruching" in black letters six inches long. It contained ruching.

Miss Mittie only murmured apologetically to the box, "Not here, I see," and drew forth another marked "stocks" containing stocks, and then one marked "gloves" containing gloves, and a fourth marked "ties" containing ties.

At this point my wickedness took me, and I showed her a box marked "corsets" containing corsets, a box marked "baby ribbon" containing baby ribbon, a box marked "embroidery cotton" containing embroidery cotton; after which I swept a commanding gesture over a table where silk hose were displayed and said artfully, "You 'd better look under those stockings."

She thanked me for the kind suggestion and conscientiously turned over every pair, soberly telling me, when she was through, she "did n't see any hat-pins." Neither did she see the glitter in my eye nor hear the derision in my voice; she positively never suspected that I was "doing her" in a way that would have reduced a New York "saleslady" either to rage or a red-

faced pulp. I 'd have kept it up for an hour until I forced her to show some sign of human feeling, but time was pressing, and I could n't sacrifice my sleeping-car berth east for the fine sport of baiting her Holy Calm. I stepped behind the counter and took a box, in full sight all the time, marked "hat-pins—short," opened it, and put it in her hand.

No written words can convey the manner in which she said, "Oh, yes—two of those. Ten cents," and wrote her slip.

I went off feeling defeated—the calm had never quivered; I had mentally made no more impression on her than if she 'd been a waxwork.

But it had been borne in upon me that Miss Mittie's soul needed saving to a world of human endeavor—that she was in bondage to some intangible inner force; and I was still thinking of her as a psychological phenomenon, wondering how a person so devoid of perception and imagination could contrive to earn her daily bread even in Wyoming, where the stress of commercial conditions is much easier than in the East, when the porter took my suitcase from Roddy's hand and he cheered me off.

Roddy had driven me down from the ranch,—an all-day trip across the plains, with a sandwich lunch in the middle,—and he had made use of the opportunity to tell me the whole, *true* story of his life. He was emphatic on the truth of it, and said that I ought to write it up for the New York papers; and with this in view he went into details that would have made me faint away if they had been true. But knowing Roddy after three summers of him, I took his recitation quietly. My vague "Did you's?" annoyed him but stimulated him to larger invention; and when at last we reached Laramie, he was in fine fettle for an adventure that would eclipse all the rest.

In this mood he strolled up the street after leaving me, and almost trampled Mrs. Ingersoll under foot as she dashed out of her store. She, too, had just received defeat at the hands of Holy Calm, and felt she had to save a soul alive.

Mrs. Ingersoll and Roddy were friends, after a sort. Everybody in the country was friends with him in the same fashion, as you 've got to be with a next-to-nature man who has a reputation for originality in sin and has been in the papers no less than five times for it. So when Roddy and she collided and he said: "Why, hello, Mis' Ingersoll! I did n't *go* fer to smash ye," and held out his big paw, she, with fine courtesy, gave him her hand and told him, smiling as though she liked to be smashed by careless cow-boys, "You 're just the one I want to see."

Roddy was flattered. He knew, of course, that he was "just the one" any lady would want to see,—why not?—but somehow Mrs. Ingersoll was a little bit different from the rest. She did things, too, and her name was in the papers almost any time, attached to real news. Did n't she organize the Laramie brass band that beat the Cheyenne band all to pieces?

So it really meant something to be wanted to be seen by *her,* and Roddy, hastily reviewing the situation, returned a handsome, "Well, you 're jest the one *I* wanta see. Now, ain't that two of a kind?" and felt he had scored himself.

This paved the way for confidences. They were both smarting from too much Holy Calm. Mrs. Ingersoll blurted out her own experience, and asked Roddy how did he account for a girl like that?

Roddy pushed his hat back on his head to let out the thought that Miss Mittie seemed to lack a sense of humor and ought to be shown a thing or two; Mrs. Ingersoll, however, inclined to the belief that the trouble was "Holy Calm was too good for use," or at least too good for any use in a millinery establishment. Roddy suggested that "something might be done fer her if ye went about it right," but Mrs. Ingersoll averred despairingly that you 'd never get an idea into Miss Mittie's head short of cutting it open with an ax. However, after sifting the situation back and forth between them, the upshot was a soul-saving plot: Mrs. Ingersoll was to slip out just before closing time, leaving Miss Mittie to shut up shop alone; then Roddy, with a gang of cow-boys, was to "jump the store" and hold her up for a couple of hundred yards of ribbon, which they were to carry up to Mrs. Ingersoll's house afterward.

All started off according to program. Holy Calm, softly humming to herself, was putting the store to bed as snug as anything, and thinking of her well-earned rest, when five young, seemingly desperate

rascals, Roddy leading, fired their guns in the air and landed with a bounce inside, two of the boys blocking the door so she could n't get away.

Miss Mittie never quivered an eyelash.

"What can I do for you, gentlemen?" she asked, fixing her gaze and a smile on Roddy, whom she had met, and admired tremendously for the tales told of him.

Roddy was just a trifle dashed by her politeness, for he 'd "allowed she 'd screech, er something, like a woman always does," and when anybody screeched his rule was, "Give 'em some more o' the same medicine." But under her serene, uncomprehending stare Roddy forgot what he 'd come for.

Beany Johnson nudged him in the ribs as a reminder, and then, seeing a hesitancy, kicked him with his spur. Thus pushed to his duty, Roddy blurted out:

"I want some ribbon—pink ribbon—fer a church-fest'val decorations." He slipped his gun into its holster, gave a hitch to his chaps and a jerk to the red handkerchief about his neck, picked up a roll from the counter, and told her in an offhand way: "This here will do. Gimme forty yards offen it," and began carelessly unwinding it on the counter.

"There are n't forty yards in that piece," said she, taking the roll from his hand with her holiest calm and a smile at him, and at the same time noting the number on the roll. "There 's only eight and a quarter."

"Well, gimme what they is—an' then some more," he commanded.

She measured off the eight and a quarter, then ten from another roll, said she was sorry she could n't match that pink exactly, but it was "special-sale goods," and would n't something else do, since it was for a church and not for a dress? The quality would be absolutely the same; the store did n't carry any but the best.

Roddy, who had somewhat found himself by this time, amiably explained that "It did n't matter about the match; it was only fer a church, anyways," and handed her a roll of bright green.

She measured it demurely without looking at him. Still, it would n't have helped her if she had; she would n't have perceived the glitter of his eye.

With the green on the counter his self-confidence entirely returned. At the same time Beany Johnson and Hank Homans began to clamor, their arms overflowing with ribbons, that she measure some for them; and presently upon that counter lay a haystack of silk of all colors of the rainbow, and every roll that the boys could lay hands on had been unwound.

"Thirty-seven dollars and five cents," said Miss Mittie. "But I 'll throw in the remnant and call it an even thirty-seven, since you took so much." She had done the sum all in her head while she was measuring off!

"Charge it," said Roddy, loftily. "This here gent—" He presented Hank, who bowed acknowledgment—"is Mr. Andy Carnegie. I guess you heard of him often enough, and know you can trust him all right; an' this here one with the *mus*tache is Mr. Pierpont Morgan. I am John D. Rockyfelly." That being the preconcerted cue for them to go on with their parts, they began gathering the ribbons into their arms as fast as they could, meaning to cut and run with them.

"Excuse me, but this is a cash-down store," informed Miss Mittie, laying her hand on the ribbons nearest her. "I can't charge anything. I 'm sorry not to oblige,—" She turned a little pale at the thought of it,—"but you see how it is; I 'm not allowed, so I can't. Thirty-seven dollars, please."

"Well, I guess you won't refuse *us,*" said Roddy, ingratiatingly, pulling surreptitiously at the ribbons while Hank added this sweet touch, "it 's fer a strawb'ry fest'val—real strawb'ries, real cream, you know." (The season was late October.)

The words gave Roddy an idea. "Perhaps you 'd like to go—with *me.*" The wretch beamed at her, thinking here was the best chance yet to "do her one" and send the shivers over her in a way she 'd never forget.

A faint tinge of color suffused her cheeks. How kind of him, the great Roddy, to want her! She spoke, however, with her calm:

"I 'd like to go with you ever so much. Yes, I 'm sure I can go to-night; I have n't anything else. I 'll go," she accepted, making what she felt a momentous decision. Never yet had she been anywhere with a real live cow-boy, and it had been the dream of her life—the dream now at last come true! What a story to write

home to Philadelphia! She smiled happily at Roddy, then, suddenly remembering her duty, said, "Thirty-seven dollars, please," but very sweetly, and as though she hated to ask him for it after that invitation, and felt it not quite ladylike.

"Charge it, please," he gave back, with a sweetness imitating her own, while a flush was beginning to be felt on his cheeks also. He had n't expected her to take him up so quickly. He was prepared to wheedle and urge, and it made him feel just a bit mean to see her so eager to go with him to a fictitious festival; and after his first stab of self-pride came the thought, was he "the first fella ever ast her to go somewheres in the evening? Did n't she git no amusement at all? Why, the poor kid!"

He questioned, hesitating:

"You—ain't been out much—in Laramie—sence you come?"

She shook her head.

"I have n't been to one thing," she replied, giving him a wistful look, and adding with a brighter one and a sigh, "until to-night."

Meanwhile the two guards at the door had become so entranced with the scene at the ribbon counter that they 'd cast aside their duty: they acknowledged the duty, however, by tiptoeing to the region of the ribbons, flattering themselves that, if they were not heard, they would not be seen.

Miss Mittie swept a glance at the five young men ranged before her and then at the clock. It was ten minutes past closing-time, and the street door stood wide open! Dreadful! In her shy delight at the prospect of a strawberry festival, she 'd forgotten her sacred trust in putting the store to bed. What would Mrs. Ingersoll say when she found it out?

With a quick, "Excuse me," she slipped along behind the counter, those five cowboys standing like gawks and watching her do it, and locked the door and put the key in her pocket. She took the key, naturally, so she could get in the next morning, and she was intending to let the young men out by a certain back way in order that nobody should know how remiss she 'd been. Returning hurriedly, she said, "Thirty-seven dollars, please," and stuck her pencil in her hair.

The young men had been exchanging disconcerted glances. Roddy dropped his ribbon on the counter. Figuratively speaking, he threw up the sponge then; but it was Hank Homans who first found a usable tongue.

"I guess we don't want it, after all," said he, depositing his armful beside Roddy's.

She smiled at him a smile that nothing but calm that is calm all through can produce on earth, and said, "Thirty-seven dollars, please."

"No—I guess we don't want it," corroborated Roddy, trying to appear self-confident while he bunched his ribbons together with decisive gestures that eschewed ribbons from his life forever.

For the fraction of a second she appeared to believe it; then she repeated, "Thirty-seven dollars," and thrust the slip across the pile at him.

He turned red.

"I say—we don't want it," he stammered.

She took this for a pleasantry, and held out her hand for the money. At the same moment he felt a spur dig into his boot; the situation was become exceedingly unpleasant to his fellow-missioners. What was the girl up to, anyway? And what in thunder did she mean by locking them in? Beany Johnson came to the rescue.

"I say, why, this here was—a—er—kinder *joke*," he explained sheepishly, and feeling dreadfully uncomfortable.

She looked at him, puzzled.

"I don't see it," she remarked. Literally she did n't. "What is the joke?"

"Why—er—all this here—" He waved his hand over the pile of ribbons—"this here pink ribbon hold-up—why, it was all a—er—kinder joke, without meanin' any offense," he trailed off, blushing.

"But I don't see it," she repeated, still with her puzzled look.

"Well, it is, anyway," he assured her, desperately. "It 's what it is all right—a joke."

For a moment after this brutal confession they thought comprehension dawned in her eyes; then she murmured, looking critically at the ribbon: "But I 'm sure I measured it all right; I never make mistakes on ribbons. Mrs. Ingersoll will tell you that. I was very particular as I went along. And I know I counted it right—thirty-seven dollars, and the remnant, five

cents; but I threw that off; I did n't charge it on the slip." She glanced at the slip to make sure on that point.

"Oh, you 're all right," Hank chipped in courageously. "We ain't kickin' on yer measurin'. An' the thirty-seven—it 's all right, too; but—why—er—"

"I gave you all-silk ribbon, no cotton-back," she interrupted. "I looked at every piece before I undid it. There 's some cotton-back in the store for cheap trimmings and flower ties, but I was very particular to give you the same as you started out with—that pink Mr. McQueed took first." She began rummaging the pile for the original sample.

"Oh, that 's all right; we ain't kickin' on the quality," Hank rumbled on, despite the pucker on her brow feeling he was making progress—that by a process of elimination of false scents he was gradually getting her on the track of a true apprehension. He motioned with his hand to include the others. "We ain't kickin' on that part of it, fer it 's all right; but—"

"Then I don't see what *is n't* all right," she sighed helplessly, glancing at the sale-slip to make sure the joke was n't there. "Yes, thirty-seven." With that a light dawned on her face, and she handed the slip to him. "Oh, I see," she cried, "I 've been asking the wrong gentleman to pay!"

Beany only shook his head and pushed the bill aside. He was beginning to perspire, and the others, coming to his rescue in a chorus, protested:

"But it was all a joke—this here. Don't you see?" hoping she 'd see and make the best of it by opening the door and telling them to get out for a mean lot of—, well, anything you like and can imagine as coming from her chaste lips. Getting out was now all they were capable of thinking of in the present predicament; they would n't have cared what she called them. Hank added firmly, and as a sort of inspiration, "You see, we don't want it now."

She looked from one to the other of them, repeating, "Don't want it now, did you say?" Then with another of her comprehending smiles, "But you ain't the kind of gentlemen that orders things you don't want, and then don't pay up for 'em, and you would n't disappoint a church. Besides—" Here she presented them with a smile apiece—"I know you would n't leave a lady to roll up 'most two hundred yards of ribbon just for a matter of thirty-seven dollars."

"It would n't be kinder jes right," Hank admitted, seeing a chance here to slide out on excuses. "Sure it would n't; but we did n't none of us fellas think o' that—"

She broke in on him with a quick, "I see it now!" and they waited breathless while she looked at the price-tags on several rolls. "You think I made a mistake in the different prices, carrying the different widths in my head, and you 're all too nice to tell me for fear you 'll get me in trouble with Mrs. Ingersoll. Well, maybe I did. Nobody 's perfect; no matter how careful you are, you 're liable to a slip-up once in a while. But I 'll measure it again and count it over just to satisfy you."

She took a long ribbon in her hand. Inwardly they groaned, and Roddy felt spurs digging at his legs and elbows at his ribs that said, "You got us into this fix; now get us out, and be quick about it, too."

But Roddy seemed to have been struck with paralysis. The truth is, Miss Mittie had those young missioners cowed. They did n't dare tell her to her face how they 'd planned and played a mean joke on her confiding innocence when she 'd never done anything to harm or annoy them in the whole of her blameless life. To leave her to roll up that pile of ribbon was, as Roddy afterward confessed when he told me the story, "sich a dirty, ornery trick to play on a lady as only a coyote would think of." And, then, they did n't dare to give Mrs. Ingersoll away. Yet if they did n't make a clean breast of it and show Miss Mittie just how low-down cussèd they 'd been, how were they to get the key? They could n't take it from her by force; at least things had n't reached the point where they felt they could "do anything that was *reely* ungentlemanly," as Roddy said. And then this thought came to all of them: suppose they did make her understand, and "she struck it hoppin' mad an' kep' 'em there all night to pay 'em fer it an' git even!" By this time they felt her capable of anything through sheer lack of imagination.

"One—two—three—four—five—" She measured swiftly, counting aloud as she went that they might be sure she was making no mistake. Under cover of her voice Hank hissed in Roddy's ear:

Drawn by Fletcher C. Ransom

"'THIRTY-SEVEN DOLLARS, PLEASE'"

Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"It 's yer turn to play. Say something, can't yer? An' git us outa this here hold-up."

"Hold-up! I should say *yes!*" snorted Beany in Roddy's other ear, suddenly appreciating the real essence of the joke; and then snorted again as he heard "Seventeen—eighteen—nineteen," accompanied by the rapid swish of silk along the counter.

But all Roddy, now very red of face, could contribute toward a graceful retreat for himself and friends from the scene of disaster was, "We don't want it," while pushing the ribbons weakly in her direction.

Before he could think of anything else, she raised her unsuspicious eyes questioningly to his, acknowledging him the leader and his word her law. That was the glance that shot him through the heart —that, and the way she 'd beaten them at their own game and never turned a hair. Roddy was enough the man and the sport to appreciate the laugh on himself."

"Fellas, the drinks are on us," he informed them, grimly. "The little girl gits the jackpot. It 's up to us to shell out an' be P. D. Q. about it, too."

Miss Mittie stopped her measuring, since he was satisfied to take the ribbon as it was, and put the slip into his hand with a smile that said, "Now I 'll be ready to go with you to our entertainment."

They made up the amount with difficulty,—it took every cent Roddy had and most of the spare cash in the party,—and when he had given it to her, he leaned over the counter, almost to kissing distance, and said:

"Little girl, y' can buy *me* fer a nickel."

She drew a shabby purse and took out of it a shabby nickel.

"It 's all I have," she told him, soberly, offering it.

All she had, and she was giving it to him *in earnest!* In one swift flash it came to him why she had n't seen through the mean joke they were playing on her: she had trusted him too much; or, as he more picturesquely put it, "She knowed I was too much of a gentleman to do a girl dirt." Her lack of comprehension of the true inwardness of the whole affair was precisely her measure of the high estimate she placed on his chivalry; she saw him as his own deepest ideals painted him, and he knew she saw him thus; and in the shine of the heavenly revelation he saw her as lovely calm womanhood confiding in his nobility. Something broke loose in him; his better nature, his affection, his generosity, his instinct for fair play, rose to its occasion, and in one instant he ceased to be a lawless young rapscallion—his heart truly and in the scriptural sense turned from its wickedness and the error of its ways.

"Little girl, if I take this here nickel offen ye, it 's a bargain between us," he told her, dizzily. "You an' me 'll belong to each other fer keeps. I mean it, honest."

She hesitated, blushing from throat to forehead under the gaping stare of the other young fellows; then she said bravely, "I mean it honest, too," and laid the nickel in his hand.

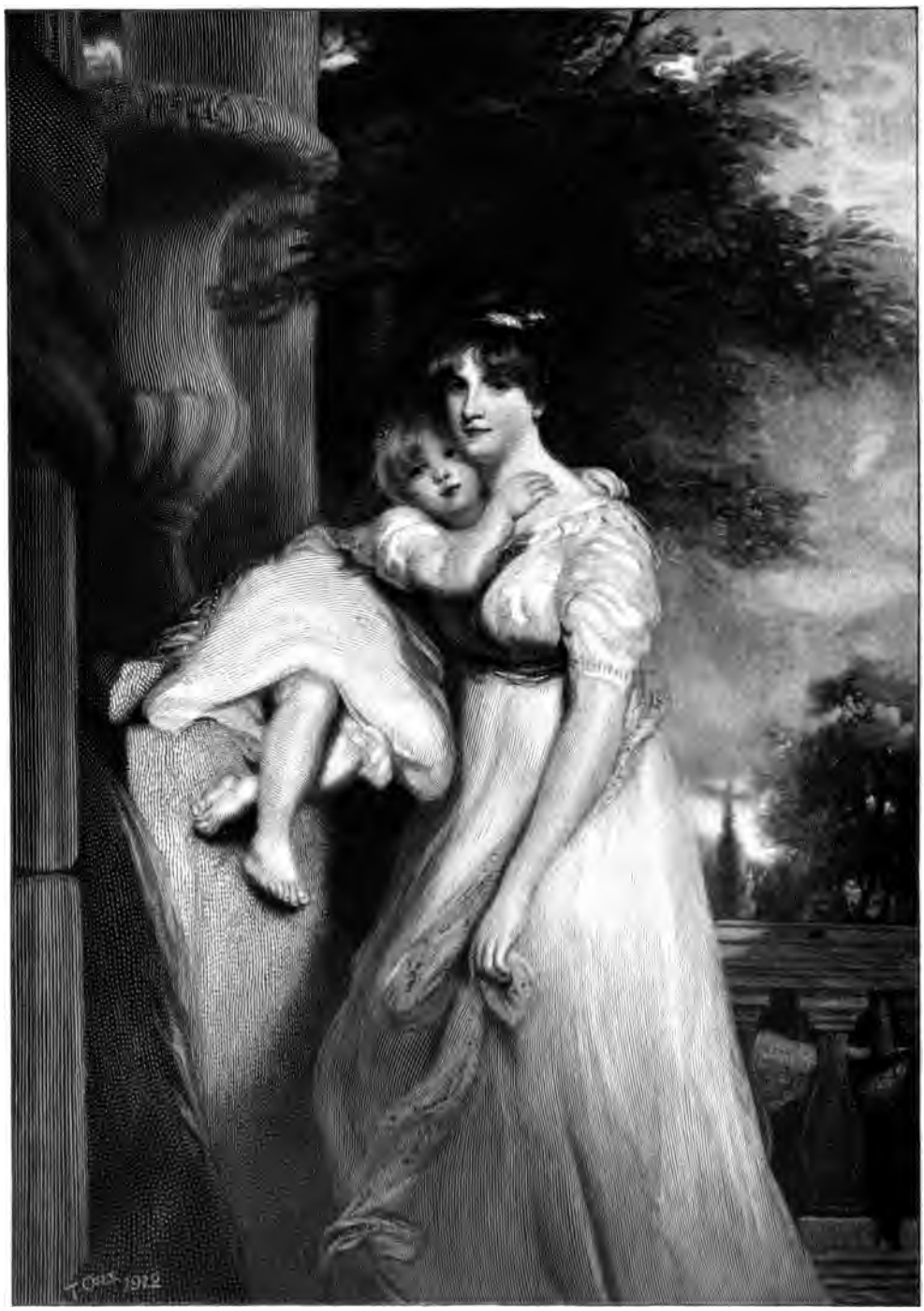
I fear I 've told this so jocosely I 've belittled their miracle, which was very real. I met her on the street in Laramie last summer, five years after the episode, and speaking of her marriage she confided to me that she and Roddy had been "made for each other."

TIMOTHY COLE'S
WOOD ENGRAVINGS
OF
MASTERPIECES
IN
AMERICAN GALLERIES

LADY MILDMAY

BY

HOPPNER



Owned by Mr. P. A. Valentine

LADY MILDMAY. BY HOPPNER

(TIMOTHY COLE'S WOOD ENGRAVINGS OF MASTERPIECES IN AMERICAN GALLERIES)

EXCLUSIVENESS AMONG COLLEGE WOMEN

WHAT CAN WE DO ABOUT IT?

BY EDITH RICKERT

MISS RICKERT'S article, "The Fraternity Idea among College Women," in the November number, developed the argument that women's fraternities like men's are aristocratic, in that they are self-perpetuating and destructive to freedom of intercourse; that they stand for the privilege of one as against the common rights of all; that the benefits that they claim to bestow upon members are exaggerated, even in the case of individuals, and do not counterbalance the two evils which are inherent in the system and cannot be done away with by regulation from without or reform from within; and that these evils are, as regards members, that the fraternities educate to type, and, as regards outsiders, that they harden social differences into caste.—THE EDITOR.

CAN we do anything? Should we try? Some of the women's colleges are taking action. Fraternities have recently been abolished at Rockford as contrary to the democratic spirit of that institution; also at Pembroke, on the ground that they had come to absorb too much of the interest that should go into general college activities. At Elmira, where they have been since 1856, they have recently disbanded of their own accord, and they are to be discontinued at Mount Holyoke after 1913.

Among coëducational institutions, however, the fraternal spirit is certainly growing. Although the entire number of fraternity women is less than one fifth that of fraternity men, the active members—that is, the undergraduates—are almost half as numerous as the men, and the rate of initiation is nearly the same. Unless some check is put upon them, the women will soon outnumber the men, as they are said to surpass them in efficiency of organization.

FACULTIES AND THE FRATERNITIES

PRESIDENTS and deans of colleges in which the Greek-letter societies exist show little inclination to abolish them, but rather a distinct recognition of the value of their coöperation in manipulating the student body. On the other hand, officers of institutions where only the local organizations are admitted, with no uncertain voice, declare that they mean to keep the control in their own hands, while the authorities of colleges where no fraternities have ever been admitted[1] are equally emphatic in stating that, as a force hostile to democracy, they shall never be allowed to enter.

There are the three faces of the problem. Which attitude is right?

The women's fraternities, which first arose in small colleges that were scarcely more than boarding-schools, were purely in imitation of men's organizations. But when women students were admitted to the state universities and other big endowed institutions, which were without provision for their students beyond lecture halls, laboratories, and libraries, the situation changed. In so far as the universities were concerned merely with intellectual training and made no attempt to reach the social side, the women's fraternities took on a certain defensive quality—the banding together of the minority, whose presence was more or less resented by the men. Their practical value in providing safe and comfortable homes for students was quickly recognized both by parents and by deans, upon whom came the responsibility for student welfare. But now this ques-

[1] As Vassar, Bryn Mawr, and Radcliffe; and, properly speaking, Smith.

tion of housing is a very minor aspect of the case, as even in institutions where chapter houses exist, these provide for less than one third of the women, usually much less; and in the majority of institutions the fraternities have no chapter houses at all.

On the other hand, the immediate practical use of the fraternities to-day is that by their organization and their training in organizing power they can be trusted to put things through. One dean writes, "Unconsciously one often chooses a fraternity girl to do a necessary thing, knowing that she will see it through." Several others, deans and presidents, say that the fraternities do valuable service in two ways: first, by making themselves responsible for the conduct of individual members of their societies who give trouble to the faculty; and, second, by taking the initiative, and standing solid in passing measures for the welfare of the whole student body.

These two virtues seem to me to be on very different levels. In regard to the first, I doubt whether any other agency could easily be found to deal as successfully with a recalcitrant student as a self-appointed committee of her intimate associates. It does not follow, however, that this committee need have the social characteristics of the fraternity. As for the second, it would seem that larger and more weighty organizations, such as the Young Women's Christian Association and the Women's League, not subject to the jealousies and rivalries of the fraternities, could be of much greater service.

SOME GOOD AGAINST MUCH EVIL

It is difficult to balance the good and the bad points of the local and national organizations. The former are more democratic in that they are usually larger, being less strictly limited. They are without the element of permanent regulation that comes from the national union. They lack the exchange of ideas which comes from the association of a group of organizations, and their activities are entirely confined to the undergraduate years. In that they are always subject to faculty regulation, it is probable that loyalty to the society or club does not, as is too often the case among the fraternities, usurp the place of loyalty to alma mater.

As for the alleged democracy of the women's colleges, it is, in many cases, largely theoretical. These colleges provide for their students both housing and social life. The latter is somewhat cloistral, to be sure, but it is open to all. By the very conditions of their life, they do not need the help of the fraternities for disciplinary or legislative measures. Does this mean that the colleges are without cliques, that every student is a sister to every other? Who that has lived in a woman's college does not know that every class is run usually by one group of friends, with occasional more or less successful attempts by other rival groups to grasp the power? The "fraternity spirit" comes into play all over the world as soon as three people meet, because one combination of two will always be more con-

"THE FRAT OF THE ULTRA-PLATONISTS"

genial than the other, and one is always left out. The fraternity spirit is simply the aristocratic impulse, the social instinct that is ever working toward the formation of class. Then, as it cannot be torn out of human nature, is it to be recognized and allowed to develop freely as in the case of the national organizations, or is it to be checked and controlled from without as in the case of the local organizations, or is it to be ignored, hidden under a cloak of theoretical democracy, as in the women's colleges?

A GIRL WHO IS PLEASANTLY WELCOMED INTO A FRATERNITY

REFORMING THE SYSTEM

THE furthest limit to which the national organizations will go in the way of outside regulation is to allow a representation of non-fraternity members of the faculty on their boards—a minority, I judge. On the other hand, they freely admit the more obvious faults of their system, and declare their earnest purpose of self-regulation. They even admit that these measures are defensive; they feel that their system is threatened. Let us look at the reforms they propose, and see how far they will go to change its fundamental nature.

They propose to do away, first, with the practice of "rushing" and the hysteria, expense, bitterness, and heartburn that accompany it, and to insure a thorough acquaintance on both sides by postponing pledge-day to the sophomore year. At the same time they mean to raise the scholarship standard for admission, and to regulate the social life of the chapter houses by insisting upon the observance of uniform and reasonable house rules.

The first trouble is that their chance of success in these reforms is very small. They may keep rushing, to all appearances, within bounds, but the feelings that it engenders must arise wherever a few persons are singled out by the arbitrary choice of several rival organizations.

When they postpone pledge-day, they cease to house the very students—the beginners—who in our big, promiscuous universities chiefly need care. Even if they provide for the freshmen by themselves building dormitories, they have to face the problems how the wide acquaintance of the first year is to pass into the segregation of the later years without breaking up friendships formed at that time, and whether, to avoid this thing, there will not be formed among the freshmen defensive cliques which will be taken in as wholes when the time comes. Under these conditions, which actually prevail in at least one university where sophomore pledging has been adopted, the system will remain unchanged.

The scholarship standard for admission, while it will improve the tone and efficiency of the fraternities by keeping out the thoroughly frivolous and incapable element, might conceivably, must inevitably render them still more exclusive by adding pride of intellect to pride of social standing. Even where a most beneficent result is confidently urged, that is, when the fraternity acts as a stimulus to drag the poor student up to the required grade, I am still in doubt. Is it worth while to force schol-

"WHEN ALICE GOES TO COLLEGE AND IS RUSHED BY BETA AND GAMMA AND KAPPA"

arship by means of social reward? Would it not be better to let these girls drop and find their place in another level in which they are moved by real interest in the thing they are doing, instead of by the goad of social ambition? This is at least a question to be considered.

As for the uniform house rules, where is the machinery that can enforce them in an aggregation of societies widely scattered and independent?

But suppose these reforms are carried out to the last degree, how will they affect the system? Will they break down the barriers between Greek and barbarian? Will they make the selection of the college aristocracy any less artificial? Will they not, by still further elimination of "mistakes,"—the incongruous element,—tend to make the fraternity woman still more conventional? Will they not *ingrow* more and more in their limitation of types? Will they not be still more the circle of girls looking inward and blowing up the little flame of their own ideals and aspirations, instead of individual women mingling with the great crowd of human beings, and turning their faces this way and that according to the needs of the time?

But if outside regulation is impracticable where the national organizations are already in control, and the proposed regulation from within only intensifies the abnormal conditions of the system, what can be done?

The fundamental problem for both the fraternities and the officers of colleges where they exist, is, whether or not the number of societies is to be restricted.

One dean says: "If I could, I would keep them out. As I cannot, I say let us have as many as possible."

Another dean stands for, "The rendering of fraternities inconspicuous and unimportant as an element in college life." She adds: "Often this end may be in a measure accomplished by strengthening the organizations to which all women students are eligible."

A FOMENTER OF CASTE FEELING

THERE is the difference of theory. One view looks toward enough fraternities to take in all the students who have any inclination to be "clubable"; the other, toward preserving what is sometimes called "the balance" between fraternity and non-fraternity women. The first tendency is democratic by bringing the majority into the position held by the minority to-day; the second is democratic by limiting the powers of the present minority. The regulation from within, being urged by the National Pan-Hellenic, is aristocratic in that it aims to increase the efficiency and power of this minority.

Where the fraternities contain nearly the whole body of women students, as happens in some small institutions, the few who are left out suffer proportionately. Again, as the "barbs" need not be reckoned with, jealousies between chapters are almost sure to arise.

On the other hand, in regard to the balance, one of the fraternity journals says in effect: Why should there be this balance between the fraternity and the non-fraternity element? If the system is ideal for one girl, is it not for all? What ground can a college stand on in putting a premium on the fraternity girls? Why increase the difference which we would all gladly lose sight of? Our ideals are the same as those of every true college woman, and the banding together into a fraternity is a help toward these ideals. Why refuse any college woman this help?

It is not merely a question of ideals and of the help of friends, but of definite social values, such as, for example, more intimate association with members of the faculty, more opportunities for meeting distinguished guests, and so on. Why should the fraternities have the monopoly of these social pleasures and assets?

The usual answer of the fraternity woman would be, I think: "Shall we do away with colleges because fewer than two persons out of a thousand go to college? Opportunities must necessarily be limited to the few."

"Limited to the few?" Yes, necessarily to a few at a time; but not always to the same few.

No, the fraternity woman does not wish to open up her fraternity to the general public. She may go outside her walls and speak with the barbs on terms of what she calls perfect equality and friendliness; but she wishes to keep to herself the fastness of her fraternity, with its idealistic ritual, its trivial secret, as a sanctuary secure from the miscellaneous hordes of the world.

There is no getting over or around or away from this attitude of mind. The insidiousness of it is that no amount of theory will save from it the average human being who gets the chance. One may have heard of the college professor who objected strongly when his sister was "bid" because he did not wish her to become a snob. Later, as fate would have it, he himself was called upon to organize a fraternity. Where was the snob then? On the other side of the wall, to be sure! And that is just where the difference comes in.

DO COLLEGE AUTHORITIES FACE THEIR DUTY?

ONE conclusion which would be generally admitted is, that the colleges and universities where the fraternities thrive have not done their whole duty by their students. Suppose, then, that they realize this, and wish to use the fraternal spirit to forward the welfare of the general body of students, what can they do? As a result of many suggestions, I seem to see that a somewhat definite line of action is possible.

In the first place, they are even now facing the problem of housing their students, and there arises the question of choice between the dormitory and the cottage. The large dormitory is more economical, and it was more manageable than a group of cottages in the old days before student government; but from every other point of view it fails. The small dormitory and the large cottage are rapidly approaching each other in size, and the approximation is due to a compromise between the desire of each college to put first the welfare of its students and the money available to carry out its plans.

But suppose—a somewhat visionary hypothesis, I am afraid—that an institution is free to build as many cottages as it needs, of the size that should bring the best possible results of group development, so that every girl student may be assured of a comfortable home with, for example, nineteen or twenty-nine others. She would then be on the proper basis for extending and receiving hospitality, and social training would follow as a matter of course.

THE GROUPING OF STUDENTS FOR DEVELOPMENT

THE fraternity girls put great stress on their power of developing one another, the "house mother," or chaperon, even when she is not the cook, seeming to be usually more or less a figurehead. In this cottage system, what would happen if the group were left to itself in the same way? Naturally this would depend entirely upon the

constitution of the group. If all birds of a feather flocked together, no sparrows would learn the song of the canary. If they were housed haphazard, in the order, for example, of registration, there would be at first anarchy, with the speedy assertion of the clique and government by the strongest spirits who were attracted to one another by congeniality, much as happens in the chapter houses now, while the weak and isolated spirits would have much the position of extension members of fraternities, taken in to help pay the coal bills. Clearly some sort of regulation from without would be not only desirable, but essential, unless the development of the individual girl is to be as much a matter of chance as with the fraternities. The line of remedy would seem to be by a proper distribution of upper-class girls and new students—poor dean!—and by the appointment of some responsible older woman as "house mother."

"THE SOLITARY, SELF-SUFFICIENT GIRL SHOULD HAVE HER FRIENDS ABOUT HER"

A great deal would depend upon the type of woman in charge. As one of the fraternity members said, she ought to be an alumna. But however important it is that a woman of fine ability, tact, social distinction, and loving-kindness should be paid an excellent salary for developing this side of life in every cottage or dormitory on the campus, there is probably not an institution in the country that can afford to pay for such service exclusively. A middle way, perhaps not so impracticable, would be to choose from the graduating class of each year girls for whom college has been rather a general training for life than a specialized preparation for some one profession—girls who could afford to give a year's time and who would gladly do so in return for board and lodging, special college privileges, such as graduate courses, and so on, and the not invaluable experience that they would gain by acting as these house mothers. They would be near enough in age to sympathize with the undergraduate point of view, far enough away to counsel, direct, and influence; and they, acting with house committees chosen by the household of each cottage, could guide each little group in such a way as to insure a flexible system which would permit both the individual and the social virtues to flourish. One might even foresee that a conference of these house mothers with the officers of the large students' organizations and a committee of the faculty might form a board comparable to the local Pan-Hellenics of the fraternities for the general guidance of student affairs.[1]

This might allow for social training and group development; but, the objection may be urged, how would it react upon student friendships? What assurance is there that in any cottage home there might not be as many "mistakes" as occur in fraternity choosing? Deans are proverbially not infallible, and the burden put upon them by such a plan would be heavy.

The answer is that congenial friendships are no more a matter of accidental living together than of arbitrary imposition by upper classmen, but of a free choice that in undergraduate years should range over

[1] It has also been pointed out to me that the system could be used even in a large dormitory by dividing up the building into floors or sections, and that this is now being done in the newest dormitories. The idea is not, of course, to secure boarding-school *supervision*.

the campus and as far as possible out into the world. With these the cottage system has little to do, except that by its flexibility it saves a girl from being unhappy more than one year or perhaps even a semester. Whether her most intimate friends are all in her own house or scattered over the campus and through the town is a matter of special temperament. No two—poor dean again!—should be treated alike. The intense girl who tends to abnormality of the affections should have scattered friends. The solitary, self-sufficient girl should have her friends about her. With the eminently conventional, clubable girl it will make little difference with whom she lives; those about her will always be her friends, and by continued intimate association with them, she will develop a certain attitude of permanence in her ties which probably makes for character development.

A NARROWING INFLUENCE

In this connection I cannot forbear pointing out another fallacy in the fraternity theory. As most fraternity girls are naturally of the clubable type, it is undoubtedly true that the four years of close association lead them to permanent ties of friendship as no other system could do; but, on the other hand, as these girls in their teens must grow at different rates of development, the fraternity becomes an actual clog on those who might otherwise develop more rapidly and more freely; it tends to keep them all back to the pace of those who remain most nearly what they were in college years.

It must be admitted, however, that the cottage system does not do much to foster the kind of growth that comes, not from the clash of different types of personality, but from congenial associations. But is there not in every college adequate machinery for such expression of tastes? With the students' associations, the women's leagues, the Young Women's Christian Association, literary associations, tennis clubs, golf clubs, garden clubs, walking clubs, journal clubs,—the multifarious club activities of almost any college, to which ability, or at least interest, is the test for admission, there should be no lack of opportunity for any student to encourage to the utmost any taste whatsoever. Nor should there be any limitation as to the number of clubs to which any student belongs, apart from the question of her interests and the amount of energy that she diverts from her main business as a student.

Because of the diversity of their activities and the overlapping of their memberships, with such clubs as these there could be no question of rivalry. Rivalries and jealousies between the different cottages might spring up, but with a strong students' association and with partizanship weakened by the inevitable scattering of friends, this could not grow into anything like the hostility between fraternities and non-fraternities, between Greeks and Greeks, that exists in many institutions to-day.

INTERCOURSE BETWEEN ALUMNA AND STUDENT

One thing not provided for in the scheme outlined is put forward by the fraternities as one of the great advantages of their organization, and that is the continued relationship between the alumna and her alma mater. Without admitting the wisdom of allowing too much alumnæ interference and control, one may see that some continuance of the tie is a good thing. The fraternities foster this connection, where they have chapter houses for the small proportion of students whom they reach, by means of a permanent college home and an abiding interest in the younger sisterhood. A similar result could be secured for the whole student body by means of a club-house built by the alumnæ to put up those who return for visits and to accommodate offices for the various organizations of students.[1]

All this is visionary and impracticable, at present; and yet it is only following out the various lines of suggestion, which are based upon institutions already in existence.

SOCIAL EXCLUSIVENESS

If the colleges and universities should develop in this direction, what would become of the fraternities? The double system of cottages and clubs would remove the practical reasons for their existence. There is no work that they claim to do for the few that could not be done for the whole either in a cottage organization of students

[1] Such club-houses are already in existence for men, and seem to fulfil their purpose admirably.

or by a club. They would be driven back upon the real ground of their growing prosperity in our land of the Newly Made —social exclusiveness. On that basis doubtless they will continue to exist. There will always be some people who will wish to wear a badge possessed by the few, who will wish to retire into an inner circle of common knowledge and common acquaintance where they are safe in feeling superior to those whom they keep outside as far as the choice lies with themselves. But these cliques, whatever each thinks of itself, will be forced to yield to the larger organizations of students both the control of affairs and the right to set the fashion in character and in social customs. They may become specialists in "cliquocracy" —the frat of the Vans and the frat of the Vons and the frat of the Log-Cabin Ancestors, the frat of the Ultra-Platonists, the frat of the Super-Bogies, and the frat of the Number-Two Shoes. That is, if the element of good which the fraternities give to their members is supplied to all college students in other ways, the fraternities themselves are bound to dwindle and shrivel until they become mere social excrescences, curiosities of aristocratic affinities.

THE FRATERNITY BADGE

Probably it is too late to make a stand. The fraternities are strong among the privileged classes, and tenacious of their privilege. They see, as who does not, that in an age and a country where opportunities are increasingly restricted to the few, this caste system of education is the best possible preparation to enable the few to use the opportunities that are theirs, in that it gives them all the social powers and affiliations by which chiefly the few rule the many; and the development of the individual is not the concern of a system that works to make corporate bodies closed against individual striving.

When one remembers the movement against the high-school fraternities, one is tempted for a moment to hope for a revision of popular opinion. How should what is generally condemned for the years between twelve and twenty be approved for the years between sixteen and twenty-four? Is there so wide a difference between the fraternity idea as it finds expression in the high-school girl of eighteen and the college girl of eighteen? The very women who most earnestly advocate the system in the colleges are bent upon driving it out of the high schools. Yet the fact that neither the joint effort of parents and teachers and state legislation has succeeded in this, argues ill for any successful movement against it in the colleges.

A NEW ALTRUISM NEEDED

WHAT can we do? We need a new religion to teach the subordination of personal good to communal welfare. We believe in it theoretically, we are anxious that our neighbors should practise it; but when it cuts home, we falter and fail. We see the evils of the fraternity system, and the fraternity people are among our most desirable acquaintances. We like them for friends and especially for our children's friends. We argue against the system and preach its abolition; but when Alice goes to college and is rushed by Beta and Gamma and Kappa in eager rivalry, we step down from the pulpit and rejoice with her and suffer with her anxious little heart until she is safely housed within the chapter that has the best standing.

And yet we do not call ourselves snobs. There must be a top layer. Why should not we be in it? Democracy? Yes; but that we and our children are to be on the same level with venders and hagglers and foreigners and other impossible people—absurd! Let us hasten to put on the Alpha

Omega pin, which assures public recognition of our social superiority.

In other words, we still care more for individual distinction than for the welfare of society. I have heard more than a few thoughtful fraternity women sum up their position thus: "I hate the system; I deplore it! But *as* it 's here, I 've got to be in it because I can't bear to be left outside!" Can we fight this spirit? Can we win? If we do, the victory will mean that we have grown wise and sane and strong enough for such a democracy as the world has never yet known.

THE PITILESSNESS OF DESIRE

BY SHAEMAS O SHEEL

CEASE, cease, implacable desire,
Cease, cease!
The endless ways no longer, for I tire!
I who went forth mantled with morning fire
Pray now surcease
And peace—peace!

O Protean, pitiless, perilous, dread desire,
Cease, cease!
Blow not again
Your trumpet tyrannous, nor sound your lyre:
Once in their notes I heard a spirit choir;
Now only pain.

Whispers at my young soul, blood in the heart,
Limbs of the leaping goat—aye, these I had,
And spurned a myriad summits gained, to start
Down through new vales to newer hills apart;
And I was glad
To be insatiably mad
For more—more knowledge, wisdom, passion, art!

But now release
Your broken bondsman from his broken bond!
What is beyond
This, and the next horizon, and beyond
The last horizon, could not give me peace.
That I have learned at last, and therefore cease
The bloody goad and the illusory wand—
Cease, cease!

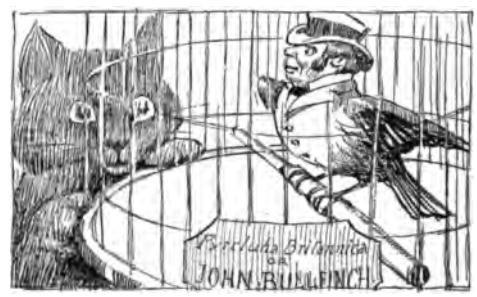
Cease, cease!
My life 's a burning arrow shot in the dark,
Fearfully arching heaven to find no mark.
Must it be always warfare, never peace?
Nay, then I ground my arms! I will not hark
The old command; so maybe you will cease.

This is the end of all; I quench the fire.
Calm of the hills, the rooted flowers and trees,
Have some right to my love, and now to these
I turn, because their service will not tire.
My staff, my scrip, my cloak into the pyre!
Yet—what high vision through the hot flame flees?

THE SET-BACK TO ENGLISH SOCIALISM

BY G. K. CHESTERTON

THE present condition of England is a very curious one, and the only obvious thing to say about it is that there is virtually nothing about it in the English papers. When I heard long ago that Mr. Balfour never read the papers, I thought it was because he was languid and frivolous; by which you will see that I did read the papers. Now I am older, I think it was more likely because he was practical and busy, and preferred to deal direct with the real facts. If, like the English, you run what is still at best an aristocracy with most of the forms of a democracy, it is found virtually necessary that the journalists should talk in public about anything or everything except what the politicians are really doing in private.



You may therefore utterly disregard all the things printed in very large letters in the "Daily Mail" or the "Daily Chronicle." I have heard that American journalism is in a manner more truthful, if it is only by being more transparently untrue; but I will not presume to guess about that, or to imagine what the headlines in American papers mean. The headlines in English papers mean nothing. Mr. Bonar Law means nothing. Sir Edward Carson means nothing. Belfast means nothing. There is not one man of education and influence in England who cares a button about Belfast; at least in the governing classes, who have long seen that Home Rule is horse sense and nothing else; and least of all in the Conservative party, where a general High-Church flavor can be varied by Romanism, Atheism, Theosophy, Christian Science, or Devil-worship, but where such a thing as a No Popery puritan simply could not live for twenty minutes. Nor is there anything in Mr. Churchill's supposed frenzy for war, or the other Radicals' frenzy for peace. There is no more division among Englishmen about the need for national defense than there would be among you Americans or among Frenchmen or any other white men. And the mysterious ambitions and alterations of Mr. Churchill (of which you will see a great deal in the papers) mean nothing whatever but this: that the man is a cynic and an oligarch, but not a traitor; and that he is behaving exactly as any Englishman in his place would behave.

There was more in the comparatively slight stir about the tragedy of the *Titanic*. For that was connected, though largely unconsciously, with what is the deepest thing in modern England, a general suspicion that the men and methods now on top everywhere are not the best even from their own paternalist point of view; or, to use the foolish modern phraseology, that the survival of the unfittest rather than the fittest is the real result of our competitions or conspiracies. But here again the very phrase reminds us that in the modern world the real issue is carefully cloaked with a false issue.

There is much in the English papers just now, and I do not doubt in the American papers also, about degeneration and eugenics and the appalling sexual conduct and physical condition of the submerged. This also is a mere plutocratic fad, and corresponds to no general public feeling. Every sensible man in England knows that the poor must somehow or other be given

more money for food and rest; but every sensible man also knows that in other respects they are as mixed and average as any other class, and marry and are given in marriage, as people always have done and always will do.

The suspicion really abroad in England is not a doubt about the people below, but about the people above. Looking at those who emerge into the first social rank, we are more inclined to be ashamed of our successes than of our failures. It is the breed of the top dog rather than the breed of the bottom dog that is becoming a mongrel breed. And there is certainly something amusing in the picture of the rich and powerful peering down into the abyss and dropping tears over the poor specimens that make up the populace, while by far the greater part of the populace is remarking more and more what uncommonly poor specimens are looking down at them.

This doubt of the powers that be is vague but universal, and had a sort of stifled explosion at the time of the *Titanic* affair; a general suspicion that governors cannot be trusted to govern or inspectors to inspect or arbiters to arbitrate, that captains are not to be trusted with ships, that lawyers are not to be trusted with laws. The kind of man who comes to the top everywhere conquers nothing but his superiors, gains nothing but his own gain. In modern England the successful man is not a success.

Now this state of public feeling has produced one rather odd, but very important, effect. While our attitude is growing more revolutionary, it is growing less Socialistic. For Socialism proposes to give to the state, and therefore to statesmen, fresh powers against social abuses. And England in its modern mood is rather more suspicious of the statesmen than of the bosses or middlemen whom they are supposed to control. The simple Socialistic formula that government should own the mines, for example—that simple formula begins to look a little too simple when people are suspecting that the mine-owners own the government. The mere proposal to set the politician to watch the capitalist has been disturbed by the rather disconcerting discovery that they are both the same man. We are past the point where being a capitalist is the only way of becoming a politician, and we are dangerously near the point where being a politician is much the quickest way of becoming a capitalist. But while the European *haute politique* is hypocritical and diseased (much more so, I should say, than the American), there is certainly less "graft" and corrupt give-and-take in the mass of minor functionaries or moderate fortunes; and this very comparative honesty in the less successful mass of Europe increases their uneasiness touching the national leadership. The English people, so far from being supine or decadent, are much more vigorous and wide-awake than they have been for a long time. But they have awakened in a cage. This cage produces a curious situation in which we silently but suddenly find ourselves.

When your nation separated from our nation, to my present delight and yours, it separated before most men had become commercial wage-earners. Our ruler was called Farmer George; but yours might have been called Farmer George also. Last week I went up the great Sussex road where stands the village of Washington; and I remembered that your sword was also beaten out of a plowshare. If we had separated later, he might have been called General Brighton, or Heaven knows what.

Now the big difference made by that fact is this: that in America industrialism may be quite as strong; but agriculture is not so weak. A hazy horizon of free farms surrounds your most insane cities: but with us all the eager and intelligent have become servants of the capitalists; it is only the idle or idiotic that remain servants of the landlords. It is undoubtedly tenable that the idle and idiotic were the wiser of the two.

On us, thus situated, has come an insurrection against industrialism itself. Our recent strikes have really been a revolt against the whole system of wage-earning. But while your workers would have some cloudy notion of an alternative in farming the larger country by freer men, with us the agricultural alternative has slipped out of sight. The workers know what they don't want more than what they do; like *Miss Arabella Allen* in "Pickwick." This state of mind is called by the learned syndicalism. It is really something much more serious; it is anger.

In the stress of these strikes two extraordinary things happened. The capitalist became a Socialist. The proletarian became an individualist. The employer wanted the community to intervene; and the employee did n't want it to intervene. It was the rich man who used the Socialist argument; the comfort and convenience of the whole nation. It was the poor man who used the individualist argument; the freedom of contract and the private rights of man. It was the coal-owner who said, *"Salus populi suprema lex."* It was the coal-miner who said, *"Fiat justitia ruat cœlum."* He may not have expressed it precisely in those terms; though he is often no more illiterate than the coal-owner. This, then, is the extraordinary inversion that is the deepest dilemma of England to-day. *Hamlet* and *Laertes* have really changed swords in the scuffle: which is the poisoned sword I will not at this moment inquire.

The results of this extend and solidify every hour. For nearly a century now Socialists and social reformers in England, as in the rest of Europe and in America, have preached either greater philanthropy among the rich or greater rebellion among the poor. In both cases they have been suddenly taken at their word; but in such a manner as to sweep away the very foundations of their social science and their social scheme. The rich have become philanthropists; the rich have, in a sense, become Socialists; but only on condition that they may also be slave-owners. The poor have become rebels—but rebels against Socialism.

So far is this from being an exaggeration that every daily detail in the present development illustrates this and nothing else. The railway men, who led the revolt, were not, literally and legally, striking against an employer at all. They were striking against the decisions of State Arbitration Courts and Conciliation Boards such as State Socialists would set up; and semi-socialistic publicists had set up. The capitalists, wishing to strike back at the trade-unions, have not struck back by cutthroat competition or irresponsible locking out. They have struck back by a big act of Parliament, aimed at limiting the trade-unions by the law of the land; and tying men to their masters by a new and constructive social scheme. Here they have much the advantage of their proletarian opponents; who have to fight mainly with the remains of rather rhetorical Socialism and dreams, as yet somewhat dim, of the old liberty of the medieval guilds and charters. Thus it may too often seem that capitalists can combine and Socialists can only quarrel.

I do not myself think things can be cured except by a wider equalization of strictly private property, especially in land. This is not done or even demanded, not because it is impossible, but because its tradition has been lost. Meanwhile the Insurance Act, by which the rich contribute to the medical support of their servants, on condition of obtaining a tighter nold on their service, is the first of many legislative acts which will have for their object the ordering and cleansing, but also the strengthening, of the wage-system. They will attempt to forbid strikes. Thus we shall have the poor, with better conditions perhaps and under some general social stipulations; but bound irrevocably to particular and private masters.

The only thing I have to say about such a scheme concerns your country more than mine. This system of fixed service for certain masters has much to be said for it; and much was said by men dead and alive. In the wilderness by Chancellorsville or down all the roads to Richmond, there must be the dust of great gentlemen who came up out of the South to fight for such a system; and I think our Liberal social reformers owe them an apology. I think they ought to stand a moment and salute the dead, who had the courage to die for this thing, and the courage to call it by its name.

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The Divine Comedy of Dante Alighieri Studies in Red Chalk by Violet Oakley, for the medallions of a painted glass window made for the house of Mr. Robert J. Collier

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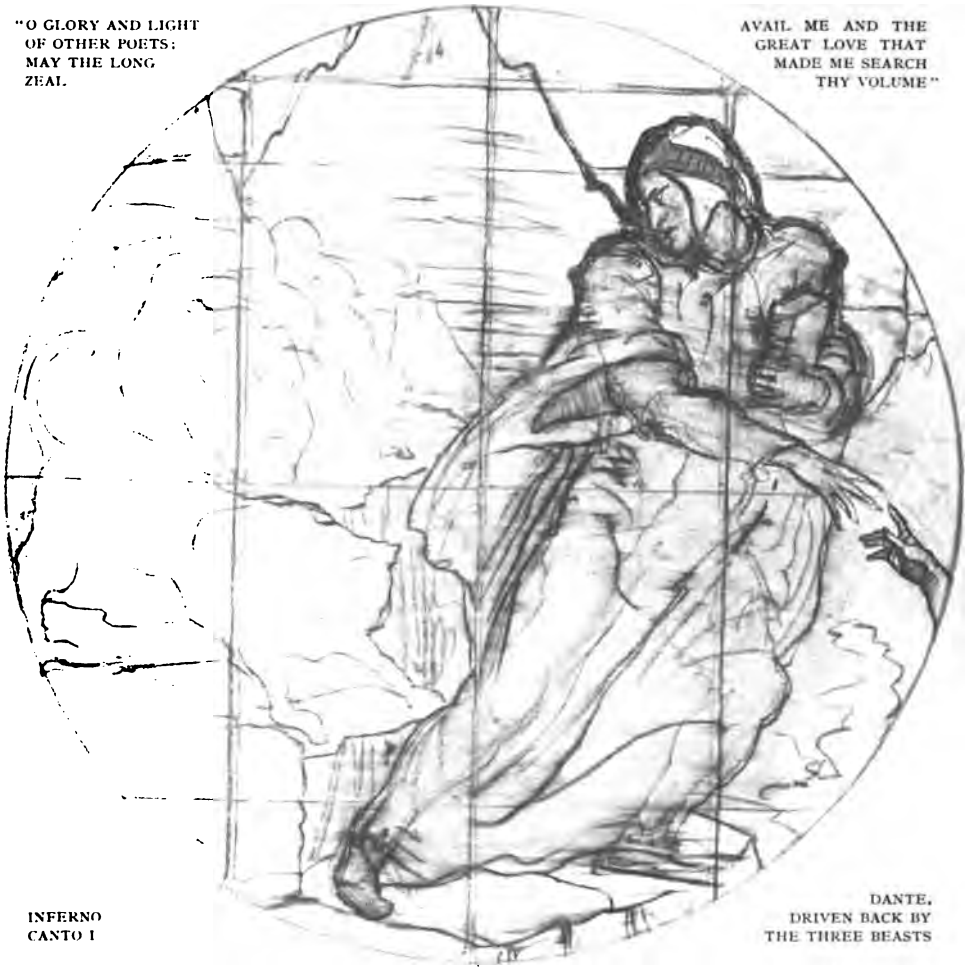
"O GLORY AND LIGHT
OF OTHER POETS:
MAY THE LONG
ZEAL

AVAIL ME AND THE
GREAT LOVE THAT
MADE ME SEARCH
THY VOLUME"



INFERNO
CANTO I

DANTE,
DRIVEN BACK BY
THE THREE BEASTS

IN THE MID-JOURNEY OF OUR LIFE BELOW,
I FOUND MYSELF WITHIN A GLOOMY WOOD, . . .
HOW FIRST I ENTERED, IT IS HARD TO SAY;
IN SUCH DEEP SLUMBER WERE MY SENSES BOUND, . . .
BUT SOON AS I HAD REACHED A MOUNTAIN'S BASE, . . .
TO CLIMB THE ASCENT I SCARCELY HAD ESSAYED,
WHEN LO! AN AGILE PANTHER BARRED MY WAY . . .
. . . I SAW APPEAR
A LION'S FORM THAT BURST UPON MY SIGHT, . . .
A SHE-WOLF TOO, . . . RAVENOUS AND LEAN.
"THEE IT BEHOVES ANOTHER PATH TO TAKE, . . .
FOR YONDER BEAST THAT FILLS THEE WITH DISMAY
DOTH NONE PERMIT TO JOURNEY O'ER HER ROAD . . .
UNTIL THE GREYHOUND COME, TO MAKE HER DIE . . .
HIM NEITHER LAND NOR LUCRE SHALL SUSTAIN
BY LOVE, BY WISDOM, AND BY VIRTUE FED; . . .
BACK TO THE LIMITS OF HER NATIVE HELL,
WHENCE ENVY DREW HER FIRST—WITH POTENT SWAY
FROM TOWN TO TOWN SHALL HE THE BEAST REPEL."

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"THEN GRIEVED I, AND I NOW DO GRIEVE AGAIN WHEN I DIRECT MY MIND TO WHAT I SAW, AND MORE REIN IN MY THOUGHT THAN I AM WONT"

INFERNO
CANTO XIV

VERGIL LEADS DANTE THROUGH THE RAIN OF FIRE

THEN CAME WE TO A BOUNDARY, WHICH PARTS
THE THIRD AND SECOND CIRCLES, WHERE ARE SHOWN
THE RACKS OF JUSTICE, . . .
. . . WE REACHED A WIDE AND DESERT GROUND,
THAT SPURNS EACH PLANT FROM ITS UNGENIAL BREAST;
THIS PLAIN IS COMPASSED BY THE MOURNFUL WOOD,
AND THAT ENCIRCLED BY THE FOSS PROFOUND:
HERE ON THE VERY EDGE OF BOTH WE STOOD.
BEFORE US LAY A THICK AND ARID SAND

. . . . . .

O HEAVENLY VENGEANCE! HOW SHOULDEST THOU BE FEARED

. . . . . .

O'ER ALL THE SANDY DESERT FELL BELOW
LARGE FLAKES OF FIRE, AS WHEN ON ALPINE HILL,
WHILE SLEEP THE WINDS, ARE FALLING FLAKES OF SNOW.

. . . . . .

"LETHE, BEYOND THIS FOSS, THOU SHALT SURVEY,
THERE, WHERE THE SHADES RESORT, THEIR FORMS TO LAVE,
WHEN PENITENCE HATH WASHED THEIR SINS AWAY."

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PURGATORIO
CANTO
XXVIII – XXIX

DANTE
UPON THE MOUN-
TAIN OF PURIFICATION

EAGER THAT HEAVENLY FOREST TO SURVEY, . . .
. . . I LEFT THE ROCKY BOUND,
AND THERE APPEARED TO ME . . .
A LADY ALL ALONE: WHO ROVED ABOUT
SINGING, AS SHE SELECTED FLOWER FROM FLOWER,
WITH WHICH HER PATHWAY PAINTED WAS THROUGHOUT . . .
LIKE TO A LADY TURNING IN THE DANCE,
FOOT BEFORE FOOT FROM EARTH SO SLIGHTLY MOVED,
THAT SCARCE PERCEPTIBLE IS HER ADVANCE;—
. . . TO ME SHE TURNED AROUND, . . .
"THE STREAMS THOU SEE'ST SPRING NOT FROM EARTHLY VEIN, . . .
BUT ISSUE FROM A NEVER-FAILING SOURCE,
REPLENISHED BY THE WILL OF GOD . . .
ON THIS HAND, ABLE—SUCH THE POWER ASSIGNED—
TO TAKE AWAY THE MEMORY OF SIN;
ON THAT—TO CALL EACH VIRTUOUS DEED TO MIND:
THIS, LETHE NAMED—THAT EUNÖE." . . .
AS THOUGH BY LOVE INSPIRED—HER HEAVENLY LAY
TO ITS LAST CADENCE SANG THAT LADY FAIR:
"BLESSED ARE THOSE WHOSE SINS ARE WASHED AWAY."

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"A LITTLE WHILE AND ME
YE SHALL NOT SEE—
AND THEN AGAIN

O SISTERS, MY DELIGHT, A
LITTLE WHILE AND ME
YE SHALL BEHOLD!"

PURGATORIO
CANTO
XXX

BEATRICE,
DIVINE WISDOM,
DESCENDS FROM
HEAVEN UPON THE
CHARIOT OF THE CHURCH

AND LO! A VOICE—"COME, SPOUSE FROM LEBANON,"
AS THOUGH FROM HEAVENLY MESSENGER . . .
. . . . . .
"O BLESSED THOU WHO COMEST," THEY ALL CRIED;
"SCATTER WE LILIES WITH UNSPARING HAND";
. . . . . .
E'EN SO, ENCOMPASSED IN A CLOUD OF FLOWERS,
WHICH UPWARD BY ANGELIC HANDS WERE FLUNG,
AND ALL ABOUT THE CHARIOT FELL IN SHOWERS—
IN VEIL OF WHITE, WITH OLIVE CHAPLET BOUND,
A MAID APPEARED BENEATH A MANTLE GREEN,
WITH HUE OF LIVING FLAME ENROBED AROUND.
AND NOW MY SPIRIT (WHICH FOR MANY A DAY,
UNUSED TO FEEL HER PRESENCE) . . .
FELT, THOUGH SHE WAS NOT FULLY MANIFEST, . . .
HOW STRONG THE LOVE THAT ERST MY SOUL POSSESSED.
. . . . . .
"YES, I AM BEATRICE; REGARD ME WELL:—
AND HAST THOU DEIGNED AT LAST TO ASCEND THE MOUNT,
WHERE JOYS UNSPEAKABLE FOREVER DWELL?"

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"HIS WILL IS OUR PEACE.
IT IS THAT OCEAN
VAST WHERE-
UNTO ARE

MOVING ALL THINGS
WHICH HE CREATES
AND WHICH NA-
TURE MAKES"

PARADISO
CANTO II. FIRST
HEAVEN OF THE MOON

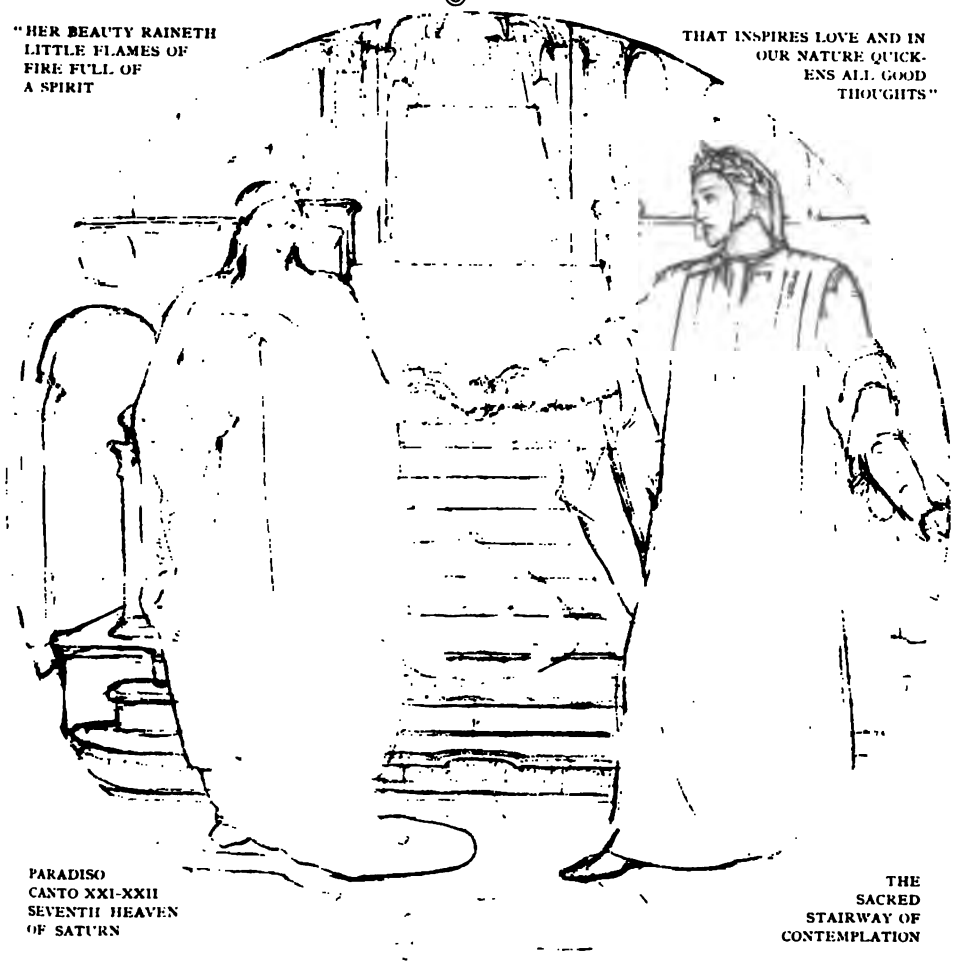
BEATRICE
LIFTS DANTE
FROM THE EARTH

THE CEASELESS INNATE THIRSTING OF THE SOUL
BORE US TO GOD'S OWN DWELLING . . .
. . . . . .
I LOOKED ON BEATRICE—AND SHE ON HEAVEN;
. . . . . .
"AS TO THE HAMMER FROM THE ARTIST'S BLOW,
SO, THAT SAME HEAVEN WITH STARS RESPLENDENT DIGHT
RECEIVES ITS IMPRESS FROM THE MIND PROFOUND
THAT ROLLS IT EVER THROUGH THE FIELDS OF LIGHT.
. . . . . .
THUS DOTH INTELLIGENCE WITH GOODNESS FILL
THE ORBS OF HEAVEN; THOUGH MULTIPLIED, THE SAME;
ON ITS OWN UNITY REVOLVING STILL.
. . . . . .
SHINES THROUGH EACH ORB THE INFLUENCE DIVERSELY,
SWAYED BY THE JOYOUS NATURE WHENCE IT STREAMS,
LIKE GLADNESS THROUGH THE PUPIL OF THE EYE.
HENCE IS DERIVED THE DIFFERENCE THAT WE MARK
'TWIXT STAR AND STAR . . ."

© V O.

"HER BEAUTY RAINETH LITTLE FLAMES OF FIRE FULL OF A SPIRIT

THAT INSPIRES LOVE AND IN OUR NATURE QUICKENS ALL GOOD THOUGHTS"



PARADISO
CANTO XXI-XXII
SEVENTH HEAVEN
OF SATURN

THE SACRED STAIRWAY OF CONTEMPLATION

NOW ON THE FACE OF MY LOVED LADY WERE
MY EYES AND MIND AGAIN INTENTLY STAYED; . . .
HER LOOK BORE NOT THE ACCUSTOMED SMILE DIVINE;
. . . . . SHE SAID; . . .
"FOR SINCE MY BEAUTY, HIGHER AS WE RISE
TOWARDS THE ETERNAL PALACE, GLOWS MORE BRIGHT
AT EVERY STEP, AS WITNESSED BY THINE EYES,—
WERE NOT A VEIL BEFORE ITS RADIANCE CAST,
THY MORTAL VISION, DAZZLED AT THE SIGHT,
WOULD SHRINK AS LEAVES BEFORE THE LIGHTNING BLAST."
. . . . . MY SOARING EYE
BEHELD A STAIR OF GOLDEN COLOURS BRIGHT . . .
"O SPIRIT BLEST THAT DOST THY FORM CONCEAL
WITHIN THINE OWN DELIGHT, TO ME DISCLOSE . . .
WHY THE SWEET SYMPHONY OF PARADISE
IN THIS HIGH SPHERE IS SILENT." . . .
"MORTAL THY HEARING AS THY SIGHT," SHE SAID;
"AND THE SAME REASON NOW FORBIDS THE SONG,
THAT LATE IN BEATRICE THE SMILE FORBADE."

© V. O.

"IN ITS DEPTH I SAW THAT WHATSOEVER IS DISPERSED THROUGHOUT THE UNIVERSE

IN SEPARATE LEAVES—IS THERE INCLUDED, BOUND WITH LOVE IN ONE VOLUME."

PARADISO
CANTO
XXX-XXXI

THE TENTH HEAVEN.—THE GREAT WHITE ROSE

"SEE THE VAST NUMBER OF THESE SNOW-WHITE DRESSES!
SEE HOW EXTENSIVE IS OUR CITY!" . . .
. . . . . .
ARRAYED IN SEMBLANCE OF A SNOW-WHITE ROSE
THAT HOLY ARMY WAS REVEALED TO SIGHT
WHICH FOR HIS SPOUSE, IN DEATH OUR SAVIOUR CHOSE.
. . . . . .
"VIEW NOW THE CIRCLES, E'EN THE MOST REMOTE
UNTIL THE QUEEN UPON HER THRONE THOU SEE'ST."
. . . . . .
O SOVRAN LIGHT! WHO DOST EXALT THEE HIGH
ABOVE ALL THOUGHTS THAT MORTAL MAY CONCEIVE.
O PLENTEOUS GRACE THAT NERVED MY SOUL TO RAISE
SO FIXT A LOOK ON THE ETERNAL LIGHT,
THAT I ACHIEVED THE OBJECT OF MY GAZE. . . .
. . . . . .
THE GLORIOUS VISION HERE MY POWERS O'ERCAME;—
BUT NOW MY WILL AND WISH WERE SWAYED BY LOVE—
(AS TURNS A WHEEL ON EVERY SIDE THE SAME)
LOVE—AT WHOSE WORD THE SUN AND PLANETS MOVE.

THE NEW YORK NEWSBOY

BY JACOB A. RIIS

Author of "How the Other Half Lives," etc.

WITH SKETCHES BY J. R. SHAVER

THE newsboys of New York were having their Christmas dinner, and I was bidden to the feast. I stood at the door and saw them file in, seven hundred strong, to take their places at the long tables. Last of all came the little shavers, brimful of mischief waiting to break out. The superintendent pulled my sleeve when he set eyes upon them.

"Watch out now," he said; "they 'll be up to something."

I saw them eye the lay-out as they went down the line, where turkey and mince-pie stood waiting, and make quick, stealthy passes with their hands, but nothing happened until they had taken their seats. Then up went eight grimy fists, and eight aggrieved voices piped out:

"Mister, I ain't got no pie!"

The superintendent chuckled.

"How is that?" he said. "No pie? There was one; I put it there myself, at every plate. Why, what is that?" And he patted each of the little rascals in the region of the bread-basket, where something stuck out in a lump inside the shirt.

"Me pie," was the unabashed reply. "I was afeard it 'u'd get stole on me." There was just the ghost of a wink.

"Well," laughed the superintendent, "we 'll forget it. It is Christmas. Go ahead, boys, with your dinner." And they fell to.

It was great. Talk about the charge of the Six Hundred. These were seven hundred, and they used their knives, their forks, and their tongues all at once and for all they were worth. The noise was deafening. You could not have heard yourself think. One alone among them all did no shouting. He devoured his dinner like a famished little wolf, and all the while he never took his ferret eyes from my face. It was in the days when New York had a militant police commissioner, who set the town by the ears every other day with his unheard-of ways of enforcing dead-letter laws, and rattled its dry bones. All of a sudden the boy snatched his fist from his mouth and pointed it straight at me.

"I know you," he piped in a shrill treble that cut through the Babel of tongues like a knife. "I seen yer picter in de papers. Ye 'r'—ye 'r'—Teddy Roosevelt!"

Instantly there was the silence of the tomb in the big hall. Where just before one would not have known that a dray went over the pavement outside, one could all at once have heard a pin drop. Looking down the table where the miscreants sat who had tried to get a double allowance of pie, I saw something stirring, and the stolen pies appeared and were swiftly and silently deposited on the table. The dreaded name had brought them back even on a false alarm.

That was seventeen years ago. Chance carried me past the Newsboys' Lodging-House the other day at the dinner-hour, and I went in to have a look at things. There were no newsboys there. The little shavers with their gimlet wits were gone. The boys who sat about the tables did not hail from Newspaper Row. They were older, and evidently earning their bread in shop and factory.

"Gone," said the superintendent to my question where the little fellows were. "Societies got them, and they don't run in the street. The old times went out a dozen years ago. Before that we had them at six, even at five, and more and more of them up to fourteen. They overflowed from the city's tenements in homeless hordes. They don't any more. The boys we now have average seventeen or eighteen; they come mostly from out of town.

HOW CAN HE HOLD SO MANY PAPERS, WITH ONLY ONE LEG AND TWO HANDS?

The lure of the city, the *Wanderlust,* gets them. Now and then it is a stepfather. Here we sift them, get them work if we can. A few sell papers, but not many. There are not half a dozen newsboys in the house to-day, and its name might as well be changed. Less than one third belong in New York. Last year when Christmas was coming on we had a talk here, and the speaker touched the string of mother waiting at home for her wandering boy.

There was a tremendous demand for note-paper that week, and seventeen runaways were returned to their homes.

"The newsboy of to-day is another kind of chap, who has a home and folks. No, Santa Claus has not lost the way. We still have our Christmas dinner. Come and see for yourself."

What he said was true. The newsboy of old, who foraged for himself, who crowded street and alley about the newspaper offices and mobbed the pressmen, who curled up by the steam-pipes or on the manhole-covers in the small hours of the morning for a "hot-pipe nap" till the clatter of the great presses began below, and was rounded up there by the "Cruelty man" in zero weather, is a rare bird nowadays.

In his place has come the commercial little chap who lives at home and sells papers after school-hours, sometimes on his own account, but oftener to eke out the family earnings with what may be the difference between comparative comfort and abject poverty.

Shorn of his lawless privilege of sleeping out and of imperiling his life a hundred times a day by jumping on moving cars in his hunt for trade, he is still a feature of metropolitan life, even holds the key to some of its striking phases; for, as the circulation manager will tell you, he is the one who *makes* the sales. The dealer at the stand merely registers the purchaser's desire for a paper; the boy prompts it. He has surrendered some of his picturesqueness to become a cog in the industrial wheel, small but indispensable.

Like all business in our day, he is being

A YIDDISH "NEWSLADY" ON GRAND STREET, SHE SELLS NOTHING BUT HEBREW PAPERS

concentrated, capitalized. From an atom he has become an asset, quite without his assistance.

It was neither the change from the jovial Irish to the sunny Italian, nor from him to the sharp-witted Jew, that wrought the transformation. It was something

UNDER THE SYSTEM OF "RETURNS" THE WEEPING NEWSBOY HAS DISAPPEARED

more potent than either or both. It was the Spanish War, with the great boom of the sensational papers that set a new pace in the press-rooms. Where there had been one afternoon edition, half a dozen grew. It was clearly impossible for the boy to go down-town every half-hour for his papers; he would be traveling all day if he did. So he stayed where he was. The clamoring crowds about the newspaper offices disappeared. Pony expresses and automobiles carried the editions up-town, throwing them off at points where newsdealers and boys were waiting. Year by year the routes were extended, and they are growing yet. The old distribution centers under the equestrian statue in Union Square, in Greeley Square, Times Square, Columbus Circle, and at the Grand Central, have been multiplied many times. In this rush of development the little fellow has been caught up as in a whirlwind, and is being carried on with a speed that leaves him and, for that matter, the rest of us little chance to think or ask where he is going.

Thus lassoed by the big business of the time, what sort of lad has the little pirate of the past become? And what is he, with the training of the street, in the way to become? It depends on the angle from

THE YOUNG NAPOLEON OF FINANCE

which he is seen, and angles he has in plenty. Let it be said at once that the boy who weeps in the street at night, appealing to the tender-hearted with an armful of unsold papers, whatever he was once, is not now the typical newsboy. He can return his papers now, if "stuck," or at any rate a fair share of them. Nine chances to one the tearful one is a preposterous little fraud. If he confronts you with a plea for a quarter, "to make the dollar and a half he needs to go to the camp," the tenth chance is gone. He does not have to pay a dollar and a half to go to camp. The Newsboys' Home Club gives him all its privileges, including the summer camp, through the whole year for a quarter. He is the crafty little rascal upon whom the "Cruelty man" keeps a wary eye, for he knows that he will encounter him in the Children's Court some day, or, rather, that he will take him there. It is this lad who is responsible for the showing of the reformatories, that more than half of the prisoners "sold newspapers" in their day. Doubtless they did, and they made short change to begin with, and picked pockets a little later on. But they are no more representative of their class than the get-rich-quick swindlers, to whom the post-office authorities forbid the mails, represent the honest business of the land.

THE VETERAN NEWSBOY OF PARK ROW

There is evil enough abroad in the streets. Its touch, with all that is cheap and tawdry and vulgar, from the perennial cigarette to the vile bar-room and worse that open upon it, sharpens the lad's wits and too often tends to dull his morals. Seen from that angle, he gives the philanthropist concern with cause. Despite child-labor laws, he is on the street at too early an age and too late an hour. The law now forbids him to cry his extra after ten o'clock if he is under fourteen. This winter an effort will be made to shorten his hours by two and send him to bed at eight, while raising his age to sixteen. Even then there will be mischief enough and to spare in his path. School licenses and badges do not banish it. The lad does not always take them seriously.

"Where is your badge?" asked a man suddenly of a little fellow who pushed a paper at him. He was dirty and out at

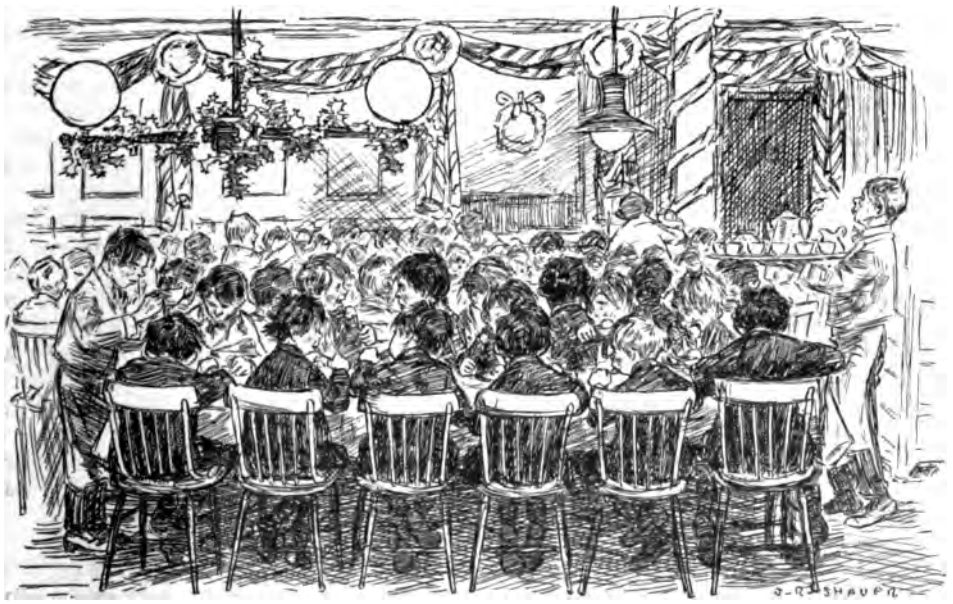
elbows. The rent in his trousers was mended with a bent nail.

"Left it home on the pianner," he grinned, and dodged a vengeful grab.

Seen from the angle of his friend in the "club," he is an honest little fellow whose earnings out of school help make both ends meet at home. The very independence that is arraigned as tending to defiance of authority, to irregularity and loose habits, in his view helps make a man of him early, "if it is in him." He will point to the lad who just left his desk after arranging to take his week in camp in Sunday doses, and tell you the reason: he cannot get away from business. A Jew has set up a stand on his corner, and it is up to him to meet the competition, which he does by hiring another boy to waylay the customer in the middle of the block while he forages at the crossing. That other boy over there is going into a silk house on the first of the month, and his younger brother will take over his route. That boy began, as most of them do, by making six or ten cents a day. For a long while now he has brought home five dollars a week to his father, who presses clothes for a living, and weekly earns little more than that the year round.

THE FRIENDLY GRATING

From the point of view of the circula-



CHRISTMAS DINNER IN A NEWSBOY'S BOWERY LODGING-HOUSE

COUNTING THE DAY'S RECEIPTS: HAS HE THE "PRICE" OF A LODGING?

tion manager, who, after all, perhaps knows him best, it being to his interest, the lad is just a boy who, if he goes crooked, goes fast and far, but who grows straight in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, and, whether the one or the other, can take care of himself. The one needs no one to weep over him; the other will "do" you while you are at it. It is the circulation manager who has housed him in his own club, once the dignified home of the Historical Society, at Eleventh Street and Second Avenue, sends him to camp in summer, has culled the chaff from the wheat generally, and given him a social footing because of the commercial one he has conquered.

Fresh from its humanizing influence, I corralled one of the species on the avenue and catechized him, investing at intervals in his stock to hold his attention. He was thirteen and had no badge. "My boss has one," he said. The boss proved to be an older boy who "had the corner" and bought the papers at two for three; that is, for every two one-cent papers he paid for, he received one free. That was his profit. My boy was hired for the hours between half-past four and seven on all school-days at a wage of sixty cents a week. Here then was the capitalist at the beginning of things.

"Why don't you get a corner yourself?" I asked.

"They 're all took."

The boy was German, and it seemed safe to ask:

"He has no more right to the corner than you have; why don't you fight him for it?"

"He 's my boss," was the dogged reply.

"But suppose some stronger fellow drove him away?"

The answer was prompt:

"I 'd get other boys and get it back for him."

Does that help you to understand the following of Big Tim Sullivan and such leaders? Big Tim was a newsboy once, and he sticks up for them always. I tried once more.

"Did you ever hear of any one taking a boy's corner—just taking it?"

"I heared of it, but I never knowed it. It is *his* corner."

I felt for the tribal instinct on another tack. The boy had been to camp. It is on the salt water.

"Can the fellows swim?" I asked.

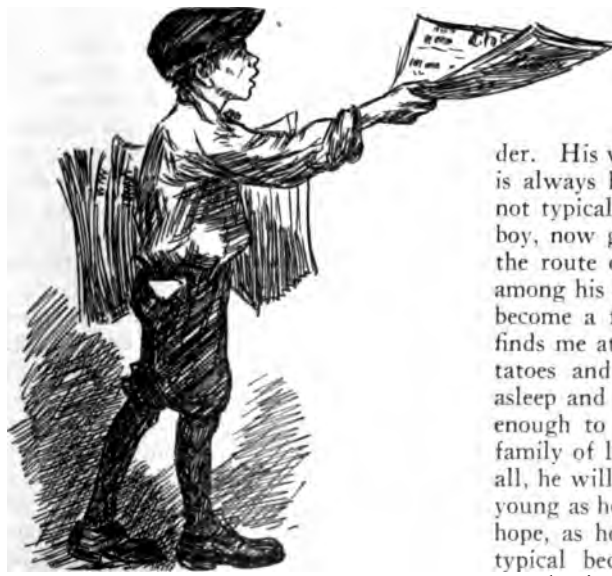
"Most on 'em."

"Is there any one to save those who can't if they get in too deep?"

THE BOYS: "HANG WOMAN'S RIGHTS, ANYWAY"

"Pinochle does—Pete 's his name. He pulled some out already."

"If he should n't be there, and a boy be drowning, would any of the others go in to help him?"



9.30 A. M. "THE CENTURY" OFFICE NEWSBOY

"They 'd all go." It was plain that he was not boasting; he stated a simple fact.

Some kingdoms have rested on no better claim than the boss's corner. There was one boss who took the title with the power, but neither lasted long. Jack Sullivan, "the King of the Newsboys," lies in the Tombs at this writing, mired in the infamy that bred the Rosenthal murder. His was the choice of the gutter that is always handy to the street, but it was not typical. Neither is that of the newsboy, now grown to man's size, who owns the route on which I live and counts me among his subjects. Knowing that I have become a farmer, he lingers whenever he finds me at home, to hear the news of potatoes and crops. He dreams of them, asleep and awake, and he has saved nearly enough to buy his farm, beside raising a family of little children. When he has it all, he will sell his route to another boy as young as he was when he began and, let us hope, as honorably ambitious. He is not typical because it is not often that the newsboy's longing takes the shape of a farm, though I know of at least one, a

AN OLD-TIME SCENE IN NEW YORK

Boys are no longer permitted to board the street cars.

graduate of one of the Children's Aid Society's lodging-houses, who did the same. He is a settlement worker now when he is not farming. Another, who came out of the same place, is superintendent of a boys' club in a New Jersey town. And there is one, a cripple, of whom some of the readers of this article have doubtless bought papers, whose domain lies on the north side of Forty-second Street and yields him a revenue of five dollars a day, so they say in the Forty-fourth Street lodging-house in which he used to live, and which he now supplies with papers.

But the newsboy's ambition is more apt to run to business or the professions. There are clergymen, lawyers, and bankers in New York who began their careers crying newspapers in the street. I know of a distinguished physician on Madison Avenue who so paid his way through college. At the entrance to the Brooklyn Bridge one sells newspapers to-day who is in his last year in the medical school. Another, around in Fulton Street, will be graduated with the next class from the dental college, and up at the Grand Central I brush against one who is taking his second year's course in the law school. All these are still at their posts, making the money that pays for their education; but I pass them all by, when bound up-town, and buy my paper or magazine of one who stands at the corner of Twenty-third Street and Fourth Avenue. Let me tell you his story.

From his window across the street one of the officers of the Gerry Society saw a boy with a crutch and an armful of papers dive into the hurrying crowd on the crossing and snatch a customer from under the very nose of a big, bearded man, also a news-vender, who in revenge struck him an angry blow that sent him sprawling in the dirt. The boy picked himself up and limped back to his corner, where the officer found him brushing off his coat and attending to business as though nothing had happened.

"It is all right," was Fred's only com-

ment; "I was n't hurt, and I guess it was his sale, anyhow."

The boy had just passed fourteen. He had no time to waste in fighting, for his father was sick at home and the support of the mother and three younger brothers was upon his frail shoulders. That was fifteen years ago, and he still sticks to the corner that is his by right now. And this is how he met his responsibility, for the father died without ever earning another dollar: one brother is a capable engineer connected with one of the great electric companies, another is in the employ of an express company; the third is a stenographer. Fred's earnings brought them all up and gave them their start. One of the brothers helped him sell papers when not in school. The family have left the tenement where the father died, and live in a nice home. Fred, as I said, sticks to his corner. It is the key-note of the man, as it was of the boy—to stick it out. He has seen the tide of little Italians succeeded by a flood of Jews, big and little, but through it all has held his own serenely. Best of all, he no longer walks with a crutch, though he still limps. Open air *plus* his dogged grit has triumphed also over this obstacle and made him whole.

A good many years ago word came to the office of the "Sun" that there had been an accident in which a newsboy was hurt. I went out and asked the old news-woman at the bridge entrance who it was. I remember, as though it were yesterday, her answer:

"Little Maher it was."

"Well, where does he live? Who looks after him?"

"Oh, no one but God; and I guess He is too busy with other folks' boys to mind him much."

The little Mahers of that day are happily no more. Society has taken over the duty of looking after them, and attends to it. Their successors follow business principles, but that they have not lost either their wit or their spirits in the change you will discover before you have kept their company long. Last autumn I went to New Haven to lecture and, stepping off the train at dusk, had a paper poked at me by one of the tribe. On the front page was my picture.

"Who is that?" I asked the boy, pointing to it. He took one look at it and at me.

"Oh," he said, "some old duffer. There 's lots of 'em here."

"WUXTRY!"

HOW CERVANTES LOOKED

THE NEWLY DISCOVERED AND ONLY AUTHENTIC PORTRAIT OF THE AUTHOR OF "DON QUIXOTE"

THE circumstances of the finding of the portrait, reproduced on the opposite page (from the monograph by D. Alejandro Pidal y Mon, published in Madrid, 1912, for the Spanish Royal Academy), are there given as follows:

A Spanish silversmith in Seville of the name of Albiol, a great collector of old things, had, in his shop, a painted board, which, from age and dirt, showed only the bright parts of a face. On cleaning it he found it to be a portrait of Cervantes, painted by Juan de Jauriguí. At the top of the picture is the inscription: "Don Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra" at the bottom: "Juan de Jauriguí Pinx. 1600." Señor Albiol did not know that Cervantes in his preface of his Novels, published in 1613, refers to "my portrait by the famous D. Juan de Jaureguí."

This portrait has been sought for all over the world for three centuries by admirers of Cervantes. The ones at the beginning of the innumerable editions, in every known language, have been made up from his description of himself:

This whom you see here, with aquiline face, chestnut hair, smooth and open forehead, with gay eyes and curved nose, although well proportioned, the beard silvery which less than twenty years was golden, with large mustaches, small mouth, the teeth neither small nor numerous, because he has only six, and those so ill matched that they do not correspond one with another, the body between two extremes, neither large nor small, a bright color, rather fair than brunette, a little stooping of shoulders and not very quick of feet, this, I say, is the appearance of the author of "D. Quijote of La Mancha."

Of course every artist has conceived the appearance of Cervantes in accordance to his fancy, no two alike. The importance of a genuine portrait of the author of "Don Quixote" can hardly be overestimated.

Señor Albiol, not being a scholar, consulted the librarian of his city, the archæologist D. Narciso de Sentenach, an expert on Cervantes, who as soon as he heard the name "Jauriguí" became greatly excited and elated. He inspected the portrait and believed it to be that of Cervantes by Jaureguí, and immediately communicated the matter to his friend the Cervantist D. Francisco Rodriguez Marin, who agreed that it was genuine and communicated the find to the Royal Academy at Madrid.

Some of the principal members of that illustrious body who were present at the time Marin called resolved that, without summoning the members, they would try to obtain the portrait, at whatever trouble or expense. They delegated D. Alejandro Pidal y Mon to enter into negotiations with Señor Albiol, who was induced to take it to Madrid. Señor Pidal frankly told Señor Albiol that, in his opinion, the painting was genuine and the only portrait of the great author, and, as such, of great value; that it would be a national calamity if such a treasure should go abroad, and that the Academy would make any possible sacrifice to buy it.

This proved unnecessary, for Señor Albiol gave it to the Royal Academy without compensation, though he was offered a large sum of money.

Considering that Señor Albiol is a simple artisan and that the money would have made him independent for life, I have no doubt that some more thrifty persons will say that there are Don Quixotes yet in Spain.

[The Editor is indebted to Mr. E. J. Molera of San Francisco for calling his attention to this portrait and for the material for the above note, based on the monograph above referred to.]

THE RECENTLY DISCOVERED PORTRAIT OF CERVANTES

Drawn by Frank Wiles. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"HE CLAPPED HIS HAND ON HEROLD'S SHOULDER AND SHOOK IT WITH ROUGH AFFECTION" (SEE PAGE 209)

STELLA MARIS

BY WILLIAM J. LOCKE

Author of "The Beloved Vagabond," "The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne," "Septimus," "The Glory of Clementina," etc.

CHAPTER XXIV

ALTHOUGH Stella had been in London for a day or two, the morning of the funeral was the first time that John had seen her since the riotous June day when he had waved farewell to the train carrying her back to Southcliff. He had gone to the front gate to meet her in his ill-fitting, outgrown frock-coat, sticking-plaster still hiding the wounds on his scalp, and his heavy face white and drawn. She, in her black dress, looked a startling lily enveloped by night; her great eyes had softened from diamond into starshine. Behind her came the old people, attendant ghosts. John folded her hand in his.

"Stella dear, how good of you to come!"

She said in a low voice:

"It is to ask forgiveness from you and her."

He bowed over her hand. She passed into the house where Miss Lindon received her.

"My dear," she said, holding Stella's hand, "I think our poor darling will go to her grave very happy. She was always talking of you, ever since she came to live here, and if you wonder what has become of the beautiful lilies you sent, it 's because I have put them inside with her, knowing that there 's where she would wish them to be. And now you 've come yourself, and I 'm sure she would n't ask for more."

The weak mouth, set in the full, foolish face crowned with white hair, worked dolorously. Stella, with a sudden movement, threw her arm round her neck and broke into uncontrollable sobbing. A soul pure and beautiful beyond question spoke to Stellamaris in simple words and in silly yet exquisite sentiment. She clung very close,—why, the unsuspecting and innocent lady never guessed,—but it made her broad bosom swell with an emotion hitherto unknown to have a girl lay her head there and sob and seem to find comfort; and, as she clung, the lingering poison of the evil woman melted forever from Stella's heart, and she knew that the place whereon she stood, where Unity and she had talked, that gimcrack, tawdry, bamboo drawing-room, was holy ground.

She had come, poor child, full of her fierce and jealous maiden pride—she was only twenty, and life had been revealed to her of late as a tumultuous conflict of men with devils,—she had come highly wrought for battles with the Apollyons that straddled across the path; she had come with high hopes of bringing help to the faint-hearted, solace to the afflicted, of proving to her tiny world that she was the help-giver instead of the help-seeker; she had come on the wings of conquest; and she fluttered down like a tired bird to the surrender of herself on the bosom of the simplest and, in the eyes of men, the least important creature on God's earth.

She drew gently away and dried her eyes, and while Miss Lindon spoke a few words to Lady Blount, she went somewhat shyly up to John.

"You should have let me know Miss Lindon long ago," she said.

"I should have done many things long ago," he replied. "But I myself have known my aunt only the last few days."

She regarded him somewhat incredulously.

"Yes," he said, "it 's true. The last few days have taught me all kinds of things. I never knew what she was"—he made a vague gesture—"until it was too late. I think, Stella dear, I have gone through life with my heart shut."

"Except to me," said Stellamaris.

"That 's different," he said, with a turn of his great shoulders.

He left her abruptly and joined the group of the three elders by the window. She came to Herold, who had been stand-

ing with his back against the empty fireplace.

"You must be very tired."

He saw her brows knit in their familiar little fairy wrinkles as she anxiously scanned his face. Indeed, he was very weary, and his eyes and cheeks showed it.

"There has been a lot not only to do, but to feel of late," he said.

She put out a timid hand and touched his sleeve.

"You must n't do and feel too much, or you 'll break down."

"Why should I, if you have n't?" he asked with a faint smile.

"I think it cowardly to break down when one ought to be strong," she said.

"Are you afraid of my being a coward, Stella?"

She uttered a little cry, and her touch became a grasp.

"You! Oh, no! You? You 've *been* strong. There 's no need for you to do any more. You 've got to live your own life and not that of other people—"

"The only life left to me," he said in a low voice, "is that of those dear to me."

John lumbered up gloomily. "You must persuade him to take a rest, Stella. He has been driving himself to death." He laid a heavy hand on his friend. "God knows what I should have done without him all this time. Wait," he said suddenly, with the other hand uplifted.

And all were silent when to a scuffle of feet succeeded a measured tramp of steps descending the stairs. The bearers passed along the passage by the door of the drawing-room. Unity was going forth on her last journey through the familiar Kilburn streets.

They arrived at the cemetery. In the bare mortuary chapel Stella knelt and heard for the first time in her life the beautiful words of the service for the burial of the dead. And there in front of her, covered with poor, vain flowers, was the coffin containing the clay of one whom man with his opportunist laws against murder and self-slaughter was powerless to judge. At the appointed time they went out into the summer air and walked to the grave-side. The surpliced chaplain stood a pace or two apart. The dismal men in black deposited the coffin by the yellow, upturned earth. The group of six gathered close together. The July sunshine streamed down, casting a queer projection of shadow from the coffin-end.

"Man, that is born of a woman, hath but a short time to live, and is full of misery. He cometh up, and is cut down, like a flower; he fleeth as it were a shadow, and never continueth in one stay."

Stella heard the chaplain's voice as in a dream. The rattle of the earth on the coffin-lid—"Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust"—roused her with a shock. Below, deep in the grave, lay Unity—Unity, who had taken a human life, and had taken her own for the sake of those she loved; Unity, who in the approach to her murderous and suicidal end was all but unfathomable to her; Unity, whom she had read and thought enough to know to be condemned by the general judgment of mankind. She stood tense until the end. A great peace had fallen upon her. "Blessed are those that die in the Lord." The simple words held a mystic significance. They reiterated themselves in her brain. Young, emotional, inexperienced, overwhelmed by the shattering collapse of the exquisite, cloud-capped towers of her faith, she found in them an unquestioned truth. By that grave-side, in the sacred presence of the dead, not only of "the dear sister here departed," but of the inhabitants of all the gleaming stone and marble tenements around, there could be no lying; such was the unargued conviction of her candid soul. A voice, coming not from the commonplace, white-robed man, but from the blue vault of heaven, proclaimed that Unity had died in the Lord and that she was blessed. The message was one of unutterable consolation. Unity had died in the Lord. The comforting acceptance of the message indicated the restoration of Stella's faith in God.

The mind of the child-woman is a warp of innocence shot with the woof of knowledge, and the resultant fabric is a thing no man born can seize and put upon canvas, and, for the matter of that, no woman, when she has ceased to be a child.

STELLA'S heart had softened toward John. Herold had told her how he had nearly come by his death on the rocks below the Channel House. It had moved her to

the depths. And now she saw that he was bowed down with grief for Unity. All resentment against him had died. She recovered her faith, not perhaps in the wonder of the Great High Belovedest of the past, but in the integrity of the suffering man. When they reached and had reëntered the house, she took an opportunity of being alone with him. The two elder ladies were up-stairs, and Walter and Sir Oliver had gone out to smoke in the little front garden. Then she said with shy gentleness:

"This must be very desolate for you, dear. Won't Miss Lindon and you come down with us to Southcliff? I have fallen in love with her. I wonder whether I dare ask her. The sea air would do her good."

"She would be delighted, I 'm sure; but would you like me to come, too?" he said, bending his heavy brows.

"Of course," replied Stella. She flushed slightly and lowered her eyes.

"I 'm afraid I 'm not a very gay companion, Stella. In fact, I don't think I ever was one—except in the days when I used to tell you fairy-tales about the palace—"

"Oh, don't!" She could not restrain the quick little cry and gesture. "We must n't talk about that any more. We 've got the future to think of. Reconstruction—is n't that what they call it? We have got to look at things as they are, and laugh sometimes."

"I feel," said he, "as though I could never laugh again."

"Yet Unity meant to make you happy and not miserable," said Stella.

"I know," said he, "and that 's the devil of it."

He paused for a moment, his hands thrust deep in his trousers' pockets, and his heel on the fender. At last he said: "It would be the best thing in the world for the dear old lady. And God knows it will be good for me. So if you 'll have us for a week or two, we 'll be glad to get away from here."

"I 'll ask Miss Lindon when she comes down."

And Miss Lindon, coming down soon afterward with Lady Blount, received and accepted the invitation. Sir Oliver, summoned from the garden, expressed his approval.

"My boy," said he, "we 've been perfectly wretched without you. Make him put in a long time with us, Miss Lindon. We three old folks will join forces."

Stella slipped out by the front door and stood by Herold, who was leaning over the gate. Of course he too must come to the Channel House. He smiled rather wearily and shook his head.

"Not just now, dear," said he. "I have a week's business to do in London, settling my autumn arrangements. I 'm going into management, you know, and then I must run away for a bit—abroad somewhere, a little mild climbing in Switzerland, perhaps."

Stella's face fell. "Going abroad?" she echoed. "For how long?"

"A month or so, if I can manage it. I want a rest rather badly."

"Of course you do; but I was hoping," she faltered, "that you could find rest at Southcliff."

"It 's good of you, dear," said he, "to think of me. For Heaven knows how many years I 've looked upon the Channel House as a second home; you can never realize what it has meant to me. But I need a complete change, a sort of medicine I must take, no matter how nasty it may be. Besides," he added with a smile, "you will have John now."

"John is John, and you are you," said Stella. There was a little pause. Then after a glance at his tired face, she said in a low voice: "You 're right, Walter; you must go away and get strong again. I spoke very selfishly. I 've not been accustomed to think much of other people."

"Stellamaris dear," he said, "if I thought I could serve you by staying, I would stay. But there 's nothing for me to do, is there? The—the what shall I say—the veil between John and you has been cut in twain, as it were, by a flaming sword, perhaps. Unity did it. But there 's no veil now. The only thing that has to be done is to bring back the sunshine into John's life. That 's for you to do, not for me."

She looked at him queerly. Her face was so white, her dress so black! The only gleam about her was in her eyes.

"I know that," she said. "But who is going to bring back the sunshine into your life?"

He leaned against the wooden gate and gripped the top bar tight. What did she

mean? Was she a woman or, after all, only the old fancied child of sea-foam and cloud?

"When I can eat like a pig and sleep like a dog," he said lightly, "and feel physically fit, I shall be all right." He smiled, and took her black-gloved hand. "And when I see the roses in your cheeks and hear you laugh as you used to laugh—that fascinating little laugh like a peal of low silver bells—then I 'll be the Princess Stellamaris's court jester again."

She smiled wanly. "You were never court jester; you were Great High Favorite." She sighed. "How far off those childish days are!"

"They 'll return as soon as you 're happy."

"Life is too full of pain for me to find happiness in superficial things," said Stella.

For all his wretchedness he could have laughed, with a man's sweet pity, at the tone of conviction in her philosophic but childish utterance.

"You must look for it and find it in the deep things," said he.

She made no reply, but stood thoughtfully by his side, and drew with her fingers little lines in the summer dust on the upper surface of the bar of the gate.

"There 's something silly I want to say to you, Walter," she murmured at last, "and I don't quite know how to say it. It 's about the sea. I think you can understand. You always used to. Our long talks—you remember? Since all this has happened, the sea seems to have no meaning for me."

"It will all come back, dear," said Herold, "with your faith in God and the essential beauty of the world."

"But what is the essential beauty of the world?"

"My dear," he laughed, "you must n't ask a poor man such conundrums and expect an instantaneous answer. I should say roughly it was strength and sacrifice and love." He took a cigarette from his case and lit it. "You 'll find the comfort of the sea again. I think it will have quite a new meaning for you, a deeper meaning, when you sit by it with the man whom you love and who loves you, as you know he loves you, and all the past has become sacred, and there 's no longer a shadow between you."

"Are you sure?"

"Quite sure. You see, Stellamaris dear," he added after a second or two, "you don't need me any longer. Your happiness, as well as John's happiness, is in your own hands. I can go away with an easy mind. And when I come back—"

"Yes? And when you come back?"

Pain started through his eyes. When he came back? What would be left for him? His art, his ambitions? What were they? A child's vain toys cumbering his feet. His soul was set on the slip of pale girlhood, startlingly black and white, with her mass of soft hair beneath the plain, black hat, and her great pools of eyes, no longer agates or diamonds, but aglow with remote flames, who, in poor common earthliness, stood by his side, but in maddening reality was pinnacled on inaccessible heights by the love between her and the man they both loved. He felt that the pure had an unsuspected power of torture.

"When I come back? Well—" he broke off lamely. And they looked at each other without speaking until they became aware of a human presence. They turned and saw John, his huge bulk in the frame of the doorway, watching them dully beneath his heavy brows.

At the Channel House Stella's health began to mend. The black shadows disappeared from beneath her eyes, and her lips caught the lost trick of a smile. She no longer wandered desolate about house and garden, but sought the companionship of those about her. The old folks discussed and wrangled over the change.

"One would have thought," said Lady Blount, "that this terrible affair would have crushed her altogether."

"Any one who did n't know her might have thought so," replied Sir Oliver; "but I 've watched her. I sized her up long ago. It 's astonishing how little you know of her, Julia. She has lots of pluck—the right stuff in her. And now John 's free and he 's down here. What more can she want?"

"Poor fellow! He does n't seem to be much the happier for it."

"You don't expect him to go about grinning as if nothing had happened, do you?" said Sir Oliver. "Can't you understand that the man has had a devil of

a shock? He 'll get over it one of these days."

"I don't want him to grin; but I 'd like him to look a little more cheerful," said Lady Blount.

But cheerfulness and John Risca were strangers. Even when he and Stellamaris were alone together, looking at the moonlit sea from the terrace outside the drawing-room windows, or in the sunshine of the sweet cliff garden, the cloud did not lift from his brow. Unless they talked of Unity,—and it relieved his heart to do so, and Stellamaris loved to listen to the brave little chronicles of her life,—long silences marked their intercourse. To get back to the old plane was impossible. They could find no new one on which to meet. She gave him all her pity, for he was a man who had suffered greatly, and in a way it was she herself who had brought the suffering on him. Her heart ached to say or do something that would rekindle the old light in his rugged face; but an unconquerable shyness held her back. If he had thrown his great arm around her and held her tight and uttered broken words of love, pity would have flamed passionate in surrender. If he had pleaded for comfort, pity would have melted warm over his soul. But he made no appeal. Both were burningly aware that Unity had died so that they could be free, no barrier between them. Yet barrier there seemed to be, invisible, inscrutable.

Once Sir Oliver, who had joined them in the garden, asked:

"What are your plans for the future, my boy?"

"Plans? I have none. Just the same old round of work."

"I mean your domestic arrangements."

"I 'll go on living with my old aunt. We 're a queer couple, I suppose, but we understand each other."

"Humph!" grunted Sir Oliver, and he went away to tie up a drooping rose.

They walked on in dead silence, which was broken at last by John, who made a remark as to Constable's growing infirmities.

So the visit came to an end without a word having been said, and John went back to his desolate house, physically rested and able to take up the routine of his working life. Herold in Switzerland wrote letters about snows and glaciers and crystal air. The calm tenor of existence was resumed at the Channel House. Incidentally Stella found an occupation. Old Dr. Ransome, in casual talk, mentioned a case of great poverty and sickness in the village. Stella, followed by Morris bearing baskets of luxuries, presented herself at the poor house in the character of Lady Bountiful. At the sight that met her eyes she wept and went away sorrowful, and then it dawned upon her inexperienced soul that gifts costing her nothing, although they had their use, might be supplemented by something vastly more efficacious. She consulted the hard-worked district nurse, and, visiting the house again, learned how to tend the sick woman and wash the babies and bring cleanliness and air and comfort into the miserable place. And having made in this way the discovery that all through her life she had accepted service from all and sundry and had never done a hand's-turn for anybody, she plunged with young shame and enthusiasm into the new work. Afraid lest convalescence on the part of the patient would throw her back into idleness, she ingenuously asked the nurse if there were other poor people in Southcliff who needed help. The nurse smiled. Even at Southcliff there was enough work among the poor and needy for every day in the week the whole year round.

"I 'm glad," said Stellamaris. Then she checked herself. "No, I can't be. I 'm dreadfully sorry." The little lines of complexity knit themselves on her brow. "It 's a confusing world, is n't it?"

The state of mind of Stellamaris at this period may be best described as one of suspended judgment. It was a confusing world. She could not pronounce a more definite opinion. The Land of Illusion was a lost Atlantis of which not a speck remained. On the other hand, the world was no longer the mere abode of sin and ugliness and horror to which she had gradually awakened. Unity had taught her that. What, then, was this mysterious complication of life in which she found herself involved? It no longer frightened her. It interested her curiously.

"Excellency dear," she said one day, "are there any books about life?"

He stared at her, covering his non-comprehension with the usual military twirl of his mustache.

"Millions. What kind of life?"

"Life itself. The meaning of it."

"Religious books? I 'm afraid they 're not in my line, my dear."

"I don't think it 's religious books I want," said Stella.

"Philosophy, then. Kant, Schopenhauer,—um—er,"—he hooked a name from the depths of his memory—"Bain, and all those fellows. I could never make head or tail of them myself, so I don't suppose you could, dear."

"Did you say Kant? I think I 've seen a book of his in the library."

She pulled down a dusty volume of the "Critique of Pure Reason" from a top shelf and puzzled her young brains over it. It seemed to be dealing with vital questions, but, like Sir Oliver, she was hopelessly befogged. She asked the old doctor. He had a glimmering of her meaning. "The best book in the world, my dear," —he waved a hand,—"is life itself."

"But I can't read it without a dictionary, Doctor," she objected.

"Your heart, my child," said he.

This was pretty, but not satisfactory. "Walter could tell me," she said to herself, and forthwith wrote him a long letter.

She lived in a state not only of suspended judgment, but also of suspended emotion. The latter hung in the more delicate balance. Her maidenhood realized it vaguely. She had half expected John to speak of his love for her; at the same time she had dreaded the moment of declaration; and, at the same time also, she had felt that beneath the shadow of the wings of death it behoved mortal passion to lie still and veiled. The anguish of the weeks preceding the tragedy had passed away. She had no pain save that of yearning pity for an agonized world. The old people in their dependence on her and in the pathos of their limited vision once more became inexpressibly dear. The childish titles were invested in a new beauty. Her pretty labors in sorrow-stricken cottages, amateurish as they were, held a profound significance. Unlike the thousands of sweet English girls up and down the land who are bred in the practice of philanthropy and think no more of it than of its concomitant tennis-parties and flirtations, she had come upon it unawares, and it had all the thrill of a discovery. It was one little piece fitted certainly into the baffling puzzle of life.

John came down again for the week-end. Stella found him gentle, less gloomy, but oddly remote from her—remoter even than when he lay crushed beneath the tragedy. Now and again she caught him looking at her wistfully, whereupon she turned her eyes away in a distress which she could not explain. Gradually she became aware that the Great High Belovedest of the past had vanished into nothingness, with so many other illusory things. The awakening kiss that he had given her as he carried her in his arms faded into the far-off dreamland. On the Sunday night they lingered in the drawing-room for a moment after the old people had retired to bed.

"I must be going back by the early train in the morning, and sha'n't see you," said he, "so I 'll say good-by now."

"I 'm sorry, dear." She put out her hand. "I hope the little change has done you good."

For answer he bent down and touched her forehead with his lips. Then he held the door open for her to pass out.

"God bless you, dear," said he.

She went up-stairs, feeling in a half-scared way that something, she knew not what, had happened, and she cried herself to sleep.

CHAPTER XXV

It was a sullen evening in mid-August, following a breathless day and an angry sunset that had shed a copper-colored glow above a bank of cloud. The great windows of the drawing-room of the Channel House were flung open wide, and on the terrace beneath the starless heaven sat the little group of intimates, which now included the placid lady of the little Kilburn house. Walter Herold, who had returned from Switzerland tanned and strong, told his adventures to Sir Oliver and Dr. Ransome, while John and Stella, a little way apart, listened idly. Lady Blount and Miss Lindon murmured irrelevances concerning the curates of long ago and the present price of beef. They had many points at which the curves of their natures touched, such as mathemati-

cians, with unique spasm of romance, call points of osculation.

But for the voices all was still. From below, at the base of the cliff, came the lazy lapping of the sea against the rocks. Outside the glow of light cast by the illuminated drawing-room the world was pitch black. The air grew more and more oppressive.

"I think there 's going to be thunder," said Lady Blount.

"I hope not," said Miss Lindon. "I know John thinks it foolish, but I 'm terribly afraid of thunder."

"So does Sir Oliver; but I don't care. Whenever there 's a thunder-storm, I go up to my room and put my head under the bedclothes until it 's over."

"Now is n't that remarkable, my dear," said Miss Lindon—"I do exactly the same! I draw down the blinds, and hide scissors away in a drawer, and throw a woolen shawl over the steel fender, and then I put my head under the blankets. My Aunt Margery, I remember, invariably used to go and sit in the coal-cellar. But she was a strong-minded woman, and would put her foot on a black beetle as soon as look at it. I hope I 'm fond of most of God's creatures, but a black beetle frightens me out of my wits."

"What do you think of thunder-storms, Stella?" John asked, knocking the ashes out of his pipe.

"I 'm rather frightened," she confessed. "Not because I think they 'll hurt me." She paused and sighed. "I never could understand them."

"What do you mean by understanding a thunder-storm?" he asked.

"I don't know," she answered. "You either understand things or you don't."

Herold broke in to spare her further explanation. "There was a splendid one the week before last in the mountains—a real *Walpurgisnacht*. It seemed as though hell had broken loose."

He described it in his vivid way. The elderly ladies looked at the glimmer of white shirt-front and the glowing cigarette-end by which alone he was revealed, and wondered at the heroical, or, as it seemed in the unconfessed depths of their souls, the God-defying qualities of male humanity. A few resounding splashes fell from the sky. The party rose hurriedly.

"Gad! we 're in for it," cried Sir Oliver. "Let us get indoors."

A flash of lightning rent the southern sky, and a clap of thunder broke over the channel, and the rain came down like a waterspout. In the drawing-room Lady Blount put her hand before her eyes.

"You must all forgive me. I can't stand it. I must go up-stairs. Besides, it 's late, very near bed-time. My dear Miss Lindon, shall we go?"

The two old ladies, after hasty good nights, retired to the protection of their respective bedclothes. A great wind arose and swept through the room, blowing over a vase of flowers on the piano. Dr. Ransome, who happened to be standing near, mopped up the water with his handkerchief. Herold sprang to the window and shut it. Stella was by his side. Another flash sped through the blackness, and the thunder followed. They drew near together and waited for the next.

Sir Oliver hospitably pushed John and the old doctor toward the drawing-room door. "There are drinks in the library. It 'll be cozier there, on the other side of the house, away from this confounded racket. Come along, Walter. Stella darling, you had better go to bed. It 's the best place for little girls in a thunder-storm."

She turned, the breadth of the drawing-room separating Walter Herold and herself from the others.

"I 'll stay up a little longer and look at it, dear Excellency," she said, with a smile. "I 'll come into the library later and tell you all good night."

At this announcement, and Stellamaris's announcements had ever been sovereign decrees, John and Dr. Ransome, standing by the open door, obeyed the courteous wave of Sir Oliver's hand. The old man waited for Herold, who advanced a pace or two.

"I suppose you 're dying for whisky and soda," said Stella, resignedly.

He stopped short. "Not in the least. I would far rather look at this,"—he flung a hand toward the window,—"if you would let me."

"Only for five minutes, Favorite dear; then I 'll send you away."

Sir Oliver went out, shutting the door behind him. Herold and Stellamaris were alone in the spacious room. There

came another flash and the thunder peal, and the rain spattered hard on the stone terrace.

"Why should n't we sit down?" he asked, and drew a small settee to the window.

She stood, expectant of the lightning. It came and lit up a suddenly tempestuous sea. With her eyes straining at the blackness, she said in a low voice:

"Turn out the lights. This is all that matters."

He went to the door, snapped the electric switches, and the darkness was so absolute that he waited for the next flash to see his way across the room. They sat down together side by side. A flash of vehement and reiterated radiance revealed a God's wrath of spindrift scattered from mountainous waves that tossed in the middle distance the three-masted skeleton of a ship, and blasted the chalk-cliffed promontory to the west into a leprous tongue. They watched in silence for a long, long time. Save for the lightning, pitch blackness enveloped them. The rain swished heavily against the windows, and the surf roared on the rocks below. After a livid revelation of elemental welter and the deafening crash of cataclysm, she clutched his arm. When the peal had rolled away into an angry rumble, he whispered:

"Are you frightened?"

"No," she replied, also below her breath, "not frightened. It excites me, it makes me feel, it makes me think. I seem to be understanding things I never understood before. Don't let us speak."

To remove impression of rebuke, her hand slid down his arm, found his hand, and held it. Neither spoke. After a while he scanned her face by the lightning. It was set, as though she saw a vision, her eyes gleaming, her lips parted. At the thunderclap her grasp involuntarily tightened. Again and again her face was startlingly visible. Herold's mind went back down the years. He had seen that rapt expression times without number when she lay by the window of her sea-chamber and looked out into the mysteries of sea and sky; and times without number she had held his hand while her spirit, as he had loved fantastically to believe, went forth to dance with her sisters of the foam or to walk secure through the gates of the sunset. And he had loved to believe, too, that his own spirit, in some blind, attendant way, though lagging far behind, followed hers over the borders of the Land That Never Was. Sensitive to her moods, he felt now a strange excitement. She had become once more the Stellamaris of the cloudless and mystical years. The sea that had rejected her had again claimed her for its own, and was delivering into her keeping mysteries such as it had withheld from her even then; for she had found no message in the war of elements, mysteries deep and magnificent. He returned her tense pressure, and followed her spirit out into the vastness.

The storm grew fiercer. Every few moments spasms of livid daylight rent the darkness and dazzlingly illuminated the eager faces of the pair, the window-jambs and transoms, the terrace, the howling waste beyond, the skeleton ship tossing grimly, the promontory, the pitch black of the sky; and the thunder burst in awful detonations over their heads. Unconsciously and instinctively Stellamaris had drawn nearer to him, and her arm rested against his. After a long time, in the stillness of the dark, he spoke like one in a dream:

"The terrible splendor of life, that is the secret—the terrible splendor."

She awoke almost with a shock, and, turning round, shook him by the lapel of his coat.

"How did you know, Walter? How did you know?"

Her voice quavered; he felt that she was trembling. A flash showed her straining her eyes into his face. They waited for the thunderclap during a second of intensity.

"What?" he asked.

"Those words. Those very words had just come to me, the meaning of everything. The terrible splendor of life. How did you know?"

"It was our souls that were going together through the storm."

She released him, and withdrew a little.

"Did you know all that I was thinking?"

"Or all that the sea was telling you?"

"Did you feel that, too?" she asked breathlessly.

"I think so," he replied.

"It was strange," she said. "I hardly

knew that I was here. I seemed to be away in the midst of it all, but I don't think I lost consciousness. I had adventures—curious adventures." She paused abruptly, then she continued: "They seemed to be definite then, but they are all a blur now. It was a kind of battle between man and evil forces, and I think I felt a voice speaking through it, and saying that the splendor of man would never be subdued; and the impression I 've got is, that I saw something, whether it was a shape or a scene I don't know, but something great and grand and fierce and heroic, and the voice told me it was life. The only thing I have clear is the words, 'the terrible splendor of life,' the words you plucked out of me."

"It is the great secret," he said.

"Yes."

There was another silence. The storm began to pass gradually away. The lightning became rarer, and the intervals longer between flash and thunder.

"It is beginning to be clear," she said at last. "All that has troubled me. All that you guessed I was feeling, and that I told you of only when you compelled me. You have been right. Once—do you remember?—you said that if I saw God through the beauty and the vanity of the world all would be well."

"I ought to have told you to see Him through the pain of the world," said Herold.

"You have told me that, in other words, ever since; and I was deaf."

"Not I, dear," said Herold.

"Yes, you. Now I understand." She drew a deep breath. "Now I understand. It 's like an open book. That woman—Unity—wait," she paused, and put her two hands to her head in the darkness. "I have a glimmer of a memory—it 's so illusive. It seems that I saw Unity just now. I understand all that she was, all that she meant." A flash showed the sea. "Yes, I was out there," she cried excitedly, and pointed. "Just out there." Darkness engulfed them. "I forget," she faltered, "I forget."

"But the sea has taken you back at last, Stellamaris," said Herold.

She seized his hand and held it during the peal. Then she cried in a tone of sudden terror:

"Walter!"

"Yes?"

"What you said—your prophesy—the comfort of the sea—the deeper meaning—"

He leaped to his feet.

"Don't think anything more of it. They were just foolish words to comfort you. You and I seem to have been on the Edge of Beyond and looked over, and we 're not quite normal. We must get down now to practical things. I 'm just what I always was, dear, a fantastic person who rode with you into fairy-land. I am still. Nothing more."

"Are you quite sure?" suddenly asked a deep voice out of the blackness of the room.

Stella with a little cry of fright sprang to Herold for protection. For a second or two they were still. In their exaltation the question seemed to come from some vast depth of the abysm of time. Their hearts beat fast, and they clung together, listening, and there was not a sound. Then the lightning played its dancing daylight about the room, and they saw John Risca standing by the door. They sprang apart.

In another moment the room was flooded with electric light. The drawing-room, for all its beauty, looked mean and unimportant. The lights showed up glaringly an old Florentine tapestry over the chimney-piece. It seemed to have singularly little relation to life. It jarred impertinently.

"I came in to find Walter," said John; "I did n't think Stella was still up. It 's late. You did n't hear me. I 'm sorry I inadvertently overheard."

"There 's nothing, my dear John, that you could not have heard," said Herold.

John came forward in his lumbering way.

"I know that, Walter."

For a minute or two no one spoke. The three stood stock-still, their hearts thumping. Outside, the rain fell pitilessly on the flags of the terrace, and the waning storm flashed and growled. John's burning eyes looked at Herold beneath heavy, knitted brows. At last he said:

"You love Stella. You have loved her always. You never told me."

"That is not so," said Herold. "You have found us in a foolishly false position. A thunder-storm is an emotional

piece of business. My old intimacy with Stella has its privileges. I 'll leave you. Stella will speak for herself."

John stretched out a detaining arm. "No, my friend; stay. We three must have a talk together. It was bound to come sooner or later. Let it be now."

He spoke quietly, with dignity and authority.

"There is nothing for us to talk about," said Herold,—Stellamaris stood clutching the back of an arm-chair, and looking from one man to the other,—"the words you overheard ought to tell you that. And in answer to your question, I can say that I am quite sure."

"You lie," said John, quietly. "You lie out of the loyalty of your heart—" he raised his great hand to check the other's outburst—"God Almighty in Heaven knows I 'm not accusing you. If ever man had deep and devoted and unselfish love from another, I 've had it from you. And I have it still. It 's a matter not of reproach, but of reparation."

"Don't you think," said Herold, "we might continue this extraordinary conversation in the library—by ourselves?"

"No," said John in the obstinate tone that Herold had known for many years. "You and I are two men, and Stella is a woman, and a hell-mess just like that—" he pointed to the tempest—"has upset our lives. It 's time to put them to rights again."

"I don't know what you 're talking about," said Herold. "It 's a pity you have chosen to-night. Things are a bit abnormal. Let us go to bed and talk to-morrow, if you like, in the light of common sense."

John folded his arms. "I 'm going to talk to-night. I want you calmly to consider the position."

"I do," said Herold. "Stop,"—as John was about to interrupt,—"let me speak."

"Yes," said Stella, breaking silence for the first time: "let Walter speak."

But she stood apart, fascinated by this strange duel, as her primitive ancestress might have done when two males fought for her with flint-headed axes.

"What I feel as regards Stella is neither here nor there. I 've never told her that I loved her. I 've never told you. Both you and she have told me that you loved each other. That was enough for me. I joined with Unity in seeking to remove the obstacle in the path of your happiness. If Unity had not forestalled me, I—well, God knows what I should have done! I left you asleep that evening, and went, half crazy, to the flat, and there I found what I found. But, anyhow, Unity committed murder and suicide to set the two of you free. If you want strong, blatant words, there you have them. A girl, one of God's chosen, has laid down her life for the two of you." He stood between them and threw up his hands. "Take each other. It is a sacrament."

Stella, her arms still on the back of the chair, hung her head and stared downward. John cast a quick glance at her and then, a thing which he rarely did, drew his great frame up to its full height and challenged his friend.

"If you don't love her, she loves you. I know."

Herold said:

"You two belong to each other."

"Then Stella must decide," said John.

She threw out a flutter of delicate fingers and covered her face. "No, no!" she gasped.

The lightning flickered mildly in the well-lit room, and the eventual thunder reverberated in distant anger.

John again came close to Herold. "This may be an extraordinary conversation, but it has to be. If Stella loved me, do you think she would stand like that?"

Stella dropped to her knees, her face and arms huddled against the chair.

"My dear old man, I 've learned many things of late. I can't tell you exactly. I 'm not good at that sort of thing. But Unity has been too big for me."

Stella raised a white face.

"What do you mean? Say exactly what you mean."

"I mean—oh, God knows what I mean." He strode blindly across the room, returned, and faced the two, still near together. "Can't you understand?" he cried, with a wide gesture. "I 'm infinitesimal sand beneath that child's feet. I 'm a blind mole in comparison with her transcendent vision. I 'm in the dust. Oh, God!" He turned away.

Stella rose, and, clasping hands to her bosom, went to him.

"Belovedest, for Heaven's sake what is the end of all this?"

He halted and took her hands.

"Not shadows, not lies. Once I thought—indeed, I knew—you loved me. That was when you were an ignorant child. You loved some one you thought was me. Now your eyes are opened. You have passed through flames. Knowledge has come to you. You see me as I am, and your love has gone. I know, too, what I am. Unity has taught me. You can't—you don't love me, Stella. That I know. I 've known it ever since that day when we put her into her grave."

Herold came between them imploringly. "My dear man—my dear fellow—what is the use of this wild talk? You two love each other. Unity gave her life for the two of you. If you two don't come together, it 's all overwhelming, blasting irony. I could n't believe in God after it. It would be hellishly cynical. Stella, in God's name, tell him that you are bound by Unity's sacrifice—that you love him and will marry him and make his life happy!"

Stella, very pale, looked at John. "If you want me, I will marry you," she said in a clear voice.

John waved her aside. "I will not take you, my dear," said he.

Spurned sex winced involuntarily.

"If you have stopped caring for me—"

"I stopped caring? I? Merciful God, I 've never loved you so much. But you love a better man. What 's the good of saying the same things over and over again? But I 'll tell you this, both of you, that if Unity had not given her life, and if I had been free, I should have fought for you and had you despite everything. That 's my accursed nature. But Unity has not died in vain, and it 's because of that child's death, the beauty and heroism of it, that I 'm able to stand here and tear my heart out and throw it away. Don't make any mistake,"—he turned fiercely on Herold,—"it 's not I who am giving her up. It 's Unity."

"Very well," said Herold. "Let us put it at that. It 's your point of view. You also force me to speak. It would be grotesque to keep silence any longer. Yes, I do love her. She is the beginning and end of life to me. If she had lain on her back all her days, I should never have married another woman. There! You have it now."

The two men's eyes held each other for a space. Stellamaris looked at the pair with a fearful admiration. They were men. Herold she had divined and known long ago; this, on his part, was only the supreme fulfilment of promise. But John Risca, who had passed through the illusion and disillusion of her soul, stood before her in new strength, a great and moving figure.

At last John drew a deep breath, turned to Stellamaris very gently, and smiled.

"And you?"

The smile sent swift pain through her heart. She made a step or two, and fell sobbing on his breast.

"O Belovedest, I am sorry! You have guessed right. Forgive me!"

He caressed the bowed head tenderly for an instant, then releasing himself, he clapped his hand on Herold's shoulder and shook it with rough affection.

"I 'm going to bed," said he. He moved to the door. There he paused to nod a good night; but at sight of them both looking sadly at him he walked back a couple of paces.

"Don't worry about me. I 'm at peace with myself for the first time for years. There 's lots of happiness in the world left." He smiled again. "Enough for the three of us—and for Unity."

He left them, and went to bed in the room which Stellamaris had furnished for him long ago, and fell into the sleep of the man who has found rest at last in the calm and certain knowledge of spiritual things. Unity had not died in vain. And Stellamaris, sitting once more by Herold's side in the wide bay of the window, and talking with him in a hushed voice of the wondrous things that had come to pass, knew that John Risca had spoken a great truth. It had been God's will that so should the terrible splendor of the world be made manifest.

Herold asked for the million-billionth time in the history of mankind:

"When did you first find that you loved me?"

She replied, perhaps more truly than most maidens:

"There was never a time when I did n't love you. I mean—I don't quite know what I mean," she said confusedly. "You see, I 've lived a strange life, dear," she went on. "You seem to have been a part of me ever since I can remember what is worth remembering. You have always understood things that went on inside me almost before I could tell them to you. I always wanted you to explain foolishnesses that I could n't speak of to any one else."

"That 's very beautiful," Herold interrupted, "but love is a different matter. When did the real love come to you?"

"I think it was that morning in the garden when you almost whipped me," said Stella. She started an inch or two away from him. "And I 'm sure you knew it," she said.

And he remembered, as he had often remembered in his great struggle, her eyes, turning from agates to diamonds and her words, "Do you love me like that?"

"Heaven knows, Stellamaris dear; I did not mean to betray myself."

She laughed the enigmatic laugh of a woman's contentment, and Herold was too wise to ask why.

They spoke of deepest things. "There is something I must tell you," said he, "which up to now I have had to keep secret, and it is right that you should know."

And he told her the story of Unity and himself—the revolver, their talk of the evil woman, their parting words, his crazed adventure through the sunny streets.

She listened, her body leaning forward, her hands clasped on her knee. When he had finished, she sat without change of attitude.

"You did that so that another man could marry the woman you loved. did that so that the man she love marry another woman. John c to-night to sacrifice himself and both happiness. The three of y done terrible and splendid things. the only one of us four who h nothing."

Herold rose, took a nervous two. What she said needed more lover's sophistical reassurance. H speak a thousand words of comfc he knew that her soul required a answer, a clue to the dark l through which she had worked. could he say? He looked thro window, and suddenly saw that w him was an inspiration. He th folding-doors wide. It had stopp ing long ago, though neither had

"Come out on the terrace," saic

She followed him into the gu The sea still roared resentfully late disturbance of its quiet. Th west wind that had brought up th had driven the great rack of blac above the horizon, and there bel rack was a band of dark but cloud and in it one star hung serene. pointed to it.

"What have you done, dear? voice broke in a catch of exultati his usually nimble wit failed to g lunatic falsity of the analogy. "Y done what that has done—come the storm pure and steadfast."

"Not I, dear," she said, "but n in the God we breathe."

"No; you yourself." He put around her, and all his love spoke. The living mystery of beauty that He whispered into her lips. Stellamaris—Star of the Sea."

THE END

THE END OF THE BIG JOB

HUMAN ACHIEVEMENT AND HUMAN NATURE ON THE CANAL ZONE,—INCLUDING A CONVERSATION WITH COLONEL GOETHALS

BY FARNHAM BISHOP

THE chauffeur of the railroad-motor shook his head.

"The observation-platform 's been taken down, sir, and the track leading to it torn up. That part of the bank 's ready to go out any minute. You can get a good view of the cut, though, from the Y. M. C. A. Building."

When, in 1906, Uncle Sam put up this building in Culebra, and officially christened it an "I. C. C. Club-house," because it was the Government, and not the Y. M. C. A., that was paying the shot, he placed it at some little distance from the cut. But in August, 1912, the club-house was very near the cut,—nineteen inches nearer than its own concrete foundation-piers,—and if it had not been lifted and braced with heavy timbers, it would long ago have gone tobogganing down the bank. As I walked through the reading-room, it moved and creaked like a wicker basket with the shock of a heavy blast; but the other men in the room did not raise their eyes from their magazines. From the back porch I looked down into the Culebra Cut, a wider, deeper cut that had completely swallowed up the one I knew well in 1910. Then the fifty-odd giant steam-shovels had been scattered over the nine miles from Bas Obispo to Pedro Miguel; now I saw them concentrated in and about the deep gulch between Gold Hill and Contractor's Hill for the last battle of the long campaign. From here to where the dike at Bas Obispo keeps out the rising waters of Gatun Lake they are taking up the construction tracks, and the rank jungle-grass grows thick on the bottom of the finished, empty canal.

Between Gold Hill, advance-guard of the Andes, and Contractor's Hill, southernmost point of the Rockies, lies the deepest part of the cut, and the nearer the big steam-shovels dig down to grade, the harder it is to haul away their spoil. Double-engined and coupled together, the dirt trains climb the steep grade in pairs. First come two straining, spouting Moguls, then a string of loaded "Lidgerwood flats," like a hill on wheels; then a third locomotive, a string of swaying, clanking "Oliver dumps," their side-chains jingling like artillery-harness; and last a fourth locomotive, detached, which, with the air of an enthusiastic small boy, comes running up behind to help push. The marbled mass of steam and soft-coal smoke takes strange colors in the tropic sunlight, then shreds away, revealing a patch of vividly blue sky, a palm, and a lone steam-shovel eating away the top of a slide on the edge of the opposite bank.

Whenever a fresh slide begins to break down the bank of the Panama Canal, Colonel Goethals, like the Duchess in "Alice in Wonderland," cries, "Off with its head!" Broadly speaking, there are two kinds of slides, both curable by decapitation. The first is a mass of soft clay, resting on a sloping ledge of rock, made slippery by seeping rain-water. When dug away at the bottom, the whole hillside begins to slip down, usually with the deliberation of a glacier, but often with the rush of an avalanche. The second kind of slide is caused by the collapse of a stratum of rock under the weight resting upon it. Some of the hard volcanic material in the cut, laboriously blasted out

with dynamite, crumbles into dust on exposure to the air. This failure of the foundations causes a lateral pressure against the bottom of the cut, sometimes heaving it up fifteen or twenty feet. In either case, the remedy is to lighten the load on the top of the bank, often aggravated by the presence of an old French dump-heap. Now that the famous Cucaracha (Cockroach) Slide, that began to plague De Lesseps in 1885, and increased until forty-seven acres were in motion, is nearly, or quite, at rest, the two largest slides are the one that has at last swallowed up the Culebra club-house, and the even larger landslide on the opposite bank. Between them, since 1907, they have involved the movement of nearly seven million cubic yards of earth and rock. A few days after my visit, a notice was posted at the door of the club-house, warning all who entered the building that they did so at their own risk, and workmen began to tear it down, and the bank where the observation-platform used to stand, a few hundred yards away, "went out" with a rush, to the tune of 900,000 cubic yards.

But Colonel Goethals is not worrying about the slides. He said to me:

"Altogether between nineteen and twenty million cubic yards will have been brought into the canal prism by slides before the completion of the work. About 5,915,000 cubic yards of this extra material was taken out during the year ending July, 1912, or more than thirty-three per cent. of the total excavation for that year. Less than 4,000,000 cubic yards of slides remain to be accounted for."

"Have these slides proved the impossibility of a sea-level canal here?" I asked.

"Absolutely," he replied.

"Will new slides continue to develop after the water has been turned into the cut?"

"Two things will tend to minimize that tendency," he replied. "First, there will be no more shaking of the ground by blasting; second, the forty-five feet of water in the channel will exert a pressure on the banks of thirty-one tons per running foot of canal. Any earth brought into the cut then could be easily taken out by dredges.

"The last steam-shovel should be taken out of the cut, and all remaining rock broken up by blasting in the dry, by July 1, 1913. Then the dike at Bas Obispo will be blown up, and the water from Gatun Lake will flow into the cut and through Pedro Miguel Lock into Miraflores Lake. The dredge *Corozal,* now working at sea-level at the Pacific end of the canal, will then be brought up through the Miraflores and Pedro Miguel locks, and put to work in the cut."

Prominent among the few ornaments of Colonel Goethals's bare, barrack-like office is a framed photograph of the *Corozal,* the largest ladder-dredge in the world. Each bucket of her endless chain lifts two cubic yards at a time. She was built in Renfrew, Scotland, in 1911, by a firm that thirty years ago made several smaller dredges for the De Lesseps Company. After rusting for a quarter of a century in tropical tidal-swamps, most of these, floated and cleaned, are still doing good work. Their honest craftsmanship impelled the purchase of the *Corozal.* Virtually like all the floating equipment at the Pacific end of the canal, she was brought round South America under her own steam. Her name is that of the first railroad station out of Panama City, and, literally translated, means "Merry-go-round."

"There will always remain a certain amount of dredging to be done in the two entrances, at Balboa and in Limon Bay," the colonel continued.

"And to keep Gatun Lake clear of silt and wreckage brought down by the Chagres River?" I asked.

"No," he replied. "There will be several miles of dead water at the upper end of the lake above Bas Obispo, where it will settle before reaching the channel."

"The canal will be informally opened, Colonel, in September, 1913?" I asked.

"I expect to put the first ship through then; and if one can go, any number can. The range-lights, buoys, and other aids to navigation will all be placed and in working order. Less than ten per cent. either of the total excavation or of the concrete-laying in the locks remains to be done. At the present rate of speed, both will be finished, and all the gates and machinery for the east locks installed by September, 1912."

The locks of the Panama Canal are in two sets, side by side, like the two tracks of a railroad, so that ships can cross in both directions simultaneously. As at this

point the Pacific lies almost due south of the Atlantic,—which is why it was called by the Spaniards the South Sea,—the east locks are those on the left, or South American, side of one going from the Caribbean to the Gulf of Panama.

"When will everything be finished and ready for the formal opening?" I asked.

"I cannot say for certain. If the steel-work and towing-locomotives are delivered when promised, the west gates will be finished by the end of 1914. To operate those on the Pacific side, a transmission-line must be built from the spillway power-plant at Gatun to Miraflores. In the meanwhile one set of gates can be operated by local power-houses. Eventually the power generated by the surplus water running through the spillway of the Gatun Dam will generate enough electricity to run all the lock machinery, the Panama Railroad, and the machine-shops at Balboa, besides illuminating the light-houses, the employees' quarters, and the search-lights of the coast defenses."

"Will the coast defenses be ready for use as soon as the canal?" I asked.

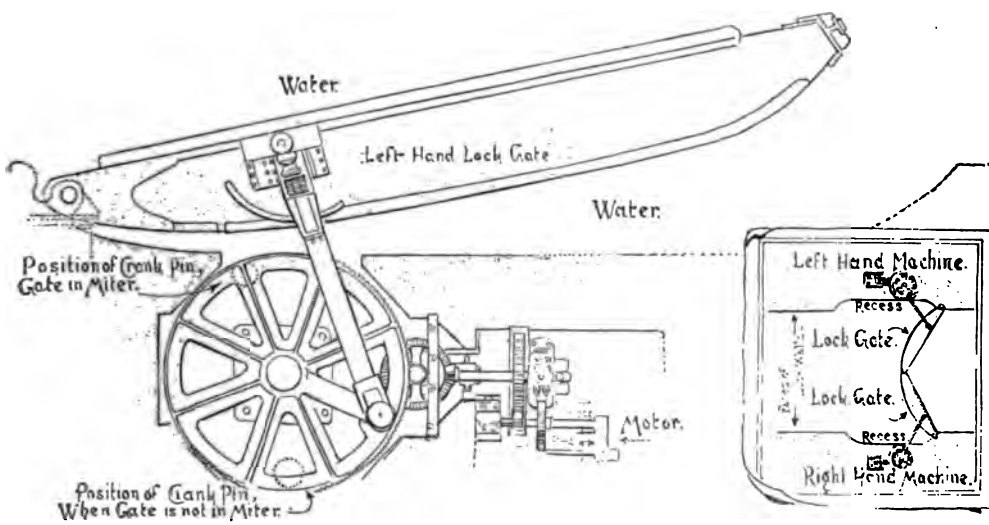
"Yes, if Congress appropriates the money to bring down the guns. We 'll have the emplacements built, and everything else ready for them. Of course a strong garrison should be maintained here. The strength of the details guarding the different locks is a matter to be determined by the General Staff. There is no danger of a lock's being disabled by a solitary spy with a bomb. All the essential machinery is in duplicate or triplicate."

"Then the popular idea of the Gatun Dam's being blown up by one man with a suitcaseful of dynamite is—"

"Absurd. The only way that an enemy could let the water out of Gatun Lake would be to blow up the gates of the spillway, and that would require a large number of men, with plenty of time and explosives."

"Now that the Canal Bill has passed, Colonel, you can begin to organize the operating-force?"

"Yes," he replied. "As only one thousand Americans will be needed, and there are six times that many here now in the construction-force, the permanent organization will be a picked body of experienced men. There will also be about fifteen hundred West Indian Negroes to serve as helpers in the machine-shops, pass hawsers, and clean up about the locks. The bulk of the operating-force will be quartered at Balboa, and the lock-tenders at Pedro Miguel and Gatun."



A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF ONE OF THE NINETY-TWO PANAMA "BULL-WHEELS"

This wheel was invented by Mr. Edward Schildhauer of the Isthmian Canal Commission. The wheel revolves horizontally and thrusts out from the side of each lock-wall a long steel arm that opens and closes one of the huge lock-gates. These gates are of the "miter" pattern, so called because, when closed, they make a blunt wedge pointing up-stream, like the slope of a bishop's miter. Observe the curved and hollowed recesses in the lock-walls into which the open gates fold back, like the blades of a knife into the handle. There are, of course, two "bull-wheels": one for each of the gates.

"Have the lessons learned in building the canal brought about any more useful inventions, like the well-known track-shifting machine?" I asked.

"H-m. One of the cranemen has patented a trip for emptying the bucket of a steam-shovel by steam instead of by hand. We 're using it on all the large shovels. Then there is the new lock-gate machinery; you will find the inventor up-stairs in this building. Remember, if you write anything about it, you must give him full credit."

That is the colonel's way, to insist on fair treatment for every man under him. He is not only the boss, but the hero, the big brother, the father confessor, of every man on the job. Stories innumerable are told about him, and even rough sagas are sung in his praise.

Have they canned you on the run?
  Tell the Colonel;
Tell the tale of what they 've done
  To the Colonel.

Is the commissary bad?
  Tell the Colonel.
If you tell him, he 'll be glad,
  Will the Colonel.

Pass your sorrows and your woes
  To the Colonel;
He will understand, he knows,
  Does the Colonel.[1]

Speak his name among a group of employees, and immediately each will begin to tell of his experience with "Uncle George."

"I was sittin' in the cab, waitin' to pull a string of dirt cars out of the borrow-pit at Gatun, when who comes a-hikin' along the track but the Old Man. 'Can you give me a drink of water?' he says, and I draws him one from the cooler on the engine. He takes a swallow and says, 'This is pretty warm for ice-water.'

" 'Yes, sir,' I says, 'we 're supposed to have ten pounds a day to put in it, but we 're not gettin' more 'n one.' The colonel just hands back the cup and walks away, but, say, next mornin' I drew an iceberg."

A second man broke in:

"Yes, and somebody else got stung for that little graft, you can bet your pants. Remember that foreman at Peter Magill [Orthodox pronunciation of Pedro Miguel] who made his gang of Gallegos come across every pay-day? They picked one of the bunch who could handle the English to go up to Culebra, for a hablar [talk] with Uncle George. Zing! Mr. Foreman's job dropped out from under him, and he dropped through, and the job swung back, and he was n't on it. He 's out making roads now with the rest of the chain-gang."

"The day after I hit the isthmus in 1907," put in a third man, "I got a cablegram from home, saying my wife was dead. And they would n't let me go back to look after my babies; turned me down cold when I asked for a passage north, and all I had was my job here, and pay-day a month away. I heard there was a new chief engineer at Culebra, and I put it up to him. The colonel he signed a paper, and said:

" 'I 've had too many letters from wives in the States whose husbands are down here neglecting their families. I 'm glad to meet one of the other kind. Show Mr. Smith this, and he 'll give you a passage. Bring your family down with you, and I 'll give you a married-quarters.' "

Colonel Goethals is no longer the handsome, smooth-faced boy officer in full-dress uniform, shown in the well-known photograph taken when he was "the new chief engineer." His latest portrait, here published for the first time, shows how the heavy responsibilities of the last five years have left their mark on him. His is a splendidly virile face, strong, kindly, and vigorously intellectual. He is appropriately shown in citizen's clothes, for, except on the most formal occasions, he never wears his uniform. It was with the greatest difficulty that he was persuaded to sit for this picture, and he absolutely refuses to let himself be photographed at work either in his office or in the field.

"No," said "Old Bill" May, chief clerk and Cerberus of the outer office, "the colonel is n't one of those fellows who keep the photographer waiting till they can have a lot of extra papers brought in and dumped all over the desk, so folks can see how busy they are. Nobody 's got a camera into his room yet, and I 'd hate

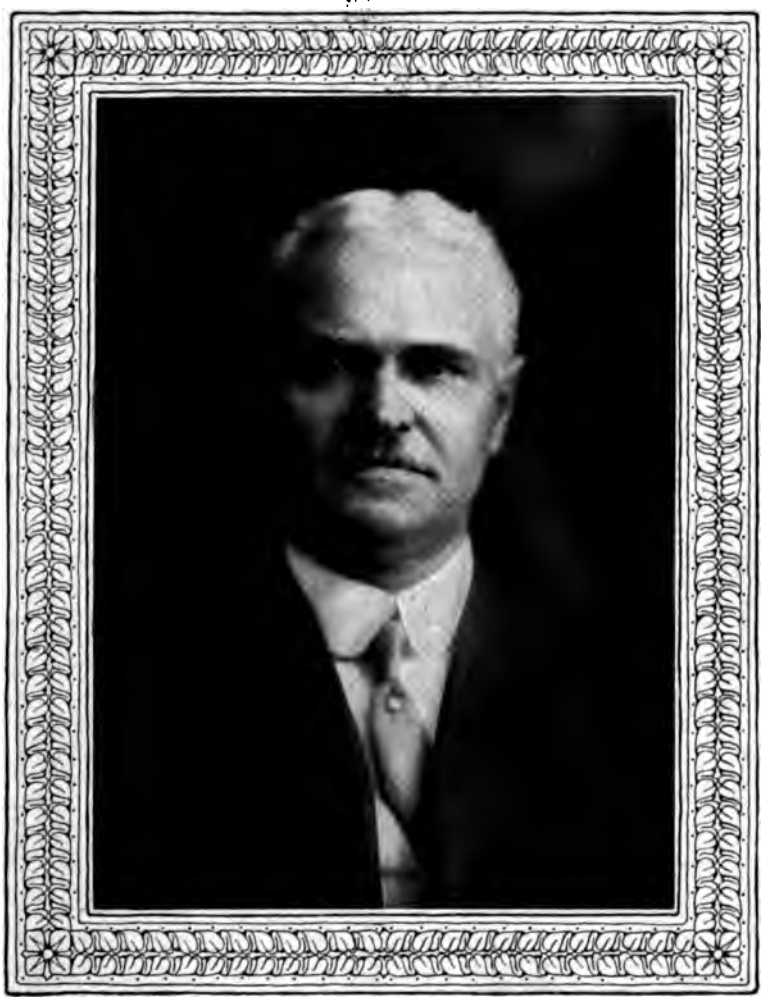
[1] "Panama Roughneck Ballads."

to be caught trying it. Maybe you think you 're going to get a snap-shot of him to-morrow when he takes you over the Gatun Dam; but you ain't."

And Old Bill May was right. When the morning express from Panama City stopped at Culebra, Colonel Goethals swung nimbly aboard and greeted our party as follows:

"Good morning. I 'm sorry, but I can't go to Gatun with you to-day; there 's a dock gone out at Balboa. Colonel Sibert will show you over Gatun. Good morning, good morning!"

Through the car window we saw him spring into a trim little railroad-motor, which slid clanging and whistling through the crowd at the station, and was half a mile down the track to Balboa before our train had started again for Gatun.



From a photograph, copyright, by Pach

COLONEL GOETHALS

We traveled a curiously zigzag path, now on the old line of the Panama Railroad, now on the new. Ever since the first canoe-load of Peruvian gold was floated down from Cruces to the sea, nearly four hundred years ago, the valley of the Chagres has been the pathway of the isthmus. The Panama Railroad of

A RELIEF-MAP OF THE PANAMA CANAL FROM THE ATLANTIC TO THE PACIFIC

the 1850's, the days of lignum-vitæ ties, wood-burning locomotives, and twenty per cent. dividends, followed the banks and killed the river trade. To-day the rapidly rising waters of Gatun Lake have driven the railroad to higher ground to the east between Gatun and Bas Obispo. From that point the new permanent way was to have been carried through the cut on a berm, or shelf, on the east bank, ten feet above the water's edge. It was a picturesque plan, but was reluctantly abandoned because of the danger from slides. So that part of the relocation has been built with great labor through the hills to the east of the cut, and is now finished and in use for freight. Not, however, for passengers, for the existing towns in the central division are all on the wrong side of the cut. Our train left Panama City on the old line, switched to the new at Corozal, crossed the cut on a temporary trestle near Pedro Miguel, and ran through Culebra and Empire, where in five years the macadamized and electric-lighted streets will be covered with second-growth jungle, to the busy railroad town of Gorgona, where the lake water will soon be lapping over the floors of the machine-shops. Here a coal-burning locomotive—oil-burners are the rule for passenger-traffic on the Panama Railroad—was attached to the rear of the train, to the disgust of the tourists on the observation-platform of the parlor-car. The train then ran backward up the other arm of the Y, across the dike at Bas Obispo to the new steel bridge across the Chagres at Gamboa, not far below ancient Cruces.

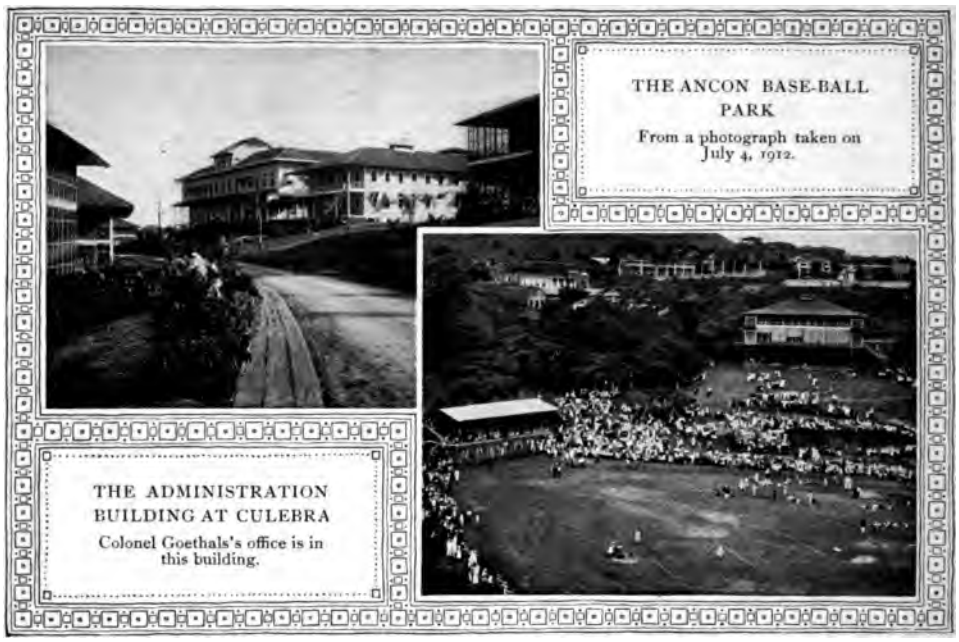
The rest of the way to Gatun ran through country marked on the map as part of Gatun Lake, but covered to-day with virgin jungle. Only in the channel and the anchorage-basin above the locks has the bottom been cleared of vegetation; elsewhere the finished "lake" will be one tangle of deadwood. Now near at hand, now miles away in the valley, the yellow line against the dark green shows where the rising water is drowning out the jungle. In a remarkably short time the leaves and small branches drop off, leaving the dead trunks gray and bare. The cocoanut-palms hold out the longest. The railroad runs high above the lake, on the solidest kind of stone embankments, containing millions of cubic yards of rock from the Culebra Cut. Probably the best-built fifty miles of road-bed in the Western Hemisphere is the relocated Panama Railroad.

Neat little concrete lighthouses, rising incongruously out of the forest, mark the approach to Gatun. Here is the key-point of the canal. From the northwest corner of the veranda round Colonel Sibert's office, the whole scheme of things leaps to the eye. Four miles to the north lies Limon Bay, with the Caribbean beyond, the long breakwater stretching out from Toro Point on the left, to make the open roadstead a safe harbor, and on the right the new docks of Cristobal, the American-owned port of Colon. What looks like an over-fed dreadnought guarding the entrance is the sea-going suction-dredge *Caribbean* at work on the four miles of canal that run under the bay to deep water. The next four miles of all-but-finished

From a photograph by Marine, Panama

ONE OF THE OLD CANAL DREDGES BUILT BY THE SCOTCH, LEFT BY THE FRENCH, AND REPAIRED AND USED BY THE AMERICANS

A STEAM-SHOVEL LOADING ROCKS IN THE CULEBRA CUT



THE ANCON BASE-BALL PARK

From a photograph taken on July 4, 1912.

THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING AT CULEBRA

Colonel Goethals's office is in this building.

sea-level canal, up which ships will sail to Gatun; the profile of the three great locks that will lift them eighty-five feet; the beginning of the broad lake, over which they will sail at that level to Bas Obispo and through the cut, and then down through Pedro Miguel and Miraflores locks to sea-level on the Pacific side, can here be seen and comprehended with a turn of the head. From east and west the hills that inclose the valley of the Chagres close in to the gap, little more than a mile wide, now filled by the Gatun Dam.

You must not think of the Gatun Dam as an ordinary dam, a high, thin wall holding back a body of water, but as an artificial continuation of the gently sloping hills it joins together. In cross-section it resembles the most obtuse of triangles. A cow could walk over it anywhere, and find fairly good pasturage by the way; for coarse, thick-stemmed grass springs up wherever the surface is left undisturbed for a few days. By the time the canal is opened, so quickly is bare earth overgrown in the tropics, those seeing the dam for the first time from the deck of a steamer will have the greatest difficulty telling where it begins and the hills end.

We rode in a railroad-motor along one of the several railroad tracks on the broad crest of the dam; its sides sloped down to a quarter of a mile away on each side. Halting the car about a hundred feet from the edge of the spillway, Colonel Sibert pointed directly down at the mass beneath our feet, and said:

"Eighty or so feet below us lies the site of old Gatun. Morgan and his bucaneers spent their first night there on their way up the Chagres to the sack of old Panama, and it was a famous stopping-place for travelers in the days of the Forty-niners. When we began work here in 1907 there was an island in the river, with a village of fifty thatched huts and a church on it. Now the village is over back of us, and big enough to need three separate fire companies; and the island 's gone, and the river 's gone, and there 's where the railroad used to run along its bank."

The colonel pointed to where the tops of a few old telegraph-poles made a straight line across the surface of the lake.

"And the river, Colonel, where have you put that?" we asked.

"Here." He led the way to the edge of the spillway, the concrete-lined artificial channel, larger than the original river-bed and hewn through a natural hill of living rock, that carries off the surplus water of Gatun Lake. Last rainy season a certain photographer took a snap-shot of the spillway from down-stream during a flood,

and impudently sold it to a magazine as a picture of the finished canal, "with the water turned in!"

"Colonel, could a fish from the Caribbean swim up that mill-race and cross over to the Pacific?"

"I think so, and so does Colonel Goethals. The only question is, Could a salt-water fish live through the thirty-four miles of fresh water in the lakes and the cut?

"As fast as we want the water to back up against the big dam, we keep raising that semicircular concrete dam down there in the spillway. Those openings you see are being fitted with steel gates, and no matter how hard it may rain up in the hills, we 'll always have enough gates to open and let the water through without any danger of its washing over the crest. Now we 'll cross the bridge over the spillway to the other end of the dam, and then run back and go over the locks."

The elaborate concrete-laying plant at Gatun, which cost over a million dollars to erect here in the wilderness, has nearly finished its mighty task. The tall steel towers, which stand in pairs on each side of the lock-pit and hold aloft the cableways along which traveling-cranes carry the skips of freshly mixed concrete to the forms and return them empty to the little electric cars that go hurrying back to the mixing-house for more, have been moved down to the lower end of the third and lowest lock. By the time this article appears in print they will probably have been taken down and sold for scrap.

A concrete and timber bulkhead, the nearest approach to an orthodox-looking dam a layman can find at Gatun, keeps the water of the sea-level canal out of the lock-chambers. Directly in front of it float three or four high-decked craft that look for all the world like old-time Mississippi River packets. All they seem to lack are a few roustabouts and a gilt trotting-horse between the tall smoke-stacks. As a matter of fact, they are dredges, with living-quarters for the crews. Across the channel behind them, shutting them off from the sea, is a solid-looking clay dike.

"Colonel," we asked, "how did you put those boats into that mud-puddle,—fly them or jump them over?"

"The dipper-dredge cut the way in, and the suction-dredge closed it behind them. That dike keeps them from being disturbed by the rise and fall of the tide. A great part of the canal between here and Limon Bay was excavated in the dry by steam-shovels working behind dikes forty feet below sea-level; but that was in rock. The stuff these dredges are pumping out

RESULTS OF A TYPICAL ROCK SLIDE IN THE CULEBRA CUT

BLASTING FORTY FEET BELOW SEA-LEVEL BEHIND A DIKE

The entrance and intersection of the American and French canals.

A VIEW (LOOKING NORTH) OF THE UPPER GUARD GATES OF THE PEDRO MIGUEL LOCK

is prehistoric sea-bottom—soft, black ooze that runs like oil. A big slide of it started due north toward Limon Bay, swung round to the east, and then due south, went three quarters round the compass, and half-way up the lowest lock-pit. We had to force it out by building the permanent lock-walls right into it, section by section—shoved it out by sheer weight."

"Is there anything like that under the Gatun Dam?" we asked.

"No, this mud is nearly three quarters of a mile north of it. The entire dam rests on the solidest kind of clay, and the locks are built on a ledge of sandstone, except the north approach wall. That will have to be built on piers driven down through the mud to bed-rock. The approach wall is the continuation of the dividing-wall between the two sets of locks, which projects into what we call the forebay, where ships must come to a stop and make fast to the electric locomotives that will tow them through the locks.

"These towing-locomotives," continued Colonel Sibert, leading us to the top of the nearest lock-wall up a broad, well-proportioned stairway cast in one piece with the rest of the structure, "will be equipped with winches and slip-drums, so that they can tighten or slacken the hawsers, a flexibility that is going to save breaking a lot of line. Four locomotives will take charge of each large ship, two forward and two aft. When they reach those archways carrying the tracks from one level to another, one pair will take the weight of the ship, while the others will climb up to the level above by this rack-rail."

Between the two ordinary rails of the towing-track, neatly embedded in the concrete top of the lock-wall, was a third rail, broad and strong and indented for the teeth of a mighty cog-wheel. With isthmian thoroughness, these depressions are made self-draining, lest rain-water accumulate and breed fever-carrying mos-

quitos. There is a tragedy connected with the third, or return-track, of the towing-railroad, which runs down the middle of the center wall. It had to be there, and so did the range-light that will guide ships across the lake into the upper forebay of the locks. So they stuck that dignified lighthouse up on four bandy legs, like a mangrove on its roots; and when the Art Commission come down from Washington and see it, they will say unkind things of the engineers.

They are building the control-house, the nerve center of all the delicate, ponderous machinery at Gatun, at the lower end of the uppermost lock, where half a dozen operators can oversee and control everything. The control-board will be like a flat-topped table desk, with a model of the locks in low relief, the gates, large valves, and all important machinery shown in miniature, and moving in unison with the main machines. The switches which control the different units will be interlocked in such a manner that the operator cannot move the wrong machine. This switch will stretch a chain across the path of a runaway ship; that will open or close a valve in one of the three great culverts (each as large as the Pennsylvania Railroad tunnels under the Hudson River), and so empty or fill a lock; a third will swing round and drop into place the emergency dam that would hold the water in the lake were every gate and guard-gate swept away. If the control-house itself were destroyed, the machines could be operated in detail.

One man has succeeded in making a true picture of the gates of the Gatun Locks—Mr. Pennell.[1] I shall only ask you to imagine the blind walls of two six-story office-buildings swinging open on hinges, like the front of a doll's house. This miracle is accomplished by a device called the "Bull-wheel," the invention of an employee of the Isthmian Canal Commission, Mr. Edward Schildhauer. A ponderous wheel, revolving horizontally, thrusts out through the side of the lock-wall a long steel arm that opens and closes one of the massive gates as easily as one could a bedroom door. These gates are of what is known as the "mitering-pattern," making, when closed, a blunt wedge pointing up-stream, like a beaver dam. Mr. Schildhauer is also the inventor of a "miter-locking machine," which bears a strong family resemblance to the large purple land-crab of the isthmus. One of these machines squats on the top of every gate, and, grasping a pin on the opposite leaf, holds both tightly together.

PICTURESQUE RUINS IN PANAMA

The fact that the three locks of the Atlantic division of the Panama Canal are together in one place has attracted the attention of the world to Gatun, to the disadvantage of the equally good work done at Miraflores and Pedro Miguel, and the quiet, efficient civil engineer under whom it has been done. Mr. S. B. Williamson, C.E. Of him they tell a story, one of the few that deal with the pre-isthmian days of Colonel Goethals.

Mr. Williamson was working under the colonel on some irrigation-project in the southwest. One morning his chief discovered him shoveling away a gravel-bank with his own hands among a gang of common laborers. The colonel took his subordinate roundly to task. Mr. Williamson blushed, stammered, and finally admitted:

"There was a bit of a slide, sir, and the men were afraid to go back into the pit until I showed them there was no danger."

The colonel apologized, and has kept Mr. Williamson by him ever since. It is a good illustration of the spirit of Colonel Goethals and his men—the men who have put through the big job.

[1] See "Building the Panama Canal," —a group of eight lithographs made by Mr. Pennell for this magazine,—in THE CENTURY for August, 1912.

Drawn by W. M. Berget

"HE OPENED HIS EYES IN SOME FAINT DISTRESS . . . AND BLINKED THROUGH HIS GOGGLES" (SEE PAGE 284)

THE SIREN OF THE AIR

BY ALLAN UPDEGRAFF

WHEN his barograph marked twelve thousand feet, Reese pushed the yoke of his warping-wheel forward a few inches, and gave a slight inclination to the foot-bar of the rudder. The monoplane, which had been climbing up into the wind so sharply as to remain almost motionless as far as horizontal progress was concerned, settled to a level keel and began to describe a wide circle, gracefully lifting its outside and lowering its inside wing like a bird when it turns. From behind the trailing edge of the lowered wing, its driver looked down on the creeping expanse of earth two miles below.

The hangars and pylons and crowded stands of the aviation-field were pressed together, made small, blurred, as though seen through the wrong end of a misted telescope. The broad field itself seemed not larger than a lady's handkerchief; it was almost lost in the blur of villages, boulevards, railroad-tracks, and tree-clumps of the level Long Island country. To north and south, as the great bird swept steadily on its arc, appeared expanses, smooth and polished like metal—the Atlantic and the Sound. Shapes like beetles represented ships.

"It might be Lilliput," said Reese, aloud, bending his helmeted head over the inch-wide rim of aluminium that separated him from space. The strangeness of sheer height and aloofness had written awe on his face. He lifted his eyes from the Atlantic to the curved walls of sky, dark blue with the thinness of the air, dazzling like steel with the resplendence of untempered sunshine, which curved downward all around him. He was as though suspended in the monstrous metal reflector of a monstrous electric light; dizzying, blazing distance was all around him. "God!" he muttered; "is n't this—" There was a catch of awe and rapture in his voice—"is n't this tremendous! And lonely! A man on a mountain-peak would n't be half so much alone."

Behind the glass of his goggles his wide, hazel-colored eyes shone with a dull excitement, like that following the first exhilaration of champagne. His rapid ascent, the thin, icy air, the powerful hum of the muffled motor, the blazing sunshine, the voice and fingers of the wind, the sweep of his winged machine obeying the circular blur that showed the tractor's power at its head, the invisible supporting strength that thrilled along the steel nerves of the great bird into his hands—all these new and strong forces registered themselves on the brain of the man, doubled the time of his heart-beats, made him quiver more with excitement than with the cold that suggested itself despite his furs. There was no fear on his keen face; rather exultation, triumph, delight in the presence of danger. A strong swimmer might have struck out toward sirens on their rocks with such an expression of eager, abandoned joy.

" 'They shall mount up with wings as eagles!' " he chanted somewhat wildly, glad of the sound of his voice in the strange emptiness and silence of the place. His eyes wandered along the dazzling, blue-black horizon to a blazing mass of snow-like mist that was forming on the seaward side. "I wish I could go to sleep—like a frigate-bird on the wing," he finished inconsequently.

He had got little sleep the night before, the nearness of his first real flight, his first unattended trip toward the sun, had been too poignant. From his first lesson in "grass-cutting," with an instructor in the seat behind him, he had dreamed of this; height and distance allured him as by some affinity with his nature, with the very blood in his veins. His privateer ancestors of 1812, his balloonist great-uncle, his grandfather who had been a naval officer, had bequeathed him their love of free spaces and adventure. The care of his father, a well-to-do professor in a technical school, to bring the boy up to the teaching

profession had not survived young Reese's first sight of an aëroplane. The professor bowed to the inevitable; John Faraday Reese gave up higher mathematics to adventure on the highways of the sky.

As the machine completed its three-mile circle and came once more up into the wind, Reese straightened it out again, and pulled back a little on the yoke that worked the big double elevator in the tail. The great wings turned upward again, soaring. Playing the controls as instinctively as though the machine had been a part of him, the driver kept his eyes on the lethargic needle of the barograph. From beneath drooping eyelids he watched it crawl upward over the lined paper strip. Twelve thousand five hundred, twelve thousand seven hundred fifty, thirteen thousand, thirteen thousand two hundred feet.

Despite the sharp angle at which the big bird poised, the ascent was growing more gradual; the thinned air offered less grip for the tractor, less support for the wings. To increase the power of the motor, Reese cut out the muffler. The rapid musketry of the exhaust broke out, strangely sharpened and clamorous in the attenuated air. With something like a shudder, he threw over the lever that muffled the engine. His nerves were on edge; the strange sound hurt. The barograph marked thirteen thousand six hundred feet.

Still they climbed, enveloped in a blaze of sunshine that was to the tempered sunlight of the earth's surface as diamonds to glass. Despite the zero air, Reese's temples inside his padded leather helmet were bathed in sweat. He was panting, and fine, red lines appeared on the smarting surface of his eyeballs. Below the mask of his goggles his face was drawn into deep, straining lines of exultant determination.

"Up we go!" he shouted. His voice seemed smothered in a vacuum, but he disregarded the strangeness. "Sixteen thousand and a world's record, or bust!"

He glanced again over the quivering rim of the car. A fine white mist, a mist that gave back the blazing sunshine like cloth of spun-glass, had shut out the earth. It was as though a cover had been put over the mouth of the tremendous reflector inside of which he was buzzing upward, smaller than a midge in the globe of an arc-light. The very air seemed to turn to flames and ice. A great wave of melancholy gathered, rose, and broke over him; he was alone in an inhuman world that blazed and swayed, that burned and froze, that had no stability, that allowed him air only in searing little gasps.

"Nevertheless," he muttered, biting at his hardened nether-lip—"nevertheless, up we go!"

He closed his eyes for a moment to get rid of a slight vertigo caused directly by the glare of the aluminium hood that covered the engine. Colored blotches of light danced before his eyeballs, and the rushing of the icy wind rang on his brain like faint voices. He could hear the feverish whispering of the blood in the tympans of his ears, like a magnified replica of the sound that sometimes comes just before sleep. He felt sleepy.

"Sixteen thousand!" he muttered to himself, crushing down his dizziness and languor. "Sixteen thousand! Sixteen thousand feet!"

"No, twenty thousand!" The voice was singularly musical, thin, and clear.

"Yes, twenty thousand!" In the thrill of determination that the voice gave him, he momentarily overlooked the queerness of its presence. "Twenty thousand feet high!"

"Higher than even the condor dares!"

He opened his eyes in some faint distress and perplexity of mind, and blinked through his goggles. In the forward seat, turned three quarters toward him, was a woman, a girl. He could hardly make her out at first, for the dazzle of the aluminium hood was just beyond her, and she was dressed all in white—white, knitted wool and some close, white fur that was almost as dazzling as the aluminium itself. A white, knitted cap was pulled down over her head; a few strands of hair, blazing with the sun's own color, lay along the snow-white oval of her face.

"I did n't know—I had the two-seater," he remarked dazedly. His voice was thin and whistling; he raised it to make himself heard above the hum of the motor and screw. "I thought I took out the one-place machine; I 'm out for altitude, you know."

Her eyes, blue-black and flashing like the sky, regarded him with a little look of questioning; her mouth's faint scarlet line

turned down a trifle at the ends, suggesting polite surprise.

"I don't mean to intimate that I 'm not delighted to have you along," he assured her warmly. "I merely forgot; it 's the first time I 've been anywhere near as high as this, and it makes me feel slightly dippy, not bad enough to make me be afraid of losing control, of course, but still—not just right."

"You look—magnificent." Her voice left a ringing echo in his ears.

"Oh, I feel all right, aside from the fact that I can't remember engaging a passenger for this trip."

"That 's not worth worrying about now," she assured him, smiling in a dim, dangerous way into his eyes. "What does the barograph read?"

He had to bend down close to read the dial. "Fifteen thousand three hundred," he said with a stray air, and lifted his head to stare at her. "I 'll not cut out the muffler until we stop rising; the exhaust makes a ghastly clatter up here. It jabbers like the ghost of itself."

"I love it; it sounds—high," she said, and again he was thrilled by the weird music of her voice. It allured, it inspired like a bugle-note, and yet there was a chilling something in it. It reminded him of the "ice-crackle," that peculiar trilling reverberation from the expanding of thin, new ice on the skating lakes of his boyhood. One glided along over the thin, glass-clear surface, one saw the steel-blue water just beneath, one heard the sudden silvery *"Kr-r-r-ring!"* of the ice-crackle, and one put his whole soul into speed.

He stared at her, racking his benumbed wits to remember her place on his passenger-list. Like most of the new pilots, he was accustomed to earn an honest penny now and then by taking up persons with the desire and the necessary fifty dollars. She frankly yielded herself to his inspection; she turned farther around in her seat and smiled at him.

"You don't remember me?"

"No; that 's astounding, but true."

She was exquisite, perfect in every line, beautiful with the abstract beauty of an idealist painter's work. An artist might have called her a "pure type"; there was no little trick of outline or coloring to give personality, character, to the flawless symmetry of her face. She seemed less a real woman than some ideal created to embody an idea: she might have stood for "Purity," or, perhaps better, "Danger." Her beauty lost nothing by its impersonality; to Reese's sun-dazzled eyes, at least it was all the more poignant. The faint scarlet of her lips, the scintillating blue-black of her eyes, the flashing gold of her hair, and the sheer radiant white of all the rest of her allured, intoxicated, astounded. He breathed quickly for reasons other than the thinness of the air. She was unhuman, almost superhuman, for sheer perfection of line and color.

"Well, you have been staring at me for some time," she said without the slightest show of self-consciousness. "Do you like me?"

"Yes, wonderfully," he declared, as calmly frank as she herself was.

"And you don't remember ever meeting me before?"

He shook his head.

"If you 'd recall the circumstances. The lessened atmospheric pressure up here makes my head feel as big and empty as a balloon."

"Oh, it makes no difference; acquaintances begin only when they get interesting, anyway. How you stare! What are you thinking about me now?"

He had been casting about for words, a metaphor, to describe her; in his youth he had made metaphors, boy's way, to put into verses.

"I was thinking that you are like this height," he cried, bending toward her over the yoke of the warping-wheel. The great bird lurched drunkenly, and he threw over the wheel to bring it back into equilibrium. He laughed, made reckless by the answering light in her eyes, and let it lurch in the other direction like a swooping eagle. "Yes, you are like height. You are beautiful, you allure, you call to all a man's manhood and daring; and yet there is something in your look that makes me tremble, as though you were a blade pointing at my heart. Come, we 're three miles above conventions; you won't mind if I worship you a little? For you are wonderful and beautiful—beyond belief."

"Why, and so are you. Or is it only this dizzy loneliness that makes us think so?"

"Who are you?" he demanded. "I knew I 'd engaged to take up several wo-

men this week, but no one like you. Who are you? Give me a name to call you by. Tell me who you are."

"Why, only your poor feminine passenger," she laughed, bending toward him. One lithe arm and hand, gantleted nearly to the elbow in close, white, glistening fur, lay along the aluminium edge of the car. "As for my name, how do you like Alta?"

"Good! I remember just enough Latin to appreciate it. Alta—High! Well—" He threw back his head recklessly—"I 'm out for altitude!"

"Perhaps you 'll attain it. Only keep your elevator-flaps well lifted!"

He threw back the yoke with a laugh. In bending toward her he had permitted the machine to gain the level once more. The great bird slanted upward at an abrupt angle, and poised, quivering.

"You are brave!" she cried. Her level eyes dared him, her lips provoked and promised. He closed his eyes for a moment, made giddy by her radiance and by the blaze of the untempered sun on the aluminium hood just beyond her. The reflection surrounded her with an aura like white flames.

Instinctively he eased off the dangerous lift of the wings; he had no need to look at the needle of the level-indicator to know that the machine was threatening to slide backward into the abyss.

"Why do you shut your eyes, height-seeker?" she demanded. "Are you afraid? What does the barograph read now?"

"Sixteen thousand three hundred," he said shortly. "A record, I believe; but what of it? No, I 'm not afraid," he added, stiffening his neck and fixing his bloodshot gaze on her untroubled eyes and dangerous lips; "I 'm not even afraid of you. It 's you who 'd better be afraid of me. Do you know we were ready to drop backward a minute ago?"

"I felt it. It was superb. We must have gained two hundred feet in that one tremendous lift. And yet I think—you were afraid."

The blood rushed into his face; flames leaped up in his eyes.

"Perhaps I can prove I was n't by letting go the controls and coming over there to you. We 'd be together for as long as it took us to drop three miles, anyway. Shall I?"

"Oh, brave words—and true! I believe you would. Now you are a demigod by the look on your mouth and eyes; you are man no longer! So, Spirit, send us upward once more till we poise over the abyss! Height and the spirit of adventure! Throw back the yoke with a laugh, as you did before."

"Yes. And if I do?"

"What! A price?"

"Yes!"

"It is right. Well—when the barograph marks twenty thousand feet, I will come and sit at your knees!"

"It is what I had on the tip of my tongue to ask," he shouted, wild with exaltation. "Good; and block the rudder-bar! We will go down on the warp alone—a proper finish. Down twenty thousand feet, with the rudder blocked!"

"Yes. Is it a bargain?"

"A bargain!" he shouted, and turned his face up into the candent dome of sky and laughed aloud. His arms jerked the yoke of the elevator back until the wheel touched his breast; the machine leaped upward like a diver, soared, poised trembling. He threw back the lever that cut out the muffler. The exhaust broke out in a weird salvo like sharpened rifle-shots. He eased off the precipitate angle until they had gained way once more, and again threw the elevator up to its highest limit. They bounded upward, swaying, clattering, whistling through the knife-edged wind. And all the while she smiled into his face.

He no longer noticed the barograph; he saw only her untroubled gaze of inspiration and allurement. A thin trickle of scarlet started from both his nostrils; his blackened lips gaped for breath; his bulging, bloodshot eyes left her only to glare over the powers at his command. He was all resolve and eagerness; he was determination incarnate. He shot one hand forward, ungloved, to adjust the carbureter, which was beginning to fail for lack of air. He threw back and forth the lever that put extra pressure on the gasolene tank. With demoniacal abandon he worked the hand-pump that jetted oil on the flying bearings of the engine.

"Do-er! Accomplisher!" He started at her voice. The reflection of his own exaltation was on her; her face quivered, yearned toward him. With a steady, sinuous movement she drew herself back-

ward over the low back-rest of her seat, and crept back under the curved yoke that held the warping-wheel. She sat up, sidewise, near him, lifted her face slowly until it curved backward like a flower on the fair, white stem of her throat, and offered him the curved, scarlet miracle of her lips.

As he bent toward her the sky became black. As from the depths of a dream he heard her voice chanting:

"The ages dreamed of this that you have done."

Her voice was like a softened, hundred-toned ice-crackle. He trembled in his coma, and then relaxed as for a long fall in sleep. The voice went on:

"The Chaldeans sculptured wings on their man-gods and on their sacred bulls.

"The Greeks made their dream articulate in the myth of Dædalus and Icarus.

"Leonardo da Vinci laid aside the brush that made the Mona Lisa to grope for the realization of this dream that we have made real.

"To fly, to spread wings on the impalpable air, and soar, to follow the way of an eagle in the air.

"To skim the invisible columns of the sky—are not men become as gods now in very truth?

"You have dreamed true, Spirit—Spirit of Dreams and High Emprise; you are all men who aspire.

"How beautiful you are in the torture of accomplishment! The very chords on your throat are lute-strings to sing of victory.

"The blood from your nostrils is a libation to the jealous powers that you have trampled underfoot.

"Beautiful, wonderful, holy—my lover, whom I love!"

He was suddenly aware of a great rush of wind and of the delirious, gripping sensation of falling. Drunk with her voice and beauty, he had forgotten warping-wheel, rudder-bar, elevator-yoke, everything. The cutting air roused him; frantically he threw the elevator down, drawing her head backward before the yoke to his breast. The great bird shuddered, and swung dizzily to one side. He remembered that she was blocking the rudder-bar; painfully, ineffectually, as in a dream, he warped down the lower wing, biting his lips in an agony of helplessness.

"Why struggle further? You have attained—you have attained!" he heard her siren's voice chanting in his ears; her lithe arms sprang to meet each other about his neck. "Kiss me—kiss me, Spirit!" she cried, with her icy cheek pressed to his. "I am height!"

He threw her off.

"No," he shouted, struggling to keep his eyes open and his hands on the wheel, "you are mad—we are both mad! Don't you understand? This is death!"

"Kiss me!" she repeated in her voice of ice and silver. "How wonderful is this death! Where are your arms, Spirit? Am I not beautiful? Look at me!"

Her breath enveloped him, numbing him, filling him with a Lethean languor; but still, with all the strength of his instinct and training, he struggled to bring the machine back under his command. Despite her presence, he managed to get his feet on the rudder-bar. They whirled downward, listing so far that he felt the grip of the straps that bound him to his seat. He worked the controls, holding her away from him with elbows and knees. They dashed into a blinding mist, beginning to circle at last, and he threw all his remaining power into a desperate attempt to warp the wings back into equilibrium. At the same time he forced the rudder-bar over to turn the machine in the direction away from the lowered side.

The great bird righted, and began to swoop as lightly as a descending gull. He cut out the engine. "There!" he bellowed, crazy with triumph and with the sudden increase of oxygen in his starved lungs. "I 've saved you despite yourself! Your idea was all very romantic—" His head whirled again as she lifted herself in his arms.

"You were afraid," she whispered, catching his face to her breast—"afraid! Your fear was greater than your love—of me!"

"You don't understand; you don't—this is how—I am afraid!" he concluded in a sudden deathlike abandon; and lifted his arms from the wheel to hold her to him. He felt the ineffable, keen sweetness of her lips on his. Then consciousness went like a blown-out candle. The perfectly balanced monoplane continued its slow, even swoop toward the earth.

Some one shook him by the arm. He was sitting in the cockpit of the machine,

his hands dangling limp over the sides. A corn-field was about him; his dazed eyes made out the low, green month-old stalks all about. Several men were standing beside him, and others, a great crowd it seemed, were hurrying toward him.

"Asleep! By the great horn spoon, he was asleep!" said a man at his right hand. "Came down too fast, youngster. How high 'd you get, anyway?"

Slowly he made out the features of one of the officials of the aviation-field, one of the men who had verified his barograph before he started out for altitude. The man raised himself up by the little iron step on the side of the car, leaned over to look at the barograph, and began to bellow wildly at the crowd. "Twenty thousand! It must be wrong. But even if it 's a few hundred out, even if it 's a few thousand—whoop-la! He 's done it! The kid 's done it! A record!"

"But where—where—" stammered Reese, stupidly. He sat and stared before him like a man just awakened from a dream.

The aluminium hood came close up against the steering-yoke; there was no forward seat, not even room enough for a cat: it *was* the one-place machine.

GLORY SHALL FOLLOW GLORY

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

I

KEATS died—who knows?—in the wild bloom of youth,
And learned all truth,
That "Adonais" might be sadly sung;
That through the halls of heaven, from Shelley's tongue,
That royal dirge
Might thrill and surge
Deathlessly young.
Perhaps a poet passed
That one might tell at last
In this immortal song his beauty and glory,
Chant his lament,
For shining days soon spent,
In a great glowing story.

II

Does Love thus go
(Whither we do not know),
That one may sing the grandeur of Love's name?
That one who felt his fire and his flame
May stand in adoration at his pall,
And in a song supreme, majestical,
Voice the eternal wonder of the dead?
Ere Love has fled,
Silent are we before his face divine;
But when the lamps are wasted,
And the last cup is tasted,
And strong Death sets her crown upon his head,
There is a singer who must sing Love's praise,
Record his dreams and days,
And keep the light forever before his shrine.

LORDS SPIRITUAL IN JERUSALEM

BY THOMAS E. GREEN

Author of "The Green Flag of the Prophet," etc.

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THEY were changing the guard at the Church of the Holy Sepulcher in Jerusalem, the sacred place for which the Crusaders marched and fought, the shrine toward which the feet of pious pilgrims have turned for nearly twenty centuries. It was done quietly, and with no feature to attract attention, or emphasize the shame that made a guard necessary. In a moment the old guard of six soldiers and the young Turkish officer had gone, and on a raised platform, just within the door, the new guard were making themselves comfortable, lighting their cigarettes, and chatting in low, soft voices.

I had asked the officer before the relief arrived if the guard was actually needed. "Not often," he replied. "But one can never tell. In the last disturbance a monk was killed. I tell you true! I saw him lying there at the foot of the steps."

He flicked the ash from his cigarette, and shrugged a very square pair of shoulders significantly.

"Killed!" I said, "why and how?"

"Monsieur wonders, but he does not know these people. Observe, Monsieur, that the stair beyond the door has eighteen steps. All but the lowest one belong to the Latins; the bottom one and the pavement belong to the Greeks. Each morning the steps must be swept. The Latins sweep down to the last one, and there they must leave the dirt, until the Greeks sweep it off and bear it away. Generally the two come together, and so the work is done. But on that fatal day, when the Latin had swept the dirt upon the lowest step, no Greek was there. So lest the dirt should blow back again where he had cleaned, he, little thinking, swept it off, and was bearing it away. Then came the Greek, and, seeing him, snatched both broom and basket from him, with upbraiding words. Their loud voices soon reached their fellows, and in a moment a score or more were pushing and wrestling across the pavement. Nor were good solid blows lacking. Somehow in the tumult a Greek monk was pushed over, and, falling against the edge of a stone step, broke his neck, and so died, while they all knelt and prayed for his soul. Since then there has been no actual trouble, but we keep a constant guard posted here at the door. I am of Islam, effendi—the faith of my fathers. We garrison the Tower of David."

Multitudes of people were passing in and out of the venerable portal, singly and in groups, sometimes in companies. They surely must have come from the ends of the earth, young and old, rich and poor, pilgrim and tourist, to stand or kneel beside the holiest tomb in Christendom.

Just within the entrance is the Stone of Anointing, the ancient one covered by a more modern stone, worn smooth with the touch of countless lips. Above it hangs a row of lamps, of various shapes and colors, but always burning. These lamps offer a key to the strange conditions within this ancient fane, for part of them belong to the Armenians, part to the Latins, the rest to the Greeks and the Copts.

Wherever you go, you find the same confusing conflict over jealously guarded rights, for every sect of Oriental Christendom is represented and claims some part in the ownership of the Church of the Holy Sepulcher. Not the church alone, but the whole city, and its environs, including Bethlehem, Bethany, Gethsemane, and every real or fabled spot of sanctity, are in the guardianship of one or the other of the many creeds.

Jerusalem is the "City of Peace," but no city on earth has such a tumult of devotion, such a confusion of worship. In many ways it is essential that there should be all of the great substantial hospices, capable of sheltering and caring for the multitude of pilgrims who still, as in the ancient days, come from afar to worship

in Jerusalem. They come from every nation in Europe, mostly in comparative poverty, making their toilsome way by personal exertion and sacrifice. The roads leading from seaports are thronged with pilgrims, trudging their dusty way, sleeping beside the highway or in rude shelters erected for them, all with their faces set steadfastly toward Jerusalem. For these there must be rest and shelter and food, for which reason in the Holy City, and at neighboring shrines huge caravansaries are sustained by the various national churches. More elaborate buildings, like modern hotels, exist for those who come upon a pious pilgrimage with ample means.

Schools exist for the young, taught by monks and nuns. There are communities of pious widows, whose wealth has erected for them pleasant homes in the Holy City. There are colonies—Protestant, Jewish, Catholic—actuated by some idea, often chimerical, sometimes simple and tinged with pure devotion. The members live as a religious family, each doing some share of labor, and enjoying some share of the result. There are also modern churches, magnificent ones, built within a decade or two, either as memorials, or for some missionary purpose. The Jewish community is constantly increasing, many of them looking for the speedy coming of their Messiah, and most of them brought hither by benevolent schemes for the colonization of Palestine by its ancient people. Over all this jumble of things ancient and modern floats the crescent flag; and above, on the height of Mt. Moriah, stands the marvelous mosque, where the Moslem bows himself toward Mecca, and worships his God.

During my stay in Jerusalem it occurred to me that it would be interesting to seek out the various heads of all these various creeds. Fortune was kind, for sooner or later I found them all, and bore away photographs showing the faces of a unique set of Lords Spiritual, probably the most varied in belief and personality to be found in the world. Together they stand for the Christian history of twenty centuries; and in a city of probably sixty thousand souls, they all have a following, and play a part in its life.

Eldest in occupancy, and claiming priority from the fact that they are the descendants of those who listened to the teaching of the Apostles themselves, are the Syrians, the ancient stock of Palestine. They are few in number, but possess the ancient Convent of St. Mark, and the tombs of Nicodemus and of Joseph of Arimathea. They are ruled by His Beatitude Abighatios II, the Syrian Patriarch of Jerusalem.

The Greek Church rests its claim to authority upon the fact that Constantine, the first Christian emperor, gave Rome the go-by when his victory over Licinius made him master of the empire, and built his capital on the Bosphorus, calling it Constantinople. The later Greek (in which the New Testament was written) was the language of the Eastern Empire. During the early centuries the language and the learning of the Christian Church was Greek, and the great fathers and teachers of the early centuries were theirs. St. Helena, Constantine's mother, discovered, so tradition says, the true cross, and the cavity from which it was taken is reverently shown to-day, hard by the sepulcher. Most of the sacred places owe their preservation and their defense to the Greeks, who are far in advance of all other Christian sects in their Holy Land possessions and influence.

The Greek Patriarch, His Beatitude Damianos, is a grave, dignified man of great learning. Fourteen bishops are subject to him, and they control twenty-one monasteries within and about Jerusalem. The superior of the Holy Sepulcher, Monseigneur Optimus Patlafeki, ranks next to the Patriarch. He is Lord Chancellor to the Greek Patriarch, and administrator of the vast wealth (both that which daily comes from gifts and fees, and the collection of rentals), invested in real estate and buildings. A shrewd and careful diplomat, he stands close to the powers that be in the rule of the Holy City. He and the venerable Patriarch alone know what treasure the Greek Church possesses.

It is a peculiar fact that the Greeks form but a small part of the Greek Church, or, more properly, of the Holy Orthodox Church. Counting all the Slavonic peoples who belong to the orthodox, still a full four fifths are Russian. The conversion of the mighty empire of the north came as late as A.D. 989, when Vladimir married the sister of the Emperor Ba-

sil, and chose the Greek in preference to the Roman form of religion. The people were baptized almost as a nation, and no other nation has remained more loyal to the faith. To-day more pilgrims come to Jerusalem from the land of the Czar than from any other nation. Literally by shiploads, in caravans of hundreds, they come to worship at the holy places. There are many large and spacious establishments where the pilgrims are sheltered, and their management and operations require the oversight of a capable man. The Holy Synod therefore maintains an Archimandrite, who, without interfering in the least with the Patriarch, looks after the detail of things Russian, and a capable man is His Excellency Monseigneur Leonidouff.

MUSA EFFENDI SHABIK, MOSLEM GRAND CADI OF JERUSALEM

The Latins, whose Hospice is one of the most imposing, and who have built churches, monasteries, convents, schools, and a magnificent modern hospital, number about three thousand, and have for their patriarch, His Excellency Monseigneur Philippe Camassie, one of the most learned of all the throng of dignitaries. The Latins are the natural opponents of the Greeks, and since the anathemas exchanged in the year 1054, each sect has claimed independent authority and priority. Nowhere else is the great schism between the East and the West so evident as in Jerusalem.

HIS VIRTUE NASSIR EFFENDI, SHEIKH-UL-ISLAM

The woes and persecutions of the Armenians at the hands of their Moslem rulers have been makers of history for centuries. Armenia has great prestige as a Christian

HIS BEATITUDE ABIGHATIOS II, SYRIAN PATRIARCH OF JERUSALEM

HIS BEATITUDE DAMIANOS, GREEK PATRIARCH OF JERUSALEM

nation. A little before Rome was converted to the faith, Armenia, under the teaching of Gregory "the Illuminator," had become the first Christian kingdom. Next to the Greek Church, it is to-day the most important in the East. In Jerusalem they have a great church and monastery on Mt. Zion. Their permanent following is not large—not more than eight hundred—but thousands of pilgrims come yearly to tarry awhile in the sacred places.

Their patriarch is His Beatitude Izimerlian, and they keep the shrine and tomb of St. James, whom Herod slew with the sword.

The Copts are an echo of far-away Egypt, where in the early centuries they were the dominant Christian force. Alexandria was one of the first great Christian capitals, and her patriarch and bishops were potent forces in the early church councils. Chief among them was St. Athanasius, who at the first General Council battled against the "iota," the single letter that made or unmade the definition of the divinity of Christ. In Egypt to-day the Copts are looked upon as by far the most intellectual and capable of the mixed and tangled population. The Copts have no colony in Jerusalem, except for a few men engaged in banking or other commercial pursuits. However, multitudes of Copts come from Egypt at the times of the great festivals, and shelter and oversight are necessary for their protection. They have three monasteries, one being close beside the Church of the Holy Sepulcher. Here lives their bishop, His Eminence Thimethos, and from his household are furnished daily two priests whose high and singular dignity it is to be shut up in the great church each night, to keep watch beside the Holy Sepulcher.

Away to the south, beyond the cataracts of the Nile, preserved through long ages by its desert sands, lies the remains of one of the oldest relics of civilization, Abyssinia (wrongly associated with the ancient Sheba, now known to have been located in southwest Arabia, and whose queen came to Jerusalem to see King Solomon's splendor and glory). In A.D. 338, St. Athanasius appointed a bishop for the Abyssinians, who had received Christianity, so the legends say, from two sailors cast upon their coasts. Through the march of fifteen centuries Christianity has endured

MONSEIGNEUR LEONIDOUFF, THE RUSSIAN ARCHIMANDRITE IN JERUSALEM

MONSEIGNEUR OPTIMUS PATLAFEKI, SUPERIOR OF THE HOLY SEPULCHER

there, though in a debased form, contaminated by ancient heresies, and absorbing much from Judaism. Their patriarch is always a Coptic monk appointed and consecrated by the Patriarch of Egypt. In Jerusalem they maintain a large monastery and convent, where devout men and women spend their lives. They have recently built a new chapel, which is the seat of their abbot, Monseigneur Mahsanto.

HIS EMINENCE ZACHARIAS BEN-ABBAS

To the northward in Palestine, near the border of Turkey in Asia, under the shadow of the mountains of Lebanon, from whose sides Hiram, King of Tyre, cut cedar-trees to send to King Solomon for his temple in Jerusalem, lives a religious and political community known as Maronites. The name is merely a patronymic and perpetuates the name of their founder, John Maron, who in the seventh century set up a civil and spiritual rule. So sturdy and independent were these mountain peo-

HIS EXCELLENCY MONSEIGNEUR PHILIPPE CAMASSEI, LATIN PATRIARCH OF JERUSALEM

HIS BEATITUDE IZIMERLIAN, ARMENIAN PATRIARCH OF JERUSALEM

ple that they withstood the victorious onslaughts of the Mohammedans, and to this day never have been subject to them. When the First Crusade had been fought and the Templar Kingdom was established in Jerusalem, the Maronites joined themselves to Rome, which accepted them as they were. To-day they are the only church in communion with Rome not governed by Rome. They maintain a small convent in Jerusalem, presided over by their superior, Monseigneur Jiryes Domat. They hold their own synods, elect their own patriarch, and manage their own affairs.

For many years the Church of England has maintained an establishment in Jerusalem. Originally it was a missionary enterprise, professedly setting out to convert all men to anglicanism. Now, however, a new philosophy is dominant. The Rt. Rev. Popham Blythe, Bishop in Jerusalem, cares for the English folk who may be resident or transient, and directs missionary effort, chiefly toward Mohammedans and Jews.

After all, Moslems and Israelites are the original stock, the descendants of Jacob and Esau. They form by far the largest factor in the population of highly diversified Jerusalem. Nor may the various Christian sects imagine for a moment that they have a monopoly of dignity and learning. Measuring certainly up to any standard, however discriminating, are the leaders of these antagonistic faiths. Chief of the Moslems is His Honor Musa Effendi Shabik, Grand Cadi of Jerusalem; and at the head of the constantly increasing multitude of Jews is His Eminence Zacharias Ben-Abbas, Grand Rabbin of the City of David.

So dwell in as much peace as possible, yet mixed with many mocking words, and much biting of thumbs, the varied sects and sorts of the population of this ancient and unique metropolis. Each sect, of course, believes itself a trifle nearer the original pattern of faith and practice than its neighbor. That this belief might at times take the form of extremely vigorous missionary endeavor, is certain, were it not firmly, but tactfully, restrained. To supply that tact and firmness requires a peculiar personality, in which patience plays an important part.

HIS EMINENCE THIMETHOS, COPTIC BISHOP OF JERUSALEM

THE RT. REV. POPHAM BLYTHE, ENGLISH BISHOP IN JERUSALEM

Amid all this procession of titles, regalia, rank, pomp, and ceremony, he whose position has most of care and least of comfort, is His Excellency Djoudat Bey, Governor of Jerusalem. When returning from beyond the Jordan, we found ourselves face to face with an outbreak of cholera in Jaffa, the port of Jerusalem, and observed the quick official action of this official in flinging a protecting barrier of quarantine about the city, and providing the military and civil espionage which was necessary to the crisis. Not a single case crossed the barrier, or gained a footing in Jerusalem.

Despite all the confusion and jumble of faith and creeds, Jerusalem is still a city to be desired. Much of its sanctity is merely legendary. Many, indeed most, of its holy places are incapable of identification. Still it is Jerusalem. Here are the ancient hill-tops, where stood in far-gone years the sacred shrines of earth's most wondrous nation. Here are still the hoary moss-grown stones, beside which there still resound the wailings that are the minor strains of the Iliad of a broken-hearted people. Here Abraham sacrificed, here David ruled, here Solomon spoke the wisdom of the proverbs. And, holiest of all, here are the rugged pathways trodden by the saintliest feet that ever pressed our sorrowful earth. And above us, glowing in their splendor, arch the soft and radiant skies that smiled on him.

City of tumult and confusion, to the heart of faith thou art still Jerusalem, the City of Peace!

THE TRADE OF RUSSIA

("THE TRADE OF THE WORLD" PAPERS)

BY JAMES DAVENPORT WHELPLEY

Author of "The Commercial Strength of Great Britain," "Germany's Foreign Trade," etc.

IF they knewe their strength, no man were able to make match with them: nor they that dwel neere them should have any rest of them. But I thinke it is not God's will: For I may compare them to a young horse that knoweth not his strength, whome a little childe ruleth and guideth with a bridle, for all his great strength; for if hee did, neither childe nor man could rule him.—From "The Voyage of Richard Chancellor, Pilote Major, the First Discoverer by Sea of the Kingdome of Moscovia, Anno 1553." (*Hakluyt's "Voyages."*)

THE day of the awakening has come, and nearly four hundred years after these Northern voyagers discovered "the Kingdome of Moscovia" the world is witness to the greatest economic evolution in history. A nation of 165,000,000 people, increasing in numbers at the rate of nearly 3,000,000 a year despite famines, wars, and the rigors of terrible winters, occupying an area of 8,650,000 square miles, or two and a half times that of the United States, and with a proportionate wealth of natural resources, is finding itself.

The results are not problematical. The same laws of progress and development now govern Russia as have governed other countries in the past, and brought them to their present position of wealth and continuing prosperity. In all times some one nation has led the rest as the most powerful of all. It is equally true that no one nation has held this position for more than the allotted time. In the past the ascendancy of one people over another has been largely due to a greater spirit of aggressiveness or warlike tendency. In the future one nation will lead another through greater economic wealth and sturdiness of national character. In a broad sense the world is becoming commercialized, though in its best meaning this does not imply that the trader is the leader and the exponent of the nation's life; he is merely the means to an end. Through him the world becomes more of a kin; he opens the road to civilization with all its equalizing and protective features, and, having served as the pioneer, is then regulated through the influences which follow in the wake of his adventures. Despoiling the weak is no longer the unrebuked spirit of strong nations, and international neutralization is gradually spreading its protecting influence over a large part of the earth's surface. It is from the point of national wealth and national character, therefore, that the near future of every country must now be judged. The prophet of to-day talks not of wars and plagues; he foresees the true value of what lies in the ground and the strength or weakness of a people in realizing wisely or wastefully upon their entail.

The most powerful country of the future will be Russia, and her elements of greatness are writ fair across her thousands of miles of territory and in the character of her sturdy, peaceful, industrious, and phlegmatic people. The wealth of Russia lies in the ground, and centuries of industry will not exhaust the possibilities of expansion. From her 900,000,000 acres of forest, as compared with the 88,000,000 in the United States, will

come the world's supply of timber. There are now 250,000,000 acres of land under the plow, whereas there is nearly double that amount in the United States; but Russia can expand her cultivated area twenty-fold and still leave virgin land for coming generations. From this vast farm will come the grain demanded by bread-hungry people in other lands. Oils, minerals, and fuel abound. The advance in development and transportation achieved each year will be the only measure of increasing national and individual wealth. Within the empire itself tremendous and complicated problems face the people.

Political, social, and economic conditions are as in no other land. It is only since 1861 that 22,000,000 peasants ceased to be slaves under the law, and it was some years after that before the law came into practical effect throughout any wide area. It was not until 1864, with the establishment of the zemstvos, or district assemblies, that any measure of local government fell to the lot of the people. It was not until 1890 and the years following that appreciable effort was made in the direction of general education. To-day twenty-seven per cent. of the people above nine years of age can read and write, this being an average for the whole empire, which includes the seventy per cent. of illiterates in Poland and the ninety-five per cent. of illiterates in central Asia. In 1912 the imperial budget provided for an expenditure of $55,000,000 for educational purposes, and the local governments contribute nearly as much more. This is an increase of fifteen per cent. over 1911, and is over three per cent. of the total revenue of the Government. There are now 90,000 primary schools, employing 155,000 teachers, attended by over 4,000,000 pupils.

The change that this one feature of national life will bring about among the people of Russia in the next few years can be appreciated only when the conditions of twenty years ago are fully understood —conditions which gave rise to the stigma of "Darkest Russia." The light is being let in, and with it are coming perforce changes in administrative methods and in political life which are replete with promise of a new and better era. It requires no effort of the imagination to picture the state of a great nation buried in ignorance and at the mercy of an educated and more or less unscrupulous bureaucracy, but it needs a heroic readjustment of preconceived ideas, a sweeping away of prejudices, and a wide comprehension, to grasp the potentialities of a land and a people like these when latent natural wealth is made accessible and education and comparative freedom of thought and action are given to all. The process must be gradual; limitations upon material development are always severe, and the pace a disappointment to the enthusiastic. Mental and political development is even slower, for it is the new generation and not the old which goes to school, learns to think, and then acts upon the thought. Too rapid growth is dangerous, and unproductive of permanently good results. Some of the greatest and wisest men of Russia, men who have the interests of the country and its people unselfishly at heart, are among those who have been denounced in other countries as well as in their own as "reactionaries." The closer this really unknown land is studied, the more tremendous and overwhelming in their complexities appear the problems with which its rulers and the people are faced. They can be solved only through the coöperation of all classes.

So far this is a long way from being achieved, but progress has been made, and when all conditions and circumstances are taken into consideration, this progress can be regarded as comparatively rapid; for the work of modernizing Russia dates back no further than the birth of the German Empire or that of modern Italy; in point of fact, less than thirty years. In the last ten years the foreign trade of Russia has doubled, exports and imports keeping pace one with the other in their increasing volume and value. Ten years ago this trade amounted to about $700,000,000; in 1912 it is about $1,400,000,000, of which fifty-six per cent. is exports and forty-four per cent. imports. This total foreign commerce, large as it appears, is considerably less than half that of the United States, though it is worth noting that in no ten-year period in its history did the foreign commerce of the United States ever increase by one hundred per cent., as did that of Russia in the last ten years, and there is every reason to believe that the present rate of increase will

continue, barring such hindrances as great droughts or serious political or military disturbances.

The real growth and development of Russia are within. Her increasing foreign trade is only a sign of what is taking place in a gigantic and largely unexploited empire. Education is spreading slowly but effectively among the people; millions of acres of virgin land yield annually to the plow; railroads are steadily pushing into new territory; population is being transferred from the densely settled areas to the open spaces of Siberia at the rate of a quarter of a million every year. The land and the forests are being held by Russia for Russians, and settlement is a requisite of purchase. Manufacturing plants are increasing apace, and factories of all descriptions, ranging from the mills of Moscow, one of which, a cotton mill, employs nearly 20,000 people, to the smaller establishments of the eastern-frontier cities, are all sharing in the benefits of the increasing purchasing power of the Russian unit.

The needs of the Russian people are not greater than their country can supply in time, but they are far beyond what is now being produced to supply them, or will be for many years to come. Hence they are faring abroad for markets for their raw materials, for raw materials to supply deficiencies of home production, and for the vast supplies of machinery and other manufactured goods needed to meet the demands of interior expansion and modernization now in progress and as yet only in its beginning.

It is concerning this country and this people, and at such a time, that the Congress of the United States has seen fit to denounce a long-existent treaty of trade and friendship and create a situation the outcome of which can only be to the serious detriment of the American people in their political prestige abroad and to their loss industrially, commercially, and financially. This action on the part of the United States Government came as a complete surprise and no little of a shock to the people of Russia, from the highest official in the Government to the most modest Russian vendor or purchaser of American wares. To the no inconsiderable group of adventurous Americans who have entered Russia in the last few years and built up great and profitable businesses in importing American goods or representing American financial institutions it brought bewilderment and consternation. The Russian Government, confident that it retains the right to adjust its domestic laws and economies as may be deemed best for the Russian people, or right or wrong, according to their own judgment or wishes, looks for a reason for what is deemed in St. Petersburg as unwarranted interference from without. It is recalled that within a recent year fewer than a score of naturalized Americans were refused permission to visit Russia, and these for serious political or economic reasons, while hundreds of Russians were refused admission to the United States on rulings from the immigration authorities, to say nothing of the hundreds of thousands of Russian subjects whom no steamship company would accept as passengers for America, knowing that, by reason of discrimination against the Asiatic races, they would be denied. The Russian Government's official attitude toward this action on the part of the United States Government is one of contemptuous resentment; contemptuous because it is believed that American politicians yielded to anti-Russian influences for purely selfish reasons; resentment because they find from their point of view no just cause for thus destroying in offhand manner the extremely friendly and profitable relations between two great nations—relations which have become a unique and historical example of long-continuing, unbroken, and even undisturbed friendship. The diplomatic position in St. Petersburg is simple. The Russian Government maintains in effect that the United States has chosen to denounce the treaty, hence it rests with the United States to ask for a new convention. In the meantime the United States has been dismissed from the official mind except that so far as governmental influence is concerned it is now actively anti-American. No American bids to furnish steel for the great Russian navy to be built will be considered—because they are American. The present treaty expires December 31, 1912. After that date, unless some new arrangement is made, all American imports will be subjected to a heavy surtax or increase of customs dues. American life insurance companies are carrying poli-

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RUSSIAN PEASANT WOMEN WORKING IN A SALT MINE

cies in Russia amounting to nearly $100,000,000. To do this business they are compelled to maintain a cash reserve in Russian banks amounting in the case of a single New York company to about $20,000,000. After the thirty-first of December, in default of the present treaty agreement to the contrary, these deposits become subject to a tax so heavy as to drive the companies out of Russia for all time. In 1911 the Russian farmers bought $27,000,000 worth of imported agricultural machinery, mostly American.

The prospect of a tariff discrimination against such an industry as this is viewed with anything but equanimity by those

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BUNDLING WHEAT FOR EXPORT AT ODESSA, THE GREAT SEAPORT OF SOUTHERN RUSSIA

who have spent laborious years bringing it to its present stage of development. American figures of exports to Russia are of small value as showing the real state of trade between the two countries. According to the figures compiled at Washington, the direct exports to Russia in 1909 amounted to about $30,000,000. In 1911 they were $52,000,000, a growth of eighty per cent. The truth is that more than twice this value is the real measure of American sales to Russia. Over one half of the trade is indirect, American goods being shipped to England, Germany, France, Denmark, Holland, and other countries, and credited as sales thereto, whereas they are immediately reshipped to Russia, and in fact were bought originally on the trade-account of that country. Estimates as to the real amount of American sales to Russia vary from $90,000,000 to $190,000,000, and the latter figure is probably nearer the mark.

There is reason to believe that American sales of one item alone—raw cotton—exceed the total amount of $50,000,000 credited to the Russian import account from the United States. The annual consumption of raw cotton in Russia is approximately $125,000,000. Fifty million of this is grown in central Asia: one fifth comes from Egypt, India, and other places, leaving at least $50,000,000 to be bought from the United States, as there is no other place from which it can come. The American export statistics show that less than $7,000,000 of raw cotton is sold to Russia direct. There is therefore over $40,000,000 worth the purchase of which is credited to other countries, but which in fact goes to Russia and is paid for by the Russian cotton-spinners. Purchases of raw material such as cotton by one country from another are purchases of necessity, and no matter what the diplomatic relations of those countries may be short of actual war, this business continues. If the relations be unfriendly, however, efforts are made to supply deficiencies elsewhere or to stimulate home production to its highest possible point.

Dependence upon American cotton is a

sore point throughout Europe, and millions are being spent by various governments and combinations of milling interests to create a cotton surplus elsewhere. Englishmen and Germans are developing African cotton-fields, the Dutch are at work elsewhere, and now Russia is spending enormous sums upon extensive irrigation schemes in the near East to enlarge the not inconsiderable cotton-producing area of the empire. In the case of manufactured goods, however, a nation has the markets of the world to choose from, and the American manufacturer meets the Englishman, the German, the Frenchman, the Belgian, and others in the fiercest kind of competition when he offers for sale the products of iron and steel, the textile mills, machinery, large and small, and, in fact, anything which, given the raw material, human ingenuity fashions to the hand of man.

It is in this field that diplomacy joins hands with commerce and industry, for modern diplomacy is based upon equal trading rights and trade extension. The foreign minister or secretary of state of to-day is judged by his people upon the success or failure of his policy as it affects the export trade of his country at the moment, or in its guarantees for the future. There is still much high-flown talk about national honor, the dignity of nations, and the cause of humanity, but careful analysis fails to discover in any recent international dispute or agreement a single instance where the maintenance of trade, its extension, or trade jealousy or rivalry, is not the fundamental question at issue. This is not to the discredit of diplomacy, nor does it put it on a lower plane than in the days when territorial aggression or offensive and defensive alliance was the purpose of pourparlers. In fact, while it may lose some of its romance in the telling, the extension of commercial spheres for the most advanced nations is an extension of enlightenment, justice, and modernization which makes for the permanent betterment of those coming under their sway.

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THE BRIDGE OVER THE OKA RIVER, SHOWING THE FAIR AT NIJNI-NOVGOROD IN THE DISTANCE

A most effective and dangerous appeal to ignorance and prejudice was made not long ago by a certain cartoon which found its way into many American newspapers. It represented the hand of Uncle Sam grasping and waving an American flag across which was written the legend "Passport." An impression which will not stand analysis exists in the United States that a passport issued by the State Department is the same thing as the flag of the nation in that it demands equal recognition and respect abroad. This construction is an absurdity, for a passport is no more or less than a certificate of citizenship. It contains no clause giving the support of the issuing country to the holder should he do other than observe the laws and regulations of any foreign countries in which he may be traveling or residing. The same question which has caused the present strained situation between the United States and Russia was broached in the Parliament of Great Britain, for Russian laws and police regulations apply to English citizens traveling in Russia, as they do to the citizens of every other country, including the United States. The English Minister of State for Foreign Affairs, Sir Edward Grey, very promptly informed the House of Commons that a treaty of commerce did not give the British Government a right to demand exemption for British subjects which are contrary to the general laws of a foreign country, and there the matter ended. Where it will end in the case of the United States no one can say, but the outlook is not promising, as Russia cannot by reason of interior conditions yield the principal point at issue. There is no controversy, for it takes two to make a quarrel, and so far the United States has been the aggressor. Russia has accepted the situation, and her people have turned their attention to other fields for coöperation in the material development of the Russian Empire. In the language of the street, it is up to the United States to find a place to "get off," and at present there is no sign of a comfortable landing-stage.

The American Government assumes the right, and with entirely good reason, to regulate the use of the Panama Canal under an ordinary interpretation of a favored nation clause; but by the action taken in the matter of the use of American passports in Russia, it denies to the latter country the right to regulate its actual domestic affairs or enforce the laws standing upon the statute-books of the country. Russia has long accepted cheerfully and without question American discrimination against millions of her subjects, and in a matter as vital to the Russian political and social system as the regulation of travel and population naturally assumes some if not equal right to act as her rulers deemed best for the safety of the individual and the peace and welfare of the community as a whole.

The seriousness of the situation brought about by this action of Congress cannot be overestimated either diplomatically or from an industrial, commercial, or financial point of view. It is realized by every American, official and other, living in Russia, or familiar with conditions in that country, that the United States is in the wrong; no one, not even those most closely concerned with the matter diplomatically, can suggest a way out, and yet there is hope that Russia will agree to a continuation of the treaty status, at least so far as commerce is concerned, for a sufficient time to allow some new adjustment to be reached, if such an outcome is possible. The apparently insurmountable difficulty in the way of a new treaty is the determined fact that Russia cannot give way on the one point which influenced the Congress of the United States to denounce the convention.

Fortunately for the United States, that country has at the moment in St. Petersburg as ambassador the Hon. Curtis Guild, formerly Governor of Massachusetts, a man whose knowledge of Russia and whose personal friendships among the Russian people render his services invaluable. His position under present circumstances is not enviable, and if at the expiration of the present treaty an open breach between the two governments is even temporarily avoided, and the United States continues to maintain an embassy in St. Petersburg, it will be due to the patience, understanding, and untiring efforts of Mr. Guild to bridge over a situation which in the interests of both countries he deems most deplorable.

Recently a well-known English writer made the statement that Russia afforded the most prolific field in the world for

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THE GREAT SUNDAY MARKET IN MOSCOW

the novelist and the sensation-monger, and that the English-reading public had been so fed up with those forms of Russian literature that a writer who ventured to treat of the country in a normal manner, to attempt to tell of its wealth, its industry, and the real life of the people, would either find a scanty audience or be accused of interested motives; and there is much truth in this observation.

Russia is a country of tremendous contrasts and contradictions. The new jostles the old. A government and a people emerging from feudal conditions, absolu-

tism, and superstition present a phase of national life somewhat bewildering to the seeker after truth. Ancient rights and privileges exist in close juxtaposition to new liberties and initiative, the former not always in harmony with the latter. It is a land which reaches south to north from the semi-tropics far into the undefined boundaries of the eternally frozen North; and west to east includes populous cities born of yesterday and others dating their beginnings centuries ago; mountain-ranges giving of their long-hidden precious metals under the persuasion of American machinery driven by American engineers, and great stretches of hundreds of miles of plain and shallow valley such as caused the American pioneers to doubt the fact that the earth was round. On this land lives a people as varied in their physique and in their tongue as are the physical characteristics of their habitat. The big, slow-moving Russian peasant, with his ox-like strength and simplicity of character; the Tatar, the Mongol, and the Chinaman each have their place in the foreground as the traveler covers the ten-day journey across the country by rail from west to east. Far to the south the prayer to Allah is cried from the turrets of the Russian mosque with a fervor equal to that of the dweller in the land of the Turks, and over five per cent. of the Russian people are of the Jewish faith.

To harmonize this population, successfully to maintain a centralized government of all these races, so different in character, needs, and actions, is a stupendous task. To see that every part of this great land gets its fair share of all that the Imperial Government has to give; to guard these far-reaching boundaries against continually threatened invasion; to watch with jealous eye the constantly shifting political boundary-lines of contiguous lands, that the people of no part of Russia, west, south, or east may find themselves barred from free access to foreign markets by land or by sea—all this is not the work of an amateur or weakling administration. The Prime Minister of Russia, administrative director of the governmental energies of this great empire, affecting as they do the welfare of nearly two hundred million people, has a responsibility lying upon him and a power in the world for good or evil such as no ruler of to-day or so-called world-conqueror of yesterday even dreamed of falling within his grasp. A wise expediency, a conservative progression, mark such a government, if it is to live. To compromise between the old and the new, the perfect theory and the actual possibility, is the task of rulers so placed, and the world must judge by permanent results in decades rather than in years, such judgment even then tempered by a real knowledge of the conditions to be met.

In this light it is evident that Russia is making progress toward that high destiny which is written across the face of things as they are within her imperial boundaries to-day. The great natural resources of the country are being conserved as well as developed. Method marks the cutting of timber, even with the countless miles of forest yet to draw upon, and forestration is even now a feature of treeless areas. Restrictions upon the acquisition of land are all in the interests of actual settlers. The Russianizing of the whole empire is proceeding with marked rapidity. The surplus population of the West is being moved into the sparsely inhabited East at an amazing rate. Several years ago it was decided to move a million people every year from west to east. In 1907, the first year of this governmental assisted exodus, 800,000 Russians, men, women, and children, entered Siberia with the intention of making it their permanent home. This was found to be more than could be handled and assisted effectually. In 1908 over 400,000 were sent eastward, but the following year and since that date an average of 250,000 have been annually successfully transplanted to the open lands of Siberia, and the movement will continue indefinitely at about that rate.

Every family is allowed about $100 in cash, and for every male in the family is given about forty acres of land. Supplies are sold at long credits, the local banks assist financially in some cases, and it is interesting to note that the American harvesting-machine manufacturers have done a great deal toward opening up the grain areas by selling machinery on long time, taking their pay when the farmer has realized upon his crop. The losses which have accrued to American companies through giving these credits to the farmers have

been less than one per cent. annually, a good record for any country and any people.

These American companies have also shown the Russian people that it is not only possible, but more profitable in the end, to do away with any system of commissions, bribery, or "squeeze," as it is known to the Chinese, in the sale of goods. This was an innovation in Asia, but from the beginning this rule has been adhered to in sales of American machinery, and is now recognized as an admirable peculiarity of American methods. Such losses as have come to American firms doing business in eastern Russia have occurred through the failure or dishonesty of middlemen, or local agents. The Russian peasant or farmer is honest, and will pay if he can. The local agent, or middleman, ostensibly at least of better social business and intellectual status than the farmer, has not proved as scrupulous.

It is in the development and building up of new communities that the so-called zemstvos are proving their usefulness. These organizations may be compared to the boards of county commissioners which exist in the United States, but the powers of the Russian organizations are almost unlimited. They have complete local authority, subject only to the governors of the provinces. They have from fifteen to sixty-two members, representation being based upon population, and are elected by the people. The voters are those who pay taxes on at least $7500 worth of property. In addition to exercising the usual functions of local government, such as taxation, road-building, school supervision, etc., they conduct agricultural credit banks, provide fire and crop insurance, maintain a medical department, give agricultural instruction, and conduct stores much on a coöperative plan.

Some indication of their activities is shown in the one item of agricultural machinery, for about thirty-two per cent. of all the sales made in Siberia in 1908 were made through these government agencies, and the agricultural loan made through the zemstvos banks amount to many millions annually. As far east as Vladivostok the emigrant trains arrive daily, crowded with settlers, laborers, and soldiers. Farther to the west this emigrant movement becomes at times an actual blockade of traffic, and the most notable feature of it all is the amazing number of children ranging from babes in arms to half-grown boys and girls. They are a big, strong people, these Russian peasants, and their children give equal promise of sturdy physique. The men are given work in town and country, and the tremendous task of double-tracking the Trans-Siberian and of building the many feeder-lines now under construction, give employment to many thousands.

It is Russia for the Russians now in the East, and all foreign Chinamen have been given notice to go home. They are being ousted from Russian towns, and no longer outnumber the Russians in the construction work in progress everywhere. Thousands of Russian soldiers line the railroad from Europe to the Sea of Japan, and in northern Manchuria, ostensibly a Chinese possession, fifty thousand Russian troops guard the right of way and the small towns or groups of houses which cluster about every railway station. These soldiers are in reality only the pioneers of the home-builders who are en route.

From the inception of the enterprise the locomotives of the Siberian railroads have burned wood, but the wood-burner is now doomed. The great strata of coal which underlies the extreme eastern part of Siberia is soon to be extensively worked, and with the expiration of the present fuel contracts on the railroads coal will be substituted. Westward from Vladivostok for hundreds of miles there is as yet virtually no human settlement, though the country is as promising, as fertile, and as inviting to the plow as were the millions of acres of the Dakotas prior to their settlement.

The word "Siberia" has always called to the mind great stretches of bleak or snow-covered landscape, intense cold, and human suffering and privation. It has figured in truth, in art, and in fiction as the scene of heart-breaking cruelties to chained gangs of prisoners, criminals, and exiles. Packs of ravening wolves sought out the lonely traveler, and to be sent to Siberia was to leave the world behind. There is still enough reality in these tales to serve as a foundation of truth in the telling, but this is not the Siberia of the Russian emigrant, farmer, and trader. It is the five thousand miles which lie east

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RUSSIAN PEASANTS IN THE HAY-FIELDS

and west between latitudes 40° and 60° north toward which his ambitions lead. A new United States lies within these boundaries. The fertile plain, the broad valley, the virgin forest, and the massive mountain-range of this region all lie within the temperate zone. Cold in winter, warm in summer, the seasons regular and normal the year round, this is the Siberia traversed by the Russian Trans-Continental Railroad, and which is destined as time goes on to play a part, constantly increasing in importance and seriousness, in the economics of the world. The productive power of this region is limited only by the degree of development attained, and its absorptive power will be of equally heroic measure. Cities and towns of no inconsiderable size are rapidly appearing at the most central points of the new settlement, and in many ways their life and appearance is reminiscent of the boom days of Western America. Novonikolaesevsk in ten years has achieved a population of over 50,000. Omsk, Petropavlovsk, Irkutsk, Tomsk, Nikolaievsk, Vladivostok, and others are as modern, as bustling, as prosperous, and are growing as rapidly as if they were situated west of the Missouri.

Nearly all of these prosperous towns are built on the banks of magnificent rivers, the names of which in some cases are familiar only to students of geography. These great and numerous streams constitute a system of natural waterways invaluable in the development of the country. In summer they are navigable for steamers of considerable size, and in winter they are highways of travel for vehicles. Their sources lie in the hearts of the great forests to the north, and their quick-flowing currents bear upon them rafts of timber of great size. The inland trade of Siberia has grown in ten years from $30,000,000 to $75,000,000, and in one province alone, that of Akmolinsk, there are held 105 yearly fairs, at which over $50,000,000 worth of merchandise changes hands.

Government revenues increase only gradually, and with great and varied areas to be served in national utilities make

progress seemingly slow. In the matter of posts and telegraphs an unusual state exists, for on the operations of this branch of the Government in 1911 a profit of $17,000,000, or fifty-one per cent., was recorded. In 1912 the profit was reduced to thirty-one per cent., showing that the service was extended and improved. It would be better that the entire profit were wiped out through extensions of facilities, for now there is only one post-office for every ten thousand people, and in the Moscow province, with a population of over 4,000,000, there are only eleven sub-post-offices. As shown by an annual decrease in the surplus, it is probable that the Russian post-office budget will in time balance itself or show a deficit, as is the rule in other countries. Labor legislation is coming in Russia much along the same lines that now prevail in Germany.

The status of the Russian laborer is not very different from that of his brother in other European countries. His wages are somewhat lower in many occupations, but in the large industrial centers of European Russia conditions are much the same as elsewhere. Of all the labor-strikes recorded of 1911, twenty-five per cent. were determined favorably to the strikers, and forty per cent. were compromised as between employer and employed. Nearly $500,000,000 is now on deposit in the Russian savings-banks, and if the population of outlying territory, where there are no banks, be deducted, the showing per capita is on all fours with that of many other countries where consideration for the interests of the wage-workers is much older in its application to national affairs. As it is, there are nearly eight million depositors, or more than in any other country excepting the United States, England, or Germany. In 1911 the foreign trade of Russia across the Black Sea and Finnish borders, together with the trade across the eastern boundaries by land and sea, amounted to over $1,400,000,000. During the five years 1901 to 1905 the total foreign trade amounted to about $350,000,000 annually. In the five years 1906-10 the annual average was $980,000,000, and in 1911 it was, as stated, over $1,400,000,000. The following figures illustrate the growth of the foreign commerce account in the last ten years expressed in millions of dollars:

RUSSIAN FOREIGN TRADE

YEAR	IMPORTS	EXPORTS	TOTAL	EXCESS OF EXPORTS
1902	275	425	700	150
1904	300	500	800	200
1906	322	514	836	192
1908	390	484	874	94
1910	490	713	1203	223
1911	600	800	1400	200

The exports for 1911 are thirty-two per cent. larger than the average of the five preceding years, and the imports show a gain of thirty-four per cent. The revenue from the customs for 1911, which amounted to $173,000,000, shows a gain of twenty per cent. over the average for the preceding five years. The customs dues of Russia amount to about twenty-nine per cent. of the value of the imports. Nearly half of the export trade of Russia is of grain, the entire export being roughly divided into food-stuffs, sixty-five per cent.; raw material and partly manufactured goods, thirty per cent.; animals, two and one half per cent.; and manufactured goods, two and one half per cent. The export wheat of Russia, amounting to nearly four and a half millions of tons, goes principally to Holland, England, Italy, France, Germany, and Belgium, in the order named. The barley goes to Germany, the oats to Holland and England, the corn to England, and the bran to Germany. The principal manufactures exported are rubber goods, textiles, crockery, glass, and metal goods. The exports of manufactured goods have not increased to a great extent in the last ten years, and probably will not for some time to come, as Russia is developing so rapidly within that the home market absorbs more of everything than can be produced with present facilities. The import trade of Russia for the last six years, expressed in millions of dollars, was as follows:

YEAR	FOOD PRODUCTS	RAW MATERIAL AND PARTLY MANUFACT.	LIVE STOCK	MANUFACTURED GOODS	TOTAL
1906	55	174	.500	93	322
1907	61	194	.550	106	361
1908	65	212	.762	114	392
1909	60	212	.800	132	405
1910	63	266	1.580	161	492
1911	69	266	1.780	190	527

As compared with the average of the

preceding five years, the figures of 1911 show an increase in the imports of food products of fourteen per cent.; in raw material and partly manufactured goods of twenty-six per cent.; in live stock of one hundred and twelve per cent.; and in manufactured goods of fifty-six and a half per cent. The increase in food-stuff importations was due to the increased consumption of fish, this increase amounting to over $26,000,000. Other increases noted consisted largely of fertilizers, building materials, machinery, and the thousand and one manufactured articles long in use in other countries.

The five-year average of manufactured goods imported into Russia annually tells the story of the growing importance of this trade to the manufacturers of the world. From 1897–1901 it was $92,751,000. From 1902–06 (the period of the war with Japan) it was $84,048,000. From 1907–11 it was $140,440,000. The larger part of the export trade of Russia goes to Germany, England, Holland, Austria-Hungary, France, and Italy in the order named, Germany being by far the largest buyer of Russian goods. According to the figures of direct trade, Russia buys nearly all of her supplies from Germany, England, the United States, France, and Austria-Hungary in the order named; but if the indirect trade be taken into consideration, the United States comes second. Even then Germany, with her Russian sales amounting as they did in 1911 to $250,000,000, is by far the most important trader. The position of Germany in Russia in trade, finance, and diplomacy is very strong. To Germany goes more of Russian produce than to any other three countries, and from Germany are purchased at least half of all the imports of the Russian people. Much of this is indirect business, it is true, the Germans acting as brokers for other nations; but a considerable profit on the transaction remains in Germany, and the mere fact of the enormously strong trade relation constitutes a powerful factor in holding the two peoples in close friendship and in giving to all German enterprise in Russia a predominating prestige.

The beginnings of this Russo-German trade date back many years, for geographic and racial reasons, but it has been encouraged at all points by the Germans themselves, or it would not have maintained its phenomenal lead over that of other countries. The effect of this trade is apparent everywhere. German is the most useful language in Russia to those who do not speak Russian. A stroll along any one of the principal business streets of Moscow or St. Petersburg will reveal the names of scores of German firms with large Russian connections, or, in fact, the names of many German firms whose sole business is in Russia. The Germans come, stay, and conquer in foreign trade matters here as elsewhere, because they do not deal through foreign agencies or commission houses, but through their own people on the ground, to sell direct to the consumer. Another point in foreign trading which forces itself upon the attention everywhere is the banking facilities furnished to German traders by German banks or branches of German banks established in foreign cities. The bank and the trader arrive at the same time, and coöperate most successfully in their joint campaign for business. German railroads at home give low through rates on goods to any part of the world; German ships are waiting at the docks to carry the goods; German firms are at the other end of the journey to receive the goods and distribute them; and German banks advance the money to facilitate purchase, shipment, and sale until such time as the money is available from the consumer. Long credits are the rule in Russia, as in many other countries, and financial coöperation is a requisite of successful trading in a majority of cases.

English banks do little or no industrial or commercial business. Years ago there were private banks in England that worked in harmony with the English foreign traders, and it was partly due to the liberality and activity of these banks that the foreign commerce of England gained such headway as it did in far-away places. For one cause or another, these private or trading banks have disappeared in England, and in the financial districts money is now a commodity, as it is in the United States, handled without imagination and with no sympathy or understanding of the needs of foreign business. An English or American bank of to-day is nothing more or less than a glorified pawnbroker, who will cheerfully lend ninety-five per cent. on a gold

dollar as security, but will lock his money-bags when a man with orders for goods to be sold on long time in foreign countries comes asking for intelligent coöperation in the production and vending thereof. Able financial experts devote pages of good white paper and pounds of ink in England and America to criticism of the German industrial banking system, but whatever may be its faults at home, it is beyond cavil almost entirely responsible for the tremendous gains made in German and foreign commerce in recent years.

Nowhere is this illustrated more forcibly than in Russia, and here as elsewhere the class of goods sold by the Germans contains larger elements of labor and profit than the foreign trade of most nations. To export raw materials, food-stuffs, steel rails, and other staples at infinitesimal margins of profit when the home markets are slack may bring export figures up into the hundreds of millions, but it does not leave in the country of origin the paid wage-roll or the manufacturing or middleman profit recorded of intricate machinery, novelties, chemicals, and other high-priced products of hand, loom, or other ingenious machines inspired by mechanical and inventive genius.

The United States buys from Russia about seven million dollars' worth of goods, eighty per cent. of which are included in alcoholic product, glycerin, furs, hides, and skins. Among other important items of Russian export to America are flax, fusil-oil, and wool. In 1911, Russia sent nothing to the island possessions of the United States. There is no branch of manufacturing in which Russia competes seriously with America. Three years ago the Russian steel mills on the Black Sea underbid the American steel mills in the efforts of the latter to secure a large order from the Argentine Government, but since that time the Russian producers have joined the international steel conference, and serious underbidding is no longer feared from that direction. The United States sells to Russia about fifty million dollars' worth of raw cotton, eleven million dollars in agricultural machinery, five million dollars in leather, three million dollars in general machinery, a million and a half dollars in flour, a million in raw rubber, and the balance of her sales comprise a *variety of manufactured products*. In this latter classification it is encouraging to note half a million dollars in type-writers, and the same amount in automobiles. Indirect trade in these items adds largely to these figures, but is difficult of exact determination.

A number of great American industries have organized Russian companies and built factories in Moscow and elsewhere. Notable among these is the sewing-machine industry, which employs 4000 people in its Moscow factory, and is said to have 20,000 selling agents in the Russian Empire. The American harvesting-machinery interests manufacture in Russia such implements as fall under import duties in the Russian tariff, and import duty free those which are under the existing treaty of commerce. Should no new treaty be negotiated between Russia and the United States, it is evident that new extensions of the Russian-American factories must result, and importations from the United States must decline.

The result of this serious threat of discrimination against American goods is already felt throughout Russia. Experiments are now being made with German, Belgian, and other competitive machinery in the effort to substitute them for American products, and while the American machines have at present a tremendous lead in public favor, this is no guaranty that other countries will not ultimately derive advantage from the situation. It is true that American inventions may still dominate the Russian market, but the machines themselves will be manufactured in Belgium, Germany, France, or elsewhere to avoid any discrimination that might be imposed upon an American manufactured product. This is not such a difficult result to achieve as might be supposed, for the foundations are already laid, and one great American industry which has recently fallen under the displeasure of the American Government will within a short time be able to supply its entire foreign trade from plants erected in other countries than the United States, and thus restrict the output of American mills to the supplying of the home market.

Nearly one half of the export trade of Russia leaves the port of Riga on the north, but the goods originate in Moscow and other inland cities. St. Petersburg, Libau, and other north-coast points share

in the great shipping industry of the Baltic. To the south, Odessa, Batum, and other ports on the Black Sea are the outlets for southern Russia, and serve the near Eastern trade. In the far East, Vladivostok is destined to become an important commercial stronghold, and the entrepôt by sea of Oriental products, serving at the same time as the shipping-point for grain and other food products to Japanese, Chinese, and South Sea communities.

The great causes of trade increase or decrease in Russia are the fullness or poverty of the harvest and the peace or disturbance of political conditions in Europe and the near East. War in Persia, Turkey, or elsewhere in that part of the world has a directly unfavorable effect upon the total of Russian commerce. This is strikingly illustrated in the loss which has come to Russian trade by the closing of the Dardanelles for even a short time. Bad crops mean famine in large areas, and considering the vastness of the territory involved, it is not surprising that hardly a year passes that some part is not demanding relief for a stricken people. This feature of national life is so well recognized as a probable annual occurrence that the Government deals with the same almost as a regular business, and the whole plan of relief has been systematized to the best advantage of all concerned. Business organization is not yet very strong in Russia, but is improving. Chambers of commerce are being formed, and in course of time the shipper of goods to Russia or the seeker after commercial information will find the same conditions there as elsewhere so far as the machinery of trade is concerned.

There is now a strong movement in England for political as well as commercial reasons to take advantage of the present development of Russia. In 1911 there were organized in Russia forty foreign companies for the purpose of doing Russian business. Out of this number, thirty were English, four were French, two Belgian, two German, and not one American. Out of the $40,000,000 capital of these forty companies nearly $35,000,000 were English money. In that same year there were 222 Russian concerns organized to do business in Russia, and one of them was an American harvesting company, with a large manufacturing plant in Moscow. As a nation, England is showing more interest in Russian industrial affairs than any other country except Germany. This interest comes a little late in the day for full advantage to be reaped, but the interest now shown in England is far more general and practical than has shown itself in the United States, with the exception of that manifested by a few powerful American manufacturing concerns that are able financially to perform all the functions of buyer, manufacturer, seller, and banker from their own resources and within their own company organizations.

It is difficult to bring the mind to a full comprehension of the vastness of the Russian Empire and its interests. It is not a scattered domain of far-flung possessions, held at the cost of sleepless vigilancy, and constant treaty-making, but a great, compact possession; and yet while Russian diplomacy is demanding the neutralization of the far-Eastern border state of Mongolia, a quarter of a million men, or more than the entire standing army of Great Britain, are lying under arms five thousand miles distant from Mongolia, but still in Russia, to protect that country's interests in case the long-deferred but long-expected explosion takes place in the near East.

One nation's honor or dignity cannot be compromised for the sake of continuing favorable commercial relations with another; but it is a serious matter for one government, at the dictation of whatever interest it may be, or whatever may be the result to be gained at home, to destroy the long-existing friendship and profitable commercial exchanges of two peoples without a full understanding of the consequences of such action. The United States cannot impose its views upon Russia, for the good and sufficient reason that such views do not coincide with the necessities of Russian interior government. The United States has no power to punish her old friend for not agreeing with her; in fact, quite the reverse, hence an *impasse*. Those upon whom the burden of this action falls diplomatically and financially are now trying to find a basis for honorable compromise. That they will fail, is feared; that they will succeed, is the earnest hope of every understanding friend of the two nations.

TOPICS OF THE TIME

NEW ANXIETIES ABOUT VOTING

SHALL IT BE COMPULSORY?

MACAULAY, who did not believe in universal suffrage, had a fine sneer at the folly of supposing that the great policies of a modern nation could be determined by the ballot-box. But this will do to put alongside his famous prediction that "spoliation" of the rich by the poor would begin in the United States in the twentieth century. That century is here and spoliation has not begun, while the ballot-box has gone on, in England as well as in America, from one conquest to another; until now, in either country, it is regarded, if not as the final arbiter of national destinies, at least as the power which sets up one party or administration and puts another down. Yet during the very years when voting by the mass of the citizens has been marching on to political supremacy, there has been coming in a new set of doubts, or anxieties, concerning the whole process. This concern may be only one way of recognizing the sovereignty of the ballot. If it is sovereign, care must be taken that it functions safely. Granted that its decisions are conclusive, the more reason for seeing to it that they are freely and clearly pronounced. If we are to listen for the voice of the people in their votes, nothing must be permitted to obstruct or confuse that utterance.

It was doubtless this feeling that lay behind the movement to reform and simplify the ballot and to guard elections against corruption. That is a long and familiar story. One device after another, one safeguard following another, has been urged and adopted, and each has in its turn done something to purify our electoral methods. It would be impossible for the nation to lurch back now to the loose and hugger-mugger system under which both State and national elections were held fifty or sixty years ago. The "repeater" has been largely eliminated; the way of the venal voter has been made hard; official ballots have replaced the tricky things that party-workers used to "hand out"; corrupt-practice acts and registration laws have weeded out a great deal of the bribery and fraud that were formerly common. Yet despite all these and the other advances, a distinctly new uneasiness about the whole process of voting has recently been making itself manifest. Many thoughtful citizens have been troubled by doubts not whether elections are honest, but whether they can be made fully representative of the popular will; not whether the citizen can freely cast a pure ballot, but whether he cares enough about it to cast any ballot at all.

What disturbs many in this connection is the evidence seeming to show that the number of voters is not increasing as fast as the population. Figures both of registered voters and of actual ballots cast are scrutinized, with the result of appearing to prove a growing disinclination to make full exercise of the right of suffrage. From one Presidential campaign to another during the last dozen years, the total poll has not risen as it should. Some statistics of the vote in Wisconsin were recently published which seemed startling in their implications. That State, though having a marked growth in population, has been casting a vote fewer by many thousands than were polled ten years ago. Partial explanations suggest themselves. Wisconsin elections have been one-sided and foregone conclusions; so that the inducement to make efforts to bring out a full vote has often been lacking. Moreover, the very reforms in the State's election laws may have had the effect of cutting off what was before a purchasable or fraudulent vote. This was the kind of vote which in the old days Tammany used to ask for money in order to "get out." One rich man replied to a solicitor of funds that he would not give five thousand dollars to get that vote "out," but would gladly sub-

scribe ten thousand to keep it "in." It is possible that the keeping "in" of corrupt votes, by means of reform legislation vigorously enforced, has had something to do with the apparent check in the normal increase of the voters.

After every fair allowance has been made, however, the fact is notorious that many citizens entitled to vote do not go to the polls. The registration figures often fall far below what they should be, and the ballots finally cast and counted reveal a surprisingly large number of indifferents or stay-at-homes. Hence the demand, which seems to be a rising demand, that the citizen be compelled by law to do his duty as an elector, if he will not do it unforced. Compulsory voting has been advocated of late by the Attorney-General of the United States. No one would class Mr. Wickersham among the impetuous faddists. He has studied European practice and precedents in the matter of inflicting penalties upon citizens who fail to exercise the franchise, and favors the adoption of some modified form of such legislation in this country. The argument for it will certainly be greatly reinforced if we are widely to enter upon the experiment of law-making by initiative and referendum. The people are sovereign, but if only a portion of them speak, how are we to know the real voice of authority? There have been elections, some of them passing on statutes referred to the electorate, some on important constitutional changes, in which the votes of only a majority of a minority were effective. If that should become common, the case for compulsory voting would obviously be stronger. Objections to it at present lie mainly against details. It is urged, for example, that no compulsion should be laid upon the voter to choose between two candidates neither of whom could he conscientiously support. But in that event he could cast a blank or a "scratched" ballot. He is within his right in refusing to express a preference between two equally offensive nominees; but it may be held that he has no right to remain away from the polls. Mr. Chesterton has argued that all who fail to vote should be "counted in the negative," but that is to put a premium upon sloth. An active negative by ballot is much more significant than mere abstention. We know too well *what "apathy" means* in elections; but we should be much better off if, instead of their apathy at home, we had all our citizens expressing their honest zeal or their burning indignation at the polls.

The whole subject is not yet ripe for positive remedies embodied in law, but the deep interest taken in it is both suggestive and encouraging. It helps one to believe that the democratic experiment will continue to keep level with its problems as they successively present themselves. Whatever the exact method of reform that may be adopted, it must not omit to tie up intelligence with duty. Voting, whether it should be made compulsory or not, cannot safely be severed from education. The two must always go together, as they did in Emerson's vision of the ideal commonwealth, where, before

> Each honest man shall have his vote,
> Each child shall have his school.

THE CHILDREN'S UNCENSORED READING

WITH A PRACTICAL SUGGESTION

THE old saying that "Books make the best presents" must be in the minds of many in the pre-Christmas season, and many a parent is puzzling over the problem of selection. The classics of their childhood they know—some of these the classics of three generations; in fact, ever since children began to be considered as worth writing for. But here is the year's new "bumper" crop of books, in fine array of type and picture and gay cover—what is to be done with them? Who is to sift and choose between the good and the bad? And all that are not good must be considered bad, for nothing is so bad as a poor book. May the publishers' imprint be implicity relied upon. May the authors' reputation, name, or vogue be blindly accepted? May the reviewers' judgment be made the standard? Obviously it is impossible, if only for economic reasons, to buy and sample, not to say read, a tithe of the books presented for choice. Either parents must renounce the responsibility, restrict the range to a few volumes, or get some efficient aid from others.

We venture a suggestion. This issue of THE CENTURY will appear just a month before Christmas. In nearly every town of 2500 inhabitants there is a literary club

or a woman's club which through a committee of its members might set on foot an advisory censorship of children's reading, which another year would become more effective. To be helpful, it should start with a standard of what are the desiderata in books for the young. Negatively, one must aim to exclude immoral, priggish, namby-pamby, artificial, cynical, and unsympathetic writing. To these must be added the seventh deadly sin of dullness.

No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en,

and unless a book is interesting, it would better never have been conceived. On the positive side the aim should be wholesomeness, vitality, inspiration, humanness, and, most of all, an appeal to the imagination. A child needs not so much books of knowledge of the "how" type, which satisfy craving for facts, as those that set forth the wonders of the world so suggestively as to stimulate his search for the "why." Those of two generations ago who were steeped in copy-book morality know what an effort it was to displace it with the natural religion of human sympathy. And it is because, in the reading and training of boys, there is danger of neglecting the robust—what we may call the wholesomely perilous—that it is important that every such committee as we have suggested should have the counsel of men. When its list shall have been made, the committee should be subjected to cross-examination, in order that the principles of selection should become fixed not only in the minds of its members, but in those of the entire club. Whatever the result might be upon children, it would be salutary upon parents, arousing them to the importance, and to the qualities, of mental pure food. It is not to be expected that the committee's recommendations would be impeccable or that they would always be followed. Indeed, the same experiment might be tried with more advantage in a circle of a dozen families of friends related by a similarity of tastes and standards.

Even more in need of supervision is the periodical pabulum. There are two or three American magazines for children the tone and traditions of which are so firmly established and so well known as to place them beyond the need of censorship. Their editors are alive to the exclusion of the objectionable, but are chiefly occupied with the search for valuable and delightful articles. The editorship of a child's magazine, by reason of its many limitations, is one of the most difficult tasks in the educational world. The bearing of every article, poem, and picture has to be considered in its formative influence upon character. The editor has to think for the child, the parent, and the teacher, and at the same time he must never lose sight of the noble function of delight, which it is his privilege to exercise. We know of one such, to whom, through his rare sympathy with children, these responsibilities have become insight. Joyous himself, he knows how to communicate joy to a world of children.

When it comes to the juvenile page of the newspaper, the need of censorship is acute. Some of the daily journals, which are properly proud of their own ethical standards and of the influence of their editorial columns, have no moral compunction in leaving to a syndicate the preparation of the children's page or the colored supplements. Otherwise careful and conscientious parents will turn over to their children, without examination, sheets of vulgar, grotesque, badly drawn, and badly colored pictures on unworthy themes, the chief influence of which is to glorify sheer mischief and bad manners. Many protests have been made against these by public associations and in some quarters there has been improvement, but the censorship of thoughtful and mature minds would still find much to condemn.

In what is selected for the children let us make a plea for the best poetry. A world is all before us where to choose, and if the interpretation of masterpieces of verse be not pedagogic, but sympathetic, the resources of pleasure thus available are rich and enduring. The parsing and analysis of Pope's "Essay on Man" may so spoil one's taste for that writer as to obscure the sublimity of his "Universal Prayer." America more than any other country cultivates, and needs to cultivate, the love of poetry. Here we are confronted with materialism as a daily spectacle.

> Things are in the saddle,
> And ride mankind.

We need every stimulus to the imagination, every spur to spirituality, every rhythm of harmony. We need not only

music itself but the music that is in poetry. The arts are, so to speak, fighting for their lives, and a brave fight it is. We need them to uplift and crown and glorify democracy, and we shall produce greater poetry as there is a deeper love and appreciation of the great poetry that exists. It is, therefore, no small service to the future of America to instil in our young people a respect and love for poetry. We find these suggestive lines in the autobiography of Charles Darwin:

> If I had to live my life again, I would have made a rule to read some poetry and listen to some music at least once every week; for perhaps the parts of my brain now atrophied would thus have been kept active through use. The loss of these tastes is a loss of happiness, and may possibly be injurious to the intellect, and more probably to the moral character, by enfeebling the emotional part of our nature.

A CHRISTMAS THOUGHT ON WAR AND ARBITRATION

THE year 1912, by its manifestations of internal violence, its external wars, and by its hardly less disquieting rumors of wars, has afforded from time to time the pretext for much cynical satire at the expense of the advocates of peace and arbitration. A strange sort of beginning of the millennium this, it is said, which has witnessed Italy's year-long war with Turkey; the old Balkan wounds reopened, with the religious issue involved; China aflame with bloody revolt against her Manchu dynasty; Mexico in the throes of a rebellion little less than civil war; turbulent Cuba barely escaping American intervention, actually exercised in Nicaragua; Morocco the bone of contention of two snarling powers; and withal Great Britain and Germany like open powder-magazines exposed to the peril of a careless smoker—a year, moreover, that has seen strikes of unusual acerbity in England and in Massachusetts, and the unearthing of such vast conspiracies against life and property as the one executed by the McNamaras and their associates and the other avowed by the Industrial Workers of the World. The threat of the latter to raze the Salem jail is *matched by the intention* of McNamara, recently revealed, to blow up the Panama Canal. As a climax of horror comes the attempt of a disordered mind to assassinate Colonel Roosevelt. Surely, at first glance one might think that the wild beast in man has lately come to the surface to a surprising and disheartening extent.

It would be futile to claim that this sinister impression is entirely offset by the fact that some of these events have aspects of self-restraint and progress; that China, through her overturn, is making the way toward freedom and self-government; that Cuba has again shown that she is learning the same lessons; that the responsible conservative forces of England, France, and Germany have refused to follow the hotheads who talk lightly of war. There remain in human nature, modern or barbarian, primal impulses of hatred, violence, and lawlessness.

It is one of the most important functions of education, government, and religion to subdue these impulses, and this can be done, in part, by turning their force into new channels. Through Tesla's discovery and invention the natural turbulence of the mountain stream, even that of Niagara itself, is electrically utilized to do the work of the world at a great distance. It is the aim of the inventive resources of philanthropy to do something similar with the wild and waste forces of humanity itself. Wise benevolence is increasingly occupied with imposing not only upon others, but upon ourselves, restraints without which we should revert to the brute. Sometimes this is done by solemn formalities like the Constitution of the United States; sometimes the compact is the tacit one of civilization involved in the establishment and observance of law. This it is now sought to extend to nations, by the agreement to enlarge the limits of judicial arbitration which already exist in every modern country, and thus through men and peoples of advanced ideas of justice to affect those more backward. Because of this great opportunity to uplift the world, those in authority are under obligation—a sort of *noblesse oblige*—to hold their own country to its highest standards of conduct, internal or international.

Whatever the croakers may say, there is no relapse from the sentiment in favor of arbitration and peace. There have been righteous rebellions, and probably there

will be others, but there are many wars based on territorial aggression or trivial or fancied wrongs which may be prevented by an appeal to an international court. Compulsory this appeal must be, by our consent in the cool air of wisdom: but along with humanity at large we shall be the gainer. Arbitration is a shorter cut to justice than war has ever been.

At this time of the recurrence of the festival of the Prince of Peace, it is becoming to the Christian world to renew its faith in the power of love to cast out hatred, of good-will to accomplish the uplifting of humanity through sympathy and opportunity. Such a vast work demands the ultimate release of the forces now held in readiness for international wars. Prevent by arbitration the causes of such wars, and you divert colossal waste forces—including the constant anxieties of the people—to the real and crying need of the times.

GIVING AWAY THE NATION'S PROPERTY

THE NEEDLESS INVASION OF THE YOSEMITE NATIONAL PARK

ON the twenty-fifth of November there is to be a hearing before the Secretary of the Interior to receive and consider the report of a board of army engineers to determine whether or not there is any other adequate source of water-supply for San Francisco than the beautiful Hetch-Hetchy Valley, which the city desires to submerge for a reservoir. This valley, as our readers know, is a part of the great Yosemite National Park, and lies eighteen miles north of the Yosemite Valley, just over the divide, so to speak. The representatives of the city have already acknowledged before the Public Lands Committee of the Senate that they could find an adequate supply of pure water "anywhere along the Sierra," to the north of the valley—"if," as they said, "we would pay for it!" The mainspring of the assault upon the people's National Park—and, if it shall succeed, it will be but the first of many similar assaults on other parks—is the desire to get something for nothing. The public interest in resisting the attempt is to save from destruction one of the most wonderful of the Sierra gorges, which a good wagon road would make an integral part of the Yosemite trip. It remains to be seen whether any amount of speciousness, any elaborate and misleading volume of argument will be able to obscure the main issue—the wanton invasion of the people's greatest park.

We believe that the Roosevelt administration had no more legal or moral right to divert a part of this National Park from the purposes for which it was created, as was done by the Garfield grant, than it would have had to give away the nation's coal-fields in Alaska. The Sierra Club, contending with the unlimited financial resources of San Francisco, has yet presented a "brief" which riddles the arguments of the city's case.

That fable teaches that the time to save the rest of our great scenery is before it is largely visited, for then it will become to the advantage of some "interest" to divert it from the use of posterity.

EDITORIAL NOTE: CONTRIBUTIONS DESIRED

THE EDITOR of THE CENTURY invites the offer of contributions to the departments of "Open Letters" and "Lighter Vein."

In "Open Letters" the aim should be a light and lively treatment of social, political, domestic, artistic, or other topics in an easy, natural, epistolary style, having the give-and-take of correspondence, and witty or humorous treatment, mellow, without didacticism; articles should have a novel and piquant motive; and, in order to save them from dilettantism, they should have useful and substantial suggestions. A convenient length is fifteen hundred words.

For the "Lighter Vein" Department contributions are invited of brief narratives from real life, of a humorous character, and of such entertaining interest as will entitle them to rank as good "after-dinner stories." What is desired is not so much a short anecdote as a narrative of about a thousand words, having a certain natural plot. It is desired to avoid stock stories which, told in past generations, are located in the present. While in general the stories should be humorous, once in a while that quality might be varied by something unusually dramatic, quaint, or curious. The Editor must be assured that the articles have not before been in print.

All contributions found available will be paid for at the magazine's customary rates.

OPEN LETTERS

ON MAGIC CASEMENTS

. . . "Magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery-lands forlorn."
—KEATS, "*Ode to a Nightingale.*"

From a Seeker after the Ideal House, Recommending the Latest Thing in Windows

Margaret Dear:

Enjoy our new home? Indeed I do, as much as you enjoy "Parva sed Apta." Yet I confess to a little restlessness at times, such as Browning's *Juan* in "Fifine" felt over his "honest civic house." I want to cut away, and to wander foot-loose and free. And if it were n't for the magic casement—don't you want to hear about the magic casement?

The architect's assistant proposed it, a young fellow with irregular eyebrows and a nice smile. You would like him. We had been talking windows, and he asked me all of a sudden:

"Since you like the type, sha'n't I put a magic casement in your study? We sometimes find it a very acceptable little addition in suburban building."

I gasped, and seized on a familiar phrase. "Will it add materially to the cost?" I inquired.

"No, not materially," he answered. "And it would harmonize capitally with the study."

For many a day after we moved I forgot all about the conversation and the casement. You know what it is to get settled. The dining-room flue would n't draw, and our invaluable but expansive Maggie grumbled because she had to turn sidewise to get up the narrow back stairs, and to arrange family and furniture absorbed my energies. But a day came finally when I shut myself in the study for a bout of work. A set of examination blue-books had come in from my college classes, and my mood was grim. I learned that the "Shepheard's Calendar" consisted of twelve pastoral decalogues, and that Ariel's song was intended to "guide Hamlet to his shipwrecked father," or, as another student suggested, "to lead Minerva on." Most of the papers were equally stupid and less funny. My muscles were aching, for the furniture had been heavy. As for my heart, here I was starting life afresh and receiving felicitations in a pretty new house, but life seemed over. Well, dear, never mind that; but you will understand. You know what narrow house guarded by two tall cypresses is always before my eyes.

Suddenly I noticed the casement. I never had tried the patent spring.

It opened at a touch. I had expected to look out on Mr. Baker's hen-yard; but I did n't. There was instead a wide stretch of tumbling seas—splendid, perilous seas, gray and fierce, with glints of silver at the horizon, and great waves racing inland and breaking in sheets of foam below! As I leaned out and drew deep breaths of salty, foamy air, I saw a dim sweep of coast through the spray.

> The moving waters at their priest-like task
> Of pure ablution

were plain enough; but were those "human shores" or the forlorn coasts of faery-land?

"Please, Miss, the butcher," called Maggie's voice behind me, and I shut the window and ran down-stairs as though I had never heard of tired muscles or heart. When I got back to blue-books, it was amazing how brilliantly the students were writing.

When I next opened the casement the sea was moony-calm, and a nightingale was singing outside in balm-laden air. Mr.

Baker's hen-yard, viewed from the next window, never varied, but let me tell you that out of a magic casement one does not see the same sight twice. I did not let myself open it often. When I was leaning from it I forgot the passage of time, and you can't imagine how "jobs" crowded last winter. But if, while I worked, I left a crack ajar, and this grew to be rather a habit, the air that came in kept me fresh and fit, so that I have never carried my work so easily.

One day—inside, I remember, it was bleak winter twilight—there was an island rising from the sea. The tremulous waters were tinged with the first promise of dawn. A planet on the horizon glowed red. Though the heavens elsewhere were clear, the summit of the mountain isle was veiled in drifting mists, like tears; yet behind the mists the sun seemed to be shining on level reaches of springlike verdure, which caught the longing of the heart, yet stilled all longing with an exceeding peace. As the dawn brightened, I could discern two figures on the low sands at the base of the hill, and presently, speeding across the waters faster than flight of bird, appeared a spark, glowing as though the planet had left the sky. Faint shining grew at sides and center, till I could see the vesture and the two wings, serving as sails, of an angel whose face was as the morning star. If you had only been there! Of the blessed folk who filled the ship, some looked affrighted, some exceeding glad; and though I could not clearly hear the chant they sang, one voice sweet above the rest, I knew it to be a song of deliverance. Do you remember our Dante readings under the pines? All that day there was absolution in the air.

But there was none on that other day when sky and sea blazed blue fire, thunder-caps lay pearled in the west, and a high-pooped ship dropped anchor beneath my window. Sea-weary serving-folk in medieval garb went ashore by ones and twos, while a knight in green array and a most fair lady lay talking on the deck. Now and again he touched a harp, with skill, I thought, seeking languidly to please her; but she looked on him in distaste. Then a page brought them liquid from a crystal flask of curious fashioning, and the two drank thirstily, for it was hot. Then they gazed startled on each other with changed eyes. The thunder-caps rolled up, and I heard them speak in troubled, riddling words of "aimer" and "la mer," and I shut the window lest I prove indiscreet. Besides, the air was stifling.

It was not always sea that greeted me. You can imagine the pleasure of opening in harsh March weather on the cool depths of a summer forest, where the angel face of a sleeping girl in white nun's habit made a sunshine in the shade! My worries rolled away as I watched joyous wood-folk—fauns, satyrs, and fair hamadryads—caper and dance through the forest, and saw them, awestruck at her sweet holiness, bend their knees before her, grinning gently, and crown her with garlands. In that same wood, when the moon was risen, I saw star-crossed lovers misled by faery pranks, and the queen of faery herself beguiled. But the next evening my window gave on a blasted, treeless heath, where weird women lay in wait for two doomed soldiers.

One of the best things I got from the window was a glimpse of Utopia. Several of us had spent the day trying to organize relief in a mill town where a three-cornered strike was going on, and the regular unions, the employers, and the I. W. W. were involved in a hideous wrangle-tangle. It was worse than any of our old settlement experiences. I came back sick at heart and touched the casement spring, afraid that I could n't see out for the smart in my eyes. But there lay Utopia before me. Yes, dear, Utopia.

Did it? I dared not be sure. Past the rear gardens of the pleasant houses a clear river ran sweetly, just as Sir Thomas More had said, and through the wide street passed comely, alert citizens, full of grave, friendly cheer. But might there not be slums and strikers round the corner? The power of faith was blurred in me that night.

Just then a man who carried a kit of carpenters' tools, whistling as he walked, looked up and waved [illegible]. It was Stanton of our economics department. He was always tinkering at his house, but it looked odd to see him carry a kit on the public way.

"Good morning. Is n't Utopia the greatest ever?" he cried. "My lectures are over; I 'm off to help with those new houses around the bend."

"Is this real Utopia?" I asked eagerly.

He nodded.

"I perceive, however, that the inhabitants have not changed their nature," he laughed. "You have your old skeptical mind."

"If it 's Utopia," I retorted, "why in the name of common sense are you still lecturing on economics?"

"The wonder is how I lectured on it in the old days," he replied. "I was like a professor of harmony, with nothing to expound but discords. Now we have a symphonic whole to study and even fuller harmonies to evolve. The department is the largest in the college."

"Have pity on my skeptical mind," I

pleaded. "Give me a sign that Utopia is here."

He motioned to the passing people.

"Why, look!" he said.

And I was satisfied: for never could there have been that serenity of eye had one factory been left exploiting the labor of children, one sweat-shop, or one malcontent. Yet even while I watched, a woman, dressed in black, passed, sobbing bitterly. Tears? In Utopia?

"We are still on the earth, you know," said Stanton, gently; "we are not exempt from tears."

Not long after I met the architect's assistant. I had been worrying somewhat. I was troubled about the price of the magic casement, even though he had said that it would not add materially to the cost of the house. He caught the same train as I to town by a flying jump at the last minute. He was scurrying by, but I pulled his coat and made him sit down.

"I hope the house is satisfactory?" he asked.

"Very, on the whole," I replied. "The door-panels warp, but no house is perfect. I want to ask you about the price of the magic casement. It was not included in the specifications, and I am anxious to settle for it."

He wriggled, looking annoyed.

"If you like it, you ought not to haggle about the price," he said.

"I shall not haggle," I replied with spirit; "but if the window is as expensive as I fear, perhaps you would n't mind being paid on the instalment plan."

"If I had not supposed you perfectly solvent, I should never have put that casement in," he returned.

"You had strict instructions to avoid all luxuries," I said with indignation, for I was frightened. "You knew that I was living on a salary and that I had to mortgage in order to build. However, I am not complaining. I am willing to pay heavily for the casement, for it certainly is a shipshape affair."

"That 's better talk," said the assistant. "Now, as a matter of fact, you 've paid already. The contract for magic casements is to the effect that the article is paid for by use. It runs, 'For so much value received in vision, equivalent price in use, and so.' I knew you could pay cash that window."

To pay by using! Now, Margaret you ever hear of anything like that! " uncommon," I protested. "How absu

"Nobody would suppose that you l look into Utopia lately," he sighed.

"We 're not in Utopia," I argued.

"Are you so sure?" he asked; and ing at him, I found I was n't.

"People are dull," he complained fully. "Of course they are in Utopi minute they believe themselves there.' he talked, I was noticing that ruffled of his and those queer, triangular, r eyebrows.

"Does your firm approve your way c ing business?" I asked.

"They have nothing to do with r casements. Those are a little special my own which I put in now and the a suitable client like yourself."

"Who are you, anyway?" I cried; with a flourish he handed me a car graved in the latest style. Mr. R Goodfellow was the name it bore. wind from the train window blew the from his ears.

"Robin!" I shouted.

"At your service," he laughed. "Yo I adapt myself to the times. There use playing helter-skelter pranks on tematic Americans. They get their c by a separator, so they never put out l of milk for me; the chores are done by chinery; and if I prowl about the ki by night, I get nervous prostration for some one will turn on the electricity. went in for scientific efficiency, and st for the professions. I have lots of But you people who live in steam hea so afraid of drafts that hardly anybody let me put in a magic casement. I really grateful to you for giving m chance. Hello! Here we are at Bay! Good-by!"

There 's my story. Now, may I not Robin to give you a magic casemer "Parva sed Apta"? I am sure he v not mind the journey. But I suspect may have one already; Robin and you always on good terms.

Lovingly yours,

Vida D. Scuda

IN LIGHTER VEIN

AN AFTER-DINNER STORY

BY BADDELEY BOARDMAN

A REMINISCENCE OF MARION CRAWFORD

MANY visitors to Rome will remember the German book-store on the Piazza di Spagna, kept by Herr S——, of whom a story is told which throws a backward light upon the apparently troublesome activities, as a boy, of a distinguished American novelist. Herr S——, who had been established in Rome as a bookseller almost a lifetime, once met in his store another elderly gentleman, who said:

"Is n't it fine, Mr. S——, about Frank Crawford?"

"Fine about Frank Crawford? Vot you mean?"

"Why, about his book—a great success. Have n't you heard? Have n't you read it?"

"Read his pook? No. Frank Crawford ride a pook? Imbossible!"

"Oh, yes; no doubt of it. Giuseppe,"—calling a salesman,—"let me have a copy of 'Mr. Isaacs,' please."

When the volume was brought to the incredulous bookseller, he held it at arm's-length, looking at it curiously as he turned it from side to side and from end to end; then he cautiously examined the title-page, with its "—th edition," which he greeted with a guttural "Huh!" Next he turned to the last page, and read the concluding sentence with another grunt of astonishment. Then he dipped into the volume in two or three places, and finally, satisfied that he was not being deceived, handed back the book to Giuseppe without looking at him, and said:

"Vell, vell! dot brooves dot you must neffer trown a poy."

THOUGHTS, DECEMBER TWENTY-FOURTH

BY DEEMS TAYLOR

'T is Christmas eve. The very air
  Seems charged to-night, seems subtly thrilled
By glad previsions of a rare,
  Strange happiness, yet unfulfilled.
I sense this thing, and still my heart
  Is numb, lethargic, dead. I hold
Myself from all the world apart.
  The Christmas spirit leaves me cold.

Below me, in the frosty street,
  I hear the city's muffled song
Of carnival—the tramp of feet,
  The voices of the passing throng.
I watch them as they hurry by
  In kind confusion, faces bright
With Christmas comradeship; but I—
  I am not one of them to-night.

Each hastens, in that host below,
  To choose the gifts that shall delight
Another on the morrow. No,
  I am not one of them to-night.
The laughing crowd, the siren call
  Of blazing shops that beckon; nay,
Untouched, unmoved, I hear it all:
  I did *my* shopping yesterday!

EMMY JANE'S CHRISTMAS

BY JULIA B. TENNEY

MAWNIN', Miss Johnson. Is yer out doin' yer Chris'mas shoppin'? You sure is de forehandestest pusson I eber did see. Here 't is five whole days 'fore Chris'mas, an' you 'most frough settin' ready.

What 's we goin' ter do? Why, jes as usu'l, an' dat 's good 'nough fer we. You see, we spends Chris'mas day sorter foragin' roun' 'mongst de white folks, an' c'llectin' things tergether, an' ketchin' 'em Chris'mas gif'; den de nex' day we all has *our* Chris'mas.

What? We ain't got it on de right date? What 's dat got to do wid de 'joyment ob it, I 'd like to know? An', anyhow, no one doan' know fer sure what is de right date nohow, 'ca'se dere ain't no one erlivin' now what was erlive when Chris'mas started in on us, an' if dere was, I would n' b'lieve him nohow, 'ca'se he 'd be too ole ter trus' his mem'ry. So one day 's as good as anudder, an' maybe better. Dis here way suits *me,* an' it saves er lot ob trouble an' hard wuk, not ter speak ob de money.

Dis is de way we wuks it, an' 'scusin' de walkin' roun' an' totin de load home, it ain't no trouble 't all.

We 'vides de city up into pahts. I takes de av'nues, 'Lindy teks de lengthways streets, li'le Polly Ann an' John Andrew de cross streets, an' Jeemes William—my ole man—de gen'lemen's clubs. We all has our own way ob doin' it, but we all gits de things.

Jeemes William he jes stan's near de do' ob de club-houses wid his hat in his han', an' as de gen'men goes in, he says ter all ob de sassy-lookin' ones, "Chris'mas gif', Gen'al," an' p'ints ter de army-button what he foun' in de White Lot, an' what he puts in his buttonhole on dese 'casions. Den as de South'rn gen'men goes in, he hol's dat li'le 'Federate flag ober de button an' says, "Chris'mas gif', Massa." An' I 've knowed him ter come home wid as much as twelve dollars in his pocket jes f'om his good manners; dey is so skase nowerdays, wid all dis passle ob young niggers growin' up roun' here, dat de white folks is willin' ter pay high fer 'em when dey do come 'cross 'em.

'Lindy she puts on dat black alpacky frock of hern an' er white collar an' a starched white ap'on, an' she takes de rich-lookin' houses an' rings de bells an' asks kin she hope out wid de extra wuk jes fur er tas'e ob de Chris'mas-time, an' dat fetches some one 'fore she 's made more 'n five or six tries, an' den she jes lays herse'f out ter please de white folks, an' ebery endurin' one ob dem gibs her sumpen 'nudder what dey doan' want an' what somebody else done gib *dem,* an' as 'Lindy mos' in gen'al picks out de big famblies, dere ain't no mean showin' f'om her.

Polly Ann an' John Andrew dey sings "I 's er-rovin' li'le darky all de way f'om Alabam' " an' some yudder sech chunes un'er de winders, an' folks t'rows dem pennies an' nickels, an' lots ob 'em gibs 'em cakes an' or'nges an' candy an' de like er dat.

Me? How do I git my share? Now yer 'll laugh! Jeemes William say', "No one would n't thunk er sech er thing 'cep'in' you, Emmy Jane," but I ain't nuss nine li'le white chillun, 'sides thirteen ob my own piccaninnies, countin' de halves an' de dade ones, an' not learn nothin' ter hope me 'long in dis world.

I jes puts on er clean purple caliker frock an' er stiff white ap'on wid er white handkuchief roun' my neck, an' I ties er colored handkuchief ober my h'ad ter make our kind er white folks 'member de days when we all uster be jes like one fambly, an' laugh an' cry togeder, an' dat 's how come it dat I done foun' out so many ob de quality.

What I do 'sides dress up like ole times? Well, all de endurin' year I saves up all de putty fedders f'om de tu'keys an' chickens an' geese an' sech, an' I gets me er ball ob red cord fer five cents, an' I ties de fedders up in li'le bunches an' puts 'em in er basket.

Chris'mas I teks dat basket on my arm, an' I s'lec's de houses where dey is babies, an' dere is plenty ob 'em on de av'nues, too, 'spite ob Mr. Roosterfelt er-sayin' rich chillun is fallin' off in comin' ter our big cities. He oughter hab my job one year an' see fer hisse'f.

Well, I rings de bell an' asks kin I gib de baby er Chris'mas gif', an' 'most ebery fambly say "Yes," an' brings de baby out, an' acts pleased-like. Den I hol's out my arms to de li'le chile an' says, "Come ter Mammy, Honey!" an' most in gen'al dey jumps right to me, an' dat settles de mas an' pas.

Den I s'lec's er bunch ob fedders an' gibs dem to de baby. All chillun, white or black, loves ter play wid fedders. Reckon it 's 'ca'se dey ain't so long lef' dem off in de wing-country what dey come f'om, an' I tell you dat basket is er heap sight heavier on de home trip dan on de goin' out.

Next day we all brings out our pickin's an' we builds er fire in de bes' room, an' *den 's* our Chris'mas.

Doan' we *give* no presen's? Co'se we does. We s'lec's all de things what we doan' want, same as de white folks does, an' we makes er pile ob 'em, den we makes a lis' ob de names ob de people what we wants ter gib to,—'Lindy she does dat paht, 'ca'se she 's had schoolin' an' kin write grand,—den we blin'fol's li'le John Andrew, an' 'Lindy she calls out er name, an' John Andrew grabs er gif'. Dat 's how come you ter git er pair of gallusses, an' Daddy Bundy er long gingham ap'on las' year.

I hopes de givin' dis year will turn ter tu'key an' cramberry, jes fer de sake ob ole times down home. I sure does get lonesome fer de ole place roun' 'bout Chris'mas.

DADDY DO-FUNNY'S WISDOM JINGLES

BY RUTH MC ENERY STUART

INCUBATOR CHICKENS

DEM inkybator chickens dat 's hatched by de clock
Wid a lamp for love, is lonesome stock;
Dey feeds in droves but dey envies de others
Dat scratches for grubs wid any ol' mothers.
An' dey ain't by deyselves, po' orphans, in dat—
No, dey ain't by deyselves in dat!

THE CAULIFLOWER

WHEN de cabbage got ambitiom, in a uppish hour,
He lost 'is head an' bu'st into flower
Wid 'is brains outside, an' addled, at dat—
Den he sot 'isself up for a 'ristocrat.
An' he ain't by 'isself in dat, in dat—
An' he ain't by 'isself in dat!

LIMERICKS

TEXT AND PICTURES BY OLIVER HERFORD

THE FILCANTHROPIC COW

SAID a cow, "It has long been my dream,
A sort of utopian scheme,
To leave, when I die,
Enough milk to supply
A home for poor kittens—with cream."

TACT

QUOTH a cat to me once: "Pray relieve
My suspense. What does eight from nine leave?"
Poor puss looked so cold
And so thin and so old,
I replied, *"Quite a few, I believe."*

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T. TEMBAROM

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

Author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's," "The Shuttle," etc.

WITH DECORATIVE PICTURES BY CHARLES S. CHAPMAN

CHAPTER I

THE boys at the Brooklyn public school which he attended did not know what the "T." stood for. He would never tell them. All he said in reply to questions was: "It don't stand for nothin'. You 've gotter have a' 'nitial, ain't you?" His name was, in fact, an almost inevitable school-boy modification of one felt to be absurd and pretentious. His Christian name was Temple, which became "Temp." His surname was Barom, so he was at once "Temp Barom." In the natural tendency to avoid waste of time it was pronounced as one word, and the letter p being superfluous and cumbersome, it easily settled itself into "Tembarom," and there remained. By much less inevitable processes have surnames evolved themselves as centuries have rolled by. Tembarom liked it, and soon almost forgot he had ever been called anything else.

His education really began when he was ten years old. At that time his mother died of pneumonia, contracted by going out to sew, at seventy-five cents a day, in shoes almost entirely without soles, when the remains of a blizzard were melting in the streets. As, after her funeral, there remained only twenty-five cents in the shabby bureau which was one of the few articles furnishing the room in the tenement in which they had lived together, Tembarom sleeping on a cot, the world spread itself before him as a place to explore in search of at least one meal a day. There was nothing to do but to explore it to the best of his ten-year-old ability.

His father had died two years before his mother, and Tembarom had vaguely felt it a relief. He had been a resentful, domestically tyrannical immigrant Englishman, who held in contempt every American trait and institution. He had come over to better himself, detesting England and the English because there was "no chance for a man there," and, transferring his dislikes and resentments from one

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country to another, had met with no better luck than he had left behind him. This he felt to be the fault of America, and his family, which was represented solely by Tembarom and his mother, heard a good deal about it, and also, rather contradictorily, a good deal about the advantages and superiority of England, to which in the course of six months he became gloomily loyal. It was necessary, in fact, for him to have something with which to compare the United States unfavorably. The effect he produced on Tembarom was that of causing him, when he entered the public school round the corner, to conceal with determination verging on duplicity the humiliating fact that if he had not been born in Brooklyn he might have been born in England. England was not popular among the boys in the school. History had represented the country to them in all its tyrannical rapacity and bloodthirsty oppression of the humble free-born. The manly and admirable attitude was to say, "Give me liberty or give me death"—and there was the Fourth of July.

Though Tembarom and his mother had been poor enough while his father lived, when he died the returns from his irregular odd jobs no longer came in to supplement his wife's sewing, and add an occasional day or two of fuller meals, in consequence of which they were oftener than ever hungry and cold, and in desperate trouble about the rent of their room. Tembarom, who was a wiry, enterprising little fellow, sometimes found an odd job himself. He carried notes and parcels when any one would trust him with them, he split old boxes into kindling-wood, more than once he "minded" a baby when its mother left its perambulator outside a store. But at eight or nine years of age one's pay is in proportion to one's size. Tembarom, however, had neither his father's bitter eye nor his mother's discouraged one. Something different from either had been reincarnated in him from some more cheerful past. He had an alluring grin instead—a grin which curled up his mouth and showed his sound, healthy young teeth,—a lot of them,—and people liked to see them.

At the beginning of the world it is only decently reasonable to suppose human beings were made with healthy bodies and healthy minds. That of course was the original scheme of the race. It would not have been worth while to create a lot of things aimlessly ill made. A journeyman carpenter would not waste his time in doing it, if he knew any better. Given the power to make a man, even an amateur would make him as straight as he could, inside and out. Decent vanity would compel him to do it. He would be ashamed to show the thing and admit he had done it, much less people a world with millions of like proofs of incompetence. Logically considered, the race was built straight and clean and healthy and happy. How, since then, it has developed in multitudinous less sane directions, and lost its normal straightness and proportions, I am, singularly enough, not entirely competent to explain with any degree of satisfactory detail. But it cannot be truthfully denied that this has rather generally happened. There are human beings who are not beautiful, there are those who are not healthy, there are those who hate people and things with much waste of physical and mental energy, there are people who are not unwilling to do others an ill turn by word or deed, and there are those who do not believe that the original scheme of the race was ever a decent one.

This is all abnormal and unintelligent, even the not being beautiful, and sometimes one finds oneself called upon passionately to resist a temptation to listen to an internal hint that the whole thing is aimless. Upon this tendency one may as well put one's foot firmly, as it leads nowhere. At such times it is supporting to call to mind a certain undeniable fact which ought to loom up much larger in our philosophical calculations. No one has ever made a collection of statistics regarding the enormous number of perfectly sane, kind, friendly, decent creatures who form a large proportion of any mass of human beings anywhere and everywhere —people who are not vicious or cruel or depraved, not as a result of continual self-control, but simply because they do not want to be, because it is more natural and agreeable to be exactly the opposite things; people who do not tell lies because they could not do it with any pleasure, and would, on the contrary, find the exertion an annoyance and a bore; people whose manners and morals are good because their natural preference lies in that direction.

There are millions of them who in most essays on life and living are virtually ignored because they do none of the things which call forth eloquent condemnation or brilliant cynicism. It has not yet become the fashion to record them. When one reads a daily newspaper filled with dramatic elaborations of crimes and unpleasantnesses, one sometimes wishes attention might be called to them—to their numbers, to their decencies, to their normal lack of any desire to do violence and their equally normal disposition to lend a hand. One is inclined to feel that the majority of persons do not believe in their existence. But if an accident occurs in the street, there are always several of them who appear to spring out of the earth to give human sympathy and assistance; if a national calamity, physical or social, takes place, the world suddenly seems full of them. They are the thousands of Browns, Joneses, and Robinsons who, massed together, send food to famine-stricken countries, sustenance to earthquake-devastated regions, aid to wounded soldiers or miners or flood-swept homelessness. They are the ones who have happened naturally to continue to grow straight and carry out the First Intention. They really form the majority; if they did not, the people of the earth would have eaten one another alive centuries ago. But though this is surely true, a happy cynicism totally disbelieves in their existence. When a combination of circumstances sufficiently dramatic brings one of them into prominence, he is either called an angel or a fool. He is neither. He is only a human creature who is normal.

After this manner Tembarom was wholly normal. He liked work and rejoiced in good cheer, when he found it, however attenuated its form. He was a good companion, and even at ten years old a practical person. He took his loose coppers from the old bureau drawer, and remembering that he had several times helped Jake Hutchins to sell his newspapers, he went forth into the world to find and consult him as to the investment of his capital.

"Where you goin', Tem?" a woman who lived in the next room said when she met him on the stairs. "What you goin' to do?"

"I 'm goin' to sell newspapers if I can get some with this," he replied, opening his hand to show her the extent of his resources.

She was almost as poor as he was, but not quite. She looked him over curiously for a moment, and then fumbled in her pocket. She drew out two ten-cent pieces and considered them, hesitating. Then she looked again at him. That normal expression in his nice ten-year-old eyes had its suggestive effect.

"You take this," she said, handing him the two pieces. "It 'll help you to start."

"I 'll bring it back, ma'am," said Tem. "Thank you, Mis' Hullingworth."

In about two weeks' time he did bring it back. That was the beginning. He lived through all the experiences a small boy waif and stray would be likely to come in contact with. He had good luck and bad luck. The abnormal class treated him ill, and the normal class treated him well. He managed to get enough food to eat to keep him from starvation. Sometimes he slept under a roof and much oftener out-of-doors. He preferred to sleep out-of-doors more than half of the year, and the rest of the time he did what he could. He saw and learned many strange things, but was not undermined by vice because he unconsciously preferred decency. He sold newspapers and annexed any odd job which appeared on the horizon. The education the New York streets gave him was a liberal one. He became accustomed to heat and cold and wet weather, but having sound lungs and a tough little body combined with the normal tendencies already mentioned, he suffered no more physical deterioration than a young Indian would suffer. After selling newspapers for two years he got a place as "boy" in a small store. The advance signified by steady employment was inspiring to his energies. He forged ahead, and got a better job and better pay as he grew older. By the time he was fifteen he shared a small bedroom with another boy. In whatsoever quarter he lived, friends seemed sporadic. Other boys congregated about him. He did not know he had any effect at all, but his effect, in fact, was rather like that of a fire in winter or a cool breeze in summer. It was natural to gather where it prevailed.

There came a time when he went to a night class to learn stenography. Great excitement had been aroused among the boys he knew best by a rumor that there were "fellows" who could earn a hundred dollars a week "writing short." Boyhood could not resist the florid splendor of the idea. Four of them entered the class confidently looking forward to becoming the recipients of four hundred a month in the course of six weeks. One by one they dropped off, until only Tembarom remained, slowly forging ahead. He had never meant anything else but to get on in the world—to get as far as he could. He kept at his "short," and by the time he was nineteen it helped him to a place in a newspaper office. He took dictation from a nervous and harried editor, who, when he was driven to frenzy by overwork and incompetencies, found that the long-legged, clean youth with the grin never added fuel to the flame of his wrath. He was a common young man, who was not marked by special brilliancy of intelligence, but he had a clear head and a good temper, and a queer aptitude for being able to see himself in the other man's shoes—his difficulties and moods. This ended in his being tried with bits of new work now and then. In an emergency he was once sent out to report the details of a fire. What he brought back was usable, and his elation when he found he had actually "made good" was ingenuous enough to spur Galton, the editor, into trying him again.

To Tembarom this was a magnificent experience. The literary suggestion implied by being "on a newspaper" was more than he had hoped for. If you have sold newspapers, and slept in a barrel or behind a pile of lumber in a wood-yard, to report a fire in a street-car shed seems a flight of literature. He applied himself to the careful study of newspapers—their points of view, their style of phrasing. He believed them to be perfect. To attain ease in expressing himself in their elevated language he felt to be the summit of lofty ambition. He had no doubts of the exaltation of his ideal. His respect and confidence almost made Galton cry at times, because they recalled to him days when he had been nineteen and had regarded New York journalists with reverence. He liked Tembarom more and more. It actually soothed him to have him about, and he fell into giving him one absurd little chance after another. When he brought in "stuff" which bore too evident marks of utter ignorance, he actually touched it up and used it, giving him an enlightening, ironical hint or so. Tembarom always took the hints with gratitude. He had no mistaken ideas of his own powers. Galton loomed up before him a sort of god, and though the editor was a man with a keen, though wearied, brain and a sense of humor, the situation

was one naturally productive of harmonious relations. He was of the many who unknowingly came in out of the cold and stood in the glow of Tembarom's warm fire, or took refuge from the heat in his cool breeze. He did not know of the private, arduous study of journalistic style, and it was not unpleasing to see that the nice young cub was gradually improving. Through pure modest fear or ridicule, Tembarom kept to himself his vaulting ambition. He practised reports of fires, weddings, and accidents in his hall bedroom.

A hall bedroom in a third-rate boarding-house is not a cheerful place, but when Tembarom vaguely felt this, he recalled the nights spent in empty trucks and behind lumber-piles, and thought he was getting spoiled by luxury. He told himself that he was a fellow who always had luck. He did not know, neither did any one else, that his luck would have followed him if he had lived in a coal-hole. It was the concomitant of his normal build and outlook on life. Mrs. Bowse, his hard-worked landlady, began by being calmed down by his mere bearing when he came to apply for his room and board. She had a touch of grippe, and had just emerged from a heated affray with a dirty cook, and was inclined to battle when he presented himself. In a few minutes she was inclined to battle no longer. She let him have the room. Cantankerous restrictions did not ruffle him.

"Of course what you say *goes*," he said, giving her his friendly grin. "Any one that takes boarders has *got* to be careful. You 're in for a bad cold, ain't you?"

"I 've got grippe again, that 's what I 've got," she almost snapped.

"Did you ever try Payson's 'G. Destroyer'? G stands for grippe, you know. Catchy name, ain't it? They say the man that invented it got ten thousand dollars for it. 'G. Destroyer.' You feel like you have to find out what it means when you see it up on a boarding. I 'm just over grippe myself, and I 've got half a bottle in my pocket. You carry it about with you, and swallow one every half-hour. You just try it. It set me right in no time."

He took the bottle out of his waistcoat pocket and handed it to her. She took it and turned it over.

"You 're awful good-natured,"—She hesitated,—"but I ain't going to take your medicine. I ought to go and get some for myself. How much does it cost?"

"It 's on the bottle; but it 's having to get it for yourself that 's the matter. You won't have time, and you 'll forget it."

"That 's true enough," said Mrs. Bowse, looking at him sharply. "I guess you know something about boarding-houses."

"I guess I know something about trying to earn three meals a day—or two of them. It 's no merry jest, whichever way you do it."

CHAPTER II

WHEN he took possession of his hall bedroom the next day and came down to his first meal, all the boarders looked at him interestedly. They had heard of the G. Destroyer from Mrs. Bowse, whose grippe had disappeared. Jim Bowles and Julius Steinberger looked at him because they were about his own age, and shared a hall bedroom on his floor; the young woman from the notion counter in a down-town department store looked at him because she was a young woman; the rest of the company looked at him because a young man in a hall bedroom might or might not be noisy or objectionable, and the incident of the G. Destroyer sounded good-natured. Mr. Joseph Hutchinson, the stout and discontented Englishman from Manchester, looked him over because the mere fact that he was a new-comer had placed him by his own rash act in the position of a target for criticism. Mr. Hutchinson had come to New York because he had been told that he could find backers among profuse and innumerable multimillionaires for the invention which had been the haunting vision of his uninspiring life. He had not been met with the careless rapture which had been described to him, and he was becoming violently antagonistic to American capital and pessimistic in his views of American institutions. Like Tembarom's father, he was the resentful Englishman.

"I don't think much o' that chap," he

said in what he considered an undertone to his daughter, who sat beside him and tried to manage that he should not be infuriated by waiting for butter and bread and second helpings. A fine, healthy old feudal feeling that servants should be roared at if they did not "look sharp" when he wanted anything was one of his salient characteristics.

"Wait a bit, Father; we don't know anything about him yet," Ann Hutchinson murmured quietly, hoping that his words had been lost in the clatter of knives and forks and dishes.

As Tembarom had taken his seat, he had found that, when he looked across the table, he looked directly at Miss Hutchinson; and before the meal ended he felt that he was in great good luck to be placed opposite an object of such singular interest. He knew nothing about "types," but if he had been of those who do, he would probably have said to himself that she was of a type apart. As it was, he merely felt that she was of a kind one kept looking at whether one ought to or not. She was a little thing of that exceedingly light slimness of build which makes a girl a childish feather-weight. Few girls retain it after fourteen or fifteen. A wind might supposably have blown her away, but one knew it would not, because she was firm and steady on her small feet. Ordinary strength could have lifted her with one hand, and would have been tempted to do it. She had a slim, round throat, and the English daisy face it upheld caused it to suggest to the mind the stem of a flower. The roundness of her cheek, in and out of which totally unexpected dimples flickered, and the forget-me-not blueness of her eyes, which were large and rather round also, made her look like a nice baby of singularly serious and observing mind. She looked at one as certain awe-inspiring things in perambulators look at one—with a far and clear silence of gaze which passes beyond earthly obstacles and reserves a benign patience with follies. Tembarom felt interestedly that one really might quail before it, if one had anything of an inferior quality to hide. And yet it was not a critical gaze at all. She wore a black dress with a bit of white collar, and she had so much soft, red hair that he could not help recalling one or two women who owned the same quantity and seemed able to carry it only as a sort of untidy bundle. Hers looked entirely under control, and yet was such a wonder of burnished fullness that it tempted the hand to reach out and touch it. It became Tembarom's task during the meal to keep his eyes from turning too often toward it and its owner.

If she had been a girl who took things hard, she might have taken her father very hard indeed. But opinions and feelings being solely a matter of points of view, she was very fond of him, and, regarding him as a sacred charge and duty, took

care of him as though she had been a reverentially inclined mother taking care of a boisterous son. When his roar was heard, her calm little voice always fell quietly on indignant ears the moment it ceased. It was her part in life to act as a palliative: her mother, whose well-trained attitude toward the ruling domestic male was of the early Victorian order, had lived and died one. A nicer, warmer little woman had never existed. Joseph Hutchinson had adored and depended on her as much as he had harried her. When he had charged about like a mad bull because he could not button his collar, or find the pipe he had mislaid in his own pocket, she had never said more than "Now, Mr. Hutchinson," or done more than leave her sewing to button the collar with soothing fingers, and suggest quietly that sometimes he *did* chance to carry his pipe about with him. She was of the class which used to call its husband by a respectful surname. When she died she left him as a sort of legacy to her daughter, spending the last weeks of her life in explaining affectionately all that "Father" needed to keep him quiet and make him comfortable.

Little Ann had never forgotten a detail, and had even improved upon some of them, as she happened to be cleverer than her mother, and had, indeed, a far-seeing and clear young mind of her own. She had been called "Little Ann" all her life. This had held in the first place because her mother's name had been Ann also, and after her mother's death the diminutive had not fallen away from her. People felt it belonged to her not because she was especially little, though she was a small, light person, but because there was an affectionate humor in the sound of it.

Despite her hard needs, Mrs. Bowse would have faced the chance of losing two boarders rather than have kept Mr. Joseph Hutchinson but for Little Ann. As it was, she kept them both, and in the course of three months the girl was Little Ann to almost every one in the house. Her normalness took the form of an instinct which amounted to genius for seeing what people ought to have, and in some occult way filling in bare or trying places.

"She 's just a wonder, that girl," Mrs. Bowse said to one boarder after another.

"She 's just a wonder," Jim Bowles and Julius Steinberger murmured to each other in rueful confidence, as they tilted their chairs against the wall of their hall bedroom and smoked. Each of these shabby and poverty-stricken young men had of course fallen hopelessly in love with her at once. This was merely human and inevitable, but realizing in the course of a few weeks that she was too busy taking care of her irritable, boisterous old Manchester father, and everybody else, to have time to be made love to even by young men who could buy new boots when the old ones had ceased to be watertight, they were obliged to resign themselves to the, after all, comforting fact that she became a mother to them, not a sister. She mended their socks and sewed buttons on for them with a firm frankness which could not be persuaded into meaning anything more sentimental than a fixed habit of repairing anything which needed it, and which, while at first bewildering in its serenity, ended by reducing the two youths to a dust of devotion.

"She 's a wonder, she is," they sighed when at every week-end they found their forlorn and scanty washing resting tidily on their bed.

In the course of a week more or less, Tembarom's feeling for her would have been exactly that of his two hall-bedroom neighbors, but that his nature, though a practical one, was not inclined to any supine degree of resignation. He was a sensible youth, however, and gave no trouble. Even Joseph Hutchinson, who of course resented furiously any "nonsense" of which his daughter and possession was the object, became sufficiently mollified by his good spirits and ready good nature to refrain from open conversational assault.

"I don't mind that chap as much as I did at first," he admitted reluctantly to Little Ann one evening after a good dinner and a comfortable pipe. "He 's not such a fool as he looks."

Tembarom was given, as Little Ann was, to seeing what people wanted. He knew when to pass the mustard and other straying condiments. He picked up things which dropped inconveniently, he did not interrupt the remarks of his elders and betters, and several times when he chanced to be in the hall, and saw Mr. Hutchinson, in irritable, stout Englishman fashion, struggling into his overcoat, he sprang forward with a light, friendly air and helped

him. He did not do it with ostentatious politeness or with the manner of active youth giving generous aid to elderly avoirdupois. He did it as though it occurred to him as a natural result of being on the spot.

It took Mrs. Bowse and her boarding-house less than a week definitely to like him. Every night when he sat down to dinner he brought news with him—news and jokes and new slang. Newspaper-office anecdote and talk gave a journalistic air to the gathering when he was present, and there was novelty in it. Soon every one was intimate with him, and interested in what he was doing. Galton's good-natured patronage of him was a thing to which no one was indifferent. It was felt to be the right thing in the right place. When he came home at night it became the custom to ask him questions as to the bits of luck which befell him. He became "T. T." instead of Mr. Tembarom, except to Joseph Hutchinson and his daughter. Hutchinson called him Tembarom, but Little Ann said "Mr. Tembarom" with quaint frequency when she spoke to him.

"Landed anything to-day, T. T.?" some one would ask almost every evening, and the interest in his relation of the day's adventures increased from week to week. Little Ann never asked questions and seldom made comments, but she always listened attentively. She had gathered, and guessed from what she had gathered, a rather definite idea of what his hard young life had been. He did not tell pathetic stories about himself, but he and Jim Bowles and Julius Steinberger had become fast friends, and the genial smoking of cheap tobacco in hall bedrooms tends to frankness of relation, and the various ways in which each had found himself "up against it" in the course of their brief years supplied material for anecdotal talk.

"But it 's bound to be easier from now on," he would say. "I 've got the 'short' down pretty fine—not fine enough to make big money, but enough to hold down a job with Galton. He 's mighty good to me. If I knew more, I believe he 'd give me a column to take care of—Up-town Society column perhaps. A fellow named Biker 's got it. Twenty per. Goes on a bust twice a month, the fool. Gee! I wish I had his job!"

Mrs. Bowse's house was provided with a parlor in which her boarders could sit in the evening when so inclined. It was a fearsome room which, when the dark, high-ceilinged hall was entered, revealed depths of dingy gloom which appeared splashed in spots with incongruous brilliancy of color. This effect was produced by richly framed department-store chromo lithographs on the walls, aided by lurid cushion-covers, or "tidies" representing Indian maidens or chieftains in full war paint, or clusters of poppies of great boldness of hue. They had either been Christmas gifts bestowed upon Mrs. Bowse or department-store bargains of her own selection, purchased with thrifty intent. The red-and-green plush upholstered walnut chairs and sofa had been acquired by her when the bankruptcy of a neighboring boarding-house brought them within her means. They were no longer very red or very green, and the cheerfully hopeful design of the tidies and cushions had been to conceal worn places and stains. The mantelpiece was adorned by a black-walnut-and-gold-framed mirror, and innumerable vases of the ornate ninety-eight-cents order. The centerpiece held a large and extremely soiled spray of artificial wisteria. The end of the room was rendered attractive by a tent-like cozy-corner built of savage weapons and Oriental cotton stuffs long ago become stringy and almost leprous in hue. The proprietor of the bankrupt boarding-house had been "artistic." But Mrs. Bowse was a good-enough soul whose boarders liked her and her house, and when the gas was lighted and some one played "rag-time" on the second-hand pianola, they liked the parlor.

Little Ann did not often appear in it, but now and then she came down with her bit of sewing,—she always had a "bit of sewing,"—and she sat in the cozy-corner listening to the talk or letting some one confide troubles to her. Sometimes it was the New England widow, Mrs. Peck, who looked like a spinster schoolma'am, but who had a married son with a nice wife who lived in Harlem and drank heavily. She used to consult with Little Ann as to the possible wisdom of putting a drink deterrent privately in his tea. Sometimes it was Mr. Jakes, a depressed little man whose wife had left him, for no special reason he could discover. Oftenest perhaps it was Julius Steinberger

or Jim Bowles who did their ingenuous best to present themselves to her as energetic, if not successful, young business men, not wholly unworthy of attention and always breathing daily increasing devotion. Sometimes it was Tembarom, of whom her opinion had never been expressed, but who seemed to have made friends with her. She liked to hear about the newspaper office and Mr. Galton, and never was uninterested in his hopes of "making good." She seemed to him the wisest and most direct and composed person he had ever known. She spoke with the broad, flat, friendly Manchester accent, and when she let drop a suggestion, it carried a delightfully sober conviction with it, because what she said was generally a revelation of logical mental argument concerning detail she had gathered through her little way of listening and saying nothing whatever.

"If Mr. Biker drinks, he won't keep his place," she said to Tembarom one night. "Perhaps you might get it yourself, if you persevere."

Tembarom reddened a little. He really reddened through joyous excitement.

"Say, I did n't know you knew a thing about that," he answered. "You 're a regular wonder. You scarcely ever say anything, but the way you get on to things gets me."

"Perhaps if I talked more I should n't notice as much," she said, turning her bit of sewing round and examining it. "I never was much of a talker. Father 's a good talker, and Mother and me got into the way of listening. You do if you live with a good talker."

Tembarom looked at the girl with a male gentleness, endeavoring to subdue open expression of the fact that he was convinced that she was as thoroughly aware of her father's salient characteristics as she was of other things.

"You do," said Tembarom. Then picking up her scissors, which had dropped from her lap, and politely returning them, he added anxiously: "To think of you remembering Biker! I wonder, if I ever did get his job, if I could hold it down?"

"Yes," decided Little Ann; "you could. I 've noticed you 're that kind of person, Mr. Tembarom."

"Have you?" he said elatedly. "Say, honest Injun?"

"Yes."

"I shall be getting stuck on myself if you encourage me like that," he said, and then, his face falling, he added, "Biker graduated at Princeton."

"I don't know much about society," Little Ann remarked,—"I never saw any either up-town or down-town or in the country,—but I should n't think you 'd have to have a college education to write the things you see about in those newspaper paragraphs."

Tembarom grinned.

"They 're not real high-brow stuff, are they?" he said. " 'There was a brilliant gathering on Tuesday evening at the house of Mr. Jacob Sturtburger at 79 Two Hundredth Street on the occasion of the marriage of his daughter Miss Rachel Sturtburger to Mr. Eichenstein. The bride was attired in white *peau de cygne* trimmed with duchess lace.' "

Little Ann took him up. "I don't know what *peau de cygne* is, and I daresay the bride does n't. I 've never been to anything but a village school, but I could make up paragraphs like that myself."

"That 's the up-town kind," said Tembarom. "The down-town ones wear their mothers' point-lace wedding-veils sometimes, but they 're not much different. Say, I believe I could do it if I had luck."

"So do I," returned Little Ann.

Tembarom looked down at the carpet, thinking the thing over. Ann went on sewing.

"That 's the way with you," he said presently: "you put things into a fellow's head. You 've given me a regular boost, Little Ann."

It is not unlikely that but for the sensible conviction in her voice he would have felt less bold when, two weeks later, Biker, having gone upon a "bust" too prolonged, was dismissed without benefit of clergy, and Galton desperately turned to Tembarom with anxious question in his eye.

"Do you think you could take this job?" he said.

Tembarom's heart, as he believed at the time, jumped into his throat.

"What do you think, Mr. Galton?" he asked.

"It is n't a thing to think about," was Galton's answer. "It 's a thing I must be sure of."

"Well," said Tembarom, "if you give it to me, I 'll put up a mighty hard fight before I fall down."

Galton considered him, his tough, long-built body, his sharp, eager, boyish face, and especially his companionable grin.

"We 'll let it go at that," he decided. "You 'll make friends up in Harlem, and you won't find it hard to pick up news. We can at least try it."

Tembarom's heart jumped into his throat again, and he swallowed it once more. He was glad he was not holding his hat in his hand because he knew he would have forgotten himself and thrown it up into the air.

"Thank you, Mr. Galton," he said, flushing tremendously. "I 'd like to tell you how I appreciate your trusting me, but I don't know how. Thank you, sir."

When he appeared in Mrs. Bowse's dining-room that evening there was a glow of elation about him and a swing in his entry which attracted all eyes at once. For some unknown reason everybody looked at him, and, meeting his eyes, detected the presence of some new exultation.

"Landed anything, T. T.?" Jim Bowles cried out. "You look it."

"Sure I look it," Tembarom answered, taking his napkin out of its ring with an unconscious flourish. "I 've landed the up-town society page—landed it, by gee!"

A good-humored chorus of ejaculatory congratulation broke forth all round the table.

"Good business!" "Three cheers for T. T.!" "Glad of it!" "Here 's luck!" said one after another

They were all pleased, and it was generally felt that Galton had shown sense and done the right thing again. Even Mr. Hutchinson rolled about in his chair and grunted his approval.

After dinner Tembarom, Jim Bowles, and Julius Steinberger went up-stairs together and filled the hall bedroom with clouds of tobacco-smoke, tilting their chairs against the wall, smoking their pipes furiously, flushed and talkative, working themselves up with the exhilarated plannings of youth. Jim Bowles and Julius had been down on their luck for several weeks, and that "good old T. T." should come in with this fairy-story was an actual stimulus. If you have never in your life been able to earn more than will pay for your food and lodging, twenty dollars looms up large. It might be the beginning of anything.

"First thing is to get on to the way to do it," argued Tembarom. "I don't know the first thing. I 've got to think it out. I could n't ask Biker. He would n't tell me, anyhow."

"He 's pretty mad, I guess," said Steinberger.

"Mad as hops," Tembarom answered. "As I was coming down-stairs from Galton's room he was standing in the hall talking to Miss Dooley, and he said: 'That Tembarom fellow 's going to do it! He does n't know how to spell. I should like to see his stuff come in.' He said it loud, because he wanted me to hear it, and he sort of laughed through his nose."

"Say, T. T., can you spell?" Jim inquired thoughtfully.

"Spell? Me? No," Tembarom owned with unshaken good cheer. "What I 've got to do is to get a tame dictionary and keep it chained to the leg of my table. Those words with two m's or two l's in them get me right down on the mat. But the thing that looks biggest to me is how to find out where the news *is*, and the name of the fellow that 'll put me on to it. You can't go up a man's front steps and ring the bell and ask him if he 's going to be married or buried or have a pink tea."

"Was n't that a knock at the door?" said Steinberger.

It was a knock, and Tembarom jumped up and threw the door open, thinking Mrs. Bowse might have come on some household errand. But it was Little Ann Hutchinson instead of Mrs. Bowse, and there was a threaded needle stuck into the front of her dress, and she had on a thimble.

"I want Mr. Bowles's new socks," she said maternally. "I promised I 'd mark them for him."

Bowles and Steinberger sprang from their chairs, and came forward in the usual comfortable glow of pleasure at sight of her.

"What do you think of that for all the comforts of a home?" said Tembarom. "As if it was n't enough for a man to have new socks without having marks put on them! What are your old socks made of

anyhow—solid gold? Burglars ain't going to break in and steal them."

"They won't when I 've marked them, Mr. Tembarom," answered Little Ann, looking up at him with sober, round, forget-me-not blue eyes, but with a deep dimple breaking out near her lip; "but all three pairs would not come home from the wash if I did n't."

"Three pairs!" ejaculated Tembarom. "He 's got three pairs of socks! New? That 's what 's been the matter with him for the last week. Don't you mark them for him, Little Ann. 'T ain't good for a man to have everything."

"Here they are," said Jim, bringing them forward. "Twenty-five marked down to ten at Tracy's. Are they pretty good?"

Little Ann looked them over with the practised eye of a connoisseur of bargains.

"They 'd be about a shilling in Manchester shops," she decided, "and they might be put down to sixpence. They 're good enough to take care of."

She was not the young woman who is ready for prolonged lively conversation in halls and at bedroom doors, and she had turned away with the new socks in her hand when Tembarom, suddenly inspired, darted after her.

"Say, I 've just thought of something," he exclaimed eagerly. "It 's something I want to ask you."

"What is it?"

"It 's about the society-page lay-out." He hesitated. "I wonder if it 'd be rushing you too much if—say," he suddenly broke off, and standing with his hands in his pockets, looked down at her with anxious admiration, "I believe you just know about everything."

"No, I don't, Mr. Tembarom; but I 'm very glad about the page. Everybody 's glad."

One of the chief difficulties Tembarom found facing him when he talked to Little Ann was the difficulty of resisting an awful temptation to take hold of her—to clutch her to his healthy, tumultuous young breast and hold her there firmly. He was half ashamed of himself when he realized it, but he knew that his venial weakness was shared by Jim Bowles and Steinberger and probably others. She was so slim and light and soft, and the serious frankness of her eyes and the quaint air of being a sort of grown-up child of astonishing intelligence produced an effect it was necessary to combat with.

"What I wanted to say," he put it to her, "was that I believe if you 'd just let me talk this thing out to you it 'd do me good. I believe you 'd help me to get somewhere. I 've got to fix up a scheme for getting next the people who have things happening to them that I can make society stuff out of. Biker did n't make a hit of it, but, gee! I 've *got* to."

"Yes," answered Little Ann, her eyes fixed on him thoughtfully; "you 've got to, Mr. Tembarom."

"There 's not a soul in the parlor. Would you mind coming down and sitting there while I talk *at* you and try to work things out? You could go on with your marking."

She thought it over a minute.

"I 'll do it if Father can spare me," she made up her mind. "I 'll go and ask him."

She went to ask him, and returned in two or three minutes with her small sewing-basket in her hand.

"He can spare me," she said. "He 's reading his paper, and does n't want to talk."

They went down-stairs together and found the room empty. Tembarom turned up the lowered gas, and Little Ann sat down in the cozy-corner with her work-basket on her knee. Tembarom drew up a chair and sat down opposite to her. She threaded a needle and took up one of Jim's new socks.

"Now," she said.

"It 's like this," he explained. "The page is a new deal, anyhow. There did n't used to be an up-town society column at all. It was all Fifth Avenue and the four hundred; but ours is n't a fashionable paper, and their four hundred ain't going to buy it to read their names in it. They 'd rather pay to keep out of it. Up-town 's growing like smoke, and there 's lots of people up that way that 'd like their friends to read about their weddings and receptions, and would buy a dozen copies to send away when their names were in. There 's no end of women and girls that 'd like to see their clothes described and let their friends read the descriptions. They 'd buy the paper, too, you bet. It 'll be a big circulation-increaser. It 's Galton's idea, and he gave

the job to Biker because he thought an educated fellow could get hold of people. But somehow he could n't. Seems as if they did n't like him. He kept getting turned down. The page has been mighty poor—no pictures of brides or anything. Galton 's been sick over it. He 'd been sure it 'd make a hit. Then Biker 's always drinking more or less, and he 's got the swell head, anyhow. I believe that 's the reason he could n't make good with the up-towners."

"Perhaps he was too well educated, Mr. Tembarom," said Little Ann. She was marking a letter J in red cotton, and her outward attention was apparently wholly fixed on her work.

"Say, now," Tembarom broke out, "there 's where you come in. You go on working as if there was nothing but that sock in New York, but I guess you 've just hit the dot. Perhaps that was it. He wanted to do Fifth Avenue work anyway, and he did n't go at Harlem right. He put on Princeton airs when he asked questions. Gee! a fellow can't put on *any* kind of airs when he 's the one that 's got to ask."

"You 'll get on better," remarked Little Ann. "You 've got a friendly way and you 've a lot of sense. I 've noticed it."

Her head was bent over the red J and she still looked at it and not at Tembarom. This was not coyness, but simple, calm absorption. If she had not been making the J, she would have sat with her hands folded in her lap, and gazed at the young man with undisturbed attention.

"Have you?" said Tembarom, gratefully. "That gives me another boost, Little Ann. What a man seems to need most is just plain twenty-cents-a-yard sense. Not that I ever thought I had the dollar kind. I 'm not putting on airs."

"Mr. Galton knows the kind you have. I suppose that 's why he gave you the page." The words, spoken in the shrewd-sounding Manchester accent, were neither flattering nor unflattering; they were merely impartial.

"Well, now I 've got it, I can't fall down," said Tembarom. "I 've got to find out for myself how to get next to the people I want to talk to. I 've got to find out who to get next to."

Little Ann put in the final red stitch of the letter J and laid the sock neatly folded on the basket.

"I 've just been thinking something, Mr. Tembarom," she said. "Who makes the wedding-cakes?"

He gave a delighted start.

"Gee!" he broke out, "the wedding-cakes!"

"Yes," Little Ann proceeded, "they 'd have to have wedding-cakes, and perhaps if you went to the shops where they 're sold and could make friends with the people, they 'd tell you whom they were selling them to, and you could get the addresses and go and find out things."

Tembarom, glowing with admiring enthusiasm, thrust out his hand.

"Little Ann, shake!" he said. "You 've given me the whole show, just like I thought you would. You 're just the limit."

"Well, a wedding-cake 's the next thing after the bride," she answered.

Her practical little head had given him the practical lead. The mere wedding-cake opened up vistas. Confectioners supplied not only weddings, but refreshments for receptions and dances. Dances suggested the "halls" in which they were held. You could get information at such places. Then there were the churches, and the florists who decorated festal scenes. Tembarom's excitement grew as he talked. One plan led to another; vistas opened on all sides. It all began to look so easy that he could not understand how Biker could possibly have gone into such a land of promise, and returned embittered and empty-handed.

"He thought too much of himself and too little of other people," Little Ann summed him up in her unsevere, reasonable voice. "That 's so silly."

Tembarom tried not to look at her affectionately, but his voice was affectionate as well as admiring, despite him.

"The way you get on to a thing just in three words!" he said. "Daniel Webster ain't in it."

"I dare say if you let the people in the shops know that you come from a newspaper, it 'll be a help," she went on with ingenuous worldly wisdom. "They 'll think it 'll be a kind of advertisement. And so it will. You get some neat cards printed with your name and 'Sunday Earth' on them."

"Gee!" Tembarom ejaculated, slapping his knee, "there 's another! You think of every darned thing, don't you?"

She stopped a moment to look at him.

"You 'd have thought of it all yourself after a bit," she said. She was not of those unseemly women whose intention it is manifestly to instruct the superior man. She had been born in a small Manchester street and trained by her mother, whose own training had evolved through affectionately discreet conjugal management of Mr. Hutchinson.

"Never you let a man feel set down when you want him to see a thing reasonable, Ann," she had said. "You never get on with them if you do. They can't stand it. The Almighty seemed to make 'em that way. They 've always been masters, and it don't hurt any woman to let 'em be, if she can help 'em to think reasonable. Just you make a man feel comfortable in his mind and push him the reasonable way. But never you shove him, Ann. If you do, he 'll just get all upset-like. Me and your father have been right-down happy together, but we never should have been if I had n't thought that out before we was married two weeks. Perhaps it 's the Almighty's will, though I never was as sure of the Almighty's way of thinking as some are."

Of course Tembarom felt soothed and encouraged, though he belonged to the male development which is not automatically infuriated at a suspicion of female readiness of logic.

"Well, I might have got on to it in time," he answered, still trying not to look affectionate, "but I 've no time to spare. Gee! but I 'm glad you 're here!"

"I sha'n't be here very long." There was a shade of patient regret in her voice. "Father 's got tired of trying America. He 's been disappointed too often. He 's going back to England."

"Back to England!" Tembarom cried out forlornly, "Oh, Lord! What shall we all do without you, Ann?"

"You 'll do as you did before we came," said Little Ann.

"No we sha'n't. We can't. I can't, anyhow." He actually got up from his chair and began to walk about, with his hands thrust deep into his pockets.

Little Ann began to put her first stitches into a red B. No human being could have told what she thought.

"We must n't waste time talking about that," she said. "Let us talk about the page. There are dressmakers, you know. If you could make friends with a dressmaker or two they 'd tell you what the wedding things were really made of. Women do like their clothes to be described right."

CHAPTER III

IS work upon the page began the following week. When the first morning of his campaign opened with a tumultuous blizzard, Jim Bowles and Julius Steinberger privately sympathized with him as they dressed in company, but they heard him whistling in his own hall bedroom as he put on his clothes, and to none of the three did it occur that time could be lost because the weather was inhuman. Blinding snow was being whirled through the air by a wind which had bellowed across the bay, and torn its way howling through the streets, maltreating people as it went, snatching their breath out of them, and leaving them gaspingly clutching at hats and bending their bodies before it. Street-cars went by loaded from front to back platform, and were forced from want of room to whizz heartlessly by groups waiting anxiously at street corners.

Tembarom saw two or three of them pass in this way, leaving the waiting ones desperately huddled together behind them. He braced himself and whistled louder as he buttoned his celluloid collar.

"I 'm going to get up to Harlem all the same," he said. "The 'L' will be just as jammed, but there 'll be a place somewhere, and I 'll get it."

His clothes were the outwardly decent ones of a young man who must perforce seek cheap clothing-stores, and to whom a ten-dollar "hand-me-down" is a source of exultant rejoicing. With the aid of great care and a straight, well-formed young

body, he managed to make the best of them; but they were not to be counted upon for warmth even in ordinarily cold weather. His overcoat was a specious covering, and was not infrequently odorous of naphtha.

"You 've got to know something about first aid to the wounded if you live on ten per," he had said once to Little Ann. "A suit of clothes gets to be an emergency-case mighty often if it lasts three years."

"Going up to Harlem to-day, T. T.?" his neighbor at table asked him as he sat down to breakfast.

"Right there," he answered. "I 've ordered the limousine round, with the foot-warmer and fur rugs."

"I guess a day would n't really matter much," said Mrs. Bowse, good-naturedly. "Perhaps it might be better to-morrow."

"And perhaps it might n't," said Tembarom, eating "breakfast-food" with a cheerful appetite. "What you can't be stone-cold sure of to-morrow you drive a nail in to-day."

He ate a tremendous breakfast as a discreet precautionary measure. The dark dining-room was warm, and the food was substantial. It was comfortable in its way.

"You 'd better hold the hall door pretty tight when you go out, and don't open it far," said Mrs. Bowse as he got up to go. "There 's wind enough to upset things."

Tembarom went out into the hall, and put on his insufficient overcoat. He buttoned it across his chest, and turned its collar up to his ears. Then he bent down to turn up the bottoms of his trousers.

"A pair of arctics would be all to the merry right here," he said, and then he stood upright and saw Little Ann coming down the staircase holding in her hand a particularly ugly tartan-plaid woolen neck-scarf of the kind known in England as a "comforter."

"If you are going out in this kind of weather," she said in her serene, decided little voice, "you 'd better wrap this comforter right round your neck, Mr. Tembarom. It 's one of Father's, and he can spare it because he 's got another, and, besides, he 's not going out."

Tembarom took it with a sudden emotional perception of the fact that he was being taken care of in an abnormally luxurious manner.

"Now, I appreciate that," he said. "The thing about you, Little Ann, is that you never make a wrong guess about what a fellow needs, do you?"

"I 'm too used to taking care of Father not to see things," she answered.

"What you get on to is how to take care of the whole world—initials on a fellow's socks and mufflers round his neck." His eyes looked remarkably bright.

"If a person were taking care of the whole world, he 'd have a lot to do," was her sedate reception of the remark.

"You 'd better put that twice round your neck, Mr. Tembarom."

She put up her hand to draw the end of the scarf over his shoulder, and Tembarom stood still at once, as though he were a little boy being dressed for school. He looked down at her round cheek, and watched one of the unexpected dimples reveal itself in a place where dimples are not usually anticipated. It was coming out because she was smiling a small, observing smile. It was an almost exciting thing to look at, and he stood very still indeed. A fellow who did not own two pairs of boots would be a fool not to keep quiet.

"You have n't told me I ought n't to go out till the blizzard lets up," he said presently.

"No, I have n't, Mr. Tembarom," she answered. "You 're one of the kind that mean to do a thing when they 've made up their minds. It 'll be a nice bit of money if you can keep the page."

"Galton said he 'd give me a chance to try to make good," said Tembarom. "And if it 's the hit he thinks it ought to be, he 'll raise me ten. Thirty per. Vanastorbilts won't be in it. I think I 'll get married," he added, showing all his attractive teeth at once.

"I would n't do that," she said. "It would n't be enough to depend on. New York 's an expensive place."

She drew back and looked him over. "That 'll keep you much warmer," she decided. "Now you can go. I 've been looking in the telephone-book for confectioners, and I 've written down these addresses." She handed him a slip of paper.

Tembarom caught his breath.

"Hully gee!" he exclaimed, "there never were *two* of you made! One used up all there was of it. How am I going to thank you, anyhow!"

"I do hope you 'll be able to keep the page," she said. "I do that, Mr. Tembarom."

If there had been a touch of coquetry in her earnest, sober, round, little face she would have been less distractingly alluring, but there was no shade of anything but a sort of softly motherly anxiety in the dropped note of her voice, and it was almost more than flesh and blood at twenty-five could stand. Tembarom made a hasty, involuntary move toward her, but it was only a slight one, and it was scarcely perceptible before he had himself in hand and hurriedly twisted his muffler tighter, showing his teeth again cheerily.

"You keep on hoping it all day without a let-up," he said. "And tell Mr. Hutchinson I 'm obliged to him, please. Get out of the way, Little Ann, while I go out. The wind might blow you and the hat-stand up-stairs."

He opened the door and dashed down the high steps into the full blast of the blizzard. He waited at the street corner while three overcrowded cars whizzed past him, ignoring his signals because there was not an inch of space left in them for another passenger. Then he fought his way across two or three blocks to the nearest "L" station. He managed to wedge himself into a train there, and then at least he was on his way. He was thinking hard and fast, but through all his planning the warm hug of the tartan comforter round his neck kept Little Ann near him. He had been very thankful for the additional warmth as the whirling snow and wind had wrought their will with him while he waited for the cars at the street corner. On the "L" train he saw her serious eyes and heard the motherly drop in her voice as she said, "I do hope you 'll be able to keep the page. I do that, Mr. Tembarom." It made him shut his hands hard as they hung in his overcoat pockets for warmth, and it made him shut his sound teeth strongly.

"Gee! I 've got to!" his thoughts said for him. "If I make it, perhaps my luck will have started. When a man's luck gets started, every darned thing 's to the good."

The "L" had dropped most of its crowd when it reached the up-town station among the hundredth streets which was his destination. He tightened his comforter, tucked the ends firmly into the front of his overcoat, and started out along the platform past the office, and down the steep, iron steps, already perilous with freezing snow. He had to stop to get his breath when he reached the street, but he did not stop long. He charged forth again along the pavement, looking closely at the shop-windows. There were naturally but few passers-by, and the shops were not important-looking; but they were open, and he could see that the insides of them

looked comfortable in contrast with the blizzard-ruled street. He could not see both sides of the street as he walked up one side of the block without coming upon a confectioner's. He crossed at the corner and turned back on the other side. Presently he saw that a light van was standing before one place, backed up against the sidewalk to receive parcels, its shuddering horse holding its head down and bracing itself with its forelegs against the wind. At any rate, something was going on there, and he hurried forward to find out what it was. The air was so thick with myriads of madly flying bits of snow, which seemed whirled in all directions in the air, that he could not see anything definite even a few yards away. When he reached the van he found that he had also reached his confectioner. The sign over the window read "M. Munsberg, Confectionery. Cakes. Ice-Cream. Weddings, Balls and Receptions."

"Made a start, anyhow," said Tembarom.

He turned into the store, opening the door carefully, and thereby barely escaping being blown violently against a stout, excited, middle-aged little Jew who was bending over a box he was packing. This was evidently Mr. Munsberg, who was extremely busy, and even the modified shock upset his temper.

"Vhere you goin'?" he cried out. "Can't you look vhere you 're goin'?"

Tembarom knew this was not a good beginning, but his natural mental habit of vividly seeing the other man's point of view helped him after its usual custom. His nice grin showed itself.

"I was n't going; I was coming," he said. "Beg pardon. The wind 's blowing a hundred miles an hour."

A good-looking young woman, who was probably Mrs. Munsberg, was packing a smaller box behind the counter. Tembarom lifted his hat, and she liked it.

"He did n't do it a bit fresh," she said later. "Kind o' nice."

She spoke to him with professional politeness.

"Is there anything you want?" she asked.

Tembarom glanced at the boxes and packages standing about and at Munsberg, who had bent over his packing again. Here was an occasion for practical tact.

"I 've blown in at the wrong time," he said. "You 're busy getting things out on time. I 'll just wait. Gee! I 'm glad to be inside. I want to speak to Mr. Munsberg."

Mr. Munsberg jerked himself upright irascibly, and broke forth in the accent of the New York German Jew.

"If you comin' in here to try to sell somedings, young man, joost you let that same vind vat blew you in blow you right out pretty quick. I 'm not buyin' nodings. I 'm busy."

"I 'm not selling a darned thing," answered Tembarom, with undismayed cheer.

"You vant someding?" jerked out Munsberg.

"Yes, I want something," Tembarom answered, "but it 's nothing any one has to pay for. I 'm only a newspaper man." He felt a glow of pride as he said the words. He *was* a newspaper man even now. "Don't let me stop you a minute. I 'm in luck to get inside anywhere and sit down. Let me wait."

Mrs. Munsberg read the Sunday papers and revered them. She also knew the value of advertisement. She caught her husband's eye and hurriedly winked at him.

"It 's awful outside. 'T won't do no harm if he waits—if he ain't no agent," she put in.

"See," said Tembarom, handing over one of the cards which had been Little Ann's businesslike inspiration.

"T. Tembarom. New York 'Sunday Earth,' " read Munsberg, rather grudgingly. He looked at T. Tembarom, and T. Tembarom looked back at him. The normal human friendliness in the sharp boyish face did it.

"Vell," he said, making another jerk toward a chair, "if you ain't no agent, you can vait."

"Thank you," said Tembarom, and sat down. He had made another start, anyhow.

After this the packing went on fast and furious. A youth appeared from the back of the store, and ran here and there as he was ordered. Munsberg and his wife filled wooden and cardboard boxes with small cakes and larger ones, with sandwiches and salads, candies and crystallized fruits. Into the larger box was placed a huge

cake with an icing temple on the top of it, with silver doves adorning it outside and in. There was no mistaking the poetic significance of that cake. Outside the blizzard whirled clouds of snow-particles through the air, and the van horse kept his head down and his forelegs braced. His driver had long since tried to cover him with a blanket which the wind continually tore loose from its fastenings, and flapped about the creature's sides. Inside the store grew hot. There was hurried moving about, banging of doors, excited voices, irascible orders given and countermanded. Tembarom found out in five minutes that the refreshments were for a wedding reception to be held at a place known as "The Hall," and the goods must be sent out in time to be ready for the preparations for the wedding supper that night.

"If I knew how to handle it, I could get stuff for a column just sitting here," he thought. He kept both eyes and ears open. He was sharp enough to realize that the mere sense of familiarity with detail which he was gaining was material in itself. Once or twice he got up and lent a hand with a box in his casual way, and once or twice he saw that he could lift something down or up for Mrs. Munsberg, who was a little woman. The natural casualness of his way of jumping up to do the things prevented any suspicion of officiousness, and also prevented his waiting figure from beginning to wear the air of a superfluous object in the way. He waited a long time, and circumstances so favored him as to give him a chance or so. More than once exactly the right moment presented itself when he could interject an apposite remark. Twice he made Munsberg laugh, and twice Mrs. Munsberg voluntarily addressed him.

At last the boxes and parcels were all carried out and stored in the van, after strugglings with the opening and shutting of doors, and battlings with outside weather.

When this was all over, Munsberg came back into the store, knocking his hands together and out of breath.

"Dot 's all right," he said. "It 'll all be there plenty time. Vould n't have fell down on that order for tventy-vive dollars. Dot temple on the cake was splendid. Joseph he done it fine."

"He never done nothin' no finer," Mrs. Munsberg said. "It looked as good as anything on Fift' Avenoo."

Both were relieved and pleased with themselves, their store, and their cake-decorator. Munsberg spoke to Tembarom in the manner of a man who, having done a good thing, does not mind talking about it.

"Dot was a big order," he remarked.

"I should smile," answered Tembarom. "I 'd like to know whose going to get outside all that good stuff. That wedding-cake took the tart away from anything I 've ever seen. Which of the four hundred 's going to eat it?"

"De man vot ordered dot cake," Munsberg swaggered, "he 's not got to vorry along on vun million nor two. He owns de biggest brewery in New York, I guess in America. He 's Schwartz of Schwartz & Kapfer."

"Well, he 's got it to burn!" said Tembarom.

"He 's a mighty good man," went on Munsberg. "He 's mighty fond of his own people. He made his first money in Harlem, and he had a big fight to get it; but his own people vas good to him, an' he 's never forgot it. He 's built a fine house here, an' his girls is fine girls. De vun 's goin' to be married to-night her name 's Rachel, an' she 's goin' to marry a nice feller, Louis Levy. Levy built the big entertainment-hall vhere the reception 's goin' to be. It 's decorated vith two thousand dollars' vorth of bride roses an' lilies of de valley an' smilax. All de up-town places vas bought out, an' den Schwartz vent down Fift' Avenoo."

The right moment had plainly arrived.

"Say, Mr. Munsberg," Tembarom broke forth, "you 're giving me just what I wanted to ask you for. I 'm the new up-town society reporter for the 'Sunday Earth,' and I came in here to see if you would n't help me to get a show at finding out who was going to have weddings and society doings. I did n't know just how to start."

Munsberg gave a sort of grunt. He looked less amiable.

"I s'pose you 're used to nothin' but Fift' Avenoo," he said.

Tembarom grinned exactly at the right time again. Not only his good teeth grinned, but his eyes grinned also, if the figure may be used.

"Fifth Avenue!" he laughed. "There's

been no Fifth Avenue in mine. I 'm not used to anything, but you may bet your life I 'm going to get used to Harlem, if you people 'll let me. I 've just got this job, and I 'm dead stuck on it. I want to make it go."

"He 's mighty different from Biker," said Mrs. Munsberg in an undertone.

"Vhere 's dot udder feller?" inquired Munsberg. "He vas a damn fool, dot other feller, half corned most de time, an' puttin' on Clarence airs. No one vas goin' to give him nothin'. He made folks mad at de start."

"I 've got his job," said Tembarom, "and if I can't make it go, the page will be given up. It 'll be my fault if that happens, not Harlem's. There 's society enough up-town to make a first-class page, and I shall be sick if I can't get on to it."

He had begun to know his people. Munsberg was a good-natured, swaggering little Hebrew.

That the young fellow should make a clean breast of it and claim no down-town superiority, and that he should also have the business insight to realize that he might obtain valuable society items from such a representative confectioner as M. Munsberg, was a situation to incite amiable sentiments.

"Vell, you did n't come to de wrong place," he said. "All de biggest things comes to me, an' I don't mind tellin' you about 'em. 'T ain't goin' to do no harm. Weddings an' things dey ought to be wrote up, anyhow, if dey 're done right. It 's good for business. Vy don't dey have no pictures of de supper-tables? Dot 'd be good."

"There 's lots of receptions and weddings this month," said Mrs. Munsberg, becoming agreeably excited. "And there 's plenty handsome young girls that 'd like their pictures published.

"None of them have been in Sunday papers before, and they 'd like it. The four Schwartz girls would make grand pictures. They dress splendid, and their bridesmaids dresses came from the biggest place in Fift' Avenoo."

"Say," exclaimed Tembarom, rising from his chair, "I 'm in luck. Luck struck me the minute I turned in here. If you 'll tell me where Schwartz lives, and where the hall is, and the church, and just any*thing* else I can use, I 'll go out and whoop up a page to beat the band." He was glowing with exultation. "I know I can do it. You 've started me off."

Munsberg and his wife began to warm. It was almost as though they had charge of the society page themselves. There was something stimulating in the idea. There was a suggestion of social importance in it. They knew a number of people who would be pleased with the prospect of being in the "Sunday Earth." They were of a race which holds together, and they gave not only the names and addresses of prospective entertainers, but those of florists and owners of halls where parties were given.

Mrs. Munsberg gave the name of a dressmaker of whom she shrewdly guessed that she would be amiably ready to talk to a society-page reporter.

"That Biker feller," she said, "got things down all wrong. He called fine white satin 'white nun's-veiling,' and he left out things. Never said nothing about Miss Lewishon's diamond ring what her grandpa gave her for a wedding-present. An' it cost two hundred and fifty."

"Well, I 'm a pretty big fool myself," said Tembarom, "but I should have known better than that."

When he opened the door to go, Mrs. Munsberg called after him:

"When you get through, you come back here and tell us what you done. I 'll give you a cup of hot coffee."

He returned to Mrs. Bowse's boarding-house so late that night that even Steinberger and Bowles had ended their day. The gas in the hall was turned down to a glimmering point, and the house was silent for the night. Even a cat who stole to him and rubbed herself against his leg miaowed in a sort of abortive whisper, opening her mouth wide, but emitting no sound. When he went cautiously up the staircase he carried his damp overcoat with him, and hung it in company with the tartan muffler close to the heater in the upper hall. Then he laid on his bedside table a package of papers and photographs.

After he had undressed, he dropped heavily into bed, exhausted, but elate.

"I 'm dog-tired," he said, "but I guess I 've got it going." And almost before the last word had uttered itself he fell into the deep sleep of worn-out youth.

CHAPTER IV

MRS. BOWSE'S boarding-house began to be even better pleased with him than before. He had stories to tell, festivities to describe, and cheerful incidents to recount. The boarders assisted vicariously at weddings and wedding receptions, afternoon teas and dances, given in halls. "Up-town" seemed to them largely given to entertainment and hilarity of an enviably prodigal sort. Mrs. Bowse's guests were not of the class which entertains or is entertained, and the details of banquets and ball-dresses and money-spending were not uncheering material for conversation. Such topics suggested the presence and dispensing of a good deal of desirable specie, which in floating about might somehow reach those who needed it most. The impression was that T. Tembarom was having "a good time." It was not his way to relate any incidents which were not of a cheering or laughter-inspiring nature. He said nothing of the times when his luck was bad, when he made blunders, and, approaching the wrong people, was met roughly or grudgingly, and found no resource left but to beat a retreat. He made no mention of his experiences in the blizzard, which continued, and at times nearly beat breath and life out of him as he fought his way through it. Especially he told no story of the morning when, after having labored furiously over the writing of his "stuff" until long after midnight, he had taken it to Galton, and seen his face fall as he looked over it. To battle all day with a blizzard and occasional brutal discouragements, and to sit up half the night tensely absorbed in concentrating one's whole mental equipment upon the doing of unaccustomed work has its effect. As he waited, Tembarom unconsciously shifted from one foot to another, and had actually to swallow a sort of lump in his throat.

"I guess it won't do," he said rather uncertainly as Galton laid a sheet down.

Galton was worn out himself and harried by his nerves.

"No, it won't," he said; and then as he saw Tembarom move to the other foot he added, "not as it is."

Tembarom braced himself and cleared his throat.

"If," he ventured—"well, you 've been mighty easy on me, Mr. Galton—and this is a big chance for a fellow like me. If it 's too big a chance—why—that 's all. But if it 's anything I could change and it

would n't be too much trouble to tell me—"

"There 's no time to rewrite it," answered Galton. "It must be handed in to-morrow. It 's too flowery. Too many adjectives. I 've no time to give you—" He snatched up a blue pencil and began to slash at the paper with it. "Look here—and here—cut out that balderdash—cut this—and this—oh,—" throwing the pencil down,—"you 'd have to cut it all out. There 's no time." He fell back in his chair with a hopeless movement, and rubbed his forehead nervously with the back of his hand. Ten people more or less were waiting to speak to him; he was worn out with the rush of work. He believed in the page, and did not want to give up his idea; but he did n't know a man to hand it to other than this untrained, eager ignoramus whom he had a queer personal liking for. He was no business of his, a mere stenographer in his office with whom he could be expected to have no relations, and yet a curious sort of friendliness verging on intimacy had developed between them.

"There 'd be time if you thought it would n't do any harm to give me another chance," said Tembarom. "I can sit up all night. I guess I 've caught on to what you want. I 've put in too many fool words. I got them out of other papers, but I don't know how to use them. I guess I 've caught on. Would it do any harm if you gave me till to-morrow?"

"No, it would n't," said Galton, desperately. "If you can't do it, there 's no time to find another man, and the page must be cut out. It 's been no good so far. It won't be missed. Take it along."

As he pushed back the papers, he saw the photographs, and picked one up.

"That bride 's a good-looking girl. Who are these others? Bridesmaids? You 've got a lot of stuff here. Biker could n't get anything." He glanced up at the young fellow's rather pale face. "I thought you 'd make friends. How did you get all this?"

"I beat the streets till I found it," said Tembarom. "I had luck right away. I went into a confectionery store where they make wedding-cakes. A good-natured little Dutchman and his wife kept it, and I talked to them—"

"Got next?" said Galton, grinning a little.

"They gave me addresses, and told me a whole lot of things. I got into the Schwartz wedding reception, and they treated me mighty well. A good many of them were willing to talk. I told them what a big thing the page was going to be, and I—well, I said the more they helped me the finer it would turn out. I said it seemed a shame there should n't be an up-town page when such swell entertainments were given. I 've got a lot of stuff there."

Galton laughed.

"You 'd get it," he said. "If you knew how to handle it, you 'd make it a hit. Well, take it along. If it is n't right to-morrow, it 's done for."

Tembarom did n't tell stories or laugh at dinner that evening. He said he had a headache. After dinner he bolted up-stairs after Little Ann, and caught her before she mounted to her upper floor.

"Will you come and save my life again?" he said. "I 'm in the tightest place I ever was in in my life."

"I 'll do anything I can, Mr. Tembarom," she answered, and as his face had grown flushed by this time she looked anxious. "You look downright feverish."

"I 've got chills as well as fever," he said. "It 's the page. It seems like I was going to fall down on it."

She turned back at once.

"No you won't, Mr. Tembarom," she said. "I 'm just rightdown sure you won't."

They went down to the parlor again, and though there were people in it, they found a corner apart, and in less than ten minutes he had told her what had happened.

She took the manuscript he handed to her.

"If I was well educated, I should know how to help you," she said, "but I 've only been to a common Manchester school. I don't know anything about elegant language. What are these?" pointing to the blue-pencil marks.

Tembarom explained, and she studied the blue slashes with serious attention.

"Well," she said in a few minutes, laying the manuscript down, "I should have cut those words out myself if—if you 'd

asked me which to take away. They 're too showy, Mr. Tembarom."

Tembarom whipped a pencil out of his pocket and held it out.

"Say," he put it to her, "would you take this and draw it through a few of the other showy ones?"

"I should feel as if I was taking too much upon myself," she said. "I don't know anything about it."

"You know a darned sight more than I do," Tembarom argued. "I did n't know they were showy. I thought they were the kind you had to put in newspaper stuff."

She held the sheets of paper on her knee, and bent her head over them. Tembarom watched her dimples flash in and out as she worked away like a child correcting an exercise. Presently he saw she was quite absorbed. Sometimes she stopped and thought, pressing her lips together; sometimes she changed a letter. There was no lightness in her manner. A badly mutilated stocking would have claimed her attention in the same way.

"I think I 'd put 'house' there instead of 'mansion' if I were you," she suggested once.

"Put in a whole block of houses if you like," he answered gratefully. "Whatever you say goes. I believe Galton would say the same thing."

She went over sheet after sheet, and though she knew nothing about it, she cut out just what Galton would have cut out. She put the papers together at last and gave them back to Tembarom, getting up from her seat.

"I must go back to father now," she said. "I promised to make him a good cup of coffee over the little oil-stove. If you 'll come and knock at the door I 'll give you one. It will help you to keep fresh while you work."

Tembarom did not go to bed at all that night, and he looked rather fagged the next morning when he handed back the "stuff" entirely rewritten. He swallowed several times quite hard as he waited for the final verdict.

"You did catch on to what I did n't want," Galton said at last. "You will catch on still more as you get used to the work. And you did get the 'stuff.' "

"That—you mean—that goes?" Tembarom stammered.

"Yes, it goes," answered Galton. "You can turn it in. We 'll try the page for a month."

"Gee! Thank the Lord!" said Tembarom, and then he laughed an excited boyish laugh, and the blood came back to his face. He had a whole month before him, and if he had caught on as soon as this, a month would teach him a lot. He 'd work like a dog.

He worked like a healthy young man impelled by a huge enthusiasm, and seeing ahead of him something he had had no practical reason for aspiring to. He went out in all weathers and stayed out to all hours. Whatsoever rebuffs or difficulties he met with he never was even on the verge of losing his nerve. He actually enjoyed himself tremendously at times. He made friends; people began to like to see him. The Munsbergs regarded him as an inspiration of their own.

"He seen my name over de store and come in here first time he vas sent up dis vay to look for t'ings to write," Mr. Munsberg always explained. "Ve vas awful busy—time of the Schwartz vedding, an' dere vas dat blizzard. He owned up he vas new, an' vanted some vun vhat knew to tell him vhat vas goin' on. 'Course I could do it. Me an' my vife give him addresses an' a lot of items. He vorked 'em up good. Dot up-town page is gettin' first-rate. He says he don' know vhat he 'd have done if he had n't turned up here dot day."

Tembarom, having "caught on" to his fault of style, applied himself with vigor to elimination. He kept his tame dictionary chained to the leg of his table—an old kitchen table which Mrs. Bowse scrubbed and put into his hall bedroom, overcrowding it greatly. He turned to Little Ann at moments of desperate uncertainty, but he was man enough to do his work himself. In glorious moments when he was rather sure that Galton was far from unsatisfied with his progress, and Ann had looked more than usually distracting in her aloof and sober alluringness,—it was her entire aloofness which so stirred his blood,—he sometimes stopped scribbling and lost his head for a minute or so, wondering if a fellow ever *could* "get away with it" to the extent of making enough to —but he always pulled himself up in time.

"Nice fool I look, thinking that way!"

he would say to himself. "She 'd throw me down hard if she knew. But, my Lord! ain't she just a peach!"

It was in the last week of the month of trial which was to decide the permanency of the page that he came upon the man Mrs. Bowse's boarders called his "Freak." He never called him a "freak" himself even at the first. Even his somewhat undeveloped mind felt itself confronted at the outset with something too abnormal and serious, something with a suggestion of the weird and tragic in it.

In this wise it came about:

The week had begun with another blizzard, which after the second day had suddenly changed its mind, and turned into sleet and rain which filled the streets with melted snow, and made walking a fearsome thing. Tembarom had plenty of walking to do. This week's page was his great effort, and was to be a "dandy." Galton must be shown what pertinacity could do.

"I 'm going to get into it up to my neck, and then strike out," he said at breakfast on Monday morning.

Thursday was his most strenuous day. The weather had decided to change again, and gusts of sleet were being driven about, which added cold to sloppiness. He had found it difficult to get hold of some details he specially wanted. Two important and extremely good-looking brides had refused to see him because Biker had enraged them in his day. He had slighted the description of their dresses at a dance where they had been the observed of all observers, and had worn things brought from Paris. Tembarom had gone from house to house. He had even searched out aunts whose favor he had won professionally. He had appealed to his dressmaker, whose affection he had by that time fully gained. She was doing work in the brides' houses, and could make it clear that he would not call *peau de cygne* "Surah silk," nor duchess lace "Baby Irish." But the young ladies enjoyed being besought by a society page. It was something to discuss with one's bridesmaids and friends, to protest that "those interviewers" give a person no peace. "If you don't want to be in the papers, they 'll put you in whether you like it or not, however often you refuse them." They kept Tembarom running about, they raised faint hopes, and *then went out* when he called, leaving no messages, but allowing the servant to hint that if he went up to Two Hundred and Seventy-fifth Street he might chance to find them.

"All right," said Tembarom to the girl, delighting her by lifting his hat genially as he turned to go down the steps. "I 'll just keep going. The 'Sunday Earth' can't come out without those photographs in it. I should lose my job."

When at last he ran the brides to cover it was not at Two Hundred and Seventy-fifth Street, but in their own home, to which they had finally returned. They had heard from the servant-girl about what the young gentleman from the "Sunday Earth" had said, and they were mollified by his proper appreciation of values. Tembarom's dressmaker friend also proffered information.

"I know him myself," she said, "and he 's a real nice gentlemanlike young man. He 's not a bit like Biker. He does n't think he knows everything. He came to me from Mrs. Munsberg, just to ask me the names of fashionable materials. He said it was more important than a man knew till he found out."

Miss Stuntz chuckled.

"He asked me to lend him some bits of samples so he could learn them off by heart, and know them when he saw them. He 's got a pleasant laugh; shows his teeth, and they 're real pretty and white; and he just laughed like a boy and said: 'These samples are my alphabet, Miss Stuntz. I 'm going to learn to read words of three syllables in them.' "

When late in the evening Tembarom, being let out of the house after his interview, turned down the steps again, he carried with him all he had wanted—information and photographs, even added picturesque details. He was prepared to hand in a fuller and better page than he had ever handed in before. He was in as elated a frame of mind as a young man can be when he is used up with tramping the streets, and running after street-cars, to stand up in them and hang by a strap. He had been wearing a new pair of boots, one of which rubbed his heel and had ended by raising a blister worthy of attention. To reach the nearest "L" station he must walk across town, through several deserted streets in the first stages of being built up, their vacant lots surrounded by high board

fencing covered with huge advertising posters. The hall bedroom, with the gas turned up and the cheap, red-cotton comfort on the bed, made an alluring picture as he faced the sleety wind.

"If I cut across to the avenue and catch the 'L,' I 'm bound to get there sometime, anyhow," he said as he braced himself and set out on his way.

The blister on his heel had given him a good deal of trouble, and he was obliged to stop a moment to ease it, and he limped when he began to walk again. But he limped as fast as he could, while the sleety rain beat in his face, across one street, down another for a block or so, across another, the melting snow soaking even the new boots as he splashed through it. He bent his head, however, and limped steadily. At this end of the city many of the streets were only scantily built up, and he was passing through one at the corner of which was a big vacant lot. At the other corner a row of cheap houses which had only reached their second story waited among piles of bricks and frozen mortar for the return of the workmen the blizzard had dispersed. It was a desolate-enough thoroughfare, and not a soul was in sight. The vacant lot was fenced in with high boarding plastered over with flaring sheets advertising whiskies, sauces, and theatrical ventures. A huge picture of a dramatically interrupted wedding ceremony done in reds and yellows, and announcing in large letters that Mr. Isaac Simonson presented Mrs. Evangeline St. Clair in "Rent Asunder," occupied several yards of the boarding. As he reached it, the heel of Tembarom's boot pressed, as it seemed to him, a red-hot coal on the flesh. He had rubbed off the blister. He was obliged to stop a moment again.

"Gee whizz!" he exclaimed through his teeth, "I shall have to take my boot off and try to fix it."

To accomplish this he leaned against the boarding and Miss Evangeline St. Clair being "Rent Asunder" in the midst of the wedding service. He cautiously removed his boot, and finding a hole in his sock in the place where the blister had rubbed off, he managed to protect the raw spot by pulling the sock over it. Then he drew on his boot again.

"That 'll be better," he said, with a long breath.

As he stood on his feet again he started involuntarily. This was not because the blister had hurt him, but because he had heard behind him a startling sound.

"What 's that?" broke from him. "What 's that?"

He turned and listened, feeling his heart give a quick thump. In the darkness of the utterly empty street the thing was unnatural enough to make any man jump. He had heard it between two gusts of wind, and through another he heard it again—an uncanny, awful sobbing, broken by a hopeless wail of words.

"I can't remember! I can't—remember! O my God!"

And it was not a woman's voice or a child's; it was a man's, and there was an eerie sort of misery in it which made Tembarom feel rather sick. He had never heard a man sobbing before. He belonged to a class which had no time for sobs. This sounded ghastly.

"Good Lord!" he said, "the fellow 's *crying! A man!*"

The sound came directly behind him. There was not a human being in sight. Even policemen do not loiter in empty streets.

"Hello!" he cried. "Where are you?"

But the low, horrible sound went on, and no answer came. His physical sense of the presence of the blister was blotted out by the abnormal thrill of the moment. One had to find out about a thing like that—one just had to. One could not go on and leave it behind uninvestigated in the dark and emptiness of a street no one was likely to pass through. He listened more intently. Yes, it was just behind him.

"He 's in the lot behind the fence," he said. "How did he get there?"

He began to walk along the boarding to find a gap. A few yards farther on he came upon a broken place in the inclosure—a place where boards had sagged until they fell down, or had perhaps been pulled down by boys who wanted to get inside. He went through it, and found he was in the usual vacant lot long given up to rubbish. When he stood still a moment he heard the sobbing again, and followed the sound to the place behind the boarding against which he had supported himself when he took off his boot.

A man was lying on the ground with his arms flung out. The street lamp out-

side the boarding cast light enough to reveal him. Tembarom felt as though he had suddenly found himself taking part in a melodrama,—"The streets of New York," for choice,—though no melodrama had ever given him this slightly shaky feeling. But when a fellow looked up against it as hard as this, what you had to do was to hold your nerve and make him feel he was going to be helped. The normal human thing spoke loud in him.

"Hello, old man!" he said with cheerful awkwardness. "What 's hit you?"

The man started and scrambled to his feet as though he were frightened. He was wet, unshaven, white, and shuddering, piteous to look at. He stared with wild eyes, his chest heaving.

"What 's up?" said Tembarom.

The man's breath caught itself.

"I don't remember." There was a touch of horror in his voice, though he was evidently making an effort to control himself. "I can't—I can't remember."

"What 's your name? You remember that?" Tembarom put it to him.

"N-n-no!" agonizingly. "If I could! If I could!"

"How did you get in here?"

"I came in because I saw a policeman. He would n't understand. He would have stopped me. I must not be stopped. I *must* not."

"Where were you going?" asked Tembarom, not knowing what else to say.

"Home! My God! man, home!" and he fell to shuddering again. He put his arm against the boarding and dropped his head against it. The low, hideous sobbing tore him again.

T. Tembarom could not stand it. In his newsboy days he had never been able to stand starved dogs and homeless cats. Mrs. Bowse was taking care of a wretched dog for him at the present moment. He had not wanted the poor brute,—he was not particularly fond of dogs,—but it had followed him home, and after he had given it a bone or so, it had licked its chops and turned up its eyes at him with such abject appeal that he had not been able to turn it into the streets again. He was unsentimental, but ruled by primitive emotions. Also he had a sudden recollection of a night when as a little fellow he had gone into a vacant lot and cried as like this as a child could. It was a bad night when some "tough" big boys had turned him out of a warm corner in a shed, and he had had nowhere to go, and being a friendly little fellow, the unfriendliness had hit him hard. The boys had not seen him crying, but he remembered it. He drew near, and put his hand on the shaking shoulder.

"Say, don't do that," he said. "I 'll help you to remember."

He scarcely knew why he said it. There was something in the situation and in the man himself which was compelling. He was not of the tramp order. His wet clothes had been decent, and his broken, terrified voice was neither coarse nor nasal. He lifted his head and caught Tembarom's arm, clutching it with desperate fingers.

"Could you?" he poured forth the words. "Could you? I 'm not quite mad. Something happened. If I could be quiet! Don't let them stop me! My God! my God! my God! I can't say it. It 's not far away, but it won't come back. You 're a good fellow; if you 're human, help me! help me! help me!" He clung to Tembarom with hands which shook; his eyes were more abject than the starved dog's; he choked, and awful tears rolled down his cheeks. "Only help me," he cried—"just help, help, help—for a while. Perhaps not long. It would come back." He made a horrible effort. "Listen! My name—I am—I am—it 's—"

He was down on the ground again, groveling. His efforts had failed. Tembarom, overwrought himself, caught at him and dragged him up.

"Make a fight," he said. "You can't lie down like that. You 've got to put up a fight. It 'll come back. I tell you it will. You 've had a clip on the head or something. Let me call an ambulance and take you to the hospital."

The next moment he was sorry he had said the words, the man's terror was so ill to behold. He grew livid with it, and uttered a low animal cry.

"Don't drop dead over it," said Tembarom, rather losing his head. "I won't do it, though what in thunder I 'm going to do with you I don't know. You can't stay here."

"For God's sake!" said the man. "For God's sake!" He put his shaking hand on Tembarom again, and looked at him with

a bewildered scrutiny. "I 'm not afraid of you," he said; "I don't know why. There 's something all right about you. If you 'll stand by me—you 'd stand by a man, I 'd swear. Take me somewhere quiet. Let me get warm and think."

"The less you think now the better," answered Tembarom. "You want a bed and a bath and a night's rest. I guess I 've let myself in for it. You brush off and brace yourself and come with me."

There was the hall bedroom and the red-cotton comfort for one night at least, and Mrs. Bowse was a soft-hearted woman. If she 'd heard the fellow sobbing behind the fence, she 'd have been in a worse fix than he was. Women were kinder-hearted than men, anyhow. The way the fellow's voice sounded when he said, "Help me, help me, help me!" sounded as though he was in hell. "Made me feel as if I was bracing up a chap that was going to be electrocuted," he thought, feeling sickish again. "I 've not got backbone enough to face that sort of thing. Got to take him somewhere."

They were walking toward the "L" together, and he was wondering what he should say to Mrs. Bowse when he saw his companion fumbling under his coat at the back as though he was in search of something. His hands being unsteady, it took him some moments to get at what he wanted. He evidently had a belt or a hidden pocket. He got something out and stopped under a street light to show it to Tembarom. His hands still shook when he held them out, and his look was a curious, puzzled, questioning one. What he passed over to Tembarom was a roll of money. Tembarom rather lost his breath as he saw the number on two five-hundred-dollar bills, and of several hundreds, besides twenties, tens, and fives.

"Take it—keep it," he said. "It will pay."

"Hully gee!" cried Tembarom, aghast. "Don't go giving away your whole pile to the first fellow you meet. I don't want it."

"Take it." The stranger put his hand on his shoulder, the abject look in his eyes harrowingly like the starved dog's again. "There 's something all right about you. You 'll help me."

"If I don't take it for you, some one will knock you on the head for it." Tembarom hesitated, but the next instant he stuffed it all in his pocket, incited thereto by the sound of a whizzing roar.

"There 's the 'L' coming," he cried; "run for all you 're worth." And they fled up the street and up the steps, and caught it without a second to spare.

CHAPTER V

ABOUT the time Tembarom made his rush to catch the "L" Joseph Hutchinson was passing through one of his periodical fits of infuriated discouragement. Little Ann knew they would occur every two or three days, and she did not wonder at them. Also she knew that if she merely sat still and listened as she sewed, she would be doing exactly what her mother would have done and what her father would find a sort of irritated comfort in. There was no use in citing people's villainies and calling them names unless you had an audience who would seem to agree to the justice of your accusations.

So Mr. Hutchinson charged up and down the room, his face red, and his hands thrust in his coat pockets. He was giving his opinions of America and Americans, and he spoke with his broadest Manchester accent, and threw in now and then a word or so of Lancashire dialect to add roughness and strength, the angrier a Manchester man being, the broader and therefore the more forcible his accent. "Tha" is somehow a great deal more bitter or humorous or affectionate than the mere ordinary "You" or "Yours."

" 'Merica," he bellowed—"dang 'Merica! I says—an' dang 'Mericans. Goin' about th' world braggin' an' boastin' about their sharpness an' their open-'andedness. 'Go to 'Merica,' folks 'll tell you, 'with an invention, and there 's dozens of millionaires ready to put money in it.' Fools!"

"Now, Father,"—Little Ann's voice was as maternal as her mother's had been,—"now, Father, love, don't work yourself up into a passion. You know it 's not good for you."

"I don't need to work myself up into

one. I 'm in one. A man sells everything he owns to get to 'Merica, an' when he gets there what does he find? He canna' get near a millionaire. He 's pushed here an' scuffled there, an' told this chap can't see him, an' that chap is n't interested, an' he must wait his chance to catch this one. An' he waits an' waits, an' goes up in elevators an' stands on one leg in lobbies, till he 's broke' down an' sick of it, an' has to go home to England steerage."

Little Ann looked up from her sewing. He had been walking furiously for half an hour, and had been tired to begin with. She had heard his voice break roughly as he said the last words. He threw himself astride a chair and, crossing his arms on the back of it, dropped his head on them. Her mother never allowed this. Her idea was that women were made to tide over such moments for the weaker sex. Far had it been from the mind of Mrs. Hutchinson to call it weaker. "But there 's times, Ann, when just for a bit they 're just like children. They need comforting without being let to know they are being comforted. You know how it is when your back aches, and some one just slips a pillow under it in the right place without saying anything. That 's what women can do if they 've got heads. It needs a head."

Little Ann got up and went to the chair. She began to run her fingers caressingly through the thick, grizzled hair.

"There, Father, love, there!" she said. "We are going back to England, at any rate, are n't we? And grandmother will be so glad to have us with her in her cottage. And America 's only one place."

"I tried it first, dang it!" jerked out Hutchinson. "Every one told me to do it." He quoted again with derisive scorn: " 'You go to 'Merica. 'Merica 's the place for a chap like you. 'Merica 's the place for inventions.' Liars!"

Little Ann went on rubbing the grizzled head lovingly.

"Well, now we 're going back to try England. You never did really try England. And you know how beautiful it 'll be in the country, with the primroses in bloom and the young lambs in the fields." The caressing hand grew even softer. "And you 're not going to forget how mother believed in the invention; you can't do that."

Hutchinson lifted his head and looked at her.

"Eh, Ann," he said, "you *are* a comfortable little body. You 've got a way with you just like your poor mother had. You always say the right thing to help a

chap pull himself together. Your mother *did* believe in it, did n't she?"

She had, indeed, believed in it, though her faith was founded more upon confidence in "Mr. Hutchinson" than in any profound knowledge of the mechanical appliance his inspiration would supply. She knew it had something important to do with locomotive engines, and she knew that if railroad magnates would condescend to consider it, her husband was sure that fortune would flow in. She had lived with the "invention," as it was respectfully called, for years.

"That she did," answered Little Ann. "And before she died she said to me: 'Little Ann,' she said, 'there 's one thing you must never let your father do. You must never let him begin not to believe in his invention. Your father 's a clever man, and it 's a clever invention, and it 'll make his fortune yet. You must remind him how I believed in it and how sure I was.' "

Hutchinson rubbed his hands thoughtfully. He had heard this before, but it did him good to hear it again.

"She said that, did she?" he found vague comfort in saying. "She said that?"

"Yes, she did, Father. It was the very day before she died."

"Well, she never said anything she had n't thought out," he said in slow retrospection. "And she had a good head of her own. Eh, she was a wonderful woman, she was, for sticking to things. That was th' Lancashire in her. Lancashire folks knows their own minds."

"Mother knew hers," said Ann. "And she always said you knew yours. Come and sit in your own chair, Father, and have your paper."

She had tided him past the worst currents without letting him slip into them.

"I like folks that knows their own minds," he said as he sat down and took his paper from her. "You know yours, Ann; and there 's that Tembarom chap. He knows his. I 've been noticing that chap." There was a certain pleasure in using a tone of amiable patronage. "He 's got a way with him that 's worth money to him in business, if he only knew it."

"I don't think he knows he 's got a way," Little Ann said. "His way is just *him.*"

"He just gets over people with it, like he got over me. I was ready to knock his head off first time he spoke to me. I was ready to knock anybody's head off that day. I 'd just had that letter from Hadman. He made me sick wi' the way he pottered an' played the fool about the invention. He believed in it right enough, but he had n't the courage of a mouse. He was n't goin' to be the first one to risk his money. Him, with all he has! He 's the very chap to be able to set it goin'. If I could have got some one else to put up brass, it 'd have started him. It 's want o' backbone, that 's the matter wi' Hadman an' his lot."

"Some of these days some of them 're going to get their eyes open," said Little Ann, "and then the others will be sorry. Mr. Tembarom says they 'll fall all over themselves to get in on the ground floor."

Hutchinson chuckled.

"That 's New York," he said. "He 's a rum chap. But he thinks a good bit of the invention. I 've talked it over with him, because I 've wanted to talk, and the one thing I 've noticed about Tembarom is that he can keep his mouth shut."

"But he talks a good deal," said Ann.

"That 's the best of it. You 'd think he was telling all he knows, and he 's not by a fat lot. He tells you what you 'll like to hear, and he 's not sly; but he can keep a shut mouth. That 's Lancashire. Some folks can't do it even when they want to."

"His father came from England."

"That 's where the lad's sense comes from. Perhaps he 's Lancashire. He had a lot of good ideas about the way to get at Hadman."

A knock at the door broke in upon them. Mrs. Bowse presented herself, wearing a novel expression on her face. It was at once puzzled and not altogether disagreeably excited.

"I wish you would come down into the dining-room, Little Ann." She hesitated. "Mr. Tembarom 's brought home such a queer man. He picked him up ill in the street. He wants me to let him stay with him for the night, anyhow. I don't think he 's crazy, but I guess he 's lost his memory. Queerest thing I ever saw. He does n't know his name or anything."

"See here," broke out Hutchinson, dropping his hands and his paper on his knee, "I 'm not going to have Ann goin' down-stairs to quiet lunatics."

"He 's as quiet as a child," Mrs. Bowse protested. "There 's something pitiful about him, he seems so frightened. He 's drenched to the skin."

"Call an ambulance and send him to the hospital," advised Hutchinson.

"That 's what Mr. Tembarom says he can't do. It frightens him to death to speak of it. He just clings to Mr. Tembarom sort of awful, as if he thinks he 'll save his life. But that is n't all," she added in an amazed tone; "he 's given Mr. Tembarom more than two thousand dollars."

"What!" shouted Hutchinson, bounding to his feet quite unconsciously.

"What!" exclaimed Little Ann.

"Just you come and look at it," answered Mrs. Bowse, nodding her head. "There 's over two thousand dollars in bills spread out on the table in the dining-room this minute. He had it in a belt pocket, and he dragged it out in the street and would make Mr. Tembarom take it. Do come and tell us what to do."

"I 'd get him to take off his wet clothes and get into bed, and drink some hot spirits and water first," said Little Ann. "Would n't you, Mrs. Bowse?"

Hutchinson got up, newspaper in hand.

"I say, I 'd like to go down and have a look at that chap myself," he announced.

"If he 's so frightened, perhaps—" Little Ann hesitated.

"That 's it," put in Mrs. Bowse. "He 's so nervous it 'd make him worse to see another man. You 'd better wait, Mr. Hutchinson."

Hutchinson sat down rather grumpily, and Mrs. Bowse and Little Ann went down the stairs together.

"I feel real nervous myself," said Mrs. Bowse, "it 's so queer. But he 's not crazy. He 's quiet enough."

As they neared the bottom of the staircase Little Ann could see over the balustrade into the dining-room. The strange man was sitting by the table, his disordered, black-haired head on his arm. He looked like an exhausted thing. Tembarom was sitting by him, and was talking in an encouraging voice. He had laid a hand on one of the stranger's. On the table beside them was spread a number of bills which had evidently just been counted.

"Here 's the ladies," said Tembarom.

The stranger lifted his head and, having looked, rose and stood upright, waiting. It was the involuntary, mechanical action of a man who had been trained among gentlemen.

"It 's Mrs. Bowse again, and she 's brought Miss Hutchinson down with her. Miss Hutchinson always knows what to do," explained Tembarom in his friendly voice.

The man bowed, and his bewildered eyes fixed themselves on Little Ann.

"Thank you," he said. "It 's very kind of you. I—I am—in great trouble."

Little Ann went to him and smiled her motherly smile at him.

"You 're very wet," she said. "You 'll take a bad cold if you 're not careful. Mrs. Bowse thinks you ought to go right to bed and have something hot to drink."

"It seems a long time since I was in bed," he answered her. "I 'm very tired. Thank you." He drew a weary, sighing breath, but he did n't move his eyes from the girl's face. Perhaps the cessation of action in certain cells of his brain had increased action in others. He looked as though he were seeing something in Little Ann's face which might not have revealed itself so clearly to the more normal gaze.

He moved slightly nearer to her. He was a tall man, and had to look down at her.

"What is your name?" he asked anxiously. "Names trouble me."

It was Ann who drew a little nearer to him now. She had to look up, and the soft, absorbed kindness in her eyes might, Tembarom thought, have soothed a raging lion, it was so intent on its purpose.

"My name is Ann Hutchinson; but never you mind about it now," she said. "I 'll tell it to you again. Let Mr. Tembarom take you up-stairs to bed. You 'll be better in the morning." And because his hollow eyes rested on her so fixedly she put her hand on his wet sleeve.

"You 're wet through," she said. "That won't do."

He looked down at her hand and then at her face again.

"Help me," he pleaded. "Just help me.

ı't know what 's happened. Have I mad?"

Jo," she answered; "not a bit. It 'll ome right after a while; you 'll see."

Vill it, will it?" he begged, and then nly his eyes were full of tears. It a strange thing to see him in his be-red misery try to pull himself to-r, and bite his shaking lips as though guely remembered that he was a man. eg pardon," he faltered; "I suppose ill."

don't know where to put him," Mrs. e was saying half aside; "I 've not room empty."

'ut him in my bed and give me a -down on the floor," said Tembarom. ıt 'll be all right. He does n't want) leave him, anyhow."

: turned to the money on the table. ay," he said to his guest, "there 's thousand five hundred dollars here. 've counted it to make sure. That 's some money. And it 's yours—"

ıe stranger looked disturbed and : a nervous gesture.

Don't, don't!" he broke in. "Keep it. : one took the rest. This was hidden. ill pay."

You see he is n't real' out of his ," Mrs. Bowse murmured feelingly.

No, not real' out of it," said Tem-n. "Say,"—as an inspiration oc-:d to him,—"I guess maybe Miss :hinson will keep it. Will you, Lit-ınn? You can give it to him when ants it."

t 's a good bit of money," said Little soberly; "but I can put it in a bank ıay Mrs. Bowse his board every week. I 'll take it. Now he *must* go to bed. a comfortable little room," she said ıe stranger, "and Mrs. Bowse will : you a hot milk-punch. That 'll be ishing."

Thank you," murmured the man, still ng his yearning eyes on her. "Thank

he was taken up to the fourth floor put into Tembarom's bed. The hot -punch seemed to take the chill out m, and when, by lying on his pillow gazing at the shake-down on the floor ng as he could keep his eyes open, he convinced himself that Tembarom going to stay with him, he fell asleep. ttle Ann went back to her father carrying a roll of bills in her hands. It was a roll of such size that Hutchinson started up in his chair and stared at the sight of it.

"Is that the money?" he exclaimed. "What are you going to do with it? What have you found out, lass?"

"Yes, this is it," she answered. "Mr. Tembarom asked me to take care of it. I 'm going to put it in the bank. But we have n't found out anything."

CHAPTER VI

THIS was the opening incident of the series of extraordinary and altogether incongruous events which took place afterward, as it appeared to T. Tembarom, like scenes in a play in which he had become involved in a manner, and which one would be inclined to regard humorously and make jokes about, because it was a thousand miles away from anything like real life. That was the way it struck him. The events referred to, it was true, were things one now and then read about in newspapers, but while the world realized that they were actual occurrences, one rather regarded them, when their parallels were reproduced in books and plays, as belonging alone to the world of pure and highly romantic fiction.

"I guess the reason why it seems that way," he summed it up to Hutchinson and Little Ann, after the worst had come to the worst, "is because we 've not only never known any one it 's happened to, but we 've never known any one that 's known any one it 's happened to. I 've got to own up that it makes me feel as if the fellows 'd just yell right out laughing when they heard it."

The stranger's money had been safely deposited in a bank, and the stranger himself still occupied Tembarom's bedroom. He slept a great deal and was very quiet. With great difficulty Little Ann had persuaded him to let a doctor see him, and the doctor had been much interested in his case. He had expected to find some signs of his having received accidentally or otherwise a blow upon the head, but on exami-

nation he found no scar or wound. The condition he was in was frequently the result of concussion of the brain, sometimes of prolonged nervous strain or harrowing mental shock. Such cases occurred not infrequently. Quiet and entire freedom from excitement would do more for such a condition than anything else. If he was afraid of strangers, by all means keep them from him. Tembarom had been quite right in letting him think he would help him to remember, and that somehow he would in the end reach the place he had evidently set out to go to. Nothing must be allowed to excite him. It was well he had had money on his person and that he had fallen into friendly hands. A city hospital would not have been likely to help him greatly. The restraint of its necessary discipline might have alarmed him.

So long as he was persuaded that Tembarom was not going to desert him, he was comparatively calm, though sunk in a piteous and tormented melancholy. His worst hours were when he sat alone in the hall bedroom, with his face buried in his hands. He would so sit without moving or speaking, and Little Ann discovered that at these times he was trying to remember. Sometimes he would suddenly rise and walk about the little room, muttering, with woe in his eyes. Ann, who saw how hard this was for him, found also that to attempt to check or distract him was even worse. When, sitting in her father's room, which was on the other side of the wall, she heard his fretted, hurried pacing feet, her face lost its dimpled cheerfulness. She wondered if her mother would not have discovered some way of clearing the black cloud distracting his brain. Nothing would induce him to go down to the boarders' dining-room for his meals, and the sight of a servant alarmed him so that it was Ann who took him the scant food he would eat. As the time of her return to England with her father drew near, she wondered what Mr. Tembarom would do without her services. It was she who had suggested that they must have a name for him, and the name of a part of Manchester had provided one. There was a place called Strangeways, and one night when, in talking to her father, she referred to it in Tembarom's presence, he suddenly seized upon it.

"Strangeways," he said. "That 'd make a good-enough name for him. Let 's call him Mr. Strangeways. I don't like the way the fellows have of calling him 'the Freak.' "

So the name had been adopted, and soon became an established fact.

"The way I feel about him," Tembarom said, "is that the fellow 's not a bit of a joke. What I see is that he 's up against about the toughest proposition I 've ever known. Gee! that fellow 's not crazy. He 's worse. If he was out-and-out dippy and did n't know it, he 'd be all right. Likely as not he 'd be thinking he was the Pope of Rome or Anna Held. What knocks him out is that he 's just

right enough to know he 's wrong, and to be trying to get back. He reminds me of one of those chaps the papers tell about sometimes—fellows that go to work in livery-stables for ten years and call themselves Bill Jones, and then wake up some morning and remember they 're some high-browed minister of the gospel named the Rev. James Cadwallader."

When the curtain drew up on Tembarom's amazing drama, Strangeways had been occupying his bed nearly three weeks, and he himself had been sleeping on a cot Mrs. Bowse had put up for him in his room. The Hutchinsons were on the point of sailing for England—steerage—on the steamship *Transatlantic,* and Tembarom was secretly torn into fragments, though he had done well with the page and he was daring to believe that at the end of the month Galton would tell him he had "made good" and the work would continue indefinitely.

If that happened, he would be raised to "twenty-five per" and would be a man of means. If the Hutchinsons had not been going away, he would have been floating in clouds of rose color. If he could persuade Little Ann to take him in hand when she 'd had time to "try him out," even Hutchinson could not utterly flout a fellow who was making his steady twenty-five per on a big paper, and was on such terms with his boss that he might get other chances. Gee! but he was a fellow that luck just seemed to chase, anyhow! Look at the other chaps, lots of 'em, who knew twice as much as he did, and had lived in decent homes and gone to school and done their darned best, too, and then had n't been able to get there! It did n't seem fair somehow that he should run into such pure luck.

The day arrived when Galton was to give his decision. Tembarom was going to hand in his page, and while he was naturally a trifle nervous, his nervousness would have been a hopeful and not unpleasant thing but that the *Transatlantic* sailed in two days, and in the Hutchinson's rooms Little Ann was packing her small trunk and her father's bigger one, which held more models and drawings than clothing. Hutchinson was redder in the face than usual, and indignant condemnation of America and American millionaires possessed his soul. Everybody was rather depressed. One boarder after another had wakened to a realization that, with the passing of Little Ann, Mrs. Bowse's establishment, even with the parlor, the cozy-corner, and the second-hand pianola to support it, would be a deserted-seeming thing. Mrs. Bowse felt the tone of low spirits about the table, and even had a horrible secret fear that certain of her best boarders might decide to go elsewhere, merely to change surroundings from which they missed something. Her eyes were a little red, and she made great efforts to keep things going.

"I can only keep the place up when I 've no empty rooms," she had said to Mrs. Peck, "but I 'd have boarded her free if her father would have let her stay. But he would n't, and, anyway, she 'd no more let him go off alone than she 'd jump off Brooklyn Bridge."

It had been arranged that partly as a farewell banquet and partly to celebrate Galton's decision about the page, there was to be an oyster stew that night in Mr. Hutchinson's room, which was distinguished as a bed-sitting-room. Tembarom had diplomatically suggested it to Mr. Hutchinson. It was to be Tembarom's oyster supper, and somehow he managed to convey that it was only a proper and modest tribute to Mr. Hutchinson himself. First-class oyster stew and pale ale were not so bad when properly suggested, therefore Mr. Hutchinson consented. Jim Bowles and Julius Steinberger were to come in to share the feast, and Mrs. Bowse had promised to prepare it.

It was not an inspiring day for Little Ann. New York had seemed a bewildering and far too noisy place to her when she had come to it directly from her grandmother's cottage in the English village, where she had spent her last three months before leaving England. The dark rooms of the five-storied boarding-house had seemed gloomy enough to her, and she had found it much more difficult to adjust herself to her surroundings than she could have been induced to admit to her father. At first his temper and the open contempt for American habits and institutions which he called "speaking his mind" had given her a great deal of careful steering through shoals to do. At the outset the boarders had resented him, and sometimes had snapped back their own views

of England and courts. Violent and disparaging argument had occasionally been imminent, and Mrs. Bowse had worn an ominous look. Their rooms had in fact been "wanted" before their first week had come to an end, and Little Ann herself scarcely knew how she had tided over that situation. But tide it over she did, and by supernatural effort and watchfulness she contrived to soothe Mrs. Bowse until she had been in the house long enough to make friends with people and aid her father to realize that, if they went elsewhere, they might find only the same class of boarders, and there would be the cost of moving to consider. She had beguiled an arm-chair from Mrs. Bowse, and had re-covered it herself with a remnant of crimson stuff secured from a miscellaneous heap at a marked-down sale at a department store. She had arranged his books and papers adroitly and had kept them in their places so that he never felt himself obliged to search for any one of them. With many little contrivances she had given his bed-sitting-room a look of comfort and established homeliness, and he had even begun to like it.

"Tha 'rt just like tha mother, Ann," he had said. "She 'd make a railway station look as if it had been lived in."

Then Tembarom had appeared, heralded by Mrs. Bowse and the G. Destroyer, and the first time their eyes had met across the table she had liked him. The liking had increased. There was that in his boyish cheer and his not-too-well-fed-looking face which called forth maternal interest. As she gradually learned what his life had been, she felt a thrilled anxiety to hear day by day how he was getting on. She listened for details, and felt it necessary to gather herself together in the face of a slight depression when hopes of Galton were less high than usual. His mending was mysteriously done, and in time he knew with amazed gratitude that he was being "looked after." His first thanks were so awkward, but so full of appreciation of unaccustomed luxury, that they almost brought tears to her eyes, since they so clearly illuminated the entire novelty of any attention whatever.

"I just don't know what to say," he said, shuffling from one foot to another, *though his nice grin was at its best.* "I 've never had a woman do anything f since I was ten. I guess women do things for most fellows; but, then, tl mothers and sisters and aunts. I a ate it like—like thunder. I feel a was Rockefeller, Miss Ann."

In a short time she had become " Ann" to him, as to the rest, and th gan to know each other very well. Bowles and Julius Steinberger had nc able to restrain themselves at first making slangy, yearning love to he Tembarom had been different. H kept himself well in hand. Yes, sl liked T. Tembarom, and as she pack trunks she realized that the A Ocean was three thousand miles acro when two people who had no mone separated by it, they were likely to r so. Rich people could travel, poor could n't. You just stayed where took you, and you must n't be silly e to expect things to happen in your c life—things like seeing people again. life just went on. She kept hersel busy, and did not allow her though latitude. It would vex her fathe much if he thought she had really fond of America and was rather so go away. She had finished her packi fore the evening, and the trunks w beled and set aside, some in the c hall and some in the corner of the She had sat down with some mendi her lap, and Hutchinson was w about the room with the restlessness traveler whose approaching journe not let him settle himself anywhere.

"I 'll lay a shilling you 've got thing packed and ready, and pu where a chap can lay his hands on i said.

"Yes, Father. Your tweed cap 's big pocket of your thick top-coat there 's an extra pair of spectacle your pipe and tobacco in the small o

"And off we go back to England as we came!" He rubbed his hea drew a big, worried sigh. "Wh them going?" he asked, pointing to newly laundered clothing on a side "You have n't forgotten 'em, have

"No, Father. It 's just some young men's washing. I thought make time to mend them up a bit be went to bed."

"That 's like tha mother, too—

care of everybody. What did these chaps do before you came?"

"Sometimes they tried to sew on a button or so themselves, but oftener they went without. Men make poor work of sewing. It ought n't to be expected of them."

Hutchinson stopped and looked her and her mending over with a touch of curiosity.

"Some of them 's Tembarom's?" he asked.

Little Ann held up a pair of socks.

"These are. He does wear them out, poor fellow. It 's tramping up and down the streets to save car-fare does it. He 's never got a heel to his name. But he 's going to be able to buy some new ones next week."

Hutchinson began his tramp again.

"He 'll miss thee, Little Ann; but so 'll the other lads, for that matter."

"He 'll know to-night whether Mr. Galton 's going to let him keep his work. I do hope he will. I believe he 'd begin to get on."

"Well,"—Hutchinson was just a little grudging even at this comparatively lenient moment,—"I believe the chap 'll get on myself. He 's got pluck and he 's sharp. I never saw him make a poor mouth yet."

"Neither did I," answered Ann.

A door leading into Tembarom's hall bedroom opened on to Hutchinson's. They both heard some one inside the room knock at it. Hutchinson turned and listened, jerking his head toward the sound.

"There 's that poor chap again," he said. "He 's wakened and got restless. What 's Tembarom going to do with him, I 'd like to know? The money won't last forever."

"Shall I let him in, Father? I dare say he 's got restless because Mr. Tembarom 's not come in."

"Aye, we 'll let him in. He won't have thee long. He can't do no harm so long as I 'm here."

Little Ann went to the door and opened it. She spoke quietly.

"Do you want to come in here, Mr. Strangeways?"

The man came in. He was clean, but still unshaven, and his clothes looked as though he had been lying down. He looked round the room *anxiously*.

"Where has he gone?" he demanded in an overstrung voice. "Where is he?" He caught at Ann's sleeve in a sudden access of nervous fear. "What shall I do if he 's gone?"

Hutchinson moved toward him.

" 'Ere, 'ere," he said, "don't you go catchin' hold of ladies. What do you want?"

"I 've forgotten his name now. What shall I do if I can't remember?" faltered Strangeways.

Little Ann patted his arm comfortingly.

"There, there, now! You 've not really forgotten it. It 's just slipped your memory. You want Mr. Tembarom—Mr. T. Tembarom."

"Oh, thank you, thank you. That 's it. Yes, Tembarom. He said T. Tembarom. He *said* he would n't throw me over."

Little Ann led him to a seat and made him sit down. She answered him with quiet decision.

"Well, if he said he would n't, he *won't*. Will he, Father?"

"No, he won't." There was rough good nature in Hutchinson's admission. He paused after it to glance at Ann. "You think a lot of that lad, don't you, Ann?"

"Yes, I do, Father," she replied undisturbedly. "He 's one you can trust to. He 's up-town at his work," she explained to Strangeways. "He 'll be back before long. He 's giving us a bit of a supper in here because we 're going away."

Strangeways grew nervous again.

"But he won't go with you? T. Tembarom won't go?"

"No, no; he 's not going. He 'll stay here," she said soothingly. He had evidently not observed the packed and labeled trunks when he came in. He seemed suddenly to see them now, and rose in distress.

"Whose are these? You said he was n't going?"

Ann took hold of his arm and led him to the corner.

"They are not Mr. Tembarom's trunks," she explained. "They are father's and mine. Look on the labels. Joseph Hutchinson, Liverpool. Ann Hutchinson, Liverpool."

He looked at them closely in a puzzled

way. He read a label aloud in a dragging voice.

"Ann Hutchinson, Liverpool. What 's —what 's Liverpool?"

"Oh, come," encouraged Little Ann, "you know that. It 's a place in England. We 're going back to England."

He stood and gazed fixedly before him. Then he began to rub his fingers across his forehead. Ann knew the straining look in his eyes. He was making that horrible struggle to get back somewhere through the darkness which shut him in. It was so painful a thing to see that even Hutchinson turned slightly away.

"Don't!" said Little Ann, softly, and tried to draw him away.

He caught his breath convulsively once or twice, and his voice dragged out words again, as though he were dragging them from bottomless depths.

"Going—back—to—England—back to England—to England."

He dropped into a chair near by, his arms thrown over its back, and broke, as his face fell upon them, into heavy, deadly sobbing—the kind of sobbing Tembarom had found it impossible to stand up against. Hutchinson whirled about testily.

"Dang it!" he broke out, "I wish Tembarom 'd turn up. What are we to do?" He did n't like it himself. It struck him as unseemly.

But Ann went to the chair, and put her hands on the shuddering shoulder, bending over the soul-wrung creature, the wisdom of centuries in the soft, expostulatory voice which seemed to reach the very darkness he was lost in. It was a wisdom of which she was wholly unaware, but it had been born with her, and was the building of her being.

" 'Sh! 'S-h-h!" she said. "You must n't do that. Mr. Tembarom would n't like you to do it. He 'll be in directly. 'Sh! 'Sh, now!" And simple as the words were, their soothing reached him. The wildness of his sobs grew less.

"See here," Hutchinson protested, "this won't do, my man. I won't have it, Ann. I 'm upset myself, what with this going back and everything. I can't have a chap coming and crying like that there. It upsets me worse than ever. And you hangin' over him! It won't *do.*"

Strangeways lifted his head from his arms and looked at him.

"Aye, I mean what I say," Hutchinson added fretfully.

Strangeways got up from the chair. When he was not bowed or slouching it was to be seen that he was a tall man with square shoulders. Despite his unshaven, haggard face, he had a sort of presence.

"I 'll go back to my room," he said. "I forgot. I ought not to be here."

Neither Hutchinson nor Little Ann had ever seen any one do the thing he did next. When Ann went with him to the door of the hall bedroom, he took her hand, and, bowing low before her, lifted it gently to his lips.

Hutchinson stared at him as he turned into the room and closed the door behind him.

"Well, I 've read of lords and ladies doin' that in books," he said, "but I never thought I should see a chap do it myself."

Little Ann went back to her mending, looking very thoughtful.

"Father," she said, after a few moments, "England made him come near to remembering something."

"New York 'll come near making me remember a lot of things when I 'm out of it," said Mr. Hutchinson, sitting down heavily in his chair and rubbing his head. "Eh, dang it! dang it!"

"Don't you let it, Father," advised Little Ann. "There 's never any good in thinking things over."

"You 're not as cheerful yourself as you let on," he said. "You 've not got much color to-day, my lass."

She rubbed one cheek a little, trying to laugh.

"I shall get it back when we go and stay with grandmother. It 's just staying indoors so much. Mr. Tembarom won't be long now; I 'll get up and set the table. The things are on a tray outside."

As she was going out of the room, Jim Bowles and Julius Steinberger appeared at the door.

"May we come in?" Jim asked eagerly. "We 're invited to the oyster stew, and it 's time old T. T. was here. Julius and me are just getting dippy waiting up-stairs to hear if he 's made good with Galton."

"Well, now, you sit down and be quiet a bit, or you 'll be losing your appetites," advised Ann.

"You can't lose a thing the size of mine," answered Jim, "any more than you could lose the Metropolitan Opera-house."

Ann turned her head and paused as though she were listening. She heard footsteps in the lower hall.

"He 's coming now," she announced. "I know his step. He 's tired. Don't go yet, you two," she added as the pair prepared to rush to meet him. "When any one 's that tired he wants to wash his face, and talk when he 's ready. If you 'll just go back to your room I 'll call you when I 've set the table."

She felt that she wanted a little more quiet during the next few minutes than she could have if they remained and talked at the top of elated voices. She had not quite realized how anxiously she had been waiting all day for the hour when she would hear exactly what had happened. If he was all right, it would be a nice thing to remember when she was in England. In this moderate form she expressed herself mentally. "It would be a nice thing to remember." She spread the cloth on the table and began to lay out the plates. Involuntarily she found herself stopping to glance at the hall bedroom door and listen rather intently.

"I hope he 's got it. I do that. I 'm sure he has. He ought to."

Hutchinson looked over at her. She was that like her mother, that lass!

"You 're excited, Ann," he said.

"Yes, Father, I am—a bit. He 's—he 's washing his face now." Sounds of splashing water could be heard through the intervening door.

Hutchinson watched her with some uneasiness.

"You care a lot for that lad," he said.

She did not look fluttered. Her answer was quite candid.

"I said I did, Father. He 's taking off his boots."

"You know every sound he makes, and you 're going away Saturday, and you 'll never see him again."

"That need n't stop me caring. It never did any one any harm to care for one of his sort."

"But it can't come to anything," Hutchinson began to bluster. "It won't do—"

"He 's coming to the door, he 's turning the handle," said Little Ann.

Tembarom came in. He was fresh with recent face-washing, and his hair was damp, so that a short lock curled and stood up. He had been up-town making frantic efforts for hours, but he had been making them in a spirit of victorious relief, and he did not look tired at all.

"I 've got it!" he cried out the moment he entered. "I 've got it, by jingo! The job 's mine for keeps."

"Galton 's give it to you out and out?" Hutchinson was slightly excited himself.

"He 's in the bulliest humor you ever saw. He says I 've done first-rate, and if I go on, he 'll run me up to thirty."

"Well, I 'm danged glad of it, lad, that I am!" Hutchinson gave in handsomely. "You put backbone into it."

Little Ann stood near, smiling. Her smile met Tembarom's.

"I know you 're glad, Little Ann," he said. "I 'd never have got there but for you. It was up to me, after the way you started me."

"You know I 'm glad without me telling you," she answered. "I 'm *right-down* glad."

And it was at this moment that Mrs. Bowse came into the room.

"It 's too bad it 's happened just now," she said, much flustered. "That 's the way with things. The stew 'll spoil, but he says it 's real important."

Tembarom caught at both her hands and shook them.

"I 've got it, Mrs. Bowse. Here 's your society reporter! The best-looking boarder you 've got is going to be able to pay his board steady."

"I 'm as glad as can be, and so will everybody be. I knew you 'd get it. But this gentleman 's been here twice to-day. He says he really must see you."

"Let him wait," Hutchinson ordered. "What 's the chap want? The stew won't be fit to eat."

"No, it won't," answered Mrs. Bowse; "but he seems to think he 's not the kind to be put off. He says it 's more Mr. Tembarom's business than his. He looked real mad when I showed him into the parlor, where they were playing the pianola. He asked was n't there a private room where you could talk."

A certain flurried interest in the manner of Mrs. Bowse, a something not usually

awakened by inopportune callers, an actual suggestion of the possible fact that she was not as indifferent as she was nervous, somewhat awakened Mr. Hutchinson's curiosity.

"Look here," he volunteered, "if he 's got any real business, he can't talk over the tune of the pianola. You can bring him up here, Tembarom. I 'll see he don't stay long if his business is n't worth talkin' about. He 'll see the table set for supper, and that 'll hurry him."

"Oh, gee! I wish he had n't come!" said Tembarom. "I 'll just go down and see what he wants. No one 's got any swell private business with *me*."

"You bring him up if he has," said Hutchinson. "We 'd like to hear about it."

Tembarom ran down the stairs quickly. No one had ever wanted to see him on business before. There was something important-sounding about it; perhaps things were starting up for him in real earnest. It might be a message from Galton, though he could not believe that he had at this early stage reached such a distinction. A ghastly thought shot a bolt at him, but he shook himself free of it.

"He 's not a fellow to go back on his word, anyhow," he insisted.

There were more boarders than usual in the parlor. The young woman from the notion counter had company, and one of her guests was playing "He sut'nly was Good to Me" on the pianola with loud and steady tread of pedal.

The new arrival had evidently not thought it worth his while to commit himself to permanency by taking a seat. He was standing not far from the door with a businesslike-looking envelop in one hand and a pince-nez in the other, with which Tembarom saw he was rather fretfully tapping the envelop as he looked about him. He was plainly taking in the characteristics of the room, and was not leniently disposed toward them. His tailor was clearly an excellent one, with entirely correct ideas as to the cut and material which exactly befitted an elderly gentleman of some impressiveness in the position, whatsoever it happened to be, which he held. His face was not of a friendly type, and his eyes held cold irritation discreetly restrained by businesslike civility. Tembarom vaguely felt the genialities of the oyster supper assume a rather fourth-rate air.

The caller advanced and spoke first.

"Mr. Tembarom?" he inquired.

"Yes," Tembarom answered, "I 'm T. Tembarom."

"T.," repeated the stranger, with a slightly puzzled expression. "Ah, yes; I see. I beg pardon."

In that moment Tembarom felt that he was looked over, taken in, summed up, and without favor. The sharp, steady eye, however, did not seem to have moved from his face. At the same time it had aided him to realize that he was, to this well-dressed person at least, a too exhilarated young man wearing a ten-dollar "hand-me-down."

"My name is Palford," he said concisely. "That will convey nothing to you. I am of the firm of Palford & Grimby of Lincoln's Inn. This is my card."

Tembarom took the card and read that Palford & Grimby were "solicitors," and he was not sure that he knew exactly what "solicitors" were.

"Lincoln's Inn?" he hesitated. "That 's not in New York, is it?"

"No, Mr. Tembarom; in London. I come from England."

"You must have had bad weather crossing," said Tembarom, with amiable intent. Somehow Mr. Palford presented a more unyielding surface than he was accustomed to. And yet his hard courtesy was quite perfect.

"I have been here some weeks."

"I hope you like New York. Won't you have a seat?"

The young lady from the notion counter and her friends began to sing the chorus of "He sut'nly was Good to Me" with quite professional negro accent.

"That 's just the way May Irwin done it," one of them laughed.

Mr. Palford glanced at the performers. He did not say whether he liked New York or not.

"I asked your landlady if we could not see each other in a private room," he said. "It would not be possible to talk quietly here."

"We should n't have much of a show," answered Tembarom, inwardly wishing he knew what was going to happen. "But there are no private rooms in the house. We can be quieter than this, though, if we

go up-stairs to Mr. Hutchinson's room. He said I could bring you."

"That would be much better," replied Mr. Palford.

Tembarom led him out of the room, up the first steep and narrow flight of stairs, along the narrow hall to the second, up that, down another hall to the third, up the third, and on to the fourth. As he led the way he realized again that the worn carpets, the steep narrowness, and the pieces of paper unfortunately stripped off the wall at intervals, were being rather counted against him. This man had probably never been in a place like this before in his life, and he did n't take to it.

At the Hutchinsons's door he stopped and explained:

"We were going to have an oyster stew here because the Hutchinsons are going away; but Mr. Hutchinson said we could come up."

"Very kind of Mr. Hutchinson, I 'm sure."

Despite his stiffly collected bearing, Mr. Palford looked perhaps slightly nervous when he was handed into the bed-sitting-room, and found himself confronting Hutchinson and Little Ann and the table set for the oyster stew. It is true that he had never been in such a place in his life, that for many reasons he was appalled, and that he was beset by a fear that he might be grotesquely compelled by existing circumstances to accept these people's invitation, if they insisted upon his sitting down with them and sharing their oyster stew. One could not calculate on what would happen among these unknown quantities. It might be their idea of boarding-house politeness. And how could one offend them? God forbid that the situation should intensify itself in such an absurdly trying manner! What a bounder the unfortunate young man was! His own experience had not been such as to assist him to any realistic enlightenment regarding him, even when he had seen the society page and had learned that he had charge of it.

"Let me make you acquainted with Mr. and Miss Hutchinson," Tembarom introduced. "This is Mr. Palford, Mr. Hutchinson."

Hutchinson, half hidden behind his newspaper, jerked his head and grunted:

"Glad to see you, sir."

Mr. Palford bowed, and took the chair Tembarom presented.

"I am much obliged to Mr. Hutchinson for allowing me to come to your room. I have business to discuss with Mr. Tembarom, and the pianola was being played down-stairs—rather loudly."

"They do it every night, dang 'em! Right under my bed," growled Hutchinson. "You 're an Englishman, are n't you?"

"Yes."

"So am I, thank God!" Hutchinson devoutly gave forth.

Little Ann rose from her chair, sewing in hand.

"Father 'll come and sit with me in my room," she said.

Hutchinson looked grumpy. He did not intend to leave the field clear and the stew to its fate if he could help it. He gave Ann a protesting frown.

"I dare say Mr. Palford does n't mind us," he said. "We 're not strangers."

"Not in the least," Palford protested. "Certainly not. If you are old friends, you may be able to assist us."

"Well, I don't know about that," Hutchinson answered, "We 've not known him long, but we know him pretty well. You come from London, don't you?"

"Yes. From Lincoln's Inn Fields."

"Law?" grunted Hutchinson.

"Yes. Of the firm of Palford & Grimby."

Hutchinson moved in his chair involuntarily. There was stimulation to curiosity in this. This chap was a regular top sawyer—clothes, way of pronouncing his words, manners, everything. No mistaking him—old family solicitor sort of chap. What on earth could he have to say to Tembarom? Tembarom himself had sat down and could not be said to look at his ease.

"I do not intrude without the excuse of serious business," Palford explained to him. "A great deal of careful research and inquiry has finally led me here. I am compelled to believe I have followed the right clue, but I must ask you a few questions. Your name is not really Tembarom, is it?"

Hutchinson looked at Tembarom sharply.

"Not Tembarom? What does he mean, lad?"

Tembarom's grin was at once boyish and ashamed.

"Well, it is in one way," he answered, "and it is n't in another. The fellows at school got into the way of calling me that way,—to save time, I guess,—and I got to like it. They 'd have guyed my real name. Most of them never knew it. I can't see why any one ever called a child by such a fool name, anyhow."

"What was it exactly?"

Tembarom looked almost sheepish.

"It sounds like a thing in a novel. It was Temple Temple Barholm. Two Temples, by gee! As if one was n't enough!"

Joseph Hutchinson dropped his paper and almost started from his chair. His red face suddenly became so much redder that he looked a trifle apoplectic.

"Temple Barholm does tha say?" he cried out.

Mr. Palford raised his hand and checked him, but with a suggestion of stiff apology.

"If you will kindly allow me. Did you ever hear your father refer to a place called Temple Barholm?" he inquired.

Tembarom reflected as though sending his thoughts backward into a pretty thoroughly forgotten and ignored past. There had been no reason connected with filial affection which should have caused him to recall memories of his father. They had not liked each other. He had known that he had been resented and looked down upon as a characteristically American product. His father had more than once said he was a "common American lad," and he had known he was.

"Seems to me," he said at last, "that once when he was pretty mad at his luck I heard him grumbling about English laws, and he said some of his distant relations were swell people who would never think of speaking to him,—perhaps did n't know he was alive,—and they lived in a big way in a place that was named after the family. He never saw it or them, and he said that was the way in England—one fellow got everything and the rest were paupers like himself. He 'd always been poor."

"Yes, the relation was a distant one. Until this investigation began the family knew nothing of him. The inquiry has been a tiresome one. I trust I am reaching the end of it. We have given nearly two years to following this clue."

"What for?" burst forth Tembarom, sitting upright.

"Because it was necessary to find either George Temple Barholm or his son, if he had one."

"I 'm his son, all right, but he died when I was eight years old," Tembarom volunteered. "I don't remember much about him."

"You remember that he was not an American?"

"He was English. Hated it; but he was n't fond of America."

"Have you any papers belonging to him?"

Tembarom hesitated again.

"There 's a few old letters—oh, and one of those glass photographs in a case. I believe it 's my grandfather and grandmother, taken when they were married. Him on a chair, you know, and her standing with her hand on his shoulder."

"Can you show them to me?" Palford suggested.

"Sure," Tembarom answered, getting up from his seat. "They 're in my room. I turned them up yesterday among some other things."

When he left them, Mr. Palford sat gently rubbing his chin. Hutchinson wanted to burst forth with questions, but he looked so remote and acidly dignified that there was a suggestion of boldness in the idea of intruding on his reflections. Hutchinson stared at him and breathed hard and short in his suspense. The stiff old chap was thinking things over and putting things together in his lawyer's way. He was entirely oblivious to his surroundings. Little Ann went on with her mending, but she wore her absorbed look, and it was not a result of her work.

Tembarom came back with some papers in his hand. They were yellowed old letters, and on the top of the package there was a worn daguerreotype-case with broken clasp.

"Here they are," he said, giving them to Palford. "I guess they 'd just been married," opening the case. "Get on to her embroidered collar and big breast-pin with his picture in it. That 's English enough, is n't it? He 'd given it to her for a wedding-present. There 's something in one of the letters about it."

It was the letters to which Mr. Palford gave the most attention. He read them and examined post-marks and dates. When he had finished, he rose from his chair with a slightly portentous touch of professional ceremony.

"Yes, those are sufficiently convincing. You are a very fortunate young man. Allow me to congratulate you."

He did not look particularly pleased, though he extended his hand and shook Tembarom's politely. He was rigorously endeavoring to conceal that he found himself called upon to make the best of an extremely bad job. Hutchinson started forward, resting his hands on his knees and glaring with ill-suppressed excitement.

"What 's that for?" Tembarom said. He felt rather like a fool. He laughed half nervously. It seemed to be up to him to understand, and he did n't understand in the least.

"You have, through your father's distant relationship, inherited a very magnificent property—the estate of Temple Barholm in Lancashire," Palford began to explain, but Mr. Hutchinson sprang from his chair outright, crushing his paper in his hand.

"Temple Barholm!" he almost shouted, "I dunnot believe thee! Why, it 's one of th' oldest places in England and one of th' biggest. Th' Temple Barholms as did n't come over with th' Conqueror was there before him. Some of them was Saxon kings! And him—" pointing a stumpy, red finger disparagingly at Tembarom, aghast and incredulous—"that New York lad that 's sold newspapers in the streets—you say *he 's* come into it?"

"Precisely." Mr. Palford spoke with some crispness of diction. Noise and bluster annoyed him. "That is my business here. Mr. Tembarom is, in fact, Mr. Temple Temple Barholm of Temple Barholm, which you seem to have heard of."

"Heard of it! My mother was born in the village an' lives there yet. Art tha struck dumb, lad!" he said almost fiercely to Tembarom. "By Judd! Tha well may be!"

Tembarom was standing holding the back of a chair. He was pale, and had once opened his mouth, and then gulped and shut it. Little Ann had dropped her sewing. His first look had leaped to her, and she had looked back straight into his eyes.

"I 'm struck something," he said, his half-laugh slightly unsteady. "Who 'd blame me?"

"You 'd better sit down," said Little Ann. "Sudden things are upsetting."

He did sit down. He felt rather shaky. He touched himself on his chest and laughed again.

"Me!" he said. "T. T.! Hully gee! It 's like a turn at a vaudeville."

The sentiment prevailing in Hutchinson's mind seemed to verge on indignation.

"Thee th' master of Temple Barholm!" he ejaculated. "Why, it stood for seventy thousand pound' a year!"

"It did and it does," said Mr. Palford, curtly. He had less and less taste for the situation. There was neither dignity nor proper sentiment in it. The young man was utterly incapable of comprehending the meaning and proportions of the extraordinary event which had befallen him. It appeared to present to him the aspect of a somewhat slangy New York joke.

"You do not seem much impressed, Mr. Temple Barholm," he said.

"Oh, I 'm impressed, all right," answered Tembarom, "but, say, this thing can't be true! You could n't make it true if you sat up all night to do it."

"When I go into the business details of the matter to-morrow morning you will realize the truth of it," said Mr. Palford. "Seventy thousand pounds a year—and Temple Barholm—are not unsubstantial facts."

"Three hundred and fifty thousand dollars, my lad—that 's what it stands for!" put in Mr. Hutchinson.

"Well," said Tembarom, "I guess I can worry along on that if I try hard enough. I may n't be able to keep myself in the way I 've been used to, but I 've got to make it do."

Mr. Palford stiffened. He did not know that the garish, flippant-sounding joking was the kind of defense the streets of New York had provided Mr. Temple Barholm with in many an hour when he had been a half-clad lad with an empty stomach, and a bundle of unsold newspapers under his arm.

"You are jocular," he said. "I find the New Yorkers are given to being jocular—continuously."

Tembarom looked at him rather searchingly. Palford would n't have found it possible to believe that the young man knew all about his distaste and its near approach to disgust, that he knew quite well what he thought of his ten-dollar suit, his ex-newsboy's diction, and his entire incongruousness as a factor in any circumstances connected with dignity and splendor. He would certainly not have credited the fact that though he had not the remotest idea what sort of a place Temple Barholm was, and what sort of men its long line of possessors had been, he had gained a curious knowledge of their significance through the mental attitude of their legal representative when he for a moment failed to conceal his sense of actual revolt.

"It seems sort of like a joke till you get on to it," he said. "But I guess it ain't such a merry jest as it seems."

And then Mr. Palford did begin to observe that he had lost his color entirely; also that he had a rather decent, sharp-cut face, and extremely white and good young teeth, which he showed not unattractively when he smiled. And he smiled frequently, but he was not smiling now.

(To be continued)

A LIGHT-BEARER

BY MARION COUTHOUY SMITH

HIS eyes are wide with scorning
Of all ignoble things;
His soul is like the morning,
Astir with lifted wings.

His feet are slow to leaving
The dream-paths of the boy;
His heart is quick to grieving,
His lips are tuned to joy.

The tender wind that lingers
Where April buds are wrought
Has touched with loving fingers
The harp that is his thought;

And, though no voice may name him
With hint of fame or power,
The soul of Spring shall claim him
Lord of her loveliest hour.

God send that time's unfolding
Steal not his valiant youth,
Nor dim his clear beholding
Of stern and radiant truth;

Grant that he keep the scorning
Of all ignoble things,
And hold, till life's last morning,
The sense of lifted wings!

Unmasked

By Madison Cawein

With Decorations By Joseph Clement Coll

WAS it a dream,
Or a whim of the night?
Or *did* they gleam
Upon my sight
An instant there in the wan moonlight?

I saw them all, I think,
Under the bowers,
The faery folk, in a moonbeam wink,
Disguised as flowers.

First came the Bleeding-Hearts, that hang like bells
Or delicate shells,
Who, gowned in white and red,
Hooped skirts and furbelows,
A long procession led
Of faery ladies and their beaus,
Such as the Violet and early Rose,
Into the ball-room of the flower-bed,
Where they began a pixy minuet.

Then suddenly, whence no one knows,
The Johnny-Jump-Ups glimmered in that set,
Tipping about upon their tiny toes,
And dressed in twinkling velvet, black and blue,
Faint-jeweled with the dew:
Stout sons of Faery, yeomen of the night,
Glittering, each one, a rapier-ray of light;
And, bowing two by two,
While all the Bleeding-Hearts stood by and fanned,
They, silken hand in hand,
Began a faery saraband,
That wound and interwound, and went and came again.
And then,
In ruffed and ribboned lines,
The gold-and-ruby, gleaming Columbines,
Fair maids of honor to the faery queen,
Who still remained unseen,
Trailed twinkling into view.

And then a trumpet blew
A beetle-blast—and there!
Adown a glowworm-lanthorned avenue,
Tall two by two,
With sapphire-crested hair,
Proud knights and minions of the moon,
The Larkspurs, to a cricket tune,
Marched with a haughty air.
Then, golden-cuirassed, blowing a wild fanfare
Of fragrant notes
From out their honeyed throats,
Snapdragons, trumpeters of the faery king,
With pomp and glittering
Of many an elfin prince and peer,
Drew near.

And when I felt secure,
And sure
The king and queen of Faery would appear,
My dear,
A cockerel crew—a thwarting cockerel crew;
And, presto! whew!
The whole scene went in air,
Leaving it there—
The garden, glimmering with the moon and dew,
Looking demure
With all its flowers. But I knew—
Nay, I was *sure*—
It was not quite as innocent as it seemed.
It could not fool me with its looks demure.
I *knew* I had not dreamed.

OPERA IN NEW YORK

THE VIEWS OF MR. GATTI-CASAZZA

CHRONICLED BY ALGERNON ST. JOHN BRENON

WITH PICTURES BY ARTHUR I. KELLER

THOUGH Giulio Cesare Gatti-Casazza has been the general manager of the Metropolitan Opera-house for more than four years, he is as little known outside his staff and a few associates as his friend and ally of many years, Arturo Toscanini, the famous conductor. He has something more than a strong inclination toward taciturnity. This quality of almost moody silence is a needed means of defense, for there is no work in the world more wearing than operatic management.

GATTI-CASAZZA
A caricature by Caruso

FINE VOICES THE BASIS OF OPERA

MR. GATTI regards the opera as a means of mental discipline and as an active educational influence. "But I prefer," he says, "to look upon the opera as an entertainment—sometimes a popular and general entertainment, sometimes austerely esthetic and intellectual, but always an entertainment, the basis of which must be [illegible] great singers of the opera. [illegible] the development of the orchestral element of the opera, and a wonderful improvement in all that appertains to its dramatic effects and illusion; but these things have not broken the enchantment, or dimmed or lessened the glories, of the human voice, the most beautiful of musical instruments.

"Rossini, in an oft-quoted epigram, used to say that the qualifications of the opera-singer were just three in number and easily remembered: the first was voice, the second was voice, and the third was voice. The epigram, like a great many other epigrams, says less and more than the truth; but the validity of Rossini's remark has been proved to me over and over again during a managerial career of nearly seventeen years. Voices are among the chief quests of impresarios, just as the proper and artistic use of them is the principal aim of the conductor. How important they are to the public may be inferred from a very striking experience of mine in an American city. During a short season

Drawn by Arthur I. Keller. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

THE CHORUS—A MORNING REHEARSAL AT THE METROPOLITAN OPERA-HOUSE

Ponchielli's opera 'La Gioconda' was given twice with only a few days between performances. The whole resources of the Metropolitan had been devoted to the staging and interpretation of the work. The principal parts in each case were sung by the best and most celebrated artists in the company. Caruso, for instance, was the tenor. The receipts for the first representation amounted to close upon eleven thousand dollars. The second performance was the same as the first in all particulars

save one: Caruso did not sing. The receipts were three thousand dollars.

OPERA SHOULD PAY ITS WAY

"It is of course hardly necessary to say that neither the ability of a singer nor the virtues of an opera are finally decided by the logic of the box-office. 'Cavalleria Rusticana' and 'Pagliacci,' when united and properly cast, will draw a larger house than Gluck's 'Armide,' but this does not mean that 'Armide' should never be given. An impresario has a double duty. He must so manage things that the undertaking of which he is the director should stand financially firm and erect upon its feet; but there remains a duty to art, to the older, let us say, classic operas, such as 'Orfeo ed Euridice,' and the 'Armide,' already mentioned, and also to the new composers, to whom the public are unaccustomed, such as Charpentier, Debussy, and Dukas.

"The opera should be self-supporting, and I believe that a healthy condition of self-reliance can be brought about by proper and judicious management. The most courageous and generous guarantors become disheartened when the drain upon their purses is incessant. On the other hand, a balance at the end of the year stimulates further effort and voyages of discovery into untried fields.

"Continued deficits foster the suspicion among those who have to pay them that something exotic is being forced upon the public. For wholesome and successful opera-giving, there should be a spontaneous public response. It is when there is such support that opera becomes a grateful task to the impresario and those he represents.

VERDI AND THE BOX-OFFICE

"Giuseppe Verdi, as Victor Maurel likes to relate, believed firmly that good art has a distinct popular appeal, and he was always solicitous as to the amount of support his operas were attracting. The box-office was an index to him of his popularity. Indeed, on this point he was actually sensitive. The darling of Verdi's heart, the Benjamin of his old age, was 'Falstaff.' It would have pained him deeply to think that it had not attained the popular success of some of his other works. So his publishers, knowing his susceptibilities and considering his age, always overstated to him the amounts that 'Falstaff' was earning. Once after Victor Maurel had been on tour in Italy, 'presenting' several of Verdi's works, on returning to Milan he went at once to see Verdi and began to tell him about their success—how well the 'Forza del Destino' had done, and how admirably the singers had executed this and that. Verdi soon interrupted him with, 'And the receipts?' In his enthusiasm Maurel ignored the interruption and plunged into a further description of the value of the operas given, of the effect they had made in various places, of the eulogies of the critics, and so on. Again Verdi interrupted him, 'And the receipts?' Under stern compulsion, Maurel detailed to Verdi the receipts of each opera. They were more than encouraging. Verdi slapped him on the back and exclaimed: 'Ah, well, splendid! Now let us talk of art!'

POPULAR OPERAS SHOULD PAY FOR THE CLASSICAL PRODUCTIONS

"National or municipal subsidies are necessary only when the public is indifferent, when its support is grudging. But they involve responsibilities and obligations, let us say, of gratitude and perhaps subservience to those who vote them. Subsidies in the opera mean politicians in the opera. Opera and politics, whether national or parochial, mingle together about as well as oil and water. The best subsidy the opera can have is the support of the opera-going public. As for the older classical operas, as well as the newer ones, their production is made possible by the proper and discreet use of what may be called 'the popular repertory,' which, while strictly belonging to the domain of opera, still draws thousands of delighted spectators from the general public. Discreet management requires that the popular operas should carry the musically aristocratic operas on their shoulders. To achieve this balance is to solve the problem of opera-giving. When opera in the broadest sense is well given, it succeeds.

SIMPLY MUSIC

"This reminds me of a story told of Verdi and another composer, whom I shall

Drawn by Arthur I. Keller

Half-tone plate engraved ***by R. Varley***

call, say, Tassoni. To the latter the libretto of 'Tosca' was submitted by its authors, Illica and Giacosa. Tassoni did not see anything in 'Tosca' suitable to operatic composition (though Puccini found something in it worth while). Illica and Giacosa being mortified at Tassoni's rejection of their work, made a bet with him that an impartial judge would find their libretto entirely suitable. The bet, a good luncheon for all concerned, for which the loser was to pay, was unanimously referred to Verdi. The libretto was immediately sent to him, and Verdi was requested to decide whether it was a good one. In due time the luncheon took place, and when it was over, the master was asked his opinion. 'I am more than satisfied,' he said, 'with the libretto. Indeed, I must congratulate M. Illica on this work. It is in every way suitable for composition as an opera. Were I not otherwise occupied, I might undertake it myself.' Tassoni combated the master's decision, and wished to go into details. 'Look at the last act, Maestro,' he said. 'There you have a man about to die, and he is writing a letter. What sort of music would you write for that? Would it be something declamatory, something highly dramatic, or something meditative? Would it be an aria or an arioso? Verdi looked up amiably, and a twinkle came into his eye. 'For that situation, Tassoni, I should just write some music.' "

THE END OF THE STAR SYSTEM

IT is part of the secret history of the Metropolitan that Mr. Gatti-Casazza was brought over here to get rid of the last remains of the star system that for years had flourished there. No one had ever had the courage to cope with the small junta of powerful but superannuated signors, who, while they had lost their hold upon the public, had not lost their hold on the wires. It was left to Mr. Gatti's energetic measures to vanquish them. Upon this phase of operatic policy he is emphatic:

"What I have said about the importance of voices should not be held to imply approval of the star system. As regards the Metropolitan Opera-house, the star system is dead, and has been dead for some time. By the 'star system' is meant the personal domination of certain singers in the actual councils of the theater. By the 'star system' is meant that conception of the administration of the Metropolitan expressed in the famous remark, 'The American people will not pay to see a man's back.' This meant that the American public would not support opera when a great conductor devoted his energies to artistic and consistent performances, whether he be a Richter or a Toscanini. This may have been true when it was uttered, and it was uttered by a man of commanding abilities and considerable achievement. Certainly it is no longer true. All conditions in America change and progress. The remark is quoted because it contains the whole essence of the star system, which has regard to personality and to egoism, rather than to broad principles; which concerns itself with persons and their exploitation rather than with the proper cultivation of complex art forms. The Metropolitan could not tolerate the star system to-day and continue to live. The ambition of a director of opera should be to make his appeal so wide that he is independent of any one, two, or three persons. The fortunes of a great theater like the Metropolitan should not be permitted to depend upon two frail vocal chords or upon two or three pairs of vocal chords.

"In the theater—and the opera is only a magnified theater—discipline, and the existence of such discipline, must be felt by every one from the servant who hands a letter to some one on the stage to the prima donna with the strongest following and most impressive rôles. As a matter of fact, my experience at the Metropolitan has been that the more eminent the singers, the easier it is to transact business with them.

A DEARTH OF GOOD SINGERS

"WHAT is the future of opera? That is hard to say. Modern opera is not calculated to develop a singer, in the proper sense of the word. Among Europeans there seems to be a tendency—perhaps it is a temporary one—to prefer the dramatic to the lyric or singing opera. In the dramatic opera of to-day the theatrical element outweighs the vocal. Young singers incline to those dramatic operas. If they

Drawn by Arthur I. Keller

Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

A CURTAIN CALL AT THE METROPOLITAN OPERA-HOUSE

have any histrionic talent, they can make immediate effect in 'Louise,' in 'Salome,' in 'Elektra,' or some other vigorously delineated but unvocal heroine. Now, you never can make singers by a training and experience of this kind. You can make actresses who make a feint of singing, but not singers who act.

"When a young aspirant for the stage goes to the Conservatory in Paris, she is drilled for months in enunciation and elocution. But how, and in what? By the recitation of classic French plays. They are made the text-books of her studies, just as boys read Homer and Vergil at school. In the same way, when a young woman formerly left the conservatories in Italy and in other places, she had studied the singing operas—the 'Lucias' and the 'Sonnambulas.' If she secured an engagement, she sang those over and over again. Then she became a singer because she had studied and performed the operas which must be sung scientifically. This is no longer true of Italy, at least not to the extent it was, and that is why so few new Italian names are in the list of singers at the Metropolitan Opera-house. It is the same elsewhere. The European schools and the opera-houses are developing a sort of hybrid between the actress and the singer, with the actress strain predominant. Such artists are not of much use to Metropolitan audiences, who assemble for a musical rather than a theatrical purpose. They will not tolerate inferior voices, and they will not endure faulty and undisciplined singing. There are countries on the continent of Europe where a taste prevails for the unpardonable fault in production known as the tremolo. In New York the singer with a tremolo, or some similarly blatant fault, is foredoomed.

"Many people are under the impression that Europe is full of wondrous and magical possibilities, of blushing flowers unseen by the impresarios because of their lack of enterprise and foresight. That is far from being the case. Tell me where there is another Patti, and the couriers of the Metropolitan will leave to-night in search of such a gem. No consideration of economy would stand in the way of her engagement, for, to use a commercial phrase, the dearest singers are the cheapest. People will pay seven dollars a seat to hear a Patti; they will not pay a lira to mediocrity.

WANTED: A GREAT COMPOSER

"THERE is a similar difficulty in new operas; that is to say, new that will hold their place on the re for years to come, or even for a dec so, as Mr. Puccini's have. I am am not guilty of anything invidious I say there is now living no Wagn no Verdi. I am sure neither Mr. P with his great gift of delighting o audiences, nor Mr. Wolf-Ferrari, w rich vein of graceful charm, nor M gelbert Humperdinck, with his tend his purity, and his poetry, will ob this remark. Their works were pr at the Metropolitan almost before t was dry upon the paper on whic were written. None of them had t as Wagner had to wait. And why cause the world is hungry and for new operas. The operas of a Wagner would run through Euro America like wildfire. He would an immediate hearing. Remembe Richard Wagner was always suc with his audience. It was not th of recognition, when once he was that he had to deplore; it was the erful, bitter hostility that prej him, and prevented people from go hear him. Nowadays that would possible. Popular curiosity, especi America, is too keen, too general, t dependent, and too eager. You co more silence a Wagner than you enchain the tempests.

"My belief in the passionate welc Wagner or a Verdi of to-day wou ceive in New York is based on my ence of audiences here and in Italy. I was director of the Teatro alla S Milan, Mr. Toscanini and I we sponsible for the first productions o Meistersinger,' 'Götterdämmerung,' Rheingold,' and of 'Louise' and 'P and Mélisande.' For the Wagnerian neither the Milanese nor the Italian erally could be supposed to have an disposition. Italy had waited a gene to hear these works. Indeed, we vigorously assailed because of a su desire on our part to Teutonize th of Italy, just as some people in An

Drawn by Arthur I. Keller. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

SCOTTI'S DRESSING-ROOM BETWEEN THE ACTS. GATTI, SCOTTI (IN *SCARPIA*) AND OTHERS SMOKING

when we first came here a few years ago, trembled lest Mr. Toscanini and I were concealing, in Iago-like hearts, the purpose to Italianize the repertory of the Metropolitan Opera-house, although our whole history was a distinct manifestation to the contrary. Yet the new and alien operas were immediately accepted by Milan, and remain to this day in the repertory of the historic theater in which they received their first Italian representation.

"Nor is 'Pelléas and Mélisande' an opera easy to digest at a first swallowing. Indeed, the first-night audience in Milan was distinctly skeptical, if not hostile. In the cavern scene by the sea the hostility broke into open tumult. But the sentiment veered as quickly as the winds of the Mediterranean when the beauty and profoundly poetic significance of the scene between *Yniold* and *Golaud* impressed itself upon the spectator. All this is highly important when we remember that 'Pelléas and Mélisande' is something distinctly novel and progressive in the history of music-drama.

"In the same way, the Board of Directors of the Metropolitan Opera-house, Mr. Toscanini, and I have been deeply interested in the way certain novelties have been received in New York. Not to multiply examples, I may cite the reception of 'Ariane et Barbe-Bleue,' the work of a progressist, at the hands of the press, which devoted to it column after column of encouraging, discriminating, and virtually unanimous praise. All these are cheering signs, which strengthen my belief in the cordial and enthusiastic reception which will be extended to a new Verdi or a new Wagner—when he comes.

"The difficulty which confronts the manager looking for new works to add definitely to his repertory is not to get a hearing for them, but to find them at all. As for the future repertory of the Metropolitan, it will consist, to use an engineering phrase, of a variable and a constant. The constant will be the works of Wagner, Mozart, Verdi, and Puccini; the variable will be such new works as are deserving of production and such revivals of others as may be made when the singers who can sing them are discovered. The engagement of an Italian dramatic soprano might, for example, suggest the production of Bellini's 'Norma.'

A WELCOME FOR AMERICAN OPERA

"MUCH has been said of late days about opera in English. There has been organized agitation in its favor. Now, opera in English is a slightly ambiguous term. It includes operas written in English by composers native to England or America, and in the latter case it may be called conveniently American opera. It also includes opera the words of which have been rendered into English and are sung in English. It is hardly necessary to say that I entertain nothing but favorable feelings and an open mind about American opera. Considerations of nationality, as I said, are unknown at the Metropolitan; but if a fine opera-score in English and by an American were put into my hands to-morrow, the dictates of common sense,

tact, and good management would induce me to give it priority over a foreign work of equal value, and no more than equal value. All nations have their national pride, their *amour propre,* and their strong feeling for their own kind means that a good American opera would draw heavily at the Metropolitan; for it would arouse popular interest, and popular support follows popular interest. No impresario would let the chance of producing such an opera slip through his hands.

"In the last few years the policy of the Metropolitan in this regard has been clear enough. I must say that from the very first I was ready to produce an American opera. When the request that this should be done became reasonably general and representative, I took steps at once to procure such a work. There were not, as I knew, many American operas in existence; but it was an obvious duty to find out what there were. The impresario who wishes to gage the merits of a singer, and to do so undisturbed by the enthusiasm of her friends or the detraction of her enemies, goes quietly and unobtrusively into the opera-house where she is singing, sits down in a modest seat, and listens. Much the same plan of action was followed in selecting the first American opera produced at the Metropolitan. If American operas had been written, I argued, they had been published. I strolled down-town, one day, and, incognito, made a tour of the publishers as an ordinary buyer. Some of the salesmen in the music stores stared at me in surprise when I asked for an American opera. But wherever a score was to be found, I bought it and studied it. Among operas so secured was 'The Pipe of Desire' by Converse. This seemed to me the best of the available scores. Shortly afterward, 'The Pipe of Desire' was produced in English, with an American cast.

A PRIZE AMERICAN OPERA

"A FEW months later the Board of Directors and I, wishing to probe more deeply into the dark, unfathomed caves, and to explore for blushing flowers, unpublished and unseen, conceived the idea of offering a prize of ten thousand dollars for a new opera by a native composer which in the opinion of a junta of competent judges should appear to be the best. This led to the production of 'Mona,' an event still fresh in the minds of every one. Thus, within three years, two operas in English by native composers have been given at the Metropolitan. Surely even-handed justice has been dealt out to the American composer. No other period in the history of the Metropolitan has been quite so productive of native American works. American works of merit will always be welcome.

AN OPERA SHOULD BE SUNG IN ITS NATIVE LANGUAGE

"TRANSLATED opera, which is also referred to as opera in English, is entirely a different thing. There is no need now to go into the question as to whether an adequate, faithful, and perfectly singable translation of an opera can be made. If it can be, then there are very few of them. In the Procrustean task of fitting translated words to notes already written, distortion and violence either to music or to literature are inevitable. The ideally artistic procedure, as a few minutes' reflection will prove to any one, is to sing an opera in the language in which its composer wrote it. This is done, and will always be done, at the Metropolitan. It has taken years of effort and patience and immense expense to make this ideal arrangement possible. There is no need to expatiate on all its advantages. One, however, may be emphasized; and that is the one which is most important to the opera-going public and therefore to the management. For instance, the fact that our Wagnerian operas are sung in German throws the field of German singers open to us. A tenor is wanted for the Wagnerian repertory. Tenors are rare, and are becoming rarer and more exacting. Suppose that negotiations are opened with such a one, and he is told that he will have to relearn the whole of his parts in English before he can appear in New York. The negotiations of course fall through. It is very doubtful if any benefit would have been gained. In nine cases out of ten such a singer would display a strong accent, which would make him ridiculous in the eyes of the audience, and art must never be made ridiculous. The forcing of singers to learn their rôles in English would have virtually the same result as the placing of a prohibitive pro-

tective tariff on opera-singers. If such a tariff were adopted, we should be forced to content ourselves with local products. This might be all very well if voices were not rare and if these were not widely distributed, separated from one another by magnificent distances. In the Metropolitan we have an Armenian and a New Zealander. The quadrilingual policy of the Metropolitan is tantamount to free trade in the economy of opera.

CARUSO'S CARICATURE OF HIMSELF

AMERICAN SINGERS AT THE METROPOLITAN

"THOUGH New York has never followed the example of the Paris Opera-house in translating every opera into the language of the locality, it has not turned a deaf ear to the claims of its children to be heard. The following table tells how many singers of each operatic nationality were engaged last year:

Americans	22
Italians	15
Germans and the German School	15
French	7
English	2

"It will be seen that the American singers lead the whole list in point of numbers. The American list is equally satisfactory from the point of view of qualifications, eminence, and success of the singers included in it. The names of Miss Geraldine Farrar, Mme. Olive Fremstad, Miss Alice Nielsen, Miss Marie Rappold, Miss Bernice James di Pasquale, Mme. Homer, Miss Florence Wickham, and Messrs. Riccardo Martin, William Hinshaw, Clarence Whitehill, Putnam Griswold, and Herbert Witherspoon substantiate this. These artists were engaged, of course, on the strength of their merits; for, as has been stated, considerations of nationality as such do not enter into the question of the engagement of artists at the Metropolitan. What, then, is proved by the predominating numbers, the high standard, and the popularity of the singers in our theater? Manifestly, the natural endowment, the industry, and the achievement of the American singer, working competitively in the opera-houses of the world. And it is also established that the policy of the open door is strictly maintained in the supreme councils of the Metropolitan Opera Company."

SLEEP

BY KATHARINE FRENCH

O GOD, for Thine incomparable sleep,—
Greatest of all Thy wondrous gifts to man,—
How can we thank Thee! 'T is as though a ban
Of utter hate broke suddenly, and deep
Forgiveness lapped us round; 't is like a sweep
Of cool, wet wind through some plague-smitten khan
Where burning fever dogs each caravan.
It draws our souls from Hell, for Heaven to keep.

For without this, what other gifts avail?
Wisdom is helpless; vain are Power and Gold—
Even the beauties of Thy world grow pale
And comfort little. Suddenly pain's hold
Is loosed; through unplumbed depths of sleep we rise
To see Thy glory in the earth and skies.

THE HUMAN SIDE OF JOSEPH JEFFERSON

BY MARY SHAW

Drawn by Joseph Clement Coll

JEFFERSON was the most delightful story-teller I have ever met. His varied life and experiences were wonderfully interesting. Once we were in Terre Haute, Indiana, and the theater was near a hotel. We got out of the cab and were strolling through the hotel corridor, when a very pompous man came up to Mr. Jefferson, as persons frequently did, and, extending his hand, said:

"Mr. Jefferson, you do not know me, but I know you very well, and, sir, I am very glad to see you in our city. You are a great actor. I have seen you ever since I was a little boy,"—he looked fully as old as Mr. Jefferson,—"and I have always looked forward to your visit to this place."

He went on praising Mr. Jefferson, who presently said:

"I thank you very much. You are very kind."

Upon which the old gentleman went on:

"I tell you everywhere in this town people are glad to see old *Josh Whitcomb.*"

There was a moment of silence, and then Mr. Jefferson said:

"I think you are mistaken. I play *Rip Van Winkle.* You must mean Mr. Thompson; he plays *Josh Whitcomb.*"

The effusive gentleman paused long enough to collect his wits, and then said cheerfully:

"Oh, yes. So you are the old fellow who played *Rip Van Winkle?* Well—you 're good, too."

In the same town another man stepped up to Mr. Jefferson and told him he had something which he thought would interest him. Mr. Jefferson said he would be pleased to see it, whereupon the other handed him an old copy-book full of pothooks. At the bottom of each page was signed the name of Joseph Jefferson. The gentleman next handed Mr. Jefferson a small silver spoon, very much worn, on which were the letters C. B. I can see now the strange, far-away look that came into the actor's eyes and how they filled with tears. He said:

"Well, well, well, this was my first copy-book writing! I made every one of those pots and hooks with great difficulty under my mother's tuition. My mother, who never knew whether we were going to have another meal or not, would nevertheless take Charlie and me aside and give us a lesson every day. This was her spoon —C. B. meaning Cornelia Burke, her maiden name."

The gentleman went on to say that a few years before there had been a rummage sale in town. He had bought in an old hair trunk simply because it appealed to his fancy. In it he found nothing but the copy-book and spoon.

"I can explain that," said Jefferson. "We used to start with all we had, and leave small portions of it along the way. I suppose in Terre Haute we came to the end of our tether, and the trunk went. I don't remember that we ever had more than one for the whole family, and I am pleased to see that at that particular time leaving the trunk made no great difference, as there was not much in it."

Though Jefferson spoke in this lighter vein, he was really deeply moved. The gentleman asked him to accept the things, and he took them with him to the theater,

and all that evening was very reminiscent. As I stood in the wings he told me many things about himself and his people. One of these particularly struck me.

"I am," said he, "a man without small superstitions, but my imagination has at times pictured something like this. I have worked back through several generations of my people to those Jeffersons who traveled the road from England in a cart like the Gipsies, giving performances on the village green. I have not been able to find any of them who ever really had enough to eat or wear during their entire lives. And then it all came to this small boy Joe, who was delicate and sickly, hardly expected to live, who had lost one lung before he was twenty-one. Think of it! Joe spent his boyhood grinding paint in the old St. Charles Theater of New Orleans, and then after a few years progressed sufficiently to be allowed to fill in some details on the scenes. But no one ever expected him to be an actor." He paused, and then went on very quietly: "Sometimes when I think of my mother, a very gifted woman, and my father, a very gifted man, no matter how mistaken, and of my brother Charlie Burke, who inherited even genius, and of his early death —when I think of all this, and then of my own great artistic and financial success in this business,—how I have hardly, since I was thirty-five, done anything or touched anything that did not turn into gold,—it seems as though what was due to each individual Jefferson had been rolled up and paid to me with interest."

This reference to Jefferson's father and mother leads to an interesting incident that occurred sometime later. Jefferson's father had died in Mobile of yellow fever, and the son had not played in that city for a number of years. But we were now going there for a one-night engagement. Mr. Jefferson and his sister Connie had planned to make a little pilgrimage to the house in which Mr. Jefferson's father had died, if it were still standing, and also to the graveyard, where he had caused a monument to be erected. He had never seen the stone, and he asked me if I would join Mrs. Jefferson, Connie, and himself in their little searching expedition.

We found the house, and were given permission by the occupants to enter. Mr. Jefferson and Connie knew the room. We stood there, and he spoke with wonderful feeling of his father, so joyous, so optimistic, so absolutely irrational, and so lovable, who, after all those terrible wanderings and complete failure, died in poverty in that room. Then we drove out to the graveyard and came to the spot where the monument had been erected. It was a very beautiful granite column engraved simply with the name *Jefferson*. But to every one's astonishment, instead of one grave in the lot, there seemed to be several. We could not understand what it meant. Nor could the driver of the carriage enlighten us. When we returned to Mr. Jefferson's car, he mentioned the curious circumstance to the boys, who made it their business to investigate.

It seems that the Jefferson lot, with the exception of its one occupant, had remained long vacant, and no one knowing anything about it, and no other members of the family having been brought there, the authorities had taken it upon themselves to bury a number of persons in it who had died virtually paupers. The boys were very indignant when they found this out, and protested roundly. I remember dear Mr. Jefferson sitting there, with his beautiful, far-away look, while all this talk was going on, and at last saying,

"Well, I guess, after all, that is the right place for them to lie. I think these people did about right, so we won't say anything more about it."

That was Jefferson the man.

Mr. Jefferson was inclined to have dyspepsia; in any case, he was a very frugal eater. It was a great lesson to me in self-control when I first went into that intimate family life in the car.

There was the best the market afforded in every way in food and expensive wines for guests, standing out in strong contrast with the simple fare that Mr. Jefferson himself lived on. Wonderful were the suppers after the performances in different cities. All sorts of persons were gathered there. Hardly a night passed without some great figure in the political, social, or artistic world being at the Jefferson table. The host, with his beautiful spirit of hospitality, had provided everything that could be thought of for others, while he himself had just his bowl of oatmeal and milk.

Mr. Jefferson had a great horror of tobacco and liquor. He used vehemently to discourse on the evils of nicotine and alcohol. He always said "nicotine" and "alcohol," never "cigars" and "wine." No matter who died or at what age, however great, after the first shock of hearing of the death, Mr. Jefferson would always say, if the person had been a smoker or had indulged in wines, "You see, he was a great smoker," or, "You see, alcohol will get in its work." This was particularly funny when the parties to whom he referred had passed the eighty-year mark.

Mr. Jefferson would sit amid the good cheer and gaiety about his table, surrounded by wreaths of tobacco smoke and breathing the fumes of wine, utterly oblivious to his pet abominations. I used to ask him how he stood it.

"That room last night," I would say, "was so thick with smoke that you could cut it with a knife." Then that curious little look that I knew so well would come to his face, and he would say:

"Was it, now? Do you know, I never noticed it."

Mr. Jefferson had hobbies, but he had no crankiness. He was full of a mystical philosophy of life. He reasoned that everything that was detrimental either to the physical or the spiritual health of humanity had its origin in fear. And this he believed in casting out entirely, upon which anger would depart as a natural consequence. He told me that he had labored for years with this end in view, believing that the conquering of fear would harmonize his character as much as it was possible for him to do. After learning this, one could instantly understand many things which seemed extraordinary on the stage before this theory was known. For instance, Jefferson was the only man of exquisite sensibilities and genius in acting whom I have ever known or heard of who was not irritable and unreasonable if anything happened to destroy the illusion of the play.

One night in a very large city an unforeseen but peculiarly trying incident occurred. The play was "Rip Van Winkle." Jefferson had gone through the scene in the mountains with *Hendrik Hudson* and his crew with telling power. The house was dead silent. *Rip* had come to the place where, filled with awe and the prescience of the magic of the cup he was going to drink with the captain of the shadowy crew, he lifted it to his lips, and was just saying in that wonderful voice that none who ever heard could forget, charged with everything of mystery and pathos, "Here 's your good health and your family's!" when down rolled the curtain, cutting off entirely the beautiful finish to the act where, having drunk the liquor, he prepares for the long sleep of twenty years on which the curtain should fall. There was hurrying and scurrying on the stage. The audience, as we could feel even through the heavy curtain, were sitting nonplussed and bewildered at being cut off in the midst of a thing which they felt, even if they did not know, was not finished.

In the midst of our excitement Jefferson sat perfectly calm, and presently said:

"No, don't ring up again."

After the silence in front, which lasted a brief period, they gave Jefferson the customary applause. He was always compelled to make a speech. The audience expected this just as much as the play. After speaking to them, he came behind the curtain and in a perfectly sweet tone said to one of the stage-hands:

"What happened?"

"I leaned up against the button, and I suppose that gave the warning in the flies," the man replied.

Jefferson looked at him calmly and said, "Well, will you kindly find some other place to lean to-morrow night?" And there the incident closed.

There was another funny happening. Every one remembers the scene in the Catskill Mountains with *Hudson* and his crew. This had to be rehearsed with a lot of "supers" every night. It was a very important scene for Mr. Jefferson, and was rehearsed by young Joe, who was young and easy-going. He used to summon these supers up about a quarter before eight, and a motley crew they were, picked up in the street. He would spend about five minutes telling them where to stand and what to do, as they, being all ghosts, did not speak. Young Joe himself played *Hendrik Hudson,* and made the first movements, which the rest of the crew followed. On this night Jefferson came on with the weird little figure that had lured him from the lower passes with the barrel which he was

carrying to *Hudson* and his crew. In this scene *Rip* stands there for a moment in awe and wonder, facing one of these figures, recoils slightly, and goes around him, not at first realizing that there are others like him. In the deadly silence, for he has hypnotized the audience into the atmosphere necessary for the scene, he bumps into the second man, and turns with awe-struck face gazing at him. Out of the silence came Jefferson's wonderful tones, "Are you that fellow's brother?"

Young Joe had neglected to instruct this particular person, and he, paying tribute to Jefferson's wonderful naturalness, answered loudly in gruff, street-gamin voice, "Na-o!" For the moment it seemed as though everything was lost, but the same calmness that had saved many situations prevailed, and everything went on.

Mr. Jefferson could have "given cards and spades" to any young society débutante or beautiful singer in the matter of the adoration of women. Here was a man in the seventies, one who never consciously in any way tried to make an effect. He was strangely far away from all the artifices that are commonly supposed to win people in the theater or out of it. Yet the flowers, letters, and other testimonials of enthusiasm from women of all ages were marvelous. Sometimes his absent-mindedness gave rise to funny situations. In a Southern city he had received a letter from a delegation of women, asking if they might wait on him at his car and have an hour of social intercourse. He consented. I can see them now coming across a stretch of road. Every one seemed to have something in her hands.

When the ladies had come in, and very consciously introduced themselves, they informed Mr. Jefferson that they had brought their little afternoon tea. Then they asked for a little table to be set up, and this they soon had loaded down with all sorts of goodies, flowers, silverware, and everything delightful. Mr. Jefferson was in one of his happiest moods. An hour passed away. Another hour began to be tolled off, and now every one began to get conscious, even the ladies themselves, who were responsible for it, as they made no motion to go. Then somebody tried to make a move, but still they lingered. At last it became awkwardly painful. Then they left. When the last of the charming women had gone, Mr. Jefferson turned to me and said:

"Was n't that strange, the way they lingered and did n't seem to want to go, and yet did n't seem to want to stay either? Did you notice it?"

I said I had. Just then the waiter from the dining-room of the car came in and asked what was to be done with the silver and linen and other pretty things that the ladies had brought and left on the table.

The mystery was solved.

Mr. Jefferson was very often invited by clubs and societies to speak on the drama. He was a delightful speaker, always had important things to say about his art, and was willing to say them. On one occasion he asked me to go with him to a club in Minneapolis, where he had been asked to speak. The place was crowded when we got there. The gentleman who had been intrusted with the introduction of the speaker was extremely nervous, and on rising to perform his task showed that he was unaccustomed to it. He floundered, rambled along, told us a lot about Washington Irving, the story of *Rip Van Winkle,* and other things we all knew. Presently he began to feel the impatience of the audience and hurried on to the introduction. "Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "I will not say any more, but will introduce to you our guest of the afternoon, Mr. Washington Irving—I—I—me—mean—Mr. Rip Van Winkle—I—I—I—m—mean—Mr. Joseph Jefferson." There was long, loud laughter.

Mr. Jefferson gave his little talk, and when we were returning in the carriage, he sat quietly for a while, and then said to me, with, I think, the nearest approach to irritation that I remember seeing in him:

"Is n't it strange how people will feel that they must laugh and be amused when any one who is associated in their minds with anything laughable or comic is presented to them? Sometimes it seems to me to be in bad taste. *I* do not see anything so funny in being presented to a person who has, in a sense, the gift of comedy. I think it would be just as well to wait till he did something laughable at the moment."

Being quite aware of Mr. Jefferson's deafness, I instantly perceived his misapprehension. He asked me if I had no-

ticed the roar of laughter the people gave when he was presented to them. Then I told him of the way in which the man had made the introduction.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed, "I don't wonder they roared at that tripping down the scale."

Mr. Jefferson had a rather weird side to his mind. He had no theories on occultism, but he did not believe in death, as do most of us. He had cast the fear of this out of his mind with other fears. One night he had a very bad cold on the lungs. The boys felt anxious and wished him to have a doctor, but he resisted. At last, however, he yielded, saying they might get one, if it would be any comfort to them. When the doctor came, Mr. Jefferson shook hands with him and said pleasantly:

"You know, I want to tell you beforehand that I shall probably not take your medicine. But your presence is going to have a moral effect on these young men. You know how to go to work under such circumstances."

The doctor laughed and went into the room with Jefferson, and neither of them mentioned in any way the purpose of the visit. Jefferson talked about the town we were in, and told funny stories, and the doctor hung about in a kind of trance, utterly forgetting why he was there. Presently Mr. Jefferson said to me:

"That is the doctor."

"Yes," I said, "what did he say?"

"About the play?"

"No, about you."

"Well," he replied, "he has not said anything about me nor about his bill."

Finally, to please the boys, the doctor did make some suggestion of old women's remedies, but refused to take any fee, saying he had thoroughly enjoyed himself. The boys insisted, and he finally took a dollar. Later Mr. Jefferson asked, "Tom, what did that cost?"

"He did not want to take anything, but we made him take a dollar."

"Heavens!" exclaimed Jefferson, and then, after pondering a bit, "Well, after all, to have a new experience and be paid a dollar for having it is something."

I understand that later in life, after he had had appendicitis and been operated on and was very weak, Jefferson would have a doctor just to please the family, but when I was with him physicians and medicines were a joke to him.

Another striking thing was the consistency and honesty with which fear and anger had been banished from Jefferson's make-up. I remember one day we all got extremely nervous at the shunting of freight-trains near where our car was standing. We were anxious to get Mr. Jefferson to leave the car till the boys had found out whether it was safe to remain. After a good deal of difficulty Mr. Jefferson consented to leave the car, and went into his state-room to get something. We waited, but he did not reappear. When one of us went to look for him, he found him sitting quietly there, having forgotten all about going out. On being reminded, he said: "Oh, God bless me! yes. Well, I might as well tell you, I am a kind of fatalist. While I know that if you know you are in danger, it is well to get out, I have a conviction that it is going to be all right, that this car is on the right track." We investigated, and found that this was so.

Mr. Jefferson was eternally being asked to play for churches with debts. He was a great pet with ministers. But he never asked any of his actors to play benefits for nothing; he always paid them. He has been spoken of as being very close. Now, the calls on his generosity from down-and-out persons and unsuccessful actors were innumerable. I had the opportunity of seeing that he was very, very generous. He had a delicacy, too, in such matters, that was of a piece with everything else about him. He never put the applicant through long interrogations as to why this had happened or how it came about. Yet in his generosity there was no sense of that indiscriminate giving, simply to get rid of trouble or unpleasantness.

Once we spent Shakspere's birthday at the Forrest Home. Mr. Jefferson had accepted an invitation to be the guest of the people at that delightful place. We went down there early in the morning. It is a beautiful place that Edwin Forrest left to those of the dramatic profession who find themselves in old age without home or friends. They are the heirs; it is theirs; there is no dole of charity. Consequently there is a peculiar charm in a visit to the home. One is received by the old actors and actresses. He is their

guest. All the sting and pain of failure and poverty are removed. They are richer than ever in their lives in this beautiful home, with library, pictures, and the like.

On our way there Mr. Jefferson seemed to become a boy again. He counted up the old friends he was going to see.

"There 's old Smithy, and John Ellsler, and so on," he said, enumerating men and women who had been associated with him. He had the manner of a boy going to meet a lot of school-fellows whom he had not seen for a long time. Everything that could suggest the difference between their destinies and his on the stage was eliminated. When we came in sight, great shouts rang out in greeting of him. It was all as if they were a lot of boys and girls together again, beginning their struggles with all their opportunities and hopes before them. Later in the day, it was Jefferson's office to announce the program of the proceedings. One of the numbers was the Closet Scene from *Hamlet*, by Mr. and Mrs. Preston Clarke in modern clothes. It was awfully funny.

Jefferson announced it with great dignity, adding, "I am sure we are going to have a great treat. My only regret is that William Shakspere is not here to see it."

Mr. Jefferson was always amused at things he overheard about himself. He was walking along the street one day just behind two men who appeared to be quite as old as himself. Presently they came to a stand before a poster announcing that Joseph Jefferson was to play *Rip Van Winkle*. "For Heaven's sake!" cried one, "is that old cock on earth yet?" Jefferson explained the misapprehension in this way: in his early days, owing to his being very thin and having a peculiar voice, he was always cast for old men. Thus, though a mere boy, he was taken to be a much older man. In those days he was stage-manager with Forrest, of whose personality it was interesting to hear him talk. It was true, he said, that there was never anything light or playful about Forrest.

He always seemed to be the very incarnate spirit of tragedy. As long as things went well, it was all right: all one could do was to say "Thank God!" But one must always be prepared for the worst.

He told me of times when something had gone wrong on the stage, when just before the curtain dropped, he, Jefferson, would take to his heels and run a block for fear of meeting Forrest.

There was one thing about which Mr. Jefferson was very particular: he never tolerated any guying. Everything had to be serious and proper—no side remarks or foolishness.

Yet he would tell of the most wonderful things they did in the old days, when there was little supervision, and the manager himself was an actor.

I asked him why he was so particular now, and he said:

"Well, my dear, we live and learn. You must understand all this is a question of evolution. The audiences were different then. We were dream people to them. They sometimes followed us along the street. But we did not belong to the same race in the sense that they did. Therefore many things we did would not be translatable. They did not feel the fine distinctions that are felt now."

Also, Mr. Jefferson did not believe entirely in telling all the secrets of the stage. He thought it should be kept a sort of wonder-house. As he said:

"Now it is a common thing to meet actors and to read the most intimate details of their lives. There are diagrams and pictures of the machinery and workings of the stage. There is a change in the attitude of the public. Consequently the whole life and discipline of the stage are different. It is simply the case of one workman in the presence of another workman who knows every nut of the machine."

That was his idea. I do not think he was quite right about it, but it was *his* idea.

[See also by the same writer "The Stage Wisdom of Joseph Jefferson," in THE CENTURY for March, 1912.]

From a photograph, taken in 1903, by Histed

JOSEPH JEFFERSON IN HIS FISHERMAN'S COSTUME

AMERICAN WATERWAYS AND THE "PORK-BARREL"

HOW POLITICS HAS KEPT US BEHIND OTHER COUNTRIES IN RIVER TRANSPORTATION—WITH PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS FOR A NEW POLICY

BY HUBERT BRUCE FULLER

FOREWORD, BY THE HON. THEODORE E. BURTON

Senator from Ohio

To one who has made even a superficial study of the question, there can be little doubt that the waterway development of the United States is far inferior to that of the leading nations of Europe, notably Belgium, France, and Germany, where conditions are more favorable to waterway transportation on inland streams. But this inferiority can also be traced in great measure to several other causes, not the least potent of which is our unscientific method of river and harbor improvements. In the first place, our appropriation bills should be framed with a single view to the benefits to be secured for commerce and not for the political advantages which may accrue therefrom. Only those streams should receive assistance which actually support a creditable amount of traffic, or which give certain promise of developing commerce in the future. We must avoid improving branch streams while we neglect the main arteries. And we must do away with the baneful method of "piecemeal appropriations," by which millions of dollars are wastefully apportioned among scores of projects for none of which completion is assured. Having once adopted a project, we should appropriate for it every year the largest sum which can profitably be expended with a view to its prompt and economical completion, so that the public may enjoy the benefits upon which it was predicated.

Moreover, we should not consider our rivers merely as weapons with which to hold the railroads in subjection. The courts and the Interstate Commerce Commission exist for that purpose. Our rivers should be improved for the development of commerce and not for the purpose of controlling railroad rates, as has frequently been done in the past.

TO date we have spent over half a billion dollars in improving the rivers and harbors of the United States. The greater part of this sum has been thrown away, with nothing to show for its expenditure. This is due to the attitude of politicians, who are less interested in the waterway development than in the distribution of public money in their own congressional bailiwicks, and before whom the "pork-barrel" habitually looms large.

This has been accomplished by methods which are monstrous. The amount to be appropriated in any one year for our rivers and harbors is first decided upon. This then becomes a fund upon which members of Congress may draw to aid in their campaigns for reëlection; that is to say, it is distributed not in accordance with the needs of the country, but rather according to the demands of congressmen who wish to cajole their constituents by the improvement of local streams, however worthless.

For example, in the general River and Harbor Act of 1910, 296 out of the 391 congressional districts of the United States received an appropriation. The $52,000,000 carried in that bill was regarded as a political fund to be circulated in different parts of the country rather than to be applied to the needs of waterways. Senator Tillman, with characteristic frankness, once said, "The whole scheme of river improvement is a humbug and a steal." But,

as he declared, every member of Congress wants "a finger in the pie."

The result has been ludicrous and shameful. Streams have been improved where the only practical effect has been to construct channels where the indigenous fish might more freely disport themselves. Money has been wasted on creeks and streams far from centers of trade and without any vestige of commerce, while we have neglected the great water-arteries of the country where commerce does exist or might be created.

FOUR OBJECT-LESSONS IN PUBLIC WASTE

For example, the Government has spent approximately $1,700,000 in improving the Big Sandy River and its branches, the Tug and Levisa, in Kentucky and West Virginia. The annual traffic on these streams, exclusive of timber, amounts to about 2000 tons. In interest alone on its investment it costs the United States $20 for every ton of freight carried on these streams. Added to this is the annual cost of maintenance of $20,000, or $10 for every ton of traffic. The Government could more profitably pay the railroad charges for transporting this small amount of freight. The theory for improving the Big Sandy River and its branches was to furnish cheap transportation for the coal mined in that region. Three locks and dams were built. Yet last year not a single ton of coal was carried on those rivers.

Another striking example of the extravagant expenditure of money by the United States is the Illinois and Mississippi Canal, more generally known as the Hennepin Canal, which cost the Government $7,463,680. The annual traffic probably does not reach 25,000 tons, and the canal is used almost entirely for motor-boats and gasolene launches. We have spent $146,179 on the Minnesota River, yet the government engineer reports: "Although a practicable channel has been provided at the mouth of the river, it has never been used except by pleasure-boats, and there is no prospect that it will be. For this reason I recommend that the annual expenditure for maintenance of this channel be discontinued, as it is not warranted by any existing or prospective commerce."

Another characteristic example is the Trinity River in Texas, where the Government has undertaken to provide six-foot navigation from Dallas to the mouth, a distance of 511 miles, by open channel work and a system of locks and dams. The original estimate for this improvement was $4,500,000, and to date approximately $900,000 have been expended. It costs $60,000 a year to maintain the work already done, and yet no commerce is possible above the limit of tidal action until the river has been entirely canalized. There is probably no more absurd example of the utter waste of government money than this improvement of the Trinity River at a cost of four and a half million dollars for the sole purpose of giving Dallas a water outlet to the gulf, over 500 miles distant.

Another instance of the way Congress, under the guise of improving our rivers and harbors, is throwing away the public money for political reasons is found in the Muskingum River in Ohio. For building and operating the locks and dams on this river the Government has already expended close to $2,000,000. During the last year alone it cost $50,000 to maintain the work already done by dredging channels and repairing the locks and dams. Yet the total commerce for 1911 was only 63,000 tons, and a third of this consisted of sand and gravel. Traffic on the Muskingum River is confined almost entirely to gasolene launches and motor-boats.

THE MISSOURI RIVER AS A MONEY-SINKER

The most reckless instance of wasting the Government's money is the "improvement" of the Missouri River. In 1897 a committee of the Senate was appointed to investigate the Missouri and Mississippi rivers. After a thorough examination the committee unanimously reported that further appropriations for the Missouri River would be literally thrown away. For a few years no appropriations were made. Yet Congress has now embarked upon a scheme of spending $20,000,000 on the Missouri River from Kansas City to St. Louis, and $22,500,000 from Kansas City to Sioux City. Already Congress has begun to appropriate millions for this unwarranted project, which one of its own committees declared to be a "reckless waste of money." The engineer's report shows

SCENE ON THE TELTOW CANAL, NEAR BERLIN, GERMANY
Showing the track along the edge of the canal and the arm of an electric motor-car towing a boat.

ONE OF THE ELECTRIC MOTOR CARS USED FOR TOWING BARGES
ON THE TELTOW CANAL, NEAR BERLIN, GERMANY

that it will cost $500,000 a year to maintain a channel from Kansas City to St. Louis even after the expenditure of this $20,000,000, with an additional expense of $60,000 a year for merely removing trees and brush which will wash into the stream. This is more than the total annual cost of maintaining the harbors of Portland, Boston, New York, Baltimore, Norfolk, and Charleston, with their enormous commerce.

We have expended $11,500,000 to date for improving a channel on the Missouri, and yet on the part between Kansas City and the Mississippi, in 1910, only 41,500 tons of freight were carried, exclusive of sand and gravel, hauled less than a mile from its point of shipment. Other examples fully as impressive might be quoted by the score—the Red River in Arkansas, the Ouachita, the Cumberland, and the Kentucky rivers.

POURING MONEY INTO THE MISSISSIPPI

A STRIKING example of the waterway problem of the United States is found in the Mississippi River. On this river the Government has spent over $90,000,000. On the two hundred miles between the Missouri and the mouth of the Ohio we have spent $15,000,000. Yet the traffic on this part of the river, including that of St. Louis, has steadily decreased. In 1880 the quantity of freight shipped by water from St. Louis was 1,038,000 tons; in 1900 it fell to 245,000 tons; in 1911 it fell to 191,965 tons.

The United States has spent more in improving this stretch of the Mississippi River—200 miles—than the Central Government of Germany has spent for improving the Rhine from Strasburg to the frontier of Holland, about 355 miles, on which the annual traffic reaches the enormous aggregate of 40,000,000 tons, as compared with the beggarly 191,965 tons of this important stretch of the Mississippi. Yet we could handle the fabulous Rhine tonnage with ease on the Mississippi, which is to-day almost denuded of commerce.

Only on the Great Lakes has American waterway commerce increased. In 1885 the traffic through the Soo amounted to 3,256,628 tons; in 1910 it had increased to 62,362,218, or a gain of two thousand per cent. In striking contrast is the decadent condition of commerce on most of the rivers and canals of this country.

EXPENDITURE MADE INEFFECTIVE BY DELAY

THE "improvements" which are undertaken illustrate the utter inefficiency of the methods employed by the United States in handling its waterway problems. In 1878, for example, the Government began work in improving the Columbia River at the Cascade Gorge in Oregon. The work was not completed until 1895. In many of those years no money was appropriated, and in other years only a few thousand dollars. No portion of the river could be used until the work was entirely completed, and the long delays compelled the Government frequently to rebuild the plants and renew the machinery. Work has been in progress on the Harlem River in New York for thirty-four years, and with the small appropriations made every year it will require another ten years to complete a project which should have been finished within ten years from the date of its inception.

No private corporation would tolerate such a system. The total appropriations are increased, profligate waste is encouraged, and unwarranted projects are undertaken.

THE WISE METHODS OF EUROPE

BELGIUM, France, and Germany have the most wonderful waterway systems in the world. They have adopted a scientific system of improvement, which contrasts strongly with the pork-barrel methods which prevail in the United States. In these nations no waterway improvement is undertaken until after a careful examination of the proposed work. The cost of the project, the time necessary for its completion, and the probable results to commerce, are all considered. When the improvement is decided upon, provision is made for completing the project before the work is started. Nowhere in Europe can we find anything to compare, for example, with the construction of the breakwater at Bar Harbor, Maine, where work has been going on for twenty-two years, and yet is nowhere near completion.

France has expended $450,000,000, and

A VIEW OF NO. 1 LOCK ON THE MUSKINGUM RIVER, OHIO

VIEW, LOOKING DOWNSTREAM, OF THE BOATYARD IN THE MISSOURI **RIVER,** AT GASCONADE, SHOWING A CONCRETE REVETMENT

plan. For example, in Belgium and in France, by means of rivers and intersecting-canals, boats go from one end of the nation to another. Some of the rivers have international connections. There are seven waterway routes by which traffic may be conducted between Belgium and France alone. Belgian barges traverse the inland waterways of France and Germany. The waterways of northern France handle an enormous traffic to and from Belgium, Holland, and Germany.

A generation ago the waterways of Europe were in the same condition which we now find in the United States. Germany, France, and Belgium were the first to realize the necessity for effecting another system of transportation to supplement the railroads.

CONTRASTS IN EQUIPMENT AND HANDLING

THE American who travels in Europe is impressed with the antiquated type of boats which ply our American rivers. On the Mississippi, for example, the stern-wheel river-packets of the type prevalent before the Civil War are still in use. Half a century has brought no improvement. The contrast is all the more marked by comparison with the wonderful improvements in the railroad world—the steel freight-cars, the enormous high-speed engines, the rock-ballast road-beds. In Europe we see on all the rivers and canals steel barges in enormous tows. On the Rhine, the most famous inland water-route of the world, from six to ten of these barges, loaded with such freight as coal, iron ore, and grain, constitute a single tow. These barges have a capacity of from 1000 to 1400 tons each. On the German canals the barges are frequently propelled by electric motor-cars running on tracks parallel to the canals. In the United States canal-barges are propelled by horses or mules.

But the most striking illustration of the antiquated methods which distinguish American waterway commerce is the manner of handling freight—the loading and unloading of vessels. In France, Germany, Belgium, Holland, and Russia vessels are unloaded by traveling electric cranes, which handle with ease such enormous machinery as locomotives, automobiles, and similar freight. In some of the harbors transhipments are made from vessel to vessel by floating hydraulic cranes. On the Mississippi River, even at such large ports as St. Louis and Memphis, we are still loading boats by Negro deck-hands, or "roustabouts," as they did before the Civil War. The freight is carried ashore on the backs of Negroes over narrow gang-planks. At many of the Mississippi River ports, baled cotton is unloaded by block and tackle operated by hand. This method is crude and economically extravagant.

TERMINAL PROBLEMS

OF even greater importance to the rehabilitation of waterways of the United States is the question of terminal facilities. The National Waterways Commission, of which Senator Theodore E. Burton of Ohio is chairman, has made a detailed study of the problem. In its final report, recently submitted to Congress, the commission says:

> Undoubtedly the most essential requirement for the preservation and advancement of water transportation is the establishment of adequate terminals properly controlled. Under present conditions the advantage of cheaper transportation which the waterways afford is largely nullified by lack of such terminals. . . . Private interests control nearly all the available water-front in this country. . . . This railway control of terminals is one of the most serious obstacles to the development of water transportation, for the control of the terminal means practically the control of the route. An independent boat line has small chance of success where it is denied the use of docks and terminal facilities or is required to pay unreasonable charges for their use. The high terminal charges at many of our ports make it impossible for small boat lines to enter at all. The Commission believes that the proper solution of this terminal question is most vital to the future of water transportation.

The railroads of the United States have already encroached on these to the very limit of their possibilities. The terminal sites along all our large rivers, such as the Mississippi, the Missouri, and the Ohio, are virtually all occupied by the railroads. The city of Philadelphia furnishes a con-

crete example. The maritime trade at that port is almost entirely controlled by railroad companies, which own a large portion of the water-front, or by leases occupy nearly every available wharf property belonging to the city. Boats are unable to secure dockage facilities for loading and unloading their freight. The situation can best be compared to the idea of building a highway at the expense of the people and then permitting an individual to erect a toll-gate at each end and charge a fee from any one attempting to use it.

It is manifest that the right of landing and embarking ought to suffer no greater legal obstructions than the right of sailing the rivers themselves. Two cities of the United States have undertaken to meet this problem. San Francisco furnishes an excellent example of the efficiency and economy of the municipal ownership and operation of docks. At that port a charge of five cents a ton is made for loading and unloading any and all vessels, while at New Orleans the rate is a trifle over six cents a ton.

Belgium possesses the most perfect system of dockage and terminal facilities in the world. All termini belong to the state. They are provided with modern warehouses, rolling hydraulic and electric cranes, and ample side tracks for loading and unloading boats direct from railroad cars.

The time has come when the United States must adopt some definite policy for securing terminal and wharfage facilities for boat lines. Several methods have been suggested. It has been proposed that, in granting river and harbor appropriations, preference should be given to communities willing to coöperate with the Government in providing terminal facilities. More effective would be legislation to compel the railroads or other dock-owners to share them with steamship companies. Also the docks might be condemned for public use under suitable regulations.

In any event, American municipalities, in order to prevent monopoly, must either own their water terminals or regulate them. Manifestly the ability of a railroad or boat line to handle traffic depends as much on its terminal facilities as upon its lines. Railroad men agree that that portion of the New York Central Railroad south of the Spuyten Duyvil Bridge is more valuable than the remainder of the main line to Rochester, and that the terminals of the Illinois Central Railroad at Chicago are more valuable than the balance of that road to New Orleans. Unless suitable facilities are provided for handling and transhipping freight by boats, we shall never be able to realize a return upon the millions of dollars which we are annually expending on the rivers and harbors of the country.

A FALSE THEORY OF THE RELATION OF WATERWAYS TO RAILROADS

In the United States we have also ignored the fact that waterway commerce in large measure depends upon the regulation of the railroads. In Europe this is appreciated, and to this is largely due the superiority of European waterways over those of the United States.

Waterway lines cannot exist without the coöperation of railroads. They cannot sustain themselves against the unrestrained competition of railways. Waterway traffic is certain to depend on the extent to which railroads coöperate with the boat lines. In its preliminary report the National Waterways Commission said:

> The most essential requirement for the rehabilitation of water traffic is, in the opinion of the Commission, the establishment of harmonious relations between the railway and water lines. It is quite as important that there should be coöperation between them as that greater depth of channel should be secured.

In the United States we have subscribed to the absurd theory that our waterways must be improved in order to regulate railroad freight rates. We have spent millions of dollars annually simply as an indirect means of controlling railway rates. We have appropriated enormous sums of money to revive waterway traffic, and then have permitted the railroads, by manipulation of their rates, to throttle the commerce thus created. The railroads have reduced rates between competitive river points,—have carried freight at a loss until the boat lines were ruined,—and then have restored the former rates; they have discriminated against river shippers; they have charged more for the short than

for the long haul; they have resorted to every device a clever mind could conceive and an experienced hand execute.

In Europe these abuses are prevented by legislation, and the waterways are protected by the strong arm of the law. In Belgium and Germany competition is regulated and controlled through the government ownership of railways. Railroads are forbidden to carry certain classes of freight more peculiarly adapted to the waterways. The problem is also governed by the control exercised over freight rates. In France the Government compels the railroads to charge twenty per cent. more than the water rates for handling freight adapted to waterway carriage.

A step in the right direction is found in an amendment to the Court of Commerce Act, approved June 18, 1912, by which when railroads, in competition with water-routes, reduce freight rates between competing points they will not be permitted later to increase the rates unless after a hearing by the Interstate Commerce Commission it shall appear that some reason existed for the increase other than the elimination of water competition. Besides this, the Interstate Commerce Commission ought also to be given power to fix both maximum and minimum rates on all interstate water and rail transportation.

But this is purely negative. Even this legislation would merely prevent the open hostility of the railroads. Laws should also be passed to compel railroads to coöperate with waterway companies, so that the boat lines may assume their natural position as supplemental means of transportation to our rail lines. The railroads must be compelled to transfer freight to water lines, to through-rate, to pro-rate, to give through bills of lading, to share terminal facilities, and to transfer freight over any rail- and water-routes and to any waterway lines which shippers may desire. Without legislation along these lines, the waterways will be limited to purely port-to-port business, on which alone boat lines cannot exist.

WATERWAYS INDISPENSABLE TO AMERICAN INDUSTRY

WHILE we cannot adopt in whole the policies of Belgium, France, and Germany, yet we should apply the results of their experience to our own waterway problems. The industrial future of the United States depends upon the solution of our transportation question. The railroad facilities of this country approximate only sixty per cent. of the development necessary for properly handling our freight. The present system of transportation is not only inadequate for our present needs, but its future development cannot keep pace with the growing demands of our industrial life.

The necessity for the improvement of American waterways has been growing more apparent during the last decade, and has been especially marked since the years 1906 and 1907, when the congestion of traffic and the failure of railways to afford sufficient accommodations resulted in enormous losses to shippers in all parts of the country.

Moreover, the cost of transportation in the United States is excessive. Railroad rates are artificial and unequal, and lack any definite test by which it is possible to determine their reasonableness. For example, from the Atlantic seaboard to the Mississippi River at St. Louis is approximately 1000 miles. The freight rate for that distance is eighty-seven cents. The freight rate from the Mississippi River to the Missouri River at Kansas City, approximately 300 miles, is sixty cents, or nearly three fourths as much.

Manifestly the United States is suffering from inefficient transportation facilities. No nation of diversified industrial development can rely solely upon railroad transportation. Though this fact was discovered by the leading nations of Europe forty and more years ago, we have just awakened to its realization.

We pay the railroads of this country approximately $3,000,000,000 a year. A substantial portion of the cost of living originates in the expense of transportation, which has increased more rapidly than either production or population.

The nations of Europe have felt the handicap of dependence upon only one type of transportation facilities. They have developed the fact that waterways should not be competitors of railways, but that the two systems are in reality complementary to each other. Yet the railroads of the United States have systematically fought every effort to promote the reha-

bilitation and improvement of American waterways.

As a result, in this country we consider a river not so much a channel for commerce as a club by which railroad rates can be restrained—a threat of potential competition. In short, we have spent millions of dollars for the ostensible improvement of our waterways, but for the real purpose of holding railroad rates to a reasonable figure. We have appealed to our treasury rather than to our courts for protection from railroad extortion. In Europe waterway commerce has been developed not so much by the expenditure of money in dredging and widening channels as by the strict regulation of railroad competition. In the United States we have expended millions of dollars to improve the channel of a river and then permitted railroads to drive boats from its service. The most notable example of this has been the Mississippi River, which with its tributaries flows through the heart of the continent and which in its earlier days carried millions of tons of commerce. With a sea harbor at New Orleans, once the fourth seaport in the world, this was the export and import route of the richest and most productive valley on earth. Through discrimination and unfair means of competition this great traffic has been diverted from the Mississippi and its tributaries and from the port of New Orleans to the railroad harbors at Galveston, where the railroads have a monopoly of the traffic with no competition. Europe long ago realized that waterway traffic could not exist when subjected to the unbridled competition of railroads.[1]

SMALL WATERWAYS NEEDED TO SUPPLEMENT THE PANAMA CANAL

DESPITE our marvelous railroad facilities, the growth of industry and the increasing population necessitate the immediate development of our waterways into efficient factors of transportation. The approaching completion of the Panama Canal increases this necessity, and will institute a new era of American waterway traffic, which is bound to assume even greater importance than in the days before its decadence.

But we must adopt a sane and economically sensible plan for waterway development. No government in the world has spent so much money as the United States in the improvement of its rivers and harbors, yet no country has so little to show for the money it has expended. Since the Federal Government was begun it has appropriated for this purpose the enormous sum of $600,000,000, and, as already stated, a large part of this has been literally wasted.

For the future we must eliminate first of all the pork-barrel theory of political river and harbor bills. Appropriations must be based upon merit and not upon political necessity. We must adopt a harmonious policy rather than a series of disconnected and unrelated schemes. Every river must be considered not as an isolated project, but as a portion of a nation-wide system. Our rivers must be connected by intersecting canals, so as to furnish water transportation from one portion of the country to another. We must make it possible for boats of uniform and medium draft to move over the entire nation by connecting rivers and canals. Terminal facilities must be provided similar to those which to-day exist in the leading nations of Europe. They must be made available on equal terms to all shippers. Junction-boat stations and anchorage basins must be established at the mouths of important tributaries.

The waterways must not only be protected from the railroads, but laws must be passed to establish harmonious relations between these two methods of transportation. We must apply the results of European experience to our own problems.

[1] A step in the right direction has been taken in the Panama Canal Act, signed by President Taft, August 24, 1912, but there is a wide divergence of opinion as to the real scope and effect of the provisions of this legislation.— H. B. F.

THE ART OF TERRY LUTE

BY NORMAN DUNCAN

Author of "Doctor Luke of the Labrador," "The Measure of a Man," etc.

WHEN the *Stand By* went down in a northeasterly gale off Dusty Reef of the False Frenchman, the last example of the art of Terry Lute of Out-of-the-Way Tickle perished with her. It was a great picture. This is an amazing thing to say. It doubtless challenges a superior incredulity. Yet the last exam-

f the art of Terry Lute was a very
picture. Incredible? Not at all. It
rely astonishing. Other masters, and
l sorts, have emerged from obscure
s. It is not the less likely that Terry
was a master because he originated
ut-of-the-Way Tickle of the New-
lland north coast. Rather more so,
ps. At any rate, Terry Lute *was* a
r.

nes Cobden saw the picture. He,
was astounded. But—"It is the
of a master," said he, instantly.

course the picture is gone; there is
her: Cobden's word for its quality
be taken. But why not? Cobden's
nents are not generally gainsaid; they
themselves, and stand. And it is
nywhere contended that Cobden is
to the encouragement of anemic
ition. Cobden's errors, if any, have
of severity. It is maintained by those
do not love him that he has laughed
a promising youngster into a sour
rity. And this may be true. A nig-
in respect to praise, a skeptic in
t to promise, he is well known. But
he has commended has never failed
good measure of critical recognition
e end. And he has uncovered no
'-nests.

l this, however,—the matter of Cob-
authority,—is here a waste discus-

If Cobden's judgments are in the
detestable, the tale has no point for
of the taste to hold against them; if
are true *and agreeable, it must then* be believed upon his word that when the *Stand By* went down off Dusty Reef of the False Frenchman a great picture perished with her—a great picture done in crayon on manila paper in Tom Lute's kitchen at Out-of-the-Way Tickle. Cobden is committed to this. And whether a masterpiece or not, and aside from the eminent critical opinion of it, the tale of Terry Lute's last example will at least prove the once engaging quality of Terry Lute's art.

COBDEN first saw the picture in the cabin of the *Stand By*, being then bound from Twillingate Harbor to Out-of-the-Way, when in the exercise of an amiable hospitality Skipper Tom took him below to stow him away. Cobden had come sketching. He had gone north, having read some moving and tragical tale of those parts, to look upon a grim sea and a harsh coast. He had found both, and had been inspired to convey a consciousness of both to a gentler world, touched with his own philosophy, in Cobden's way. But here already, gravely confronting him, was a masterpiece greater than he had visioned. It was framed broadly in raw pine, covered with window-glass, and nailed to the bulkhead; but it was nevertheless there, declaring its own dignity, a work of sure, clean genius.

Cobden started. He was astounded, fairly dazed, he puts it, by the display of crude power. He went close, stared into the appalling depths of wind, mist, and the sea, backed off, cocked his astonished head, ran a lean hand in bewilderment through his gray curls, and then flashed about on Skipper Tom.

"Who did that?" he demanded.

"That?" the skipper chuckled. "Oh," he drawled, "jus' my young feller." He was apologetic; but he was yet, to be sure, cherishing a bashful pride.

"How young?" Cobden snapped.

"Long about fourteen when he done that."

"A child!" Cobden gasped.

"Well, no, sir," the skipper declared, somewhat puzzled by Cobden's agitation; "he were fourteen, an' a lusty lad for his years."

Cobden turned again to the picture; he stood in a frowning study of it.

"What 's up?" the skipper mildly asked.

"What 's up, eh?" says Cobden, grimly. "That 's a great picture, by heaven!" he cried. "*That 's* what 's up."

Skipper Tom laughed.

"She is n't so bad, is she?" he admitted, with interest. "She sort o' scares me by times. But she were meant t' do that. An' dang if I is n't fond of her, anyhow!"

"Show me another," says Cobden.

Skipper Tom sharply withdrew his interest from the picture.

"Is n't another," said he, curtly. "That was the last he done."

"Dead!" Cobden exclaimed, aghast.

"Dead?" the skipper marveled. "Sure, no. He 've gone an' growed up." He was then bewildered by Cobden's relief.

Cobden faced the skipper squarely. He surveyed the genial fellow with curious interest.

"Skipper Tom," said he, then, slowly, "you have a wonderful son." He paused. "A—wonderful—son," he repeated. He smiled; the inscrutable wonder of the thing had all at once gently amused him—the wonder that a genius of rarely exampled quality should have entered the world in the neighborhood of Out-of-the-Way Tickle, there abandoned to chance discovery of the most precarious sort. And there was no doubt about the quality of the genius. The picture proclaimed it; and the picture was not promise, but a finished work, in itself an achievement, most marvelously accomplished, moreover, without the aid of any tradition.

Terry Lute's art was triumphant. Even the skeptical Cobden, who had damned so much in his day, could not question the lad's mastery. It did not occur to him to question it.

Skipper Tom blinked at the painter's wistful gravity. "What 's the row?" he stammered.

Cobden laughed heartily.

"It is hard to speak in a measured way of all this," he went on, all at once grave again. "After all, perhaps, one guesses; *and even the most cautious guesses go awry. I must not say too much.* It is not the time, at any rate, to say much. Afterward, when I have spoken with this—this young master, then, perhaps. But I may surely say that the fame of Terry Lute will soon be very great." His voice rose; he spoke with intense emphasis. "It will continue, it will grow. Terry Lute's name will live"—he hesitated—"for generations." He paused now, still looking into the skipper's inquiring eyes, his own smiling wistfully. Dreams were already forming. "Skipper Tom," he added, turning away, "you have a wonderful son."

"Aye," said the skipper, brows drawn; "an' I knows it well enough." He added absently, with deep feeling, "He 've been—*jus' fair wonderful.*"

"He shall learn what I can teach him."

"In the way o' sketchin' off, sir?" There was quick alarm in this.

Cobden struck a little attitude. It seemed to him now to be a moment. He was profoundly moved. "Terry Lute," he replied, "shall be—a master!"

"Mr. Cobden, sir," Skipper Tom protested, his face in an anxious twist, "I 'll thank you t' leave un alone."

"I 'll make a man of him!" cried Cobden, grieved.

Skipper Tom smiled grimly. It was now his turn to venture a curious survey. He ran his eye over the painter's slight body with twinkling amusement. "Will you, now?" he mused. "Oh, well, now," he drawled, "I 'd not trouble t' do it an I was you. You 're not knowin', anyhow, that he 've not made a man of *hisself* 'T is five year' since he done that there damned sketch." Then uneasily, and with a touch of sullen resentment: "I 'low you 'd best leave un alone, sir. He 've had trouble enough as it is."

"So?" Cobden flashed. "Already? That 's *good.*"

"It have n't done no harm," the skipper deliberated; "but—well, God knows I 'd not like t' see another's young one cast away in a mess like that."

Cobden was vaguely concerned. He did not, however, at the moment inquire. It crossed his mind, in a mere flash, that Skipper Tom had spoken with a deal of feeling. What could this trouble have been? Cobden forgot, then, that there had been any trouble at all.

"Well, well," Skipper Tom declared more heartily, "trouble 's the foe o' folly."

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ıave blown; greater seas have come
tumbling in on the black rocks of Out-of-the-Way. The point is this, Cobden says, that the wind was rising, the sea working up, the ice running in, the fog spreading, thickening, obscuring the way to harbor. The imagination of the beholder was subtly stimulated to conceive the ultimate worst of that which might impend, which is the climax of fear.

Cobden turned to Skipper Tom.

"What does Terry Lute call it?" he asked.

"Nothin'."

"H-m-m!" Cobden deliberated. "It must bear a name. A great picture done by a great hand. It must bear a name."

"Terry calls it jus' 'My Picture.' "

"Let it be called 'The Fang,' " said Cobden.

"A very good name, ecod!" cried Skipper Tom. " 'T is a picture meant t' scare the beholder."

TERRY LUTE was not quite shamelessly given to the practice of "wieldin' a pencil" until he discovered that he could make folk laugh. After that he was an abandoned soul, with a naughty strut on the roads. For folk laughed with flattering amazement, and they clapped Terry Lute on his broad little back, and much to his delight, they called him a limb o' the devil, and they spread his fame and his sketches from Out-of-the-Way and Twillingate Long Point to Cape Norman and the harbors of the Labrador. Caricatures, of course, engaged him—the parson, the schoolmaster, Bloody Bill Bull, and the crusty old shopkeeper. And had a man an enemy, Terry Lute, at the price of a clap on the back and an admiring wink, would provide him with a sketch which was like an arrow in his hand. The wink of admiration must be above suspicion, however, else Terry's cleverness might take another direction.

By these saucy sketches, Terry Lute was at one period involved in gravest trouble: the schoolmaster, good doctor of the wayward, thrashed him for a rogue; and from a prophetic pulpit the parson, anxious shepherd, came as near to promising him a part in perdition as honest conviction could bring him to speak. Terry Lute was startled. In the weakness of contrition he was moved to promise that he would draw their faces no more, and

thereafter he confined his shafts of humor to their backs; but as most men are vulnerable to ridicule from behind, and as the schoolmaster had bandy legs and the parson meek feet and pious shoulders, Terry Lute's pencil was more diligently, and far more successfully, employed than ever. The illicit exercise, the slyer art, and the larger triumph, filled him with chuckles and winks.

"Ecod!" he laughed to his own soul; "you is a sure-enough, clever little marvel, Terry Lute, me b'y!"

What gave Terry Lute's art a profound turn was the sheer indolence of his temperamental breed. He had no liking at all for labor: spreading fish on the flakes, keeping the head of his father's punt up to the sea on the grounds, splitting a turn of birch and drawing a bucket of water from the well by the Needle, discouraged the joy of life. He scolded, he begged, he protested that he was ailing, and so behaved in the cleverest fashion; but nothing availed him until after hours of toil he achieved a woeful picture of a little lad at work on the flake at the close of day. It was Terry Lute himself, no doubt of it at all, but a sad, worn child, with a lame back, eyes of woe, gigantic tears—a tender young spirit oppressed, and, that there might be no mistake about the delicacy of his general health, an angel waiting overhead.

"Thomas," wept Terry Lute's mother, "the wee lad 's doomed."

"Hut!" Skipper Tom blurted.

"Shame t' you!" cried Terry's mother, bursting into a new flood of tears.

After that, for a season, Terry Lute ran foot-loose and joyous over the mossy hills of Out-of-the-Way.

"Clever b'y, Terry Lute!" thinks he, without a qualm.

It chanced by and by that Parson Down preached with peculiar power at the winter revival; and upon this preaching old Bill Bull, the atheist of Out-of-the-Way, attended with scoffing regularity, sitting in the seat of the scorner. It was observed presently—no eyes so keen for such weather as the eyes of Out-of-the-Way—that Bill Bull was coming under conviction of his conscience; and when this great news got abroad, Terry Lute, too, attended upon Parson Down's preaching with regularity, due wholly, however, to his interest in watching the tortured countenance of poor Bill Bull. It was his purpose when first he began to draw to caricature the vanquished wretch. In the end he attempted a moving portrayal of "The Atheist's Stricken State," a large conception.

It was a sacred project; it was pursued in religious humility, in a spirit proper to the subject in hand. And there was much opportunity for study. Bill Bull did not easily yield; night after night he continued to shift from heroic resistance to terror and back to heroic resistance again. All this time Terry Lute sat watching. He gave no heed whatsoever to the words of Parson Down, with which, indeed, he had no concern. He heard nothing; he kept watch—close watch to remember. He opened his heart to the terror of poor Bill Bull; he sought to feel, though the effort was not conscious, what the atheist endured in the presence of the wrath to come. He watched; he memorized every phase of the torture, as it expressed itself in the changing lines of Bill Bull's countenance, that he might himself express it.

Afterward, in the kitchen, he drew pictures. He drew many; he succeeded in none. He worked in a fever, he destroyed in despair, he began anew with his teeth clenched. And then all at once, a windy night, he gave it all up and came wistfully to sit by the kitchen fire.

"Is you quit?" his mother inquired.

"Aye, Mother."

"H-m-m!" says Skipper Tom, puzzled. "I never knowed you t' quit for the night afore I made you."

Terry Lute shot his father a reproachful glance.

"I must take heed t' my soul," said he, darkly, "lest I be damned for my sins."

Next night Terry Lute knelt at the penitent bench with old Bill Bull. It will be recalled now that he had heard never a word of Parson Down's denunciations and appeals, that he had been otherwise and deeply engaged. His response had been altogether a reflection of Bill Bull's feeling, which he had observed, received, and memorized, and so possessed in the end that he had been overmastered by it, though he was ignorant of what had inspired it. And this, Cobden says, is a sufficient indication of that mastery of sub-

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purpose, avowed with a chuckle,
convey fear to the beholder of his
It was an impish trick, and it
it him unwittingly into peril of his

'low," says he between his teeth to
r Tom, "that she 'll scare the wits
you, Father."

per Tom laughed.

e 'll have trouble," he scoffed,
the sea herself has failed."

ou jus' wait easy," Terry grimly
ed him, "till I gets her off the
"

first Terry Lute tentatively sketched.
f the whole were accomplished,—
of foam and the lines of a current,—
rn up. This was laborious. Here
il, indeed, and Terry Lute bitterly
ained of it. 'T was bother; 't was
labor; there was n't no *sense* to it. Terry Lute's temper went overboard. He sighed and shifted, pouted and whimpered while he worked; but he kept on, with courage equal to his impulse, toiling every evening of that summer until his impatient mother shooed him off to more laborious toil upon the task in his nightmares. The whole arrangement was not attempted for the first time until midsummer. It proceeded, it halted, it vanished. Seventeen efforts were destroyed, ruthlessly thrust into the kitchen stove with no other comment than a sigh, a sniff of disgust, and a shuddering little whimper.

It was a windy night in the early fall of the year, blowing high and wet, when Terry Lute dropped his crayon with the air of not wanting to take it up again.

He sighed, he yawned.

"I got her done," says he, "confound her!" He yawned again.

"Too much labor, lad," Skipper Tom complained.

"Pshaw!" says Terry, indignantly. "I did n't *labor* on her."

Skipper Tom stared aghast in the presence of this monstrously futile prevarication.

"Ecod!" he gasped.

"Why, Father," says Terry, airily, "I jus'—sketched her. Do she scare you?"

From Terry Lute's picture Skipper Tom's glance ran to Terry Lute's anxious eyes.

"She do," said he, gravely; "but I 'm fair unable t' fathom"—pulling his beard in bewilderment—"the use of it all."

Terry Lute grinned.

IT did not appear until the fall gales were blowing in earnest that "The Fang" had made a coward of Terry Lute. There was a gray sea that day, and day was on the wing. There was reeling, noisy water roundabout, turning black in the failing light, and a roaring lee shore; and a gale in the making and a saucy wind were already jumping down from the northeast with a trail of disquieting fog. Terry Lute's spirit failed; he besought, he wept, to be taken ashore. "Oh, I 'm woeful scared o' the sea!" he complained. Skipper Tom brought him in from the sea, a whimpering coward, cowering degraded and shamefaced in the stern-sheets of the punt. There were no reproaches. Skip-

per Tom pulled grimly into harbor. His world had been shaken to ruins: he was grave without hope, as many a man before him has fallen upon the disclosure of inadequacy in his own son.

It was late that night when Skipper Tom and the discredited boy were left alone by the kitchen fire. The gale was down then, a wet wind blowing wildly in from the sea. Tom Lute's cottage shook in its passing fingers, which seemed somehow not to linger long enough to clutch it well, but to grasp in driven haste and sweep on. The boy sat snuggled to the fire for its consolation; he was covered with shame, oppressed, sore, and hopeless. He was disgraced: he was outcast, and now forever, from a world of manly endeavor wherein good courage did the work of the day that every man must do. Skipper Tom, in his slow survey of this aching and pitiful degradation, had an overwhelming sense of fatherhood. He must be wise, he thought; he must be wise and very wary that fatherly helpfulness might work a cure.

The boy had failed, and his failure had not been a thing of unfortuitous chance, not an incident of catastrophe, but a significant expression of character. Terry Lute was a coward, deep down, through and through: he had not lapsed in a panic; he had disclosed an abiding fear of the sea. He was not a coward by any act; no mere wanton folly had disgraced him, but the fallen nature of his own heart. He had failed; but he was only a lad, after all, and he must be helped to overcome. And there he sat, snuggled close to the fire, sobbing now, his face in his hands. Terry Lute knew—that which Skipper Tom did not yet know—that he had nurtured fear of the sea for the scandalous delight of imposing it upon others in the exercise of a devilish impulse and facility.

And he was all the more ashamed. He had been overtaken in iniquity; he was foredone.

"Terry, lad," said Skipper Tom, gently, "you 've done ill the day."

"Aye, sir."

"I 'low," Skipper Tom apologized, "that you is n't very well."

"I 'm not ailin', sir," Terry whimpered.

"An I was you," Skipper Tom admonished, "I 'd not spend time in weepin'."

"I 'm woebegone, sir."

"You 're a coward, God help you!" Skipper Tom groaned.

"Aye, sir."

Skipper Tom put a hand on the boy's knee. His voice was very gentle.

"There 's no place in the world for a man that 's afeard o' the sea," he said. "There 's no work in the world for a coward t' do. What 's fetched you to a pass like this, lad?"

"Broodin', sir."

"Broodin', Terry? What 's that?"

"Jus' broodin'."

"Not that damned picture, Terry?"

"Aye, sir."

"How can that be, lad?" It was all incomprehensible to Skipper Tom. "'T is but an unreal thing."

Terry looked up.

"'T is *real!*" he blazed.

"'T is but a thing o' fancy."

"Aye, fancy! A thing o' fancy! 'T is fancy that *makes* it real."

"An' you—a coward?"

Terry sighed.

"Aye, sir," said he, ashamed.

"Terry Lute," said Skipper Tom, gravely, now perceiving, "is you been foeterin' any fear o' the sea?"

"Aye, sir."

Skipper Tom's eye flashed in horrified understanding. He rose in contempt and wrath.

"*Practisin'* fear o' the sea?" he demanded.

"Aye, sir."

"T' sketch a picture?"

Terry began to sob.

"There was n't no other way," he wailed.

"God forgive you, wicked lad!"

"I 'll overcome, sir."

"Ah, Terry, poor lad," cried Skipper Tom, anguished, "you 've no place no more in a decent world."

"I 'll overcome."

"'T is past the time."

Terry Lute caught his father about the neck.

"I 'll overcome, Father," he sobbed. "I 'll overcome."

And Tom Lute took the lad in his arms, as though he were just a little fellow.

AND, well, in great faith and affection they made an end of it all that night—a chuckling end, accomplished in the kitchen

Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"'YOU 'RE A COWARD, GOD HELP YOU!' SKIPPER TOM GROANED"

stove, of everything that Terry Lute had done, saving only "The Fang," which must be kept ever-present, said Skipper Tom, to warn the soul of Terry Lute from the reefs of evil practices. And after that, and through the years since then, Terry Lute labored to fashion a man of himself after the standards of his world. Trouble? Aye, trouble—trouble enough at first, day by day, in fear, to confront the fabulous perils of his imagination. Trouble enough thereafter encountering the sea's real assault, to subdue the reasonable terrors of those parts. Trouble enough, too, by and by, to devise perils beyond the common, to find a madcap way, to disclose a chance worth daring for the sheer exercise of courage. But from all these perils, of the real and the fanciful, of the commonplace path and the way of reckless ingenuity, Terry Lute emerged at last with the reputation of having airily outdared every devil of the waters of Out-of-the-Way.

When James Cobden came wandering by, Terry Lute was a great, grave boy, upstanding, sure-eyed, unafraid, lean with the labor he had done upon his own soul.

WHEN the *Stand By,* in from Twillingate Harbor, dropped anchor at Out-of-the-Way Tickle, James Cobden had for three days lived intimately with "The Fang." He was hardly to be moved from its company. He had sought cause of offense; he had found no reasonable grounds. Wonder had grown within him. Perhaps from this young work he had visioned the highest fruition of the years. The first warm flush of approbation, at any rate, had changed to the beginnings of reverence. That Terry Lute was a master—a master of magnitude, already, and of a promise so large that in generations the world had not known the like of it—James Cobden was gravely persuaded. And this meant much to James Cobden, clear, aspiring soul, a man in pure love with his art. And there was more: grown old now, a little, he dreamed new dreams of fatherly affection, indulged in a studio which had grown lonely of late; and he promised himself, beyond this, the fine delight of cherishing a young genius, himself the prophet of that power, with whose great fame his own name might bear company into the future. And Terry Lute, met in the flesh, turned out to be a man—even such a man, in his sure, wistful strength, as James Cobden could respect.

There came presently the close of a day on the cliffs of Out-of-the-Way, a blue wind blowing over the sunlit moss, when Cobden, in fear of the issue, which must be challenged at last, turned from his work to the slope behind, where Terry Lute sat watching.

"Come!" said Cobden, smiling, "have a try."

Terry Lute shrank amused from the extended color-box and brushes.

"Ah, no, sir," said he, blushing. "I used t', though, when I were a child."

Cobden blinked.

"Eh?" he ejaculated.

"I is n't done nothin' at it since."

" 'I put away childish things,' " flashed inevitably into Cobden's mind. He was somewhat alarmed. "Why not since then?" he asked.

" 'T is not a man's work, sir."

"Again, why not?"

" 'T is a sort o'—silly thing—t' do."

"Good God!" Cobden thought, appalled. "The lad has strangled his gift!"

Terry Lute laughed then.

"I 'm sorry, sir," he said quickly, with a wistful smile, seeking forgiveness; "but I been watchin' you workin' away there like mad with all them little brushes. An' you looked so sort o' funny, sir, that I jus' could n't help—laughin'." Again he threw back his head, and once more, beyond his will, and innocent of offense and blame, he laughed a great, free laugh.

It almost killed James Cobden.

TIMOTHY COLE'S WOOD ENGRAVINGS OF FRENCH MASTERS

MARIE LECZINSKA

(Wife of Louis XV)

BY

VANLOO

MARIE LECZINSKA (WIFE OF LOUIS XV). BY VANLOO

(TIMOTHY COLE'S WOOD ENGRAVINGS OF FRENCH MASTERS)

"SOLIDARITY"

BY EDNA KENTON

Author of "Suddeth's Egeria," etc.

PICTURE BY F. R. GRUGER

I

THE secret of Mrs. Hope's survival of the summer before, with its heat and work, had been the promise that before the next summer swept around with its added labors she would have the desire of her life gratified—a sink and running water in her kitchen. She waited timorously through the early autumn.

"Had n't work better be begun before the ground freezes, Jim?" she asked perhaps thrice.

"H-m-m!" each time replied her spouse.

She waited through the winter, carrying through snow and sleet and cold most of the water needed for house use from the pump, three hundred yards from the kitchen door, placed there years before, that it might be conveniently near the barns. She waited through the early spring-planting, four times suggesting that now, with the ground thawed, was a good time for the pipes to be laid.

"H-m-m!" mumbled Jim Hope, reading his farm papers and government reports, and writing pertinent, intelligent letters to the firm that was endeavoring to sell him the latest model in motor harvesters. On the day that saw the huge engine delivered she spoke for the last time, hopelessly, of her sink and running water. This time she questioned desperately:

"Ain't you goin' to start layin' those pipes for the kitchen—right away, Jim?" Her breath gave out before she reached the end. "Jim!" she repeated, as her husband, walking about the new, shining treasure, did not reply.

"Why, Saidie, I reckon not this year," he said at last, not brutally, for he was not a brutal man. But he was a decisive one, and from Jim Hope sober to Jim Hope in any other state of mind whatever there was no appeal. But she began to speak, nevertheless, her words dripping from her:

"I feel like I was goin' to drop dead this summer sometime without my kitchen sink, Jim. You have n't got an idea what it *means* not to have it, what it *means* to carry all that water every day. I won't *let* the children do much of it; I know what it does to my own back. And uphill to the house all the way! Talk about time saved with this new harvester—I wonder how many hours a week I 'd save with running water in the house, let stand the strength I 'd have left at a day's end by turnin' faucets instead of bending under that weight of water all the way uphill! *Lay me them pipes, Jim!* It ain't goin' to cost you much—"

Her voice trembled heartbreakingly along her throat; but Hope, busied with his first examination of the engine, failed to catch its quality, or, perceiving, chose to disregard.

"That new land cost too much, Saidie, for any more expense this year. It was all I could manage, this new harvester. Now, what the dickens! I thought that agent told me—"

Leaving him flat beneath his engine, absorbed in its problems, Mrs. Hope turned despairingly back to the shabby house, with every nerve of her brain and body quivering. She was at that stage of nervous exhaustion where the contemplation of a task ahead is more wearing than its performing could be, and already the burden of the coming harvest-time was prostrating her. The day after the Fourth was the day that tradition in this region of the country set apart for haying to begin. Only three months away! She felt the hand of toil heavy upon her, and though looking at her three children, she longed to die. Her distraught brain, uncorrelated and wandering, suddenly found itself visioning that strange, worn, half-savage

Drawn by F. R. Gruger

Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"'WHY, WHAT 'S THIS INFERNAL NONSENSE!' TOM HOLBROOKE ROARED" (SEE PAGE 413)

woman at the Holbrooke farm who, seven or eight years before, in the midst of a terrible summer, had killed herself and her children. The neighborhood gossiped yet about that, and had looked askance at Tom Holbrooke for some time; but within six months he had married again—married a girl from the large factory town close by as bright and vivid as Saidie Hope herself had been ten years before. She had heard of the second Mrs. Holbrooke now and then when a new baby came or when one of the older ones died, but she had not seen her since her early honeymoon days.

"If it was n't for the children I 'd *want* to die," she groaned as she dragged herself up the hill with her brimming pails of water. "Ten men to cook for, and all the washing—" She began, like a prisoner stupefied under life-sentence, to calculate vacuous things—the number of pails of water, for instance, that must be brought uphill during the summer to her hot, ugly workshop, and her disappointment became her obsession.

The weeks rolled on till it came to be the middle of June, and one Saturday Hope drove his wife to the big manufacturing town twelve miles away for a day of shopping. Already the heat of the terrible summer that was to be had settled over the earth, and Mrs. Hope had begun to be dully alarmed at the apathy that enveloped her. Nothing could rally her to her accustomed execution of the mass of work for children and husband and farm that lay always ahead of her. In all these weeks her sick brain resented only one thing actively, and that was sight of the motor works to which Hope was about to drive her in mid-afternoon. She could not look upon what had robbed her of her poor little hope for an easier summer, and she voiced the feeling, though so simply that it slid past Hope's large, stupid ears.

"Put me out at Smith & Cottrell's," she said dully. "I want to walk about town."

She got out of the road-wagon and walked back along the main street, her whole soul seething in newly roused rebellion.

"It 's not fair," she cried to herself; "but what can any woman do? Jim 's as set as a stone. I ought to be thankful he don't row, but I can't go on this way. I can't go on."

Walking swiftly in a desperate race against her tumult of revolt, she found herself at last in an utterly strange part of the city. Great buildings lined the narrow streets—dozens of glove factories, the greatest industry of the town. But to-day there was no hum of machines, no life about the interiors of the buildings. Along the sidewalks loitered groups of idle men and women, and in the streets stood many policemen. She looked about her in alarmed uncertainty. Where was she? If she could find the Swiss Process factories, she could get her bearings, and as she hesitated, a girl, black-haired, black-browed, young, with warm eyes and thin cheeks, looked piercingly at her. Mrs. Hope spoke to her:

"Where are the Swiss Process factories? I 'm lost, and—"

The girl laughed contemptuously.

"Others of your crowd got lost to-day, but they were all too wise to ask any of us where the Swiss Process is. You 've got your nerve all right. What do you want to do to us, anyway? Do you *want* to be a scab? And to ask a picket to lead you there! Say, don't you know what solidarity means for all of us?" She scowled angrily.

"I don't know what you mean," said Mrs. Hope. "I live out in the country twelve miles, and I 'm trying to find my way back to Main Street to meet my husband—"

"Oh," said the girl, "I thought you were one of the scabs they 're importing this week. That 's why I stopped you, of course. Down that way, and to your right."

She walked off, leaving Mrs. Hope staring after her. Something in the swing of the girl's capable shoulders interested the farmer's wife. "Picket" and "scab" and "solidarity"—curious words that she had read, and the meaning of which she did not know. A moment later, walking quickly after her, she stopped the black-browed girl again.

"What does all this mean?" she asked simply. "What are you doing here—and all these policemen? What is a picket and scab and solidarity?" She gazed eagerly at the girl, interested externally for the first time in months.

"Don't you know," the girl demanded, "that these glove factories are the worst in the country? Well, shame on you not to, then, living so close to them! What with their rotten hours and premium systems and fines that don't leave us enough to feed us and sleep us, why, we just walked out ten days ago, and out we stay till we win for better hours and wages and conditions. It 's easier living in summer than in winter, and, thank God! it 's just as hard on the factories: they 're rushed all the time."

"But why stop work?" asked Mrs. Hope. "Why don't you go to the factory owners—".

"Lady," replied the picket, "did you ever try asking anybody in power for anything that would cost them a little money and would help you, and get it? They told you to go to hell, did n't they? Help *you* out? They 'd see you dead first. But suppose you don't ask it alone,—suppose hundreds and thousands like you ask it, standing together, pledged not to back down, to shut the factories, not to turn scab, and to nab the scabs that would help break the strike and sell us out and get sold out themselves precious quick, and to keep the machines still till we get what we ask,—that 's solidarity, standing together to win out on a wrong that you or I or anybody, standing alone, can't right."

The city clock boomed out four strokes, and Mrs. Hope started nervously.

"I 'm sorry; I must go," she said. She started on, and then turned back. "I hope you win," she added.

She hurried along the street the girl had pointed out, the zest of a new interest in her brain. When she came to the department store where she was to meet her husband, she picked up a stray newspaper blowing along the street and read avidly all its story of the strike, which, because of the day's frustrated attempt at importing outside labor, was full of detail. She told Hope about it as they drove rapidly home an hour later, and he listened with the abstracted interest he usually displayed in what she had to say.

"Sure those mills ought to be shut down," he said good-naturedly. "I don't see how the girls live on what they get. A strike 's the only chance; no use to try *reason* with the owners."

When they reached home, as he sprang out and held out a hand to her, he said:

"Well, Saidie, this time next month we 'll not be using this slow coach, but a dandy new motor-car—the dandiest little roadster you ever—"

Outraged, his wife faced him.

"Jim," she uttered thickly, "do you mean you got another car for you, and me left still with that kitchen out there?"

"Now, that kitchen 's done for this year," said Jim Hope, with a flash of sullen wrath. "Sometime I 'll get around to the house; till then cheese it. You 've turned real stubborn about that thing, Saidie."

She stared at him, her lips moving; then she turned and ran weakly up the walk to the house. All her new-born interest in something outside her own narrow life sank down, smothered by the old depression that was choking her.

II

SHE collapsed in the midst of getting supper that night, and Hope and one of the two men that made up a part of the permanent household had to finish it. After he had eaten, Hope went into her room with a worried frown.

"You don't think you 're turning out to get down sick, Saidie, do you?" he asked. As well as he she knew his worry—the haying-week that from time immemorial began the day after the Fourth. She was thinking of it constantly as she lay there brain-sick.

"I reckon maybe you 'd better take the children and go driving to-morrow afternoon," he suggested clumsily. "If you felt like going to the Dorrses for supper, we could make out here all right."

So the next afternoon, with the children, she went off in the low, old buggy, bound ostensibly for the Dorr's. But, coming to a cross-road, which called for decision, she turned deliberately the other way. She felt a curious desire to see that second Mrs. Holbrooke again, whom she had n't seen for six years, to know what the acid years had eaten upon her. It was the first time in years that she had followed unreasoningly a reasonless impulse, and she took a sullen pleasure in doing this thing.

As the second Mrs. Holbrooke, faded,

tense, wiry, came out to greet her, Mrs. Hope prayed earnestly that her start of dismayed surprise was lost on her hostess. Years before, when the two women had first met, there had been a secret bond of congeniality between them that, after this lapse of time, they felt again, even though each had changed lamentably.

"I 'm putting up fruit," said Mrs. Holbrooke, apologetically. "I hate to take you right into the kitchen. My kitchen 's something awful; but the jam can't be left."

Mrs. Hope laughed shortly.

"You 've never been in mine; it 's the worst in the county, unless it is Bertha Dorr's."

"I 've told Tom a thousand times, I guess," said Tom Holbrooke's wife, ladling hot berries into jars, "that if he 'd just once realize what a hole this is, he 'd do *something;* but, land! all they care about 's the farm outside. My stove 's not fit to use; the oven 's never certain."

Mrs. Hope's depression stole back upon her.

"If there 's been a thing I 've *prayed* for, it 's been a kitchen sink and running water; and I don't get it again *this* year."

"You going to the picnic at Weller's Grove?" her hostess asked.

Again Mrs. Hope laughed shortly.

"Picnic on the Fourth! I 'm goin' to do what 'most every woman round here does on the Fourth: send the men and boys off and stay at home to get cooked up and baked up for haying-week. That picnic has n't had anything but men and young girls and a few children to it for so long I could n't tell. Independence Day! If you can show me worse slaves, unpaid, with hours that never end, no conveniences, with only enough to feed us and house us—"

She stopped short, remembering something her collapse the night before had driven out of her mind—a black-browed, deep-voiced girl walking up and down before a silent factory. "Solidarity!" the girl had said. "Standing together to win out on a wrong that you or I or anybody, standing alone, can't right."

The silence deepened until Mrs. Holbrooke turned about to stare at her friend, holding her dripping spoon motionless in the hot, syrup-laden air, and seeing, without defining it, the exaltation of a soul as it brought forth an idea. Unwitting she gazed—unwitting, but spellbound at sight of her friend's grimly flashing eyes. After a long pause Mrs. Hope turned those eyes upon her companion.

"Lyddy Holbrooke, how fighting mad are you?" she demanded, and Mrs. Holbrooke stared speechless as the other woman swept on: "Mad enough to make one of a group of women in this neighborhood that 'll go on strike and stand together without raisin' their hands or creepin' back home till they get what they want? Mad enough not to back down a minute—not even if Tom Holbrooke was to *hit* you? You want your stove and sink; I want water in my house. Rose Cross on the Turner Road wants a side porch to shade her kitchen and to sit down and rest on; Ella Fanning wants a gasolene stove; Bertha Dorr 'll die if she does n't get air in her kitchen soon. And all of us with men that have got money in the bank, and us all workin' like fools on promises for 'somethin' ' next year! Lyddy, throw them berries out and sit down while I tell you about a girl I met yesterday and what she said about standin' together—solidarity. Why, Lyddy Holbrooke, whether another woman strikes or not, I 've struck. If I 've struck alone, I 've struck. I 'll sleep outdoors and eat berries and raw potatoes before I see Jim Hope through this haying. I won't go back till I get fixed what I want, and it 'll take over haying-week to do that. My back 's goin' to pieces; I won't die like a dog, worked to death. But my mind 's gettin' easy, because it 's made up. Are you in earnest enough to throw them berries out and sit down and talk?"

Lyddy Holbrooke's life had taught her hard economies, and she could make a barrel of sugar go further than most women; but as she poked mechanically at the fire to brighten it, the inner lining brick crashed down and saddened the flame. Her eyes flashed.

"I 'd like to see Tom Holbrooke plow a field with any plow that acted like my stove acts," she said contemptuously. "Stand out of the way, Saidie Hope!" And straight through the kitchen door, into the waste-barrel outside, went the kettle of boiling fruit. The uncooked berries followed as surely, and Mrs. Holbrooke took off her apron and pulled at her

sleeves. "My last fruit 's put up over that stove," she said calmly. "Come on outside, Saidie, I want to find out how we 're goin' to do what we 're goin' to do. There 's the children, of course—"

Two hours later Mrs. Hope stowed her three away in the old buggy, and took up the reins to depart from the Holbrooke gate, Mrs. Holbrooke repeating her farewells:

"You drive right down to Mrs. Elder's for supper. Not a man can sneer at her, because she runs all alone one of the best-run farms round here. She 's got it all, too—telephone, bath-room, everything in her kitchen she needs. It 's the only farm in the county that *ain't* man-run. She 's always talking about women and their cause. See what she 'll *do,* and tell her to make up her mind quick, 'cause we 've got just two weeks to work in."

"I 'll tell her," said Mrs. Hope, dryly, as she slapped the reins and drove away.

III

It is the ruling class always that has been the last to perceive the approach of revolution, and it was with unfurrowed brows and voices freed from strain of domestic stress that the farmers of Morgan County, in passing, called to one another about the Fourth of July picnic that was a traditional celebration in the neighborhood. This year, because it was campaign year and because one of the idols of the new Democracy was to address them, the usual meeting-ground had been surrendered in favor of Weller's Grove, farther away by five miles, in order that another community might share the program and enthusiasm.

Had any of the Morgan County farmers thought recent domestic demands made upon him worthy of comparison with those made upon his neighbor, he would have discovered that every home in the county had been a battle-field during these two weeks before the Fourth; that absurd labor-savers in the kitchens and unthinkable house improvements had been asked for on the verge of the busiest season of the year. In every household there had been at least one memorable talk between master and slave, in every instance culminating in some vapid threat on the part of the defeated. And the women of every household had elected to stay at home on the Fourth, a decision that, considering the political nature of the picnic, had not been protested in any case.

So at last the day of the midsummer holiday dawned, clear and hot, and soon after breakfast Jim Hope and his sixteen-year-old nephew drove away in the smart new roadster that had just been delivered by the motor company. As their father climbed into the car, the Hope children broke into tumultuous weeping, and he spoke rather harshly to his wife:

"What 's got into you, Said, not to let the kids go? They want to."

"It 's a man's meet this year," his wife replied grimly. "Women and children would be sort of out of it. As for you, children, did you ever know mother not to make things up to you when she could? We 'll have us a picnic nearer home. Let be, Jim. My mind 's made up."

And Hope, who had walked on eggs the last two weeks, and was giving his wife her head, drove away with that for his final word.

With her hands grasping tightly her two youngest, she watched the car out of sight. Then, as the children writhed impatiently about her, she pushed them away.

"Go play," she said breathlessly. "Don't come in the house till I call you; and, Carrie, look out for the baby."

She watched them run off toward their playground, then she went quickly into the house, where for an hour she worked rapidly, dropping bedding and clothing into a great clothes-hamper, and, later, gathered from the pantry and cellar shelves, fruit, bread, butter, hams, bacon, and vegetables. At last she went out to the barn and began to harness the old gray horse to the light farm-wagon. On the tool-shelf, with the house-key, she left a note for her husband; then, with the children and the packed hamper, she drove out upon the road and toward the Holbrooke farm.

Lyddy Holbrooke, with her two children, was hanging over her rickety gate, waiting. Seeing her neighbor coming, she began to strain at a huge, shapeless bag lying on the grass.

"Here!" she panted. "I thought it 'd be easier to handle than a trunk, and I did n't have a solid basket. Everything 's in from yesterday's baking—I baked for Tom again this morning—to the chil-

dren's clean clothes. Mrs. Haskins's menfolks drove off early, and she said she 'd have all her cream made into butter for us by the time we get there. Ain't it lucky, Saidie, that Jim bought the new automobile, so he 's left this light wagon for us? I don't know how else we 'd get away."

"Looked at that way, it is lucky," said Jim's wife, with her grim smile. "Jimmy, help Mrs. Holbrooke with the bedding. Now, after we pick up Mrs. Haskins and her butter and get Bertha Dorr and her babies, we can make straight for Mrs. Elder's farm."

Two hours later, therefore, with her wagon loaded to its utmost capacity with women and children and baggage, she came to a halt on Mrs. Elder's driveway, and looked down into the faces of swarming children, their curious older brothers and sisters, and their half-scared, wholly determined mothers.

"Well, neighbors," she remarked, "here we are, ready for our picnic."

IV

STRANGE things happened all day long on the Elder farm, where sixteen farmers' wives and their twoscore children were gathered. There was a picnic dinner at midday; after that came a heart-talk among the women, while the children played. As the shadows grew long, a subtly communicated nervousness spread through the group, and the talk, which had been coherent and firm, died into desultory gossip, or worried, quick rebuke to the restless children. Finally, stranger than all else, after a supper of bread and milk and jam, came a general trooping off to the great barns, where each family group had spread its own bedding on piles of hay, and where the youngsters were tucked into bed. Then, silent and tense, the sixteen women gathered in the deep front yard and watched night blot out the familiar country-side.

Suddenly a faint sound drifted to them from the road; they listened.

"It 's Tom's grays," said Lyddy Holbrooke, with a gasp. "It 's—"

Mrs. Hope laid her firm hand on the younger woman's shoulder.

"I reckon it might be Tom, Lyddy. And behind him, and bound to beat him, is Jim Hope's new car. Listen! I face my man first, and I ain't scared, Lyddy Holbrooke, of Jim and all the other fifteen just as long as we stand together; for I believe in my soul, friends, that all any of 'em has needed for years is nothin' but to get shown."

Six men clambered out of Hope's new car as it stopped before the Elder front porch; but Hope alighted first, and advanced, an earnest seeker after enlightenment and his wife.

"Saidie," he demanded, "where are you and the kids, and what does this mean? Never mind that, though; we start back in five minutes. The rest of you can gab all night if you want to; but this is my say, Saidie!"

Mrs. Hope, in her black calico dress, which made her look like a wisp of Fate, moved down the porch steps until she stood, a step above her husband, on a level with his eyes.

"Jim," she began clearly, "you menfolks did n't stop to read right those notes that all of us left you. This is a strike of the Morgan County women against our working conditions, with me and Lyddy Holbrooke and Dixie Elder for the strike committee, and all the rest of the women here to back us. We 're here, with all the children asleep in the Elder barn, on the only woman-run farm in Morgan County, to stay till the strike 's won. If you men want to get a notion, by sight of eye, of why we 've struck for, and what we want before we go back to work, you go through this house, that kitchen, the outbuildings, and compare 'em with what us women on your man-run farms put up with. We 've struck, Jim. We 're through working with what you 've give' to work with. Not till all of you—*all* of you—" she emphasized it slowly, "see your way to fixin' us up right, do we go back to work."

"Why, what 's this infernal nonsense!" Tom Holbrooke roared from where he stood in his road-wagon, behind his grays. "A strike! A *strike!* You women can't strike. To-morrow 's hayin'-week."

"That," said Mrs. Hope, "is just why we struck to-day, without waitin' for next winter. We told you all in our notes that you men could try runnin' yourselves and the farm this week. We want you to work awhile with what we work with and see how you like it. We want Tom Holbrooke to find out for himself, while he 's

tryin' to make coffee to-morrow on Lyddy's stove, why she 's kept askin' him for a new one, and why she says here to-night she 'll never cook another meal on it. We want Dick Dorr to come in from the hot fields to-morrow noon and start to cook over Bertha's stove in Bertha's kitchen, and find out *why* she wants that window cut through for a breath of air where she 's asked for five years to have it cut. We want Timothy Haskins, and you, Jim, and Al Smith, and most of you men, to find out, from carryin' in all the house water, why we 've asked to have it piped in. We 've each left you a list of things we want done to our houses that the committee went over and decided was just, each man weighed accordin' to his means. We 've been asking you men for two weeks about your neighbors' bank-accounts, and we 've told what we 've heard just where it would do the most good. Mrs. Elder 's the only one of us that ain't responsible to any man, and she 's made us welcome here till the strike 's ended. And, men-folks, I want to tell you this: some of us is scared a little, and all of us wish we did n't have to do it, but it 's come to a question of provin' that we 're in dead earnest, and not a woman of us goes back till all of us gets justice. Blame the man that holds out the longest, and not his wife, if this don't get settled quick."

"Saidie"— Hope drew his wife aside and began to talk. She shook off his arm gently, but with immense decision, and answered him in open council:

"Not another promise goes, Jim. You promised last year as solemn as a man could promise that I 'd get relieved from that awful outside pump this year. Not if you promised all night would I go back; the work 's got to be started. And, men, in your talkin' over this thing, there 's one thing that 's comin' harder on most of you than carpenter-work and new stoves and bread-mixers and screens and piping, and that 's money of our own. We 're goin' to let you find out this week how much a woman is worth on a farm. Work it out; figure how big a hole we make in a farm's running when we step out. And if you find any real stubborn brother among you, deal with him yourselves, and don't put his case back on his woman; for we women are standin' back to back: it 's all of us, or none of us. Remember that."

Mate for mate, the men and the women of Morgan County looked at each other in the hush that followed. It was Hope himself who turned first, and tramped off in silence. And when the last wheel turned out upon the road, the women gazed at one another, awed. The strike was on.

Twenty-four hours later Hope again approached the Elder farm. It was not yet sunset, and in the yard a number of the children were sitting with their mothers, stemming great bowls of berries. From the kitchen floated the odor of syrup and cooking fruit. Hope called to his wife, and she put aside the bowl in which she was mashing stemmed fruit to a pulp, and went out to the gate.

"Look here, Said," Hope began, "this nonsense has got to stop. I 've got my lesson all right. You 'll get your water, and the money for the eggs and butter and fruit. I never meant you should n't have it; you know that. I just put it off. But this deal ain't square; you 've about ruined haying for me."

"Has work begun on the pipes, Jim?"

"The men are breaking ground to-night," Hope replied doggedly. "I left 'em at it. You understand we got to get the hay in this week; but they 're workin' overtime to-night, and I 'll manage so you have the value of it this season. I never meant not to do it ever, Said. Now, then, you and the kids come back to-night. I came over early—"

"I never said you was a bad man, Jim," his wife told him after a pause. "You 've just never stopped to realize, that 's all. I never thought it would be hard work with you, after you once saw I meant it, nor that we could n't live happy after it. Some of these women here ain't sure of that, like I am. It took more courage for some of them than for me; you know that. What about Tom Holbrooke and Lyddy, Jim? And Dick Dorr and Bertha?"

There was a long pause.

"They won't listen to a thing," Hope admitted at last.

"Lyddy don't get her cook-stove nor Bertha her window cut through?"

"No; nor nothin' else," assented Hope, reluctantly. "You know Tom Holbrooke: he 's raging mad. He says Lyddy can come crawlin' back when she gets ready, or never. And Dick don't say nothin'."

Mrs. Hope laid a nervous hand on her husband's arm.

"This is where I need all the courage I got, Jim. But you know strike rules as well as I do; better maybe, because I don't know but a few. I 'm sorry. Don't come to me again like this; it makes it hard. It 's all up to you men; and if all of you are decent but Tom and Dick, it 's up to you men still. Blame them and not us, for as long as the sixteenth man holds out on you, all sixteen of us has got to hold out. You 'd never stop sneerin' at me inside if I deserted now. Don't ask me again, Jim; it 's up to you men!"

"How long does Dixie Elder calculate to keep you?" Hope asked coolly. His wife laughed.

"You tell this to Tom and Dick—tell it to all of 'em. You ever heard of Mrs. Elder's jams and jellies that she sells, home-put-up, in New York, and never enough? It 's a grand fruit year, and she got busy last week and 's got orders for every bit she can put up with us to help, and has it figured so we get paid for our time and have a little left over from our board. You tell Tom Holbrooke and Dick Dorr that Lyddy and Bertha can hire out to Dixie Elder for the rest of the summer puttin' up fruit, and will as long as they stay here, with more pocket-money at the end than they ever had at home."

Jim Hope had a sense of humor that ran deep, and, submerged, had always to struggle to reach the surface; but it rose here, and he grinned slowly.

"Mrs. Elder 's a smart woman," he admitted. "She runs a good farm."

The story of that haying-week on the farms of Morgan County deserves pages all its own. Hope was not the only one who attempted to break the strike by bribing his own woman; but there were two words that these farmers' wives knew, "solidarity" and "scab," and their reverence for the one and scorn for the other were so great as to preclude extended argument. It took the story of the strike published in the newspaper of the large town near by to bring Dick Dorr to his senses, and the evening that Hope and Timothy Haskins drove over to tell Dick's wife that all he wanted to know was where she wanted the window cut saw a sudden, tremulous uprising among the women. It was all over except for Lyddy Holbrooke. All the men except Lyddy's husband had capitulated. And as they gathered about their weeping and victorious sister, Lyddy Holbrooke's voice rose clear above the murmurs.

"Mr. Hope," she said, "I want you to drive me over to-night to the farm. I believe that you men have worked with Tom your level best; the time 's come for my talk with him, and it 'll be to-night."

Hope hesitated.

"I tell you," he stammered, "I never saw Tom Holbrooke in such a state. I don't reckon you have any idea how cold-mad he is—"

Mrs. Holbrooke smiled.

"I 've been married to Tom Holbrooke for six years, and I know him. I guess he *is* cold-mad this time."

"You can come back here, Lyddy," interposed Mrs. Elder, briskly, "for as long as is needful. There 'll be plenty of work to be done here till late into the fall, and some pay at the end of it."

Hope broke in again:

"Perhaps you 'd better—just stay on here. I never saw Tom Holbrooke in such a state."

But Lyddy Holbrooke's eyes held the translucent gleam of a soul possessed by its resolve.

"If you 'll drive me over," she repeated, "the time 's come for Tom's and my talk —it 's nothin' but Tom and me now; and if you all want to get word to your men to-night—why, the strike 's ended."

"All right," Hope told her, grimly. "I 'll drive you over. Furthermore," he added in an aside, "I 'll not drive back till I know Tom 's not doin' murder to-night."

It was late in the night when Hope again arrived at the Elder farm. The tension of the place had snapped, for the strike was ended; all the women and children but his own, who were waiting for him, had left.

"I don't know what happened inside," said Hope in answer to his wife's and Mrs. Elder's inquiring eyes. "All I know is what she said as she got out and walked up to Holbrooke where he was standin' smokin' in the yard. 'Tom,' she said, 'I 've come back to-night to tell you in words you 'll never forget all your life long why Ellen killed herself and the three children she

bore you. I found a poor little book she used to write in toward the last. Come in; you 've got to listen to it to-night.' I sat by, then, for three hours till she came out again," added Hope. "I never seen a woman whiter-faced. 'I 'll stay here to-night,' she told me, 'and to-morrow I 'll send for the children. Tell Saidie I 've won, but I 've shamed a man!' "

"The shame of Tom Holbrooke," said Mrs. Hope, dryly, "is liable to make for the pride of the rest of the Morgan County men. By the time Dick Dorr got through talking to us to-night about Tom, he 'd managed to sound like a good, generous man, an' maybe it 'll work out that way with him and Bertha. But Tom and Lyddy—"

"If ever," Hope interrupted, "I looked on the head of a family, I saw it in Lyddy Holbrooke to-night. I bet Tom ain't got a leg left to stand on ever again. Not but what he had it all comin' to him. Well, pardner, let 's get the kids and start."

Mrs. Hope looked up quickly; her lips parted and she shut them firmly. He had said it unconsciously, his old, long-disused, honeymoon name for her, and why prod him into awkward consciousness? She believed he meant it, that it was the key-word of the new life. They must stand together, to right the wrong that custom and carelessness had wrought upon their home. Suddenly Mrs. Hope's worn face flickered into a smile. This, too, was solidarity.

ROBERT BROWNING

BY MARGARET WIDDEMER

THE world has said in its need since the work of the world began,
"Fair is the song to heed, so what need we ask of the man?
Praise for the flame-pure song; what matter the folk that sing?
Let them hold duty a shame and honor a little thing!
Words in a noble flood, and if hearts shall be crushed beneath,
There must be drops of blood for the gems of the laurel-wreath."

But this bard stood to his word; his life to his lyre rang true;
He held by the truths he spoke; the honor he praised he knew;
And where his torch burned high with a steady, joyful spark,
He heard a wonderful cry that sang and sobbed in the dark.
His strong hands stretched to the shade and lifted the captive free;
Close by him, unafraid, she chanted more perfectly.
Down through her years till night still held they the great dream higher,
Clear to the sad world's sight a pulsing of star-white fire.

Aye, through his years alone of playing the brave world part
Ever the star-fire shone as vestal-clear in his heart;
Changeless his faith and brave, and dauntless his steady sight,
Watching across her grave to a tryst in the unknown light.
Loyal comrade and guide, noble poet and friend,
Yet beyond all beside true lover and knight to the end!

ROBERT BROWNING AS SEEN BY HIS SON

A TALK WITH BARRETT BROWNING

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

Lampson Professor of English Literature in Yale University

THE only child of Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Robert Wiedemann Barrett Browning, was born at Florence, March 9, 1849, and died at Asolo, July 8, 1912. When Nathaniel Hawthorne visited the Brownings at Casa Guidi, he said that Browning had an elfin wife and an elf child. "I wonder whether he will ever grow up, whether it is desirable that he should." On this occasion the little elf flitted about the room, merrily handing strawberries to his father and mother, Nathaniel Hawthorne and William Cullen Bryant. He grew up, entered Balliol College, Oxford, but left without taking a degree, his chief interest being in art. In 1887 he was married to Fannie Coddington of New York, and for the rest of his life lived mainly in Italy. His paintings and sculptures were sometimes exhibited in London and on the Continent, and he might have reached a high reputation if he had not carried the burden of his parents' fame. When I visited the Palazzo Rezzonico in Venice, the house where his father died,[1] the rooms on the top floor were filled with large paintings by the son, some of them beautiful and interesting, but without any striking originality. I saw there, too, the original pen-and-ink sketch of Tennyson reading "Maud," made by Dante Rossetti on that memorable evening at London, in 1855, when the Tennysons, the Brownings, Dante and William Rossetti were gathered together in an upper room. Tennyson, with one leg curled under him on the sofa, chanted "Maud," the tears running down his cheeks; and Browning read "Fra Lippo Lippi," both of which poems were published that year.

After Browning's death in 1889, his sister Sarianna went to live with her nephew. She died April 22, 1903, in her ninetieth year. Barrett Browning took the most devoted care of her, and seriously injured his health, and particularly his eyes, in doing so. Up to the last few months of her life, she had that extraordinary vitality and vivacity characteristic of her famous brother. Her nephew, with considerable pride and evident affection, showed me a photograph that he took of her. I saw an old face full of strength and intelligence.

It was on a beautiful day, the twelfth of April, 1904, that I saw and talked with Barrett Browning. He had sent me a most cordial invitation to visit him, and I took the tramway at Giotto's Campanile in Florence. After several miles of steep ascent, I reached the terminus, and entered the carriage that Mr. Browning had sent for me. A few more miles of stiff grade, and I came to La Torre all' Antella, his lovely and romantically situated home. Mr. Browning greeted me with unaffected and charming friendliness. He was a short man, like his father, rotund and red-faced, and the red veins traced patterns on his cheeks and brow. He spoke with what we Americans call the English accent, and when I said that he must feel like a native Italian, he quickly and vigorously replied, "Oh, dear, no; I 'm an Englishman."

The expense of this home, and that of buying the place in Asolo, where, in accordance with his father's wishes, he had built "Pippa's Tower," supply reasons enough, I think, why he was later forced to sell the Palazzo Rezzonico in Venice. He had a strange collection of exotic birds, some of which he would hold in his hands, while they screamed with ear-splitting screeches, and kept their formidable beaks in what seemed dangerous proximity to his eyes. Over the tea-cups we talked of his father and mother, for I had frankly stated the object of my visit.

[1] See etching by Mr. Brangwyn, page 445.

I lamented the fact that there was no adequate biography of Robert Browning; this was before Griffin and Minchin's scrupulous work had appeared. When I particularly condemned the "Life and Letters" by Mrs. Orr, he cried out, "Oh, that is a very bad book!" None of the family liked it, said he. After Browning's death, the question of an authorized biography was discussed by his sister and his son. Mr. Browning declined to write it, and as Mrs. Orr had known Browning intimately, and as her "Handbook" to his works was excellent,—he glanced at me here, and I nodded an emphatic approval,—she was selected to perform the task. She was supplied with all available material. She never showed her manuscript either to Mr. Browning or to his aunt Sarianna, but at last sent the proof. They were both bitterly disappointed and corrected the worst and most glaring mistakes, and made many suggestions. Mrs. Orr bruskly replied, "I cannot change the proofs."

Mr. Chesterton's book had recently appeared, and it was anything but pleasing to Mr. Browning. He said the work was filled with errors; the mistake that apparently perturbed him the most was the statement that Browning was in weak health and "declining" in the last years. On the contrary, he insisted that Browning was tremendously vigorous up to the last; that no change had taken place in his appearance, manner, or habits. He had caught a bad cold walking on the Lido, but absolutely refused to take proper care of himself. Instead of staying in, he set out for long tramps with friends, constantly talking in the raw autumn air. While suffering with this heavy cold, he ran rapidly up three flights of stairs, the son vainly trying to restrain him. The result was bronchitis with heart trouble, and he died at ten in the night of December 12, 1889. That very afternoon he had risen from bed and walked about the room. During the last few days he told many good stories and talked with the utmost vivacity. There was never any "decline," and the son seemed almost fiercely to resent Mr. Chesterton's statement.

Robert Browning inherited excellent health from his father, who died at the age of eighty-four, without ever having known *a day's illness.* Mr. Barrett Browning told me that until the last sickness he had never seen the poet in bed during the daytime. He had a truly wonderful digestion; it was his firm belief that one should eat only what one really enjoyed, desire being the infallible sign that the food was healthful. "My father was a man of *bonne fourchette;* he was not very fond of meat, but liked all kinds of Italian dishes, especially with rich sauces. He always ate freely of rich and delicate things. He could make a whole meal off mayonnaise." I reminded him that Emerson used to eat pie for breakfast. Both men were optimists.

Late in life he was very fond of swimming, though he did not learn early. The son taught him how to swim at Pornic, in Brittany, and he was venturesome for a man well on in years. He learned with great eagerness, and swam far out with boyish delight. The poet alludes to this in the prologue to "Fifine at the Fair."

Browning's eyes were peculiar, one having a long focus, the other very short. He had the unusual accomplishment (try it and prove) of closing either eye without "squinching," and without any apparent effort, though sometimes in strong sunlight on the street his face would be a bit distorted. He did all his reading and writing with one eye, closing the long one as he sat down to his desk. He never wore glasses, and was proud of his "microscopic" eye. He often wrote minutely, to show off his powers. When he left the house to go for a walk, he shut the short eye and opened the long one, with which he could see an immense distance. He never suffered with any pain in his eyes except once, as a young man, when, in imitation of Shelley, he was trying to be a vegetarian.

He was amazingly vivacious and impulsive, with a great flow of talk. He constantly acted on impulse, and was boyish and enthusiastic even in old age. If he liked anything, he spoke of it in the heartiest manner. He was very generous in his appreciation and praise of other men's work. He always tried to see what was good. Occasionally he was enraged at reading a particularly hostile criticism of himself, but generally stood abuse very well. He had not in the least been soured by the long years of neglect and ridicule. A great admirer of Tennyson's poetry and of Ten-

nyson's character,—they were dear and intimate friends,—he never liked the stock comparison. He had no jealousy, but he said, "Tennyson and I are totally unlike." The son admitted that perhaps the desire to be original and different from other writers sometimes led him into excesses and eccentricities in his poems.

What was said of Browning's impulsiveness is borne out by the general testimony of his friends, and particularly by a letter from Mrs. Browning to Mrs. Jameson. The manuscript of this letter was bought by an American in London last spring, and went down with the *Titanic*. An extract from it appeared in the bookseller's catalogue: "You must learn Robert—he is made of moods—chequered like a chess-board; and the colour goes for too much—till you learn to treat it as a game. He was very tired that evening."

In conversation he was perfectly normal. He loved to talk, but no one would ever have guessed that he was a poet. He was interested in multitudinous things, and never spoke of his poetry if he could avoid doing so.

In later years Browning hated to write! His work became so distasteful to him that he would rather do almost anything else. He rose early, before his son; they had coffee together; then the father was never visible till lunch. He did all his composition and letter-writing in the morning. After lunch, he would not touch a pen if he could help it, and seemed always immensely relieved to have the morning's work over. He gave the impression of liking many things in life much better than poetry or literature. "Yes," repeated Mr. Browning, after a moment's hesitation, "he really hated to write."

Contrary to the oft-repeated statement, Browning was not a really fine pianist. As a very young man, he used to play several instruments, and perhaps then he played the piano well. In Casa Guidi he taught his little son piano-playing. "Much to my regret," said Mr. Browning. "It took up a lot of time and did no good." In later life Browning became ambitious to improve his own skill on this instrument, but it was of no use, for his fingers were clumsy and stiff. Still, when old, he rose at six, and practised finger-exercises for an hour!

He loved first-class music ardently, had a profound knowledge of it, and was a good judge. If the performance was fine, he was delighted, and would express his praise with the utmost enthusiasm; but bad work gave him intense pain. Sometimes at a concert he would put his fingers in his ears, his suffering apparently being uncontrollable.

Robert Browning often talked of his father, a wonderful man, with an extraordinary range of knowledge and culture, but without one particle of literary ambition. He wrote reams of poetry, which he destroyed. Browning said his father had amazing facility in verse composition—that he could compose much faster than he himself. Robert Browning's education was the elective system pushed to the extreme limit. His education depended absolutely and exclusively on his inclinations; he was allowed to study anything he wished. His father gave him perfect liberty, never sent him anywhere, and allowed him to do exactly as he chose. He provided competent instruction in whatever line the youth expressed any interest.

Mr. Barrett Browning told me that he remembered his mother, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, as clearly as though he had seen her yesterday. When she died in 1861, he was eleven years old. Her ill health, both before and after her marriage, had been greatly exaggerated. She *was* an invalid, but did not give the impression of being one. She was able to do many things, and had considerable endurance. One day in Florence she walked from her home out through the Porta Romana, clear up on the heights, and back to Casa Guidi. "That was pretty good, was n't it?" said he. She was of course the idol of her household, everything revolving about her. She was intensely loved by all her friends. Her father was a "very peculiar man," who grew more stubborn with advancing years.

The origin of his own nickname, "Pen," had almost always been stated inaccurately. It came about in this way. When he was a child, he stuttered (he stuttered, indeed, in telling me about it), and in trying to pronounce "Nini,"—the name Italians give their children,—he said, "P-n-n-n-nini." English visitors called it "Pénnini," and this led to "Pen."

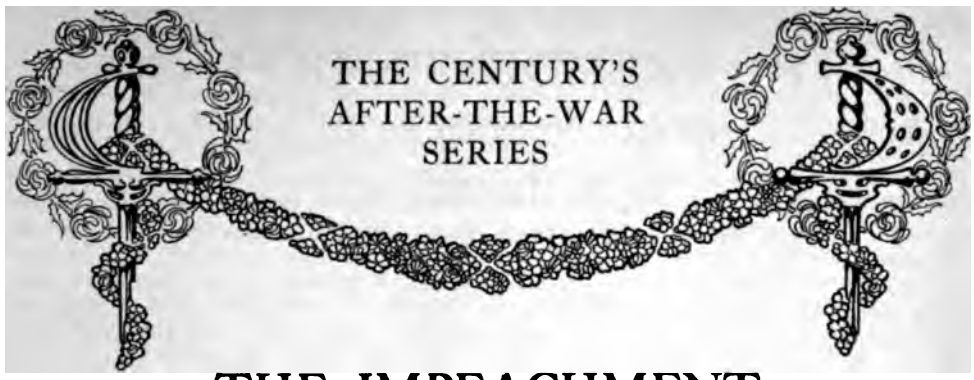
In later years, at London, he often saw

Carlyle with his father. "Carlyle was always exceedingly kind and thoughtful and sweet." He took tactful interest in the pictures painted by the young man, and made a point of speaking often about them. The traditional surly side to Carlyle never appeared. Mrs. Carlyle was the "terror" of that household. One day Robert Browning, while calling on the Carlyles, took up the tea-kettle while talking animatedly. Mrs. Carlyle cried shrilly, "Put that down!" The poet obeyed, but unfortunately placed it on the carpet. After that she hated him.

With reference to his own publication of the love-letters that passed between Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett in 1845–46, Mr. Browning told me that he was in a most difficult position, but had to make a decision, and did not dare postpone it any longer. In 1887, when Browning moved from one house to another in London, he destroyed an enormous mass of correspondence. It is probable that the uproar occasioned by Froude's printing of all the Carlyle letters was one reason why Browning was determined to leave as little material behind him as possible; but if he had not moved his household effects, it is certain that thousands of letters would have been preserved. Still, Browning did not like to have his personal letters read. He told his son to be sure to destroy every letter that he received from his father, and the son had faithfully done this. Now, the love-letters were the sole exception. He not only had not destroyed them, but had taken special pains to preserve them, had numbered every one in its chronological order, and had placed them in a receptacle specially prepared for the purpose. The son had to do one of two things: he must either destroy them, which seemed really impossible to do, since his father had preserved them with such loving care, or he must print them himself. To make no decision, simply to leave them alone, would be to run the risk of having some one in the future print them inaccurately, "edit" them, or omit certain portions. Mr. Browning therefore took the responsibility of publishing them himself. He would never have printed them had he not been able to print every single word exactly as it was written. There was absolutely no alteration from the manuscript, and not a word omitted. He had been loudly abused for having given them to the world, and he felt this hostile criticism keenly, but he believed that the verdict would ultimately be in his favor. Perhaps it was already.

Mr. Browning told me that horses were his passion, and invited me to go with him to the races at Siena. How I wish that I had been able to accept this kind invitation! I know nothing whatever about horses, but I should have been glad of the opportunity for further intimate talk. The time had come to say good-by, and Mr. Browning himself drove me three or four miles toward Florence. A smart pair of horses, hitched tandem, carried us along at high speed; they were spirited and skittish, but were beautifully handled by my host. I shall remember Mr. Browning not only because he was his father's son, but because he was an exceedingly kindly, courteous, hospitable Englishman. As Dr. Kenyon said, "It is not only as the breaking of a link with the two great poets that his death will be regretted both in England and in Italy."

Mr. Browning's charitable work for Asolo, a pious tribute to his father, should not be forgotten. When Browning visited Asolo for the last time, in the summer of 1889, the silk-mill where Pippa worked was still standing, containing the obsolete wooden machinery. Mr. Barrett Browning bought the building and tried to reestablish the silk industry. This proved to be impossible; he therefore changed the institution into a lace school, thus providing remunerative occupation for thirty Asolo girls of about Pippa's age. When I visited Asolo, the school was flourishing, and I obtained a pretty specimen of the work. Mr. Browning also brought to life an old industry of the little town, the "hand-loom weaving of linen." He built "Pippa's Tower," and lived to see in Asolo the celebration of his father's centenary, when a new street was formally named for the poet, and all the inhabitants came out to honor the memory of Robert Browning and to show their hearty affection for his kindly and generous son.



THE IMPEACHMENT OF ANDREW JOHNSON

INTRODUCTION

LAST month "The Causes of Impeachment" were discussed by General Otis, while the inside facts of the famous trial were given with anecdotal detail by General Henderson, the only survivor of the seven Republican senators who averted conviction.

In considering the subject from the President's point of view, it will be helpful to outline the grievances of Congress, and the articles of impeachment which embodied them.

Johnson took the oath as President at eleven o'clock in the morning of April 15, 1865, three and a half hours after Lincoln had succumbed to the assassin's bullet. By executive act he soon gave to Virginia a state government under Pierpont; abolished the trade restrictions against the States lately in rebellion; proclaimed general amnesty (with a few exceptions), and set up provisional governments in some States.

To counteract such tendencies Congress voted the Civil Rights act, and it was passed over Johnson's veto; he also vetoed, with the same futile result, resolutions and measures intended to render effective the Fourteenth Amendment giving Negroes full citizenship. In the spring of 1867, Congress also passed over his veto the Tenure-of-Office act, designed to tie the hands of the President even against the removal of his own Cabinet officers. Stanton deemed the act unconstitutional and helped Seward draft Johnson's veto. On August 12 the President "suspended" Stanton, and appointed General Grant Secretary of War *ad interim*. In September, Congress refused to ratify the suspension, whereupon Grant surrendered the office to Stanton. On February 21, 1868, Johnson suspended Stanton a second time, and appointed General Lorenzo Thomas *ad interim;* but Stanton refused to vacate, and hurriedly sent messages to his friends in Congress, where a resolution of impeachment (the third attempt) was at once introduced and, on February 24, was carried by a vote of 126 to 42.

On March 4, the Managing Committee of the House presented to the Senate articles of impeachment (two being added later) charging in substance that the President had 1, unlawfully ordered the removal of Secretary Stanton; 2, unlawfully ordered General Thomas to act as Secretary of War; 3, committed the latter act without authority of law; 4, conspired with General Thomas to oust Stanton, 5, to hinder the execution of the Tenure-of-Office act, 6, to take forcible possession of the War Department, 7, to violate the Tenure-of-Office act, 8, to control unlawfully the disbursement of War Department money; 9, had sought to cause the Commander of the Department of Washington to violate the laws; 10, had uttered seditious speech while on a political tour; and 11, had declared the then Congress not a legal body.

The actual trial was begun March 30; witnesses were examined till April 22; the arguments of counsel ended May 5; the Senate debated until May 16, when a vote was taken on Article 11, resulting in 35 for and 19 against conviction, which thus failed for the lack of one vote. The Court then adjourned till May 26, when votes were taken on Articles 2 and 3 with the same result, and the Court adjourned.—THE EDITOR.

THE PRESIDENT'S DEFENSE

HIS SIDE OF THE CASE, AS TOLD BY HIS CORRESPONDENCE

BY GAILLARD HUNT

Chief of the Bureau of Manuscripts in the Library of Congress

"TREASON TO BE MADE ODIOUS"

ON April 18, 1865, three days after the death of Abraham Lincoln, Governor Oglesby of Illinois and a delegation of citizens from that State called on Andrew Johnson, and in the name of Lincoln's State expressed confidence in him and pledged support to his administration. In reply the President spoke of the assassination of his predecessor as a crime not by one man, but traceable to "that source which is the spring of all our woes." "The American people," he said, "must be taught—if they do not already feel—that treason is a crime and must be punished"; that the Government is strong not only to protect, but to punish; that treason is the "blackest of crimes." He did not wish "to excite the already exasperated feelings of the public," but he did wish "to point out the principles of public justice which should guide our action at this particular juncture." The assassination of the President was a terrible crime, but so was the attempted assassination of the State. Justice should be done. When the question of exercising mercy should come before him, he would consider it calmly, not forgetting that what might be mercy to the individual might be cruelty to the State. For his future course, he referred his hearers to his past record. He had perfect confidence in the people. His principles were fixed.

A few days later a deputation of loyal Southerners waited on him. With them he had a peculiar community of feeling. He repeated what he had said to the Illinois delegation about the punishment of treason and the attempted assassination of the State; then he went a little further. "But while," he said, "in mercy we remember justice, in the language that has been uttered, I say, justice toward the leaders, the conscious leaders; but I also say amnesty, conciliation, clemency, and mercy to *the* thousands of our countrymen whom you and I know have been deceived or driven into this infernal rebellion." Treason, it must be understood, he said, was not a mere political difference; it consisted in levying war against the United States. There was no difficulty, therefore, in ascertaining who were traitors.

Toward the close of the month, less than two weeks after the assassination, a delegation of Indiana citizens called on him. This time he discussed rebellion with reference to the Constitution. "Upon this idea of destroying States," he said, "my position has been heretofore well known, and I see no cause to change it now." Some people thought the States had lost their character as States, but he thought "their life-breath had only been suspended," and that it was a constitutional obligation to secure to each State a republican form of government. A State might be in the government with a peculiar institution [slavery]; by the operation of rebellion it might lose that feature; but it was a State when it went into rebellion and a State when it came out of rebellion.

Thus, within two weeks after he became President, he put forward three important points of his policy: punishment of the leaders in the rebellion, clemency to the masses in the rebellion, restoration of republican government in the States.

DEMOCRATIC HOPE OF RETURNING TO POWER

THREE opposing schools of unionists listened eagerly to his statements. Union Democrats regarded him as one of themselves. He had been nominated to please them, and they had no idea that he was now to become a member of the Republican party. They heard with satisfaction his statement that republican government should be restored to the States, and that the masses engaged in the rebellion should be dealt with mercifully.

Francis Preston Blair, Sr., living in a green old age, was probably the finest example of the old-fashioned Democrat then in Washington. The friend and adviser of Andrew Jackson, a Union man always, he had endeavored to help Lincoln in his efforts to end the war, and now came forward to offer his support and aid to Johnson. He had received a letter from George W. Childs of the Philadelphia "Ledger," dated two days after President Lincoln's death, which he handed to the President. In the course of it Mr. Childs said:

> . . . The independent press of the country will stand by him [the President], and we hope he will carry out the wise policy of Mr. Lincoln. We all look to you to give Johnson the benefit of your advice and experience, and hope you will help him out of the hands of the Radicals, for if they should control him, there will be trouble ahead. . . . I want to do all I can to sustain Mr. Johnson.

Reverdy Johnson, a more recent adherent of the Democratic party, also offered his help, writing on April 24, "It will be my pleasure, as I think it will be my duty, to afford your administration, as I anticipate it will be, all the support in my power."

George Bancroft, who had been Polk's Secretary of the Navy, wrote from New York, April 26, saying that he had never forgotten the support given the Polk administration by Johnson when he was in the House. He praised his speeches since he had been President and closed, "I hope we may rally to your side the best part of the old Democracy." The President was extremely grateful to the historian, and this was the beginning of their friendship, the fruit of which was the writing of Johnson's first annual message by Bancroft, and Bancroft's mission to Berlin.

Chief-Justice Salmon P. Chase seemed to have no doubt that the President was still a Democrat; for on April 28, 1865, he presented a friend from Massachusetts, saying, "He is a Democrat of your own fashion, though born and bred in Massachusetts."

It seemed to some of the union Democrats that they might now expect to come to their own again; that, the war being over, they need not continue to be a subordinate part of the Republican party, nor yet go back to the Democratic party, which was strongly impregnated with disunion sentiments.

Benjamin Harris Brewster, one of the most influential of the Pennsylvania Democrats, wrote to the President on May 5, 1865, that the people of Pennsylvania recognized in him an old Democrat; that 70,000 Democrats in that State had gone from their party and given life and vigor to the Republican party, and that without their help the rebellion might have been triumphant. While hostilities lasted they had asked no honors nor promotions, as to do so would have impeached the sincerity of their actions. But now a Democrat of like temper with themselves held the authority, and they hoped that they might not be fused in the mass of Republicans, nor driven to act with the old Democratic party, polluted by sympathy with traitors.

Duff Green, another union Democrat, now an old man, but supposed not to have lost the power of estimating political forces, told the President on June 25, 1865, how he might be nominated for the Presidency in 1868. The Democrats of the North expected the Democrats of the South to reinstate them in power. If the President gained the confidence of the South, the Democrats of all regions would unite on him. What did the South want? Simply to be reinstated as loyal, patriotic members of the Union. They wanted a proclamation from the President restoring their rights. Green himself preferred that none should be punished who had been guilty only of political offenses; but if there must be some exceptions, let them be as few as possible.

These are only examples of the many instances of Democratic support of President Johnson. The writers were not disturbed by his remarks in favor of punishment for treason. To counteract the kindly feeling which was prevalent immediately after the surrender of Lee, the assassination of Lincoln a few days later had produced a revulsion of sentiment. It was felt, in an indefinite way, that the South was responsible for the crime; and, at that time, most Northern men were willing that some of the Southern leaders should be punished for their part in the war.

JOY AMONG THE RADICALS

BUT the radical Republicans interpreted Johnson's speeches as foreshadowing that general proscription of the enemy which Lincoln had steadily refused to countenance, and some of them admitted satisfaction that the obstacle to their desire to inflict punishment had been removed. They knew that Johnson was intrepid and vindictive, and that, being of the humblest origin, he hated the ruling class of Southerners. Therefore they now had hopes that their policy would prevail. They were fully alive, too, to the possibility of such a combination of Democrats as Duff Green had spoken of, and of the fatal consequences it would work to them.

Jacob Merritt Howard, who had been one of the fathers of the Republican party, was then a senator from Michigan and one of the leaders among the Radicals. As soon as he read the President's first speech he wrote to him from Detroit, April 18, 1865:

Allow me enough of your precious time to say that I have perused with great pleasure a recent telegraphic report of the views you entertain as to the treatment of leading rebels. I fear Mr. Lincoln was about to show them too much forbearance—favors which would have been requited by them with the basest ingratitude and which would have been attended with the danger of giving the secession element in the rebel States a dangerous *political ascendency* in the future. Yes, treason must be *felt* to be *infamous*. To subdue it by arms is not sufficient. It should be made to bear the brand of *dishonor* and enduring shame, and the traitor (that is, the intelligent, leading traitor) be made to feel that he has no home in his insulted, injured country; to understand that his country's *justice* is not abashed by the talents or high position of him who has defied her.

On the same day Theophilus Fiske wrote from New York that the people were glad to believe that the days of criminal clemency to traitors were over. The Attorney-General of Michigan, Albert Williams, wrote on April 21, that the people thought Davis, Lee, and other leaders should share the same fate as Booth, as they were "ungrateful, reckless, treacherous miscreants." The worst of them should be hanged, many more should be expatriated, and a still larger number should be disfranchised. God, justice, and the people would sustain the President in such a course, and later generations would rise up to bless him for it.

Senator Charles D. Drake of Missouri, who later was intense in his animosity toward the President, now saw in him the savior of the Radicals. From St. Louis, April 24, he wrote:

May God bless you for your noble utterances to the delegations which have waited upon you! They come to Missouri Radicals as a new life to the almost dying. May Heaven's blessing and protection be with you, is the prayer of your friend and obedient servant.

ATTITUDE OF THE MODERATES

AMONG the moderate Republicans he found approval and milder counsel. Lewis D. Campbell of Ohio, whom he soon afterward appointed to be minister to Mexico, at his request wrote out on May 8, 1865, the general policy which he thought the President ought to pursue. Campbell thought the people fully approved of the proposed discrimination between the intelligent leaders and the cajoled masses, and went on:

Among other questions in our domestic policy there is one which is beginning to assume much significance—that of *negro suffrage*. This is being everywhere pressed by those who style themselves *radicals*, a class who in the grand march of human progress are inclined to get ahead of the music. Of course you will be called on to take sides. I regard that question as one belonging exclusively to the States and not to the Federal Government. . . . And as you have very properly assumed the ground that *a State once in the Union cannot go out*, and that the rebellion has only been a gigantic *mob* that temporarily impeded the operations of the Federal Government, I cannot see with what consistency you can now interpose Federal executive authority to settle the right of suffrage in a State. If as President you can settle that question for the State of Tennessee or Louisiana, why may you not also settle it for Ohio and Pennsylvania, and relieve the people of its embarrassments?

He counseled changes in the Cabinet, so that it should be, in fact, Johnson's administration rather than a mere continuation of Lincoln's. Secretaries Seward and McCulloch he would retain, but Stanton had become very unpopular in and out of the army, and a new man would perhaps give satisfaction and produce harmony.

Among those who seemed anxious to help the President was Chief-Justice Chase, who prepared for him, about May 28, 1865, an address to the people (which he did not use), setting forth the principles which should govern in the reorganization and restoration of the South. It said that secession did not absolve any State from its constitutional obligations, much less could it destroy or touch the existence of any State; but in reorganizing a State the loyal people must control. Slavery had perished; the freedmen had fought in the army; they must share in the work of reorganization. State conventions should be formed and new State constitutions should be adopted or old ones be amended. He added:

From a photograph by Brady

JEREMIAH S. BLACK

Attorney-General, and later Secretary of State in Buchanan's Cabinet, who retired from Johnson's counsel.

It is our glory that the war into which the nation has been forced has been waged in no vindictive spirit nor with any purpose of subjugation. The nation by the sword has sought only to vindicate its just and constitutional authority. Having accomplished that object, it seeks now only the reëstablishment of union on firmer foundations, in greater strength, and with better claims to the respect and esteem of mankind.

Thomas Ewing, the elder, General Sherman's father-in-law, became one of the frankest advisers of the President. The direction his thoughts took was shown in a letter of May 29, 1865, urging the President to pardon Alexander H. Stephens, lately the Vice-President of the Confederacy, and Judge John A. Campbell, lately its Assistant Secretary of War, and to place an additional guard over Jefferson Davis and take off his manacles.

Here, then, were three factions, each claiming the President as its own, the union Democrats, the moderate Republicans, and the radical Republicans. Each had read his policy as being the same as its own, and each was ready to accuse him of treachery if he joined one of the other parties. To understand why he followed the course which he took it is necessary to understand something of the man himself, and this is not difficult, for his was not a complicated nature.

JOHNSON'S PECULIAR PERSONALITY

ANDREW JOHNSON'S beliefs were the strong convictions of a masterful, unlettered mind. When he formed an opinion he held to it, and he was unvexed by the doubts which a broader, more cultivated nature might have harbored. He was the product of a community which in its characteristics was partly frontier, partly Western, and partly Southern—a community in which the only honors sought after were military and political. He had grown to maturity in times of peace, so his ambition had been in the direction of public office, and he had cultivated those qualities which would obtain it from the people who could confer it. Being one of the common people, he was naturally a Democrat and a Union man, as his neighbors were. Their hero was Andrew Jack-

son, and he was a Jacksonian Democrat. They were fighting-men, and there was no bolder political fighter than he, asking no quarter from the foe, and granting none. They liked public speaking in the open air, and he became an effective stump-speaker. While his speeches are not good literature, it can readily be understood how the amplification and repetition of a central idea, which was his favorite style, made an impression on the crowd. He understood the public questions which he discussed, and he expounded them in simple and forcible language. Being a Jacksonian, he had imbibed from his infancy an uncritical veneration for the Constitution. It was the touchstone by which he tested every political question; it was the starting- and finishing-point for all his reasoning. He was neither wise, nor profound, nor adroit, but his mind worked directly and honestly, and his understanding was vigorous and sound. In a community of fighters much stress was laid upon loyalty. It extended from persons to ideas, and he and his people considered fidelity to particular principles to be one of the most important of the political virtues.

From a photograph by Brady

ANDREW JOHNSON
Seventeenth President of the United States.

In the course of his long career Johnson's name had become familiar to the people of the North, and they learned to admire him because of his valiant stand for the Union when his State was being swept into secession, but it cannot be said that he had ever achieved popularity outside of Tennessee. He had none of the

qualities to make him popular. His personality was not engaging, and he had no personal following. In private life he was a silent man, and he did not make friends easily by personal contact. After the deplorable exhibition he had made of himself in being intoxicated when he took the oath of office as Vice-President, many people regarded him with repulsion. The true excuse of sickness for that occurrence was not generally known or believed.

But above all things that stood in the way of his gaining general popularity was the fact that until recent years he had been a tailor. It is true that Lincoln had been a rail-splitter, and half the men in public life had come from the class of mechanics, and this fact raised no prejudice against them; but a tailor was a different thing. The wielding of the ax or saw, setting up type, following the plow, and like employments were worthy of a man, but to sit cross-legged on a table, ply a needle, and fit clothes for another man's body, had from time out of mind been regarded as an effeminate, unmanly occupation. Every one knew that he had none of the timid petty qualities which tradition has always attributed to tailors; but a figure crouched over the cloth, wielding the shears and the tape-measure, could never become heroic or admirable in the people's eyes.

From a daguerreotype

SENATOR BENJAMIN F. WADE OF OHIO

A leading Radical, who, as the presiding officer of the Senate, would have become President if impeachment had not failed.

THE DISSENSION OVER THE SUSPENSION OF STANTON

JOHNSON formulated his policy almost as soon as he became President. He would carry out the policy of Abraham Lincoln, and to do it would retain Lincoln's Cabinet. His support must come from the Lincoln Republicans and the Johnson Democrats. The crisis of the administration came when he reached the conclusion that Secretary Stanton was opposed to his policy and was secretly plotting with his enemies, and he made up his mind to remove him from the Cabinet. Those who knew him represent that he was slow to decide on an important point, but that when he had decided nothing could turn him from his purpose.

On August 12, 1867, he suspended Stanton from office and made General Grant acting Secretary of War; but when he reported his action to the Senate in the autumn it refused to sanction the change, and Stanton resumed his duties as Secretary of War, January 13, 1868, General Grant surrendering the office to him, despite his promise to the President that if he decided to give up the office, he would resign in time to permit the President to choose his successor.

The President's indignation against Grant was shared by his followers. Many now came forward to assure him that he would be nominated as the next Democratic candidate for the Presidency, and the movement in his behalf was really of respectable proportions.

On February 21, 1868, he notified Stanton that he had removed him from office; but Stanton resisted, and retained physical possession of the Secretary of War's room, refusing to turn over the papers to General Lorenzo Thomas, whom the President had designated to act in his place. The President had no doubt of his right to make the removal and hoped the question could be brought before the Supreme Court. The day after

JAMES F. WILSON GEORGE S. BOUTWELL JOHN A. LOGAN
BENJAMIN F. BUTLER THADDEUS STEVENS THOMAS WILLIAMS JOHN A. BINGHAM

THE COMMITTEE OF MANAGERS OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

the removal he received confidential assurances that Chief-Justice Chase shared his views. James C. Kennedy, writing from Washington, February 22, said:

At this particular moment permit me to inform you that the Hon. Chief-Justice Chase said to me last summer that you had the unquestionable right, under the civil tenure bill, to remove Mr. Stanton; he further remarked that no man who could read the English language could come to any other conclusion after reading that law, and added, "You can comprehend that as well as I"; then again repeated, "The President can remove at his option, and I do not hesitate to give this as my opinion."

On February 24, resolutions of impeachment were passed by the House of Representatives. The idea that the conflict of authority between the President and Congress would result in civil war became common, and he received many offers of military aid. One who had been a colonel in the army wrote from Perth Amboy, New Jersey, February 23:

In view of the rabid action of Congress and the obstinacy of Mr. Stanton, it may be necessary for you to call for assistance. As a representative of the veterans of the army I know that I do not act amiss in tendering you the sympathy and services of thousands of them at a moment's notice as ready now to sustain constitutional authority as when the guns of Sumter sounded the tocsin of war.

Others were less temperate. A letter from Galveston, Texas, Feb. 24, 1868, said:

A coup d'état remains for you. Concentrate sufficient troops around you to carry this out. *Arrest Congress!!* Which will stop further legislation. Court-martial Grant and Stanton as army officers insubordinate to their chief!

From Canton, Ohio, Feb. 25, came this:

Now, Mr. President, the only question with me is as to whether you can control military force enough to back you; if you can, in God's name and the name of the people put that contemptible spy out of the war office and then defend yourself as President of the U. S. If revolution must come, let it come now. Be firm: the Democracy are a unit.

What Johnson really intended by the removal he disclosed in an intimate conversation with Jerome B. Stillson, a personal friend, who, on April 12, wrote it out for his counsel, Benjamin R. Curtis. Stillson called at the White House February 13, nine days before the removal of Stanton, and in the course of the conversation reminded the President that he had intimated on a former occasion that he intended to dismiss Stanton. The President

"THE PARROQUET OF THE WHITE HOUSE"
A cartoon published in "Harper's Weekly" in 1867.

replied that he had not changed his mind. He had no doubt he had a right to do it under the Constitution, and under the Tenure-of-Office act also, although he was sure that act was unconstitutional.

"But," said Stillson, "suppose that Mr. Stanton should refuse to vacate."

"That might be," said the President; "yet whatever business the President had to do through the War Department would be done through the new appointee. Mr. Stanton could issue no orders by the authority of the President."

Mr. Stillson suggested that some means would have to be adopted to make Mr. Stanton vacate the office.

"That is just the point to which I want this matter to be brought," replied the President. "If he should positively refuse to go out, it might be necessary to institute legal proceedings against him. If, on the contrary, he should quit the office as demanded by the President, and the Senate should refuse to admit the President's power to remove him, Mr. Stanton himself would have the same privilege to test the question of his right to reënter the office before the courts. In either case the matter would probably go to the Supreme Court, and a judicial decision would then be pronounced upon it, by which decision both the President and Mr. Stanton would of course be bound to abide. I wish that decision could be obtained to-morrow."

Stillson said some people seemed to think there was going to be violence. The President replied:

"What nonsense! It 's very likely that *I* am anxious to start a revolution. No, I 'll leave that responsibility with those who have already undertaken it. What I am anxious to do, as everybody ought to know, is to tranquilize this government. I propose to have my right to a harmonious Cabinet tested by the laws, and the sooner the better. This state of things ought not to have continued so long."

BENJAMIN R. CURTIS
Of the President's counsel.

THE GRAND ARRAY OF COUNSEL

THE trial of Andrew Johnson on the articles of impeachment was a remarkable proceeding, but in no particular was it more remarkable than in the fact that the majority of the senators who were the judges had made up their minds that he was guilty before they had heard the evidence against him. They believed the good of the country required his removal from office, and they went into the trial resolved to remove him. There was hope, however, that a few senators who ordinarily acted against him might be brought to see the folly and the shame of convicting him of charges which were gratuitous deductions from innocent acts, and it was hoped, too, that public opinion might be influenced in his favor. Thus the case was really tried for these senators — who finally proved to number seven —and for the people out of doors. Who should be the President's counsel was of great importance, for they must not only be lawyers, but discreet and persuasive men.

As soon as the impeachment articles had been adopted by the House, the President applied to his fellow-Democrat, Jeremiah S. Black, who had helped him on several occasions, and had in fact written the veto message of the reconstruction bill for him. No one questioned Black's talents at the bar, but his temper was fierce and his wit was reckless. Thomas Ewing told the President, March 1:

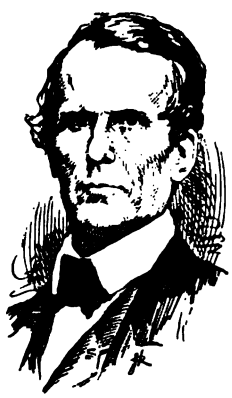
"Do not engage Judge Black in your defense on the impeachment; his very presence there as one of your counsel will injure your cause. He is known as a vio-

lent man, has talents, but no discretion, and he would in the heat of his nature sacrifice your cause rather than omit saying a bitter thing."

The same warning came from other sources. Black himself thought his employment was impolitic; but the President insisted. As it happened, however, Black removed himself from the case after his name had been signed, March 13, as one of the counsel to the first motion made in the trial. The circumstances are peculiar and illustrate the President's rectitude.

Before the impeachment, Black had become counsel for certain claimants to a small guano island in the West Indies which the government of Santo Domingo had seized. To gain possession, therefore, the claimants must have the administration's aid, and thus their interests were in the hands of Black's other client, the President. To relieve him of the imputation of being influenced by his friendship for his counsel, Black's son obtained a statement from Butler, Logan, Bingham, and Thaddeus Stevens, who were prosecutors in the impeachment trial, and from several other Radicals in Congress, that the claim was meritorious. But presently the Secretary of State advised against interference in the claimants' behalf, and the President upheld him.

Black immediately dropped out of the President's case. In measuring his duty, he decided that his greater obligation was to the clients who claimed the guano island. On March 19 he wrote to the President:



Drawn by Jacques Reich from a photograph

THOMAS A. R. NELSON
Of the President's counsel.

Drawn by Jacques Reich from a photograph

WILLIAM S. GROESBECK
Of the President's counsel.

Mr. Seward's little finger, it appears, is thicker than the loins of the law. He and the thieves whose interests he has guarded so faithfully are welcome to the short-lived victory they have won. My retirement from your cause will not probably diminish the chances of its success. When you first expressed the desire that I should be one of your counsel, I gave some reasons why it might be better for you that I should not consent. Upon Messrs. Curtis and Stanbery these considerations had some weight, but you overruled them without hesitation. If you will reflect upon them again, you will probably see that you have no reason to regret my present decision to retire. But to me it is cause of sincere grief that I cannot aid in the struggle you are making for truth, justice, and the Constitution of your country. I do most devoutly believe that the accusation now made against you by the House of Representatives is unfounded in fact and law, and that your defense must be regarded as conclusive by every impartial mind. I know it will be presented with consummate ability.

Nevertheless, the withdrawal did not improve the case. One of the President's friends, S. M. Johnson of Washington, told him on March 22 he had tried to prevent Black's withdrawal, because it was commonly believed that he was on confidential terms with the President and his non-appearance at the trial might be tortured into infinite shapes. Black, he said, thought the President would not act in the guano island case simply because he

was Black's client. At the trial Butler referred to the withdrawal of Black, and endeavored to make it a circumstance unfavorable to the defense. Black himself ceased to be a friend of the President, and on July 29 wrote him a letter so indecently insulting to his Secretary of State that it was insulting to the President. It shows clearly enough that his continuance in the case would have been more injurious than his withdrawal was. In ei

From a pencil portrait, by William M. Hunt, made two years after the impeachment trial

WILLIAM M. EVARTS

ing him the President committed his blunder in the trial. He was fort in his other selections for his counsel

Rodman M. Price, Governor of Jersey, 1853–56, a delegate to the

Congress of 1861, a Democratic member of Congress in 1851, told him on March 2 that they ought to be chiefly Republicans, so that the case should be made an "*inter-Republican issue.*" He would have them selected from different parts of the country, and suggested William M. Evarts of New York, Joseph P. Bradley of New Jersey, and Benjamin R. Curtis of Boston, as the type of men he should choose. Price went on:

There are inborn prejudices in the court of impeachment as it is constructed, and it does seem to me impolitic to bring into the case elements calculated to influence existing prejudices. You are the successor of Mr. Lincoln and only carrying out his policy—a policy which you remember was violently assailed by Mr. Wade and the late Henry Winter Davis; these extreme radicals were opposed to him, as they are to your administration. In this view you must have the moderate Republicans of the country with you.

Johnson selected Evarts and Curtis, two of the lawyers named by Price, and to them were added the Attorney-General, Stanbery, Thomas A. R. Nelson of Tennessee, and William S. Groesbeck of Ohio; but they advised with him at every stage of the trial, and he managed his own case.

JOHNSON'S PART IN THE DEFENSE

On March 23 his answer to the articles of impeachment was read to the court. The first two articles were the most important part, as they embodied the charge that he had violated the Tenure-of-Office act in removing Stanton and appointing General Lorenzo Thomas. The reply to those articles was the most important part of the case for the defense, and that part Andrew Johnson wrote himself. It furnished the arguments which his counsel used over and over again with embellishment and amplification when they made their elaborate speeches in the trial. The greater part of the rest of the reply was drafted by Evarts, but many changes were made by the President. A result of the trial was that the counsel gained a great respect for their client. Evarts became his Attorney-General; and Judge Curtis, who had been obliged by ill health to return to Boston before the end of the trial was reached, wrote to him from Boston on Monday, May 18, the first vote of acquittal having been reached two days before:

Mr. President:

You have received many sincere congratulations on and since Saturday last, but none more heartfelt than what I now send you.

For reasons which you will appreciate, and which I need not explain, because they were derived from yourself, I have not esteemed this proceeding of very great personal importance to you. But to the country it was of such importance that it would be difficult to overstate it. And though I have felt, as you know, from an early period, hopeful and even confident of the result, it was indeed a great relief to me to get the confirmation of my hopes on Saturday.

That the matter is practically ended I cannot doubt.

Soon after the complete acquittal, Nelson went to the Democratic convention at New York and presented Johnson's name for nomination for the Presidency, and he was not reconciled to the selection of Horatio Seymour instead. He wrote from Knoxville, July 21, that the Democratic party owed its existence to the firmness of Johnson, who had made "The most gallant fight that ever was made in behalf of the Constitution." He continued:

Of course I greatly prefer Seymour and Blair to Grant and Colfax; but I do not believe that Mr. Seymour, talented as he is, combines the same elements of success as yourself, and I could see no reason why a leader who has been tried and proved should be set aside any sooner in political than in military life.

I believe still that you have a firm hold upon the hearts of the people. This was manifest when I put your name in nomination, and, on several of the ballots, from the warm enthusiasm with which it was received by the real people. . . .

After all, I do not know but that, so far as you are personally concerned, it may be best that your political career should terminate with your present administration. You have made already a splendid name for history, and some unforeseen contingency might mar it in the next few years.

Others less closely connected with him were equally earnest and complimentary in their congratulations at the outcome of the impeachment trial.

Benjamin Rush, a Philadelphia Democrat then living abroad, had written him during the trial, and now that it was over, sent him a private letter he had received from Lord Clarendon, who had recently been British Secretary of Foreign Affairs and was soon to assume that office again.

Grosvenor Crescent
May 19/68

Dear Mr. Rush:

I thank you for your letter, which gave me great pleasure by its reciprocity of feeling, as I can with truth assure you that in reading the President's acquittal my thoughts at once reverted to the conversation I had the pleasure of holding with you last year and to which you refer with so much kindness.

The President may have committed many faults, of which I don't presume to judge, but he had my humble sympathy because his "mens conscia recti" made him bold in resisting what he thought wrong. He was generously disposed towards the fallen foe, with the great object of reconstructing the Union, and he was, as it seemed to me, recklessly persecuted. I therefore rejoiced in his acquittal, and only hope that it is complete, but there are other counts in the indictment upon which I suppose that party spirit may still come into action. Upon the result hitherto arrived at there is general satisfaction in England, except in some *very advanced* portions of the press.

Since I saw you I have met numbers of Americans at Rome and *passim* on the Continent. I do not *quite* feel they were fellow-countrymen, but still less do I regard them as foreigners, and the pleasant intercourse I had with them made me long for the time when lingering prejudices will be bridged over by intercourse as the ocean has been by steam and electricity.

The great and good things that the two nations combined might effect has been the dream of my life.

Believe me always, Dear Mr. Rush,
Very faithfully yours,
CLARENDON.

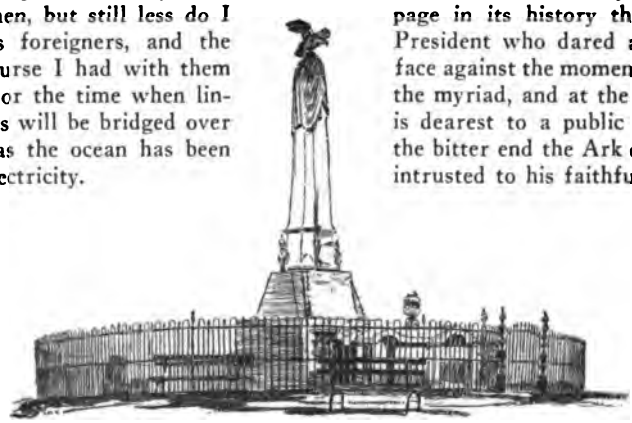
THE RETURN TO THE DEMOCRATIC FOLD

IT was from the Democrats that Andrew Johnson had come, and to the Democrats he returned. One of them, whose letter deserves to be quoted, was John Quincy Adams, 2d, grandson of John Adams, who had lost his election to the legislature of Massachusetts in 1868 because he had approved of Johnson's policy, and who had recently been nominated for the second time as Democratic candidate for governor. He wrote September 23, 1868:

. . . I believe that those men who like yourself can dare to grasp great eventual gain to their country at the cost of a temporary disfavor to themselves are doing as noble a work as men can do.

My grandfather used to predict that when the great slavery struggle which he saw impending closed there must come a great constitutional party or anarchy, and to-day it seems to me high time for calm and patriotic men to be gathering around the organic law.

When that day comes, and come I am convinced it will, when that great paper is once more cherished as the most precious possession of the people; and these clouds which gather now so black are rolled away, no name will be entitled to a higher place and no fame worthy of a brighter page in its history than that of the President who dared alone to set his face against the momentary madness of the myriad, and at the risk of all that is dearest to a public man defend to the bitter end the Ark of the Covenant intrusted to his faithful keeping.



ANDREW JOHNSON'S MONUMENT AT GREENEVILLE, TENNESSEE

ANECDOTES OF ANDREW JOHNSON

BY MAJOR BENJAMIN C. TRUMAN

Secretary to Andrew Johnson as Military Governor and as President

WHEN Abraham Lincoln arrived in Washington in March, 1861, he formed a great liking for Andrew Johnson, then one of the senators from Tennessee, who became greatly attached to Mr. Lincoln. Perhaps they came to consider that they were molded not dissimilarly. A great deal has been written about Abraham Lincoln as a rail-splitter, and it is very likely that he wielded an ax occasionally; but that phase of his career owed much of its importance to the imagination of his supporters. Lincoln undoubtedly began life under exceedingly humble circumstances; but all about him life was primitive in the extreme.

The case was far different with Andrew Johnson. When he had reached man's estate he could read only imperfectly, and could not write at all. This latter indispensable rudiment of education he acquired after his marriage, and he always ascribed much of his success in life to his wife, who taught him to write and to read perfectly. It was years before he was proficient with the pen. He lived in an aristocratic community, where social distinctions of a very rigorous kind existed. He was a tailor by occupation, and he was never ashamed of his calling. Brought up in a region dominated by slavery, Andrew Johnson held his own among a lion-hearted people. Nothing could daunt him or curb the aspirations of his indomitable soul. It is one of the most remarkable proofs of the spirit of democracy which pervades the United States that such a man could have made his way into both branches of Congress, be twice elected Governor of Tennessee, should be elected Vice-President of the United States, and finally occupy the White House.

But it must not be forgotten, in considering the last phase of his career, that the Tennesseean was a famous man before Abraham Lincoln was heard of outside his own State. He was the author of the Homestead Law, and he possessed much of the same kind of popularity among the masses which Lincoln afterward acquired. He was the master of an unstudied and trenchant eloquence; and of all the speeches made on the Union side on the floor of the Senate just before the war, his were by far the strongest, truest, most glowing, and most convincing.

After he became President, Johnson constantly suffered from comparison with Lincoln. It is pretty generally agreed that there has been but one Lincoln; and, as Johnson followed him in office, it is no wonder that he suffered. To be sure, Lincoln would have encountered Radical opposition, but he would have yielded to some extent. Johnson did not know how to yield, especially when he believed he was in the right.

PERSONAL TRAITS

FOR a man who had "come from the people," as he was fond of saying, and whose heart was always with the poor and the distressed, Andrew Johnson was one of the neatest men in his dress and person I have ever known. During his three years in Nashville, in particular, he dressed in black broadcloth frock-coat and waistcoat, and black doeskin trousers, and wore a silk hat. This had been his attire for thirty years, and for most of that time, whether as Governor of Tennessee, member of Congress, or United States senator, he had made all of his own clothes. He

was so scrupulous about his linen that he invariably changed all of it daily, and sometimes oftener.

He was matchlessly perfect in figure, about five feet ten, had handsome broad shoulders, fine forehead, superb face, dark bushy hair, and small hands and feet. The most marked feature about him was his eyes, which were small, and although such eyes are not usually attractive, his were black, sparkling, and absolutely beautiful.

He was not a gamester at anything, and could play only indifferently at checkers. In 1862 he explained to me that he had never visited a theater because in his youth he lacked the opportunity, and always afterward would rather study and work or go to bed, than spend his time at a playhouse. He looked on all kinds of gambling as wrong, never knew one card or one domino from another, and was never at a horse-race. He had been to a few circuses and minstrel shows, and liked them. He used to say that he had "never had much time for frivolity." I never could persuade him to go to the theater either in Nashville or Washington.

HIS COURTESY TO WOMEN

A SHORT time after his confirmation as Military Governor of Tennessee and brigadier-general, March 5, 1862, we proceeded to Nashville. The St. Cloud Hotel, where we found quarters, was kept by a Union man (so far as he dared to be) named Samuel Carter. One day his eldest daughter, Laura, very pretty and about twenty, was arrested for spitting upon Union officers from the hotel porch. General Dumont immediately sought Johnson and said: "Governor, I hated to make this arrest on account of you and her father. But she has been indulging in all sorts of contempt, and I thought it about time to check her. When I told her that she ought to behave herself while you were a guest at the hotel, she defied you, and said she would yet dance on your grave."

"Oh, you must n't mind these little rebels," responded Johnson. "There is no harm in Laura. Dance on my grave, will she? She will plant flowers instead. I 'll take care of her. Let her go."

In less than a year Laura married Captain Holloway of the Union army, and her cousin, Medora Carter, a stately beautiful young rebel, married Major Stevens. Sixteen years afterward, on June 5, 1878, at the unveiling of the Andrew Johnson monument at Greeneville, Tennessee, Laura Carter Holloway stood at the base, strewing the choicest of flowers.

Though he seemed to be severe in his speeches, Johnson impressed upon me that the Nashville Confederates were to be treated with kindness, especially women; and I observed that he was extremely courteous to ladies who called for passes.

One of the famous beauties of the region was a rich widow, Mrs. Carter of Franklin. A week seldom passed that Mrs. Carter did not wish to travel between Franklin and Nashville. One day she came to me and said she wanted a permit to carry home six barrels of salt. While I knew her to be a trustworthy woman, I bore in mind that she was a rebel, and that salt was exceedingly scarce among those she loved best. So I made her request known to Mr. Johnson, who said:

"Give Mrs. Carter the permit for the six barrels. They won't be of much service to the Confederacy. Besides, Mrs. Carter is a lovely woman."

A month afterward, the lady wanted to take out twelve barrels of salt. She told me that she owned nearly a hundred slaves, and was salting down a good deal of pork and beef. I again consulted with the Governor, who said:

"Mrs. Carter is a lovely woman, but she can have a permit for only six barrels. You might tell her, gently, that she won't have to feed her slaves long."

I quickly informed Mrs. Carter that the Governor did not feel authorized to grant a permit for more than six barrels. "Then make out two permits," she archly replied, "each for six barrels." Mrs. Carter was a lovely woman, and I respectfully made out two permits.

A few months after his arrival the Governor sent several prominent rebels to Northern prisons, among them one of the richest men in Tennessee. His wife was the biggest woman I had ever seen outside a museum. It was probably a month after her husband had been sent to prison that the lady called on Governor Johnson for a pass. He turned from her, almost rudely, and said to me:

"Make out a pass for this woman to

leave Nashville over the Gramnywhite pike."

"And return," added the giantess.

"We don't want you to return," said the Governor. Then the lady got furious and exclaimed:

"Andrew—Johnson—do—you—know—what—I—ought—to—do? I ought to take you across my knee and give you the biggest spanking you ever had in your life."

"Madam," the Governor replied, "it would take the whole Union army to spank you."

After she had received her pass to go and *return,* Johnson said to me:

"If her husband had any sense of gratitude, he 'd send me a letter of thanks for sending him to a Northern prison."

In all my relations with Andrew Johnson, this was the only case I remember in which he spoke disrespectfully in the presence of a woman.

JOHNSON AND THE VICE-PRESIDENCY

THERE has been a difference of opinion as to whether Lincoln preferred Johnson for Vice-President in 1864, but I have a reason for thinking that he did. While a member of the governor's staff, as a newspaper correspondent I kept the name of Andrew Johnson constantly before the readers of several great papers, and once in a while connected him with the coming Vice-Presidency. A few days after the battle of Resaca, early in 1864, I arrived in Nashville from the front, and met an old friend who was special correspondent of the New York "Herald." I asked, "When are you going to the front?" He replied:

"I am not going to the front. I am here as volunteer aid on General Sickles's staff. The President has sent him here on an important mission—can't you guess it?"

I could not.

"He has come down here to look after Johnson."

"To look after Johnson?" I repeated, in great astonishment.

"Yes, to look after Johnson. To see what he is doing. To look into his habits. The President wants Johnson on the ticket with him if his habits will permit; and the general has been sent here to investigate."

As soon as we separated I went to Mr. Johnson's house and awoke him, as it was about eleven o'clock, and he had retired. I repeated to him as nearly as I could the exact dialogue, and he then sat up in bed and said: "I want you to leave for Washington to-morrow. Go direct to Colonel Forney and repeat to him what you have said to me, and ask him to look out for my interests."

I left Nashville the following morning, and arrived in Philadelphia in four days, where I met Colonel Forney, and carried out my instructions. These were the first positive acts performed that led up to the nomination of Johnson for Vice-President.

HIS ONE SLIP FROM SOBRIETY

ANDREW JOHNSON has been called a drunkard, as well as a traitor; but the "whirligig of time" has set him right on the latter, and to-day there is no man of the Civil War who is receiving so much honest attention at the hands of historians. But that Andrew Johnson was a drunkard is more difficult to disprove. This is partly because the only time that he was ever under the influence of liquor in his life the whole nation saw him, either with their eyes or read of it, and upon an occasion when he should have been absolutely sober—I mean when he was inaugurated as Vice-President on the fourth of March, 1865.

When he went to Washington as Vice-President-elect, old friends gathered about him. He and Colonel John W. Forney and a few others were together the night before the inauguration. As such men are apt to do, they celebrated Johnson's remarkable record. And what a record it was! His father had lost his life in saving that of another; he had been a common tailor, and when he married, he could read only imperfectly; his wife taught him much; he could not write any too well when he first took a seat in Congress; he had been alderman three successive terms in his town, and mayor for three years; he had been elected to the State Legislature; he had been a Presidential elector on the Van Buren ticket. From 1828 to 1843, he had been in Congress, and was reëlected in 1845, and remained there until 1853. He was Governor of his State for two terms, and in 1857 he was in the United States Senate. He had been men-

tioned in 1860 for the Presidency on the Democratic ticket, and could have had the nomination if he had n't been such a pronounced Union man. His career as Military Governor of Tennessee was brilliant, and his election as Vice-President followed.

The night was far spent when the party adjourned; but it had been a mischievous night for Johnson. I know he felt much chagrin at his unsteady condition; but he believed he was all right when he rose to speak. The excitement of the occasion, the fever of the night before, the apprehension of failure, and yet the fact which he could not dodge—that he *must* appear—all came upon him at once. This fact does not excuse him, but how many eminent men have we not known, and some of them heroes, who were in the same condition, not once, but frequently?

In his inaugural address, he stated a good many solid truths, but he referred to his "plebeian" origin painfully, and was otherwise off his usual brilliant oratorical poise.

"But had not Johnson been a drinking man through life?" I have often been asked. Not to the extent the one incident implied. Indeed, Johnson had always been considered a temperate man in all things. I sat with him at the same table in Nashville, at least once a day for eighteen months, and never saw him take wine or liquor with any meal. He never drank a cocktail in his life, never was in a bar-room, and did not care for champagne. He did take two or three or four glasses of Robertson County whisky some days; some days less, and some days and weeks no liquor at all. So, as drinking went in Tennessee, Johnson would have been termed a strictly temperate man. Then, during the famous "Swing around the Circle," the Radical papers characterized that tour as a drunken revel. As a member of the party I can say that there was no drunkenness at all on the trip. Johnson, who had given up whisky for sherry, indulged in but little of the latter, and Grant drank not at all.

A BROTHER WHO WANTED OFFICE

DURING the months of February and March, 1866, I was in Texas on reconstruction business, and while in Houston I was called upon by a brother of President Johnson, who appeared to be not in the same class as a man. Still, I said: "Why don't you ask the President for some good thing?" And he replied: "Well, I did, and he sent me $1000; told me to be frugal, and when that was gone to let him know and he would send me more. I wrote thanking him and told him I wanted an office, but he replied that he was opposed to appointing relatives to office."

When I returned to Washington, I informed the President that I had met his brother in Texas, and he said: "Yes, he is here now on a visit. He wants an office of some kind; prefers to be a United States marshal down in Texas. That is n't much. Better give it to him, had n't I?"

JOHNSON'S ESTIMATE OF LINCOLN, GRANT, AND OTHER LEADERS

AT no time did President Johnson publicly blame General Grant, or withdraw the praise he had bestowed upon him. During the impeachment trial I was in California as special agent of the Post-office. Three months after the trial the President wrote me as follows:

Executive Mansion, Washington, D. C.
August 3, 1868.

My Dear Truman—It is a long time since you have written me such a lengthy and interesting letter. I note what you say regarding your trip to Alaska. . . . I have received a number of letters from General Miller, explaining that in denouncing my policy of reconstruction he meant no personal reflection on me. You may say to General Miller that on account of his distinguished services in Tennessee during the war, nothing that he can say about me will affect my esteem for him; and also say to him that so long as I am President of the United States, he shall be Collector of the Port of San Francisco.

You allude to the vote on impeachment as a "close shave." It was not so close as most people think; for Senator Morgan of New York would have cast his vote against impeachment rather than to have seen Ben Wade succeed to the Presidential chair. Now, I have been true to the Union and to my friends, and have been generally temperate in all things. I may have erred in not carrying out Mr. Blair's request in putting into my Cabinet Morton, Andrew, and Greeley. I do not say I should have done so, or that I would do so had I my career to go over again, for it would have been

hard to have put out Seward and Welles, who had served satisfactorily under the greatest man of all. Morton would have been a tower of strength, however, and so would Andrew. No senator would have dared to vote for my impeachment with those two men in my Cabinet. Grant was untrue. He meant well for the first two years, and much that I did that was denounced was through his advice. He was the strongest man of all in the support of my policy for a long while, and did the best he could for nearly two years in strengthening my hands against the adversaries of constitutional government. But Grant saw the Radical handwriting on the wall, and heeded it. I did not see it, or, if seeing it, did not heed it. Grant did the proper thing to save Grant, but it pretty nearly ruined me. I might have done the same thing under the same circumstances. At any rate, most men would. I told Mr. Blair that I would n't have Greeley on any account. I always considered Greeley a good enough editor before the war, although I never agreed with him, but in all other matters he seemed to me like a whale ashore. He nearly bothered Mr. Lincoln's life out of him, and it was difficult to tell whether he wanted Union or separation, war or peace. Greeley is all heart and no head. He is the most vacillating man in the country, or was during the war. He runs to goodness of heart so much as to produce infirmity of mind. Blair reasoned with me as a friend. But I could not see the point. I told him that Greeley was a sublime old child and would be of no service to me. The others I thought well of at the time. Andrew was great, and Morton was greater, and Grant had come out of the war the greatest of all.

From the collection of Colonel William Gorham Rice

ADMISSION-CARD FOR THE IMPEACHMENT OF ANDREW JOHNSON

It was printed on green cardboard.

It is true that the rebels were on their last legs, and that the Southern ports were pretty effectually blockaded, and that Grant was furnished with all the men that were needed or could be spared after he took command of the Army of the Potomac. But Grant helped more than any one else to bring about this condition. His great victories at Donelson, Vicksburg, and Missionary Ridge all contributed to Appomattox.

You and I agree upon many points. Especially do we agree concerning Thomas, and I would be glad to see him made lieutenant-general. He will continue to grow greater as long as he lives, and long after he dies. In many respects he is the greatest general the war produced, and the only one who annihilated an army. Yet Thomas would not have done so well as Grant under the circumstances. Grant has treated me badly; but he was the right man in the right place during the war, and no matter what his faults were or are, the whole world can never write him down—remember that. I have always liked Sherman. He is our greatest military genius. He is erratic and stubborn, but he don't know how to lie. The time will come when Sheridan will be looked upon by many distinguished military men as

greater than Grant. But Sheridan would not have had his great opportunity had it not been for Grant. . . . Mr. Lincoln is the greatest American that has ever lived. I do not mean by this to detract from the name of Washington; but Washington was an Englishman, you know, after all. I doubt whether there will ever be another Washington or another Lincoln. Butler is the most daring and unscrupulous demagogue I have ever known. But his services for the Union during the war can never be over-estimated. I can never thoroughly despise him on that account, although he even attempted to class me with Lincoln's assassins. As radical a Republican as he is, you will live to see him away over on the other side, and on all sides—remember what I say: he is the biggest political demagogue this country has ever produced. No human being but Grant could have bottled him up. I shall go to my grave with the firm belief that Davis, Cobb, Toombs, and a few others of the arch-conspirators and traitors should have been tried, convicted, and hanged for treason. There was too much precious blood spilled on both sides not to have held the leading traitors responsible. If it was the last act of my life I 'd hang Jeff Davis as an example. I 'd show coming generations that, while the rebellion was too popular a revolt to punish many who participated in it, treason should be made odious and arch-traitors should be punished. But I might lose my head, for Horace Greeley, who made haste to bail out Jeff Davis, declares daily that I am a traitor. Just think of it.

There, I have written as much as you, and touched upon many topics. You may consider all I have written private, except what I have said concerning Miller. And in telling him what I have written, please use my language, as I want him to be impressed with my friendship.

Yours truly, ANDREW JOHNSON.

THE END OF HIS CAREER

A FEW days before the expiration of his term of office, President Johnson telegraphed me that he would like to have me come on and accompany him to his home in Greeneville. I was still in California as special agent of the Post-office. But I at once set out and was with him the last day he was in the White House, and I remember that he never uttered a word of complaint against any one. We drove from the executive mansion to the house of John Coyne, then owner of the Washington "Intelligencer," where he was a guest for twelve days. He said he had not gone to Washington in a hurry, and there was no occasion for him to leave in a hurry.

There was a small crowd at the depot to see him off. It was respectful and stood uncovered and speechless. We reached Greeneville the next day, and his old friends gave him a magnificent reception. He made a speech which had in it a good deal of fire.

He did not act as if he were shelved. He was defiant, but dignified. Twice he tried to return to Congress, and was defeated. Then he was elected to the Senate, where he made one speech that packed the chamber as it had not been packed many times since the crowds went to hear him in 1861–62. He went home July 29, 1875, and while visiting his daughter at Carter Station, died suddenly of apoplexy.

Ninety-nine out of every hundred papers in the United States gave Johnson great welcome to the Senate. Even the "Tribune," which had so vilified him less than a decade before, said: "His bitterest enemies are compelled to admit his sterling honesty and unswerving rectitude. In these days of moral and official delinquency it is no ordinary gratification for the people at large to have their national councils honored by the presence of such a man."

This was a great change from the time when my report on the condition of the people of the South was sent by the President to Congress, and I received the following letter:

"The Tribune."
New York, May 12, 1866.

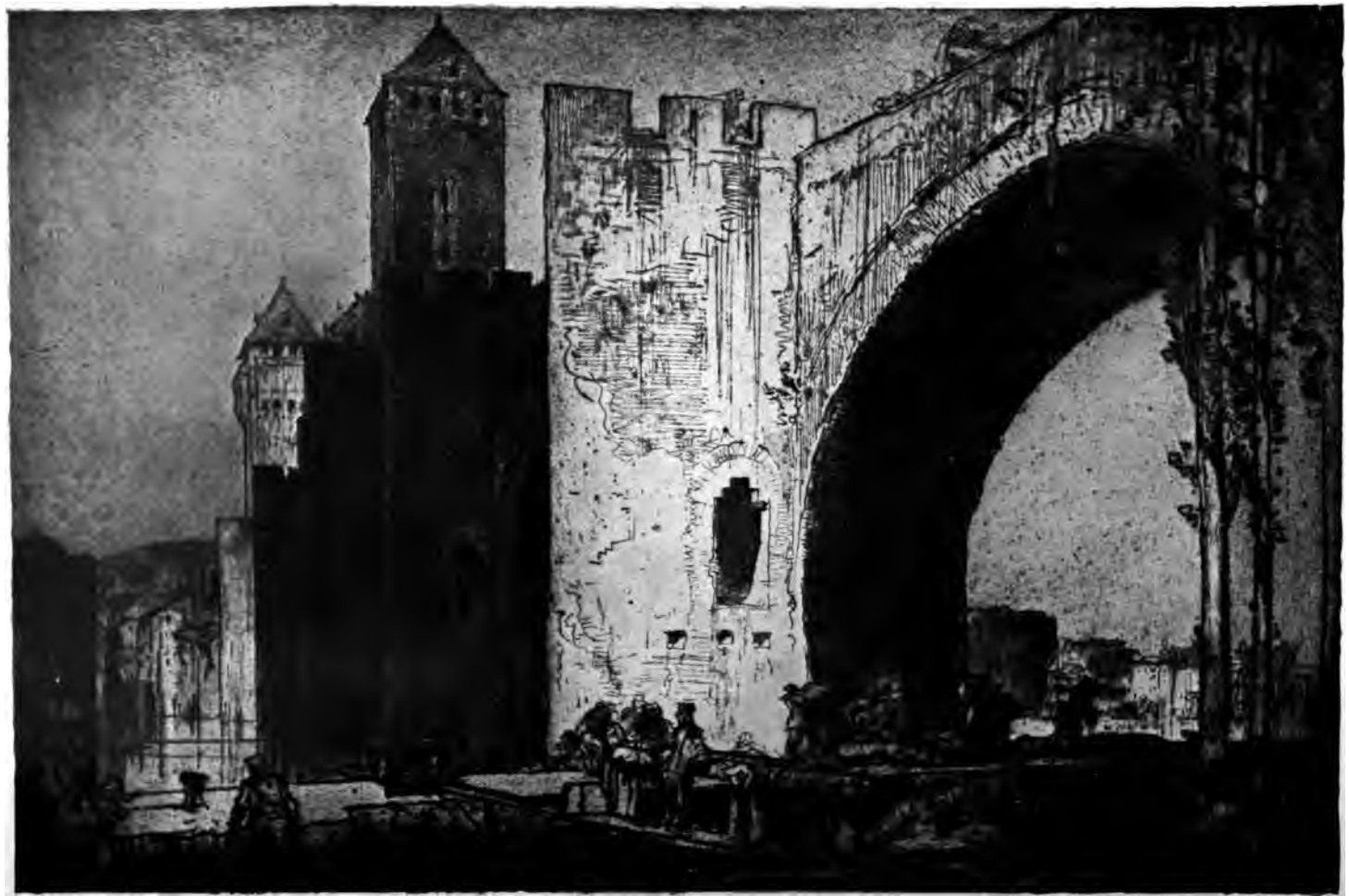
My Dear Ben—Your report made six columns in the "Times," and Raymond gave you a leader which you must feel proud over. All the papers contain editorials highly complimentary to you. You know my feeling toward you, and how much I regret not being able to send a column after my particular friend. But the Great "Tribune" has taken a bitter stand against Johnson, and we can't afford to see any good in him or his policy. At the same time, I will esteem it a favor if you will say to Johnson, in your nice way, that, personally, I hold him in high respect, and believe me he is being badly treated. Your old friend,

JOHN RUSSELL YOUNG.

From an etching by Frank Brangwyn in the collection of Mr. C. W. Kraushaar

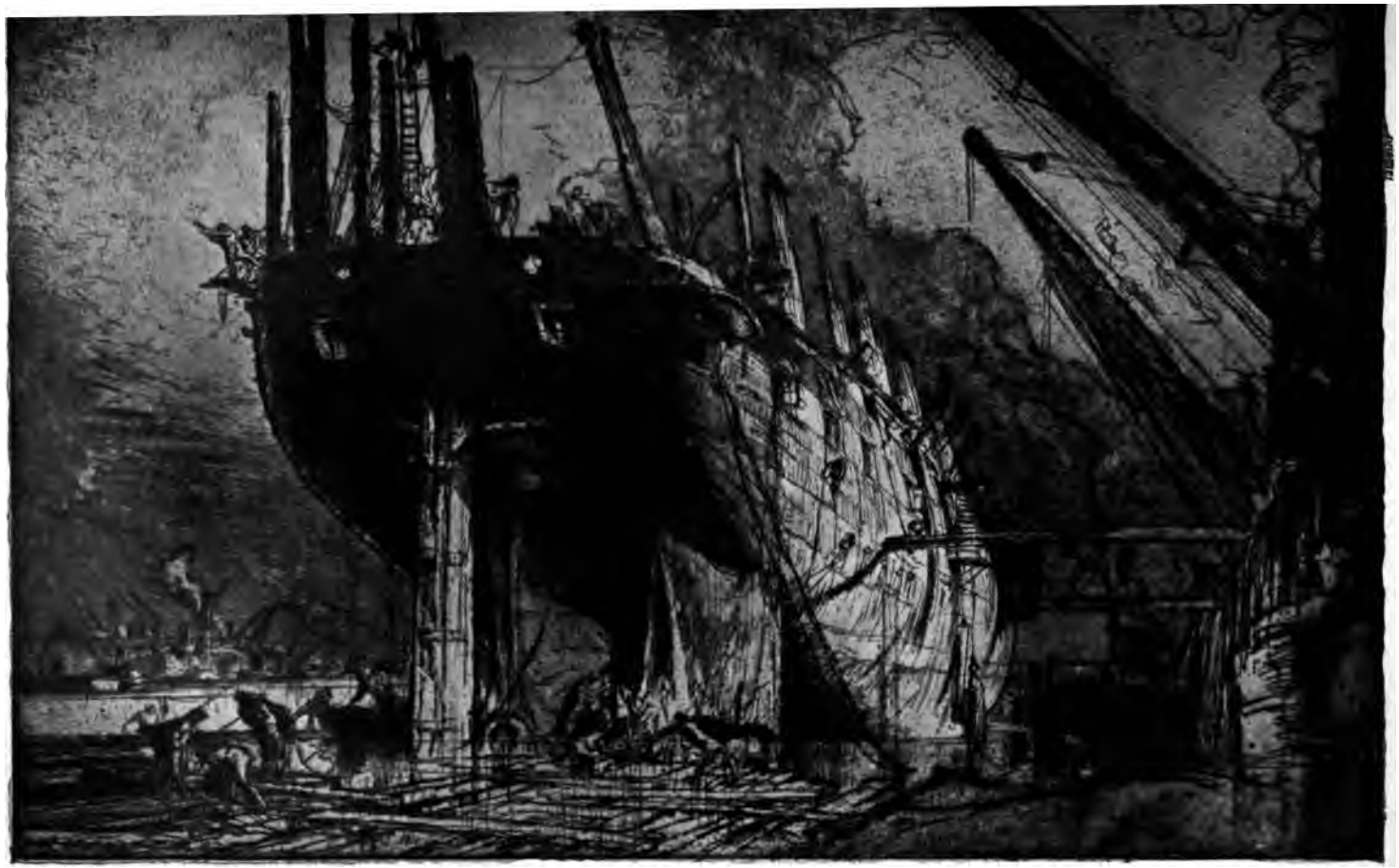
THE BLACK MILL, WINCHELSEA

EIGHT ETCHINGS
BY FRANK BRANGWYN



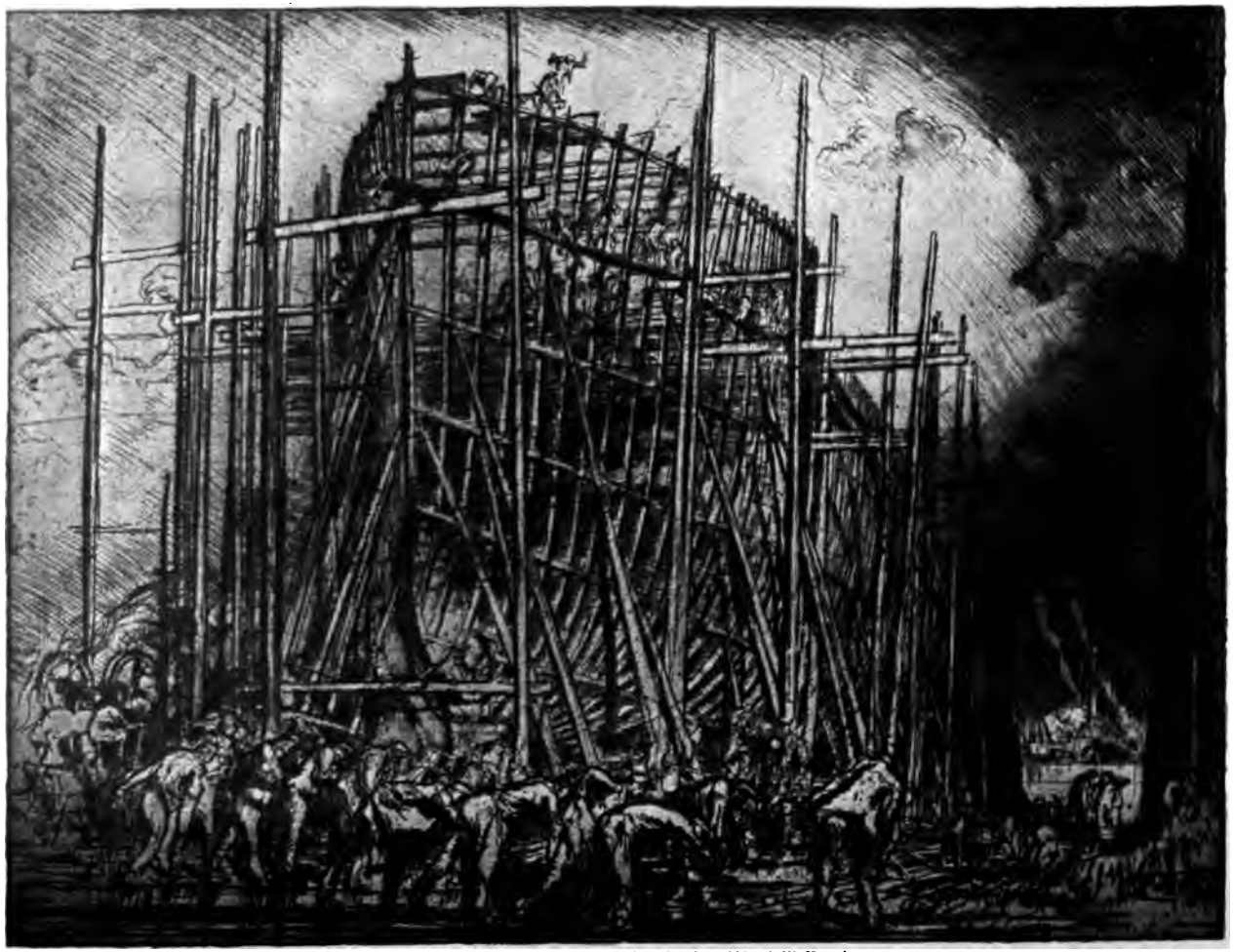
From etching by Frank Brangwyn in the collection of M. C. W. Kraushaar

THE VALENTRÉ BRIDGE AT CAHORS, FRANCE



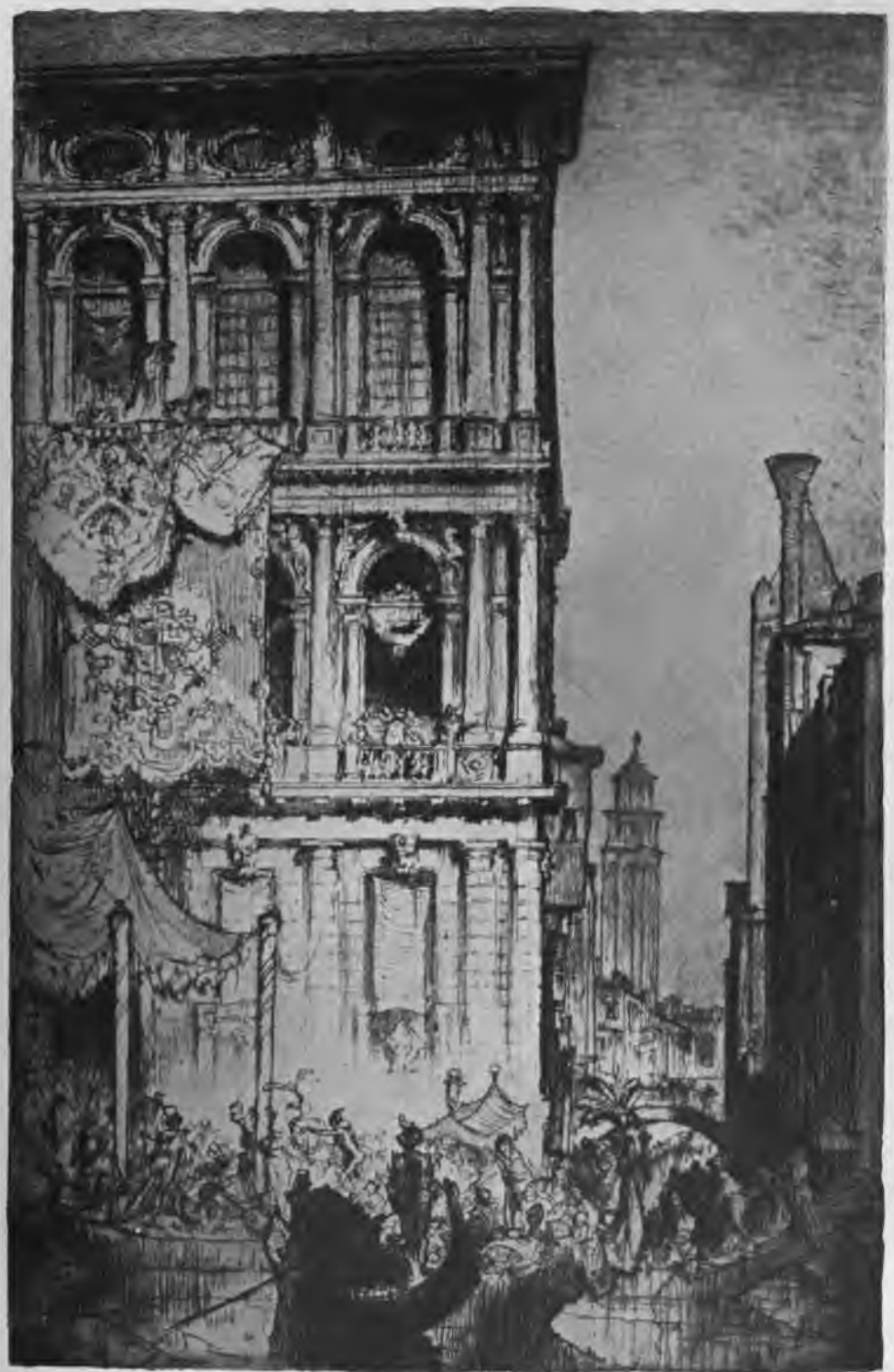
From an etching by Frank Brangwyn in the collection of Mr. C. W. Kraushaar

BREAKING UP THE *DUNCAN*



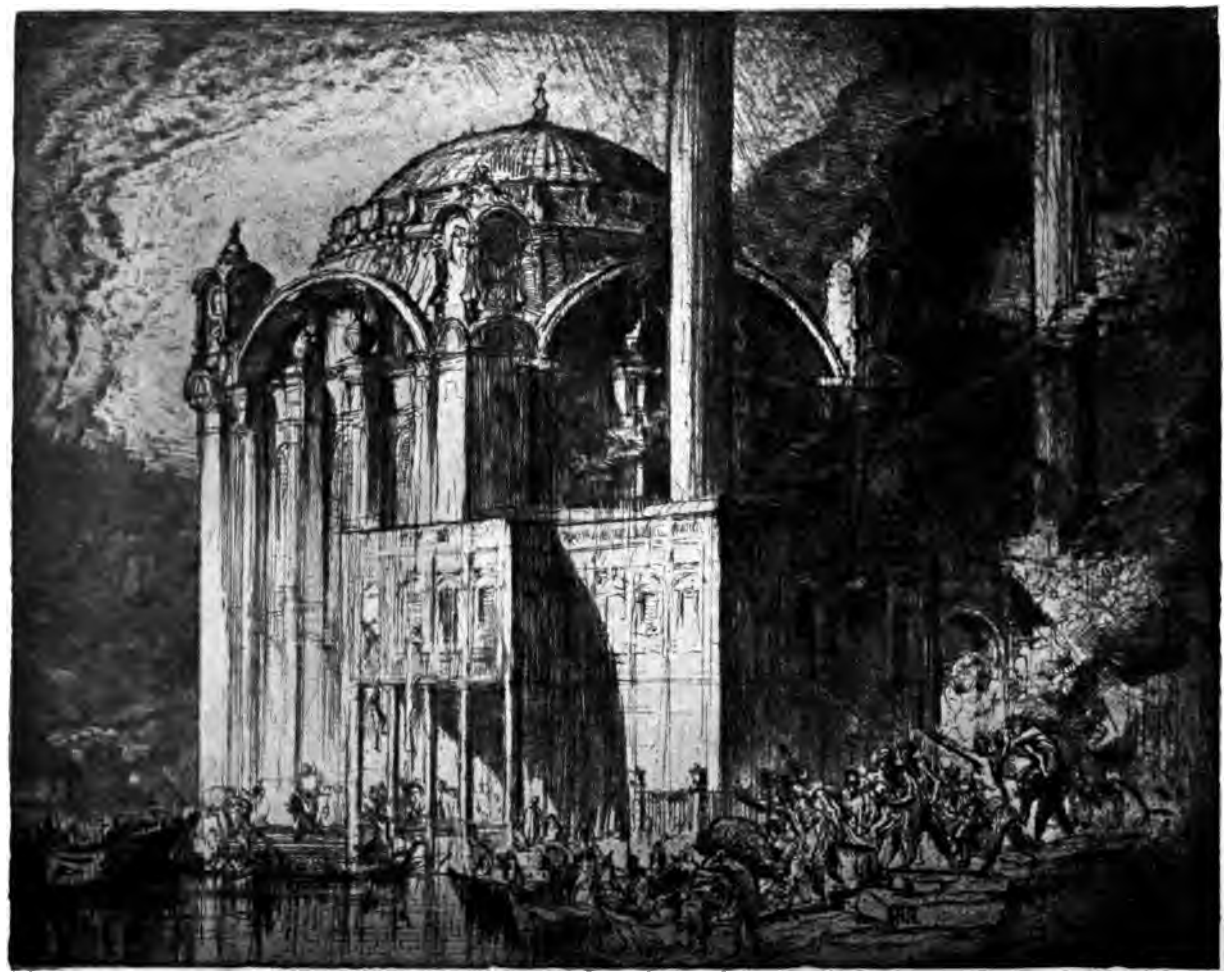
From an etching by Frank Brangwyn in the collection of Mr. C. W. Kraushaar

THE BUILDING OF THE SHIP



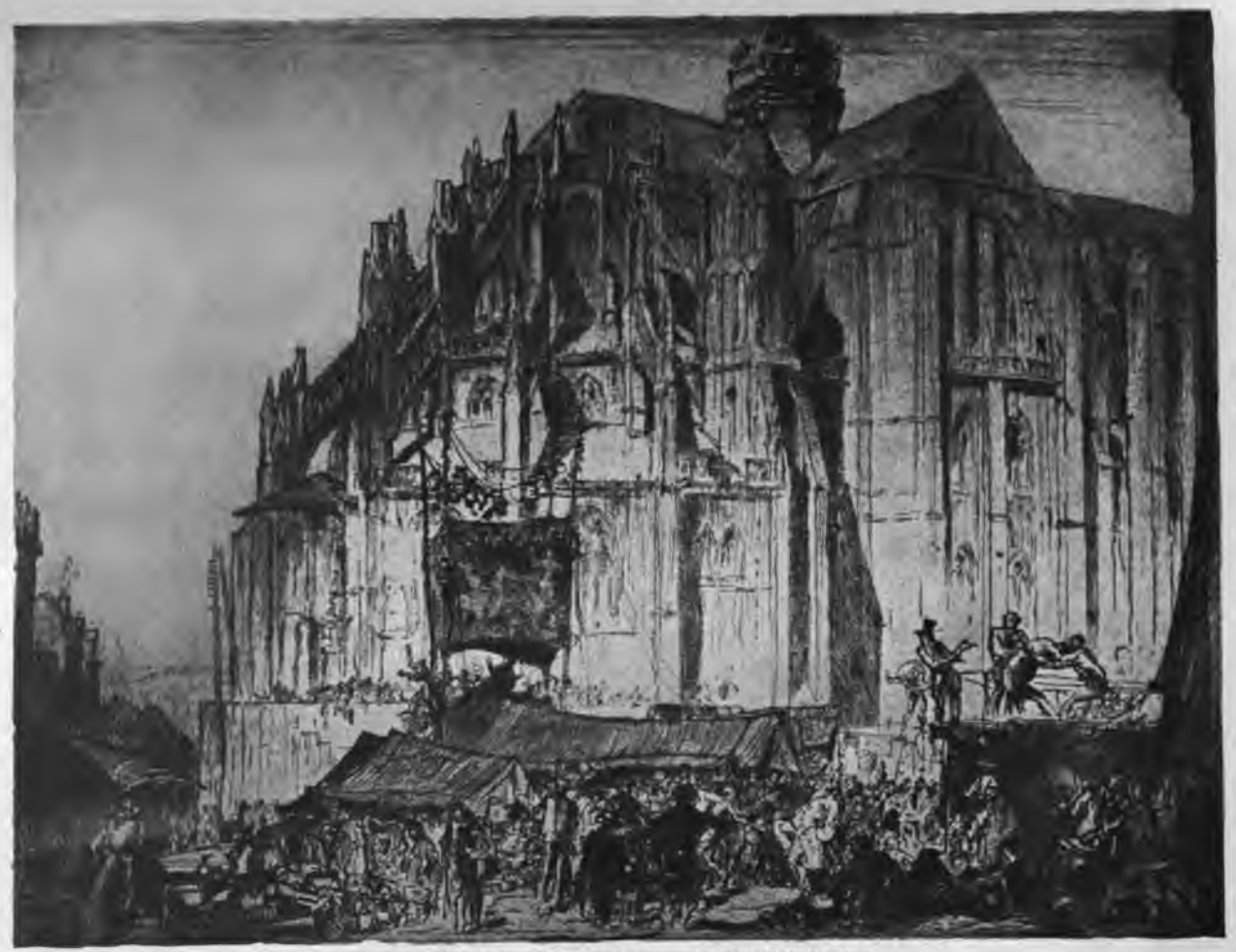
From an etching by Frank Brangwyn in the collection of Mr. C. W. Kraushaar

PALAZZO REZZONICO, ROBERT BROWNING'S HOUSE IN VENICE



From an etching by Frank Brangwyn in the collection of Mr. C. W. Kraushaar

MOSQUE AT CONSTANTINOPLE



From an etching by Frank Brangwyn in the collection of Mr. C. W. Kraushaar

THE CHURCH OF NOTRE DAME AND ST. LAWRENCE AT EU, FRANCE

From an etching by Frank Brangwyn in the collection of Mr. C. W. Kraushaar

THE TOW-ROPE

THE MYSTERY OF THE ARCH OF CONSTANTINE UNVEILED

BY A. L. FROTHINGHAM

Author of "Monuments of Christian Rome," "Roman Cities of Italy and Dalmatia," "A History of Sculpture," etc.

A PECULIAR interest has always attached to the triumphal arch of Constantine in Rome. Artists have felt it to be the most beautiful of Roman arches in its lines and in its wealth of decoration. Painters of the Renaissance, like Botticelli, Perugino, and Pinturicchio, made of it the center in the background of a big composition. To scholars it was in one way a teasing mystery: they were not able to explain how so much beauty could come out of the decadent age of Constantine, even granting that his architect was allowed to despoil several monuments of the golden age of their jewels of sculpture to set them in his new design. And then there has also been the popular love for this arch. Throughout the Middle Ages it was thought of quite differently from all other triumphal arches of the emperors. It was a memorial to the man who put an end to the persecutions, overthrew the power of the pagan idols, and raised the standard of Christ. This preserved it from destruction and even mutilation, in very much the same way that the popular delusion which transformed the bronze statue of Marcus Aurelius into a statue of Constantine preserved from the smelting pot the only great equestrian statue of antiquity. Perhaps nothing in Rome except the Colosseum has had so firm a hold on the imagination of the centuries.

One cannot light-heartedly tear up by the roots a tradition of many centuries, but if I shall shatter the belief that this arch was really built in honor of the Emperor Constantine in the year 315 of our era, I substitute for this a more interesting, varied, and honorable career, which carries the history of the arch across more than two centuries before the age of Constantine, and associates it with the triumphs of at least eight emperors among his predecessors. In its connection with a succession of emperors it will now occupy a unique position and open an unsuspected vista into Roman customs and politics. This substitution of fact for fiction makes the Odyssey of the arch end with Constantine instead of beginning with him. So, after all, it remains in its final form the arch of the first Christian emperor.

Its builder was, I find, the Emperor Domitian (81–96 A.D.), that unquiet, vain, and suspicious genius, the antithesis of his level-headed, forceful, and plebeian father, Vespasian (69–79), and of his easy-going, unambitious brother Titus (79–81). A splendid triumphal arch had been built in honor of Titus and the capture of Jerusalem at one end of the Circus Maximus, and after his death a second simpler arch to him in the Forum was completed by Domitian—the Arch of Titus that we know. Domitian was determined to outshine his brother. His megalomania found an outlet in the celebration of triumphs and the building of triumphal arches for fictitious victories. This weakness is dwelt upon by Roman writers. But they were, perhaps, prejudiced adherents of the senatorial clique that feared and hated Domitian; for inscriptions that have recently been discovered appear to show that Domitian's wars along the Rhine and the Danube may, after all, have been victorious. At all events, Domitian built so many triumphal arches in Rome that it made him a popular laughing-stock, and a wag inscribed on the latest of them the word *arkei*, a Greco-Roman play on words which we should paraphrase "Please stop," or, in slang parlance, "Let up on this arch jag." There was deadly danger to the wag, by the way, for Domitian had his system of spies and informers, and a too-promising horoscope, even, was with him the equivalent of a death-sentence.

THE NORTH SIDE OF THE ARCH OF CONSTANTINE

At last, as he was preparing to give out a particularly important list of death-sentences, he was murdered. The senate did not, as was customary, confer on him the apotheosis that set him among the gods, but damned his memory. This decree of *memoriæ damnatio* involved the abolishing of his edicts, the destruction of his statues, and the erasure of all inscriptions in his honor. His memory was to be wiped from the face of the earth. This meant, of course, that his triumphal arches, which were most intimately associated with his person and actions, would either be torn down or so mutilated as to retain but little to remind of their builder. One of these arches appears to have been spared because it was the general Triumphal Gate of Rome, in the Campus Martius, and was intimately associated with Jupiter himself and the glories of the city. It was a splendid four-faced arch, sung by Mar-

BAS-RELIEF IN THE LATERAN MUSEUM, SHOWING (FROM LEFT TO RIGHT) THE TEMPLE OF JUPITER STATOR, THE ARCH OF TITUS, THE ARCH OF CONSTANTINE (DOMITIAN), AND THE COLOSSEUM

tial, and appearing on coins and reliefs of Marcus Aurelius. Still another arch survived the wreck—the present arch of Constantine.

A proof of this I have found in a unique relief from the mausoleum of the Haterii, a noble family of distinction under the early empire. One slab represents the building of the beautifully decorated tomb, a second depicts the funeral ceremony in the Roman Forum, and a third (see page 450) reproduces the principal buildings that lined the route of the funeral procession as it passed from the Forum to the mausoleum outside the gate (Porta Labicana). The first of these buildings is the temple of Jupiter Stator, at the foot of the Palatine and at the top of the Sacred Way. The second is the Arch of Titus, with its title inscribed on it, "the Arch at the beginning of the Via Sacra." The third is an arch to which a name has never been given—an arch that no scholar has ever identified. It stands where the arch of Constantine stands, and faces in the same way toward the Colosseum, at right angles with the Arch of Titus. Next to it is the fourth building on the route, the Colosseum. This unknown arch is, I maintain, an arch of Domitian and identical with what we call the arch of Constantine! The relief that represents it cannot be earlier than Domitian, because it has on it the Arch of Titus, which he completed; nor can it be later than Domitian, because it is contemporary with the building of this mausoleum of the Haterii, which contained busts of the time of Domitian.

From a photograph by Alinari

EAST END OF THE ARCH OF CONSTANTINE

It may be objected that this arch of Domitian on the relief may have been torn down, and then, more than two centuries later (from 97 A.D. to 215 A.D.) an arch may have been built on the old site in honor of Constantine. Surely the great dedicatory inscription that we can read on its attic proves that the arch we see was built by the Roman senate for Constantine. This is precisely what I have discovered that it does not do. This is its text:

Imp(eratori) Cæs(ari) Fl(avio) Constantino Maximo
P(io) F(elici) Augusto S(enatus) P(opulus) q(ue) R(omanus)
quod instinctu divinitatis mentis magnitudine cum exercitu suo tam de tyranno quam de omni eius factione uno tempore iustis rempublicam ultus est armis arcum trivmphis insignem dicavit.

A free and brief rendering of this would be:

"Inasmuch as by his divine power and the greatness of his spirit he has, with the help of his army, justly avenged the republic of the tyrant [Maxentius] and his entire party, we, the Roman senate and people, do dedicate herewith to the Em-

peror Constantine the Great *this arch, famous for its triumphs.*"

It is curious that Latinists and archæologists have failed to see what lies hidden in these last words—words for which we can find no equivalent on any other arch. They show that, before being in this way dedicated to Constantine, the arch had been associated with the triumphs of previous emperors; and so, out of the mouth of the inscription itself, the arch is proved not to be an arch built to Constantine, and the Haterii relief is confirmed. As a matter of fact that no triumphal arch could have been built to Constantine is a thing that ought to have been evident to any scholar, because it would have been fundamentally opposed to the Roman law and custom governing the erection of such arches. No triumph could be decreed by the senate and people except for victories over a foreign foe and for additions to Roman territory. Constantine had been victorious only over domestic foes, and had added no territory. He was never voted a triumph, and no triumphal arch could have been built to him. But the senate could rededicate in his honor an arch already built in honor *of another emperor*, whose memory had afterward been damned and his arch undedicated and made into a triumphal freelance. This is what actually occurred.

The arch itself shows how we can bridge the chasm between 97 and 315 A.D., and helps reconstruct several dramatic pictures. The first is that of the mutilation in 97, after Domitian's death. To carry out the senate's decree, workmen swarmed to the top of the arch. On the center of the attic was the colossal triumphal group in gilt bronze of Domitian standing in his quadriga. The statue was doomed to the smelting pot, and was thrown over the edge. Everything was cleared away from the top of the attic—other bronzes, such as trophies of arms and captives. Then the attic itself was attacked because it consisted mainly, on both sides, of an enormous slab of marble, with the dedicatory inscription to Domitian. Judging from the tremendous damage done to the main cornice, which jutted out immediately below the attic and was smashed on all sides by the masses falling from above, the entire attic must have been thrown down. Then below the cornice there was a frieze of figures in relief that encircled the entire arch. Judging from other arches, this

Photograph by R. B. Fleming. Copyright by H. M. the King of England

A TROPHY OF DOMITIAN

Showing the arms of conquered barbarians. This is one of two colossal trophies now standing in front of the balustrade on either side of the summit of the great stairway leading up Capitol Hill. An inscription (quarry mark) of the time of Domitian was noted on it when it was studied and moved in the sixteenth century. These are popularly known as the "Trophies of Marius."

sculptured frieze represented one of the triumphal processions of Domitian. This must also be torn away, with the architrave below it. These were the features of the arch that were most offensively connected with Domitian. Below the frieze there were eight charming medallions representing hunting-scenes, in which the emperor and his friends are attacking wild boar, bears, and lions, and offering up sacrifices to the gods of the chase. There was nothing offensive in these, and they were spared. They are perhaps the most charming compositions in historic genre that Roman art produced.

From a photograph by Anderson

THE EMPEROR DOMITIAN SACRIFICING TO HERCULES

The original head has been worked over into a portrait of a later emperor—Claudius Gothicus. This is one of the eight medallions (mentioned on this page) which are nearly all that remains of the original sculpture of the Arch of Domitian.

The arch itself, mutilated and without its superstructure, still stood across the approach to the Forum, by which all triumphal processions of the emperors passed. Just how ruinous it was we cannot say. The great Antonine emperors of the second century had their special triumphal arches. Trajan, with more than one, Hadrian, Marcus Aurelius, Lucius Verus, and finally Septimius Severus, were all commemorated by arches in the Forums or outside the gates. But in the third century, when the building fever had slackened, and art had declined, the senate found a new and unheard-of rôle for this arch of ours, still splendid, though old and mutilated. It had seen many triumphal processions, but since its connection with the hated Domitian had been severed, it had been associated with no particular emperor, with no special triumph. What was more natural than for the senate to begin a process of restoration by the addition of one sculptured decoration after another, and to make each bit of new decoration a tribute to an emperor of whose triumph they wished to

From a photograph by Anderson

THE EMPEROR (MARCUS AURELIUS?) LEAVING ROME FOR THE WAR BY THE TRIUMPHAL GATE

The panel in the attic was added to the Arch of Domitian by Constantine, or earlier.

have some substantial record? The attic was rebuilt with reliefs of an arch of Marcus Aurelius that had been damaged, perhaps, by the great fire of 191. A new triumphal frieze was cut in the marble facing above the small arcades. River gods and victories were set into the spandrels of the arches. Immense columns were set up against the façades, and the big cornice was repaired and built out over them. At last hardly a sign remained of the damage inflicted after Domitian's death. There came to be even a superfluity of sculptured decoration. The Forum of Trajan was despoiled of a splendid battle frieze the slabs of which were set into the ends of the attic and the passageway of the central arcade. Two *new* medallions were added on the ends, to correspond to the eight earlier ones on the two façades. All these decorations were inserted into the masonry or cut in it. This has never been seen and understood, though it should be evident to an architect. The cuts in the old masonry made to insert the new work are perfectly plain. The way in which the frieze is cut back in the masonry, instead of projecting from it, shows that it was not planned when the arch was built. In fact, it was from a study of the way in which this arch was turned into a decorative palimpsest which first proved to me that the arch was built long before Constantine, and that the set of eight early medallions in the style of Domitian were not inserted like the rest, but were part of the original decoration. And then, cer-

tain changes were made in the old decoration. Some heads in these medallions were changed into likenesses of emperors of the third and fourth centuries, so that the exploits of Domitian could be ascribed to them!

All this was not done at once, but gradually. One of the most interesting proofs of this is a series of eight niches with half-figures of emperors being crowned by victories, which were inserted under the two minor arcades and of which no real explanation has ever been given. Who are they? Their features are now not to be recognized, but they have the earmarks of emperors of the third century. We can see in them a procession of those emperors who succeeded one another rapidly during the century between Commodus and Constantine and among them Alexander Severus, Claudius Gothicus, Aurelian, Probus, Carus, and Carinus, all of them with victorious records. Of these the man who left the strongest impress upon the arch is Aurelian. His triumph in 272 equaled in splendor those of the golden age. It seems to be partly represented on the frieze of the arch, where we fancy that we see the tragic figure of Zenobia, queen of Palmyra, who dared to wrest from Rome for a while the empire of the East, and dreamed of entering Rome in a triumphal chariot instead of as a captive.

From a photograph by Alinari

A DETAIL OF THE WEST END OF THE ARCH OF CONSTANTINE, SHOWING THE INSERTION OF A LATER MEDALLION IN THE MASONRY OF DOMITIAN'S TIME

Until a new triumphal arch was built to Diocletian in 303, our arch was the triumphal bulletin-board of Rome for that whole century, the synopsis of its glories. And then, when in 312 Constantine had conquered Maxentius at the battle of the Mulvian bridge, the senate took this composite monument, which had been long undedicated to any emperor and had become a unique symbol of the people's pride, and rededicated it to the man who had again given peace to the Roman world. How much more glorious is such a record than to have been put up, as has been thought, merely to celebrate a fratricidal victory!

AMERICAN AND TURK IN HOLY WAR

A FIRST-HAND STUDY OF THE SHEIK UL ISLAM AND SAMUEL M. ZWEMER

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS

THE possibility that the Green Flag of the Prophet may be lifted by the Sultan of Turkey, who is invested with dread dignity as the successor to Mohammed, always excites comment when the Turk is at war with the Frank. But the magic phrase, "a holy war," bears examination no better than the generalization called "the Oriental mind." Italy has just proved in Tripoli that fanaticism hurls itself in vain against modern machine-guns, and the forces upon which the leaders of a *jehad,* or holy war, can rely, are, except in the case of Turkey itself, wholly unorganized along modern military lines. Even the Arabs' immemorial manœuver of striking a swift blow and then retiring to the fastnesses of the oases is thwarted by the scouting aëroplane. Mobs cannot fight armies. In the old rush of spearsmen and swordsmen and bowmen the casualties were comparatively so few that the wounded might be carried away or left behind. Modern weapons do a wholesale business; they are to the old ways as the steam reaper to the sickle.

From a photograph by F. Moffat

SAMUEL M. ZWEMER

Another factor, unheeded by the romantic, which time has injected into any possible conflict between the followers of the Prophet and the civilized powers is that of a navy. The recent experience of Turkey with Italy is sufficient commentary upon this. An armed rising of all Islam against all Christendom is utterly impossible. Even in India the unorganized, undrilled, unarmed, and scattered Moslems, numerous as they are, could not hope to prevail against the British troops.

Still, it is altogether possible that the Moors might massacre all the French in Morocco, especially outside of the military centers. The same is true of all the remote Islamic regions, where Christians are in a minority. The Christians of Asia Minor and Syria, Mesopotamia and the Balkan Peninsula, know all about those features of a holy war which express themselves in continuous persecution and occasional massacre. Those who have seen, as I have, the ravages of anti-Christian outbreaks in Adana and Tarsus and in many villages, are not surprised that unspeakable atrocities upon the non-combatants have been committed by the Moslems in the fighting between the Balkan allies and the Turks. The Balkan states, like the Balkan subjects of Turkey, are Christian by a vast preponderance. Their deepest sentiment is antagonism

to the Moslem oppressor. They reciprocate the Turk's rooted religious antipathy. In the beginning, the present Balkan war was as disinterested a crusade as those of the Middle Ages. No man can with certainty predict the outcome; but it is wholly probable that the great Christian nations will be driven into a new sense of their religious solidarity, and that they will be called upon to deal with Turkish persecution in many parts of that decrepit country.

THE SHEIK UL ISLAM

We miss the mark, however, if we consider a holy war only in terms of armed conflict. Paradoxical as it may seem, despite the defeats and humiliations of Turkey,—a term which comprehends not only Turkey proper, but all the holy places of the Moslem religion, and the sultan of which is calif, or spiritual head of the faith,—Islam is really making great progress, and scoring successes over the outposts of Christendom. This is the present-day form of the holy war, and it has aspects that are none the less romantic because they are utterly modern.

When I designate the present struggle between Christianity and Islam as a battle in which an American, Samuel M. Zwemer, is the champion on our side, I am inviting no stretch of fancy. My friend of the twinkling eyes, the Sheik ul Islam, revered head, under the calif, of the hosts of Mohammed, is more or less an official figure, who may be said to hold a position rather than lead the forces. But Zwemer is the actual leader and representative in the give-and-take of heavy fighting.

That a youth from a colony of Hollanders in Michigan, by sheer weight of personality, should become the foremost antagonist of the successor of Mohammed is no less wonderful than the exploits of the age of chivalry. Zwemer has the strength of a legion because he has for an ally the spirit of the twentieth century. The foe he fights is an anachronism, with its proper habitat in the desert wastes. Islam and its Koran are not understood aright until they are seen to be creatures of Arabia, primarily adapted to the life of the dwellers in tents. That is one reason why the ancient blood-letting, the flashing of swords, and noise of exploding powder may be found at widely separated points in this present struggle; but the real fighting is being done with the more powerful weapons that modern civilization has forged. Chief among these, naturally, is the printing-press; for the sword and the machine-gun are merely accessories of the more potent arm devised by Gutenberg. Zwemer's books are the latest accepted authority in the English language upon the subject of Islam, but, more than that, he is of that type of practical American who

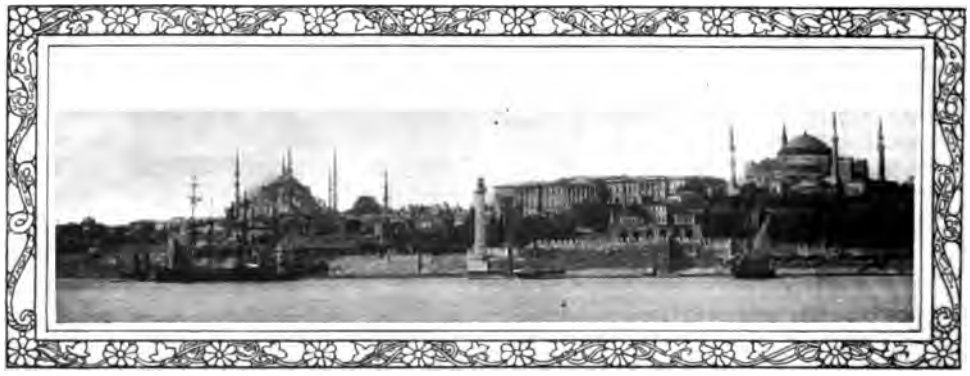
> Turns a keen, untroubled face
> Home to the instant need of things.

A brilliant writer and a veritable Peter the Hermit on the platform, Zwemer is at his best as a strategist. He knows when and how and where to write and speak and organize so as to bring results to pass. With a shrewd sense of

A VIEW OF THE INTERIOR OF THE GREAT MOSQUE AT MECCA

the value of modern appliances, he has set to work to arouse all Christendom against the power of the Prophet.

Bit by bit the empire of Othman's sons has been lopped off. For more than a century Turkey has been maintained as a nation rather by the jealousies of the Great Powers than by her own strength. The gall of bitterness in this is not that Turkey as Turkey has suffered humiliation, but that Turkey as the embodiment and visualization of the holy empire of Islam has been defeated and shamed by the Christians. For, as Lord Cromer says, "Islam is not a state church, but a church state." All the scattered Moslems of



ST. SOPHIA, THE GREATEST CHRISTIAN EDIFICE IN THE WORLD, NOW A MOSLEM MOSQUE

earth pray for the Sultan of Turkey as "My Sultan, my Calif." Whenever territory has been lost to Turkey, the Moslems have migrated from it, so as to remain under the rule of the calif. From the Moslem Students' Association of Edinburgh went forth a fervid appeal during the Italian war to their coreligionists throughout the world, wherein they cried: "It is the whole Moslem world that is at stake. The life of Ottomans is the life of Islam." The Moslems of India sent a similar appeal to the British Government to succor Turkey.

THE TOMB OF MOHAMMED AT MEDINA

Even more powerful than the rivalries of Europe in upholding tottering Turkey is the religious tie. The sultan is calif, or "Commander of the Faithful," the keeper of the green flag of a holy war. He is the supreme ruler of the deepest passions of more than two hundred million Moslems. Thus the abiding and quickened passion of the Prophet is the animating and controlling force in the affairs of the Ottoman Empire. The Young Turk party made a sincere attempt to have it otherwise and to introduce modern ideals, but it failed. There are fewer than fifteen million Moslems actually under Turkish rule, yet they rule Turkey, as well as that larger spiritual empire which includes more than a hundred and fifty millions of the followers of the Prophet under Christian rule, the King of England being, as is well known, the sovereign of ninety-five million Moslems, while the Presbyterian Queen of Holland rules over thirty-five million Moslems.

The whole situation is rather incomprehensible to the Western World. One must orient oneself so as to see things from the point of view of the primitive desert peoples in order to understand it. And always it is to be borne in mind that the key to Islam is the desert; for it came out of Arabia, and in the desert dwell most

orthodox Moslems and the fiercest propagandists. Into the desert Islam retreats when defeated. Desert shrines are the visible symbol of the faith, the centers of devotion, the mainspring of power. It was inevitable that about the turban which crowded down the ears of the Sheik ul Islam, as I interviewed him, would be the long, white cloth which is the sign of the *hadji,* or pilgrim to Mecca; and there is a deeper reason than the spirit of derring-do which keeps Zwemer's eyes fixed on Mecca as the grand objective of all his travels.

There is no analogy to Mecca anywhere on earth. I have visited Jerusalem and Rome, Benares and Isé, and the dwelling of the dalai-lama, but none of these centers of pilgrimage come into the same classification as Mecca, which, of course, I have not seen. No Christian, if discovered, comes out of Mecca alive. I have gone down the Mecca railway into the Hedjaz Desert as far as an undisguised Christian may penetrate, and I have had stirring experiences in Kerbela, Meshhed-Ali, and Samarra, Mesopotamian shrine cities of the Shiah Moslems. Even these offer no adequate parallel to Mecca or even to Medina, the city of the Prophet's tomb, where it would be an act of merit to destroy any intruding unbeliever.

Mecca—in some traditions the site of the Garden of Eden; the spot where Abraham offered not Isaac, but Ishmael, in sacrifice; the spot that is directly under the throne of God; and, most important of all, the birthplace of Mohammed, and the holy center of the pilgrimage decreed by him for all good Moslems! To describe this huge caravansary—for the whole city lives only for and by pilgrims—as a big barracks in a desolate desert, a city which produces nothing but cholera-germs, is utterly to miss the mark. Mecca is a divine spring for thirsty souls. Its glories transport the approaching pilgrim as a glimpse of paradise. It is none other than the gate of heaven to him. To set foot within its sacred precincts is to earn honor on earth and bliss in heaven. The pilgrim is forever afterward a man set apart above his fellows, with a new title and a new honor, whose hand it is a privilege to kiss. In Mecca the holy law is laid down. There the zealous exponents of the faith sit and teach. Thither the faithful from every part of the earth resort.

It may be news to many, and a tous sign, that the pilgrimage to M on the increase. Two years ago it timated at two hundred thousand. islamism is the primary stimulus. Mecca railway has helped immeas The extortion and danger of travel have been cut in half. Dur pilgrimage season all the East se representatives to Damascus, and th gles to get aboard the miserable often literally cattle-cars, which b pilgrims to Medina, the burial-plac Prophet, the present terminus of th are pathetic as well as comical. It cult to conceive of these motley cr factors in the Panislamic crusade they are. The doctrine of a unite and a new conflict with the unbeli borne to the ends of earth by the brands, kindled at the Kaaba, the altar of their faith. The fierce fan of the puritan Wahhabees of the is imparted to the laxer pilgrim India and Asia Minor. The cunni tireless purposefulness, and the el organization of the Senussi, most of all the forces promoting Panisl steadily exercised at Mecca. Th could better afford to lose Constar than Mecca, yet through the baz Cairo has of late run a sinister p that within five years the holy pl Islam will be within the control British. To put Mecca under V rule, open to the world and subject tary and police regulation, woul vital blow to Islam.

While I was studying things Tu Constantinople, I sought an in with the Sheik ul Islam, who ran cially with the grand vizir, and exercises more power. His is a office, possible only in an Islami In some respects he is greater th sultan himself, for to him it bel decree "Thus saith the law." Th himself is not above that law. It decree of the Sheik ul Islam that Abdul Hamid: the rifles of the c tional army would have been futil out this spiritual authorization. H official interpreter of the holy la land where the Koran is above t stitution and the king. More than thousand Moslem clergy—if tha may be used of a faith the offi

which are, strictly speaking, never priests —are subordinate to the Sheik ul Islam. His stipend is a quarter of a million dollars a year, drawn from the revenues of the landed property of the *vacuf*, meaning property set aside for religious purposes. It is estimated that three fourths of all the urban property in Turkey is owned by the spiritual arm of the government. The dignity and power of the Sheik ul Islam can scarcely be overstated. It must be remembered that all the life of Turkey is attuned to the note of the muezzin, which daily sounds from the minarets of thousands of mosques.

The hush of a mosque pervaded the palace of the Sheik ul Islam when, with an interpreter, I called to keep my appointment. Black-robed figures, usually crowned by the white or green turbans of hadjis, glided through the halls and great chambers or else sat silently about. All left their shoes at the door. The furtive, hostile look which I had already encountered in the Mosque of St. Sophia, and later in other sacred places, greeted me as I entered. It does not sit well upon the minds of these religious zealots that the very sanctum of the highest representative of their religion should be invaded by a "Christian dog." Ushered into a comparatively small room, with painted walls, furnished in the cheap and tawdry European style which all Turkish officials affect, I found his Excellency seated in a green plush chair of the sort that are sold on the instalment plan on the East Side of New York. Near him were an old-fashioned desk and a row of call-buttons. Apparently most of the business of the office was done by word of mouth, since there were few evidences of literary labor.

At my entrance the sheik rose and salaamed most profoundly, for in the offices of courtesy no one can exceed a Turkish gentleman. Of medium height, rather stout, and with a black beard sprinkled with gray, at which he tugged almost unceasingly during our interview, Husni Effendi, the Sheik ul Islam at the time, was a figure in no wise notable. I would except his eyes, which were deep and at times twinkling, as though he enjoyed playing a part. When he spoke he closed his eyes. The Westernization that is coming to the East was evident in his clothes as well as in the appointments of his office. Of course he wore the fez, about which was wound the white shroud that marks a hadji. There was no trace of green about his head-gear, for, alas! neither he nor the calif, to their unspeakable grief, can claim a drop of the blood of the Prophet, whose descendants proudly display the sacred color in their garb. So far down on his head was the tarboosh worn that it pushed out his ears. Beneath the long, black robe, or *entare*, peeped out a pink-striped shirt that looked like the jacket of a suit of pajamas. His trousers were of the European style, but fuller than one may see on Piccadilly. Half-way through our talk he put one leg under the other and sat on it. His voice held the deep, quiet tones of a strong man. Perhaps it was over-suspicion, but there seemed a trace of mockery in his words, as, with elaborate ceremoniousness, he uttered the conventional phrases about the great honor I had done him in calling.

We soon were in the full flow of talk concerning the fundamental religious question of the relation of a modern constitutional government to the teachings of the Koran. The Sheik ul Islam elaborated for me the proposition that the Koran itself, and all the early teachers of Islam, prescribed a council, or a conference of the elders, for the government of the people. Absolutism is directly contrary to the Koran. The calif is required to call upon the people for advice. Under the recent reign of tyranny of Abdul Hamid this wise provision had been set aside, but the present effort of the constitutional party was to restore the primitive idea. True, in the old days there was no parliament, but the same idea underlay the government. The adoption of the constitution was merely the restoration of the old form laid down by the Prophet.

Naturally, throughout an interview of this sort, the questioner is skating on very thin ice, and even at the risk of violating the etiquette of the occasion I managed to ask about the genuineness of the widely heralded fraternity, and tolerance of the new régime. Tersely and unequivocally the Sheik ul Islam assured me that this spirit is genuine and pervasive.

"In the light of the teaching of the Koran, can it be that Moslems and Chris-

tians are really on an equality in Turkey?"

"They certainly are in every *political* sense," he answered. "Every office in the government is open to any religionist. Even the grand vizir might be a non-Moslem, as, indeed, are two members of the present cabinet. There are also non-Moslems in both houses of parliament, and the Moslems have no objection whatever to this."

This theme was talked threadbare, but the Sheik ul Islam held steadily to the platform of the Young Turk party, and he bade me assure America that "the old religious strife has gone utterly from Turkey. An increasing spirit of tolerance may be found among the people. Wherever you go in the empire you will discover the spirit of liberty, equality, and fraternity on the increase. You will find yourself welcomed everywhere, and I am very glad that you are going about the empire to see for yourself."

It was with difficulty that I restrained myself from telling his Excellency that only a few days before I had been driven with curses out of the Mosque of St. Sophia, the mosque that once was a Christian church. And as for being welcome everywhere, this article is not long enough to permit me to relate the experience of the antipathy of Moslems for Christians that I personally underwent. I fear that the ecclesiastical head of Islam, like some politicians I have known in the Western World, felt obliged to express the views that might be expected to emanate from his office. It seemed to me that the hostile eyes of the imams in waiting better represented the mood of Islam toward Christians than the suave, genial, and attractive Sheik ul Islam himself.

The interview made clear to me the difficulties which confront this official head of the Turkish side of the holy war. His is not an enviable position, despite its immense emoluments. He is hedged in by tradition and circumstance. It is for him to conform the law of the desert to the urban conditions of the twentieth century. Even A.H. ("Anno Hejira," 622, the year of Mohammed's flight from Mecca, from which the Moslem calendar is dated), written after the date on all papers, is disappearing, as international commercial correspondence increases, and the hated A.D. takes its place. From every quarter come tokens of the new conditions that war against the old order. Down at Mohammerah I found an airship ready for use on the desert, thus rendering vain its storied seclusion. More than once within the last five years the journey from Damascus to Bagdad has been made by automobile while beholding Arabs cry, "Ma'sh Allah!" A motor-boat now runs up the Euphrates. Wireless stations are projected for the silent desert. From the heights of Assur I beheld the long-invincible Shammar Arabs being herded like sheep by a modern army. In all Arabia I saw only one Bedouin riding a camel with a lance at rest, and that was far down toward Ur of the Chaldees. Schools where modern sciences are taught are springing up everywhere, and the educated Moslems usually take on tolerance together with Western fashions. The Young Turk is a poor Moslem. His progressivism is greater than his orthodoxy.

These are only instances of the complications in the position of the Sheik ul Islam. His office is an anachronism. Nevertheless, he has the word to which more than two hundred million Moslems rally. He is the supreme ecclesiastic of a religion that is growing steadfastly in numbers, and widening in the area which it controls.

SHEER and unadorned simplicity marks the character and equipment of Islam's most formidable individual adversary, the Rev. Samuel M. Zwemer, D.D. He presents a contrasted picture of a lone knight errant who has become leader of a hope no longer forlorn. Twenty years ago he was only one more of "those missionaries," a big-boned, somewhat crude Dutchman from the wilds of Michigan, harking straight from Hope College and New Brunswick Seminary to Arabia, where he opened the Arabian Mission of the Dutch Reformed Church. The zest for daring hard things must have been in the blood, for he was born to the puritanism of a Calvinistic clergyman's home. While yet a student, he joined issue with the commonly accepted idea of the missionary folk that it is in vain to attempt missions among the Moslems of Arabia. The romance of the desert had cast its spell upon his imagination. Then was born in his heart that great passion to win Islam for the cross.

He learned to know Arabia at first hand, being stationed at Bosra, Bahrein, and elsewhere, having crossed the Oman Peninsula, and having twice penetrated into the Yemen, and into Hassa. His zeal was imparted to others, and the mission that he began has steadily grown until at the present time the University of Michigan, in coöperation with the Dutch Reformed Church, is maintaining missions at various points in Arabia. Zwemer's own brother was one of his recruits, and his life was sacrificed to the cause.

It has sometimes seemed to persons who have heard Zwemer's terrific indictments of Islam before great audiences of men that his militancy partook somewhat of the nature of a personal vendetta. He has reason to have a blood-feud with the followers of the Prophet. I openly taxed him with this one day, but the idea seemed new to him. He mused over it quizzically for a minute, as if in introspection, and then he slowly shook his head and said: "I don't think so. I want to help the Moslems." Certainly he has made sacrifices for them to a point that the world would count quixotic. Although only forty-five years old, he has worked harder, traveled farther, and drunk more deeply of life than most world citizens. He has looked death in the eyes without blinking. His courage is the courage of experience, and not of ignorance.

Withal, he has preserved a rare sense of humor. I have never known a traveler who could tell more amusing stories out of his own experience. I have heard him on public platforms, speaking with the eloquence of a prophet, pouring out his soul in a passion of appeal for recruits in the religious war with Islam, and then, in the unbending hours immediately afterward, he has convulsed his associates with laughter. The fearlessness and piety and humor which are his characteristics make him an ideal traveling companion. One day when we were laying plans to make prospective journeys to Arabia coincide, he looked up, and in the most incidental, matter-of-fact fashion remarked, apropos of a dangerous part of the itinerary, "I suppose you would just as soon be killed by the Arabs as be run over by an automobile in New York?" He himself seems utterly lacking in the sense of fear. Even the journey to Mecca, which is his most cherished personal project, does not daunt him, although it would be almost certain death, since his religious scruples would not let him disguise himself as a pilgrim and pretend to be a Moslem. Nevertheless, he is confident that he will yet go to Mecca; and also that within his own life-time, after the breaking-up of Turkey, which he feels to be imminent, the sacred city will be open to all the world. As a first step in the approach to Mecca, Zwemer has planted a Christian physician at Jiddah, the Red Sea port of Mecca, and he says, "You can be sure that when some Moslem dignitary breaks a leg, or is otherwise in dire need of a doctor at Mecca, their scruples will go by the board, and they will send down to Jiddah for a modern physician."

Such a man as Zwemer, born to wield a field-marshal's mace, could not be confined in routine mission work in the Island of Bahrein, down on the Persian Gulf, although he himself cheerfully filled the post of a missionary private. Between whiles, having mastered German, French, and Arabic, and having become an authority upon the history and literature of Arabia, he wrote, "Arabia, the Cradle of Islam," "The Moslem Doctrine of God," "Islam, the Challenge to Faith," "The Moslem World," and "The Unoccupied Mission Fields." This last is only one expression of his zest for pioneering and adventuring difficult tasks. While still a private in the missionary ranks, he organized the first conference of Christian missionaries, among Moslems, held at Cairo in 1906. He was the leader in the work of the Edinburgh Missionary Conference upon the subject of Islam. He planned and led the third conference upon Moslem missions, held in Lucknow a little less than two years ago. These conferences have been real councils of war, and in recent years their influence has tinged the books, newspapers, sermons, and conventions of all Christendom. Before this he had spent a term in America as student volunteer secretary, and nearly all the institutions of higher learning in this country have heard his plea for the Moslem world. The militant note in his address touched a responsive chord in the hearts of young men, and there are scores of workers in the foreign mission-field who can say, "Zwemer sent me here."

A scholar's passion for the ultimate fact has led Zwemer to investigate the whole subject of Islam. He, more than any other, has made clear to a wide public the amazing extent of the spread of the Moslem propaganda, which, in addition to dotting Asia and eastern Europe and northern and central Africa with mosques, boasts fifty-six thousand followers in North and South America and the West Indies. It was Zwemer who in Japan found a Moslem organ being published in Japanese. He has tabulated the immense literary propaganda of Islam, which has come to be more potent than the sword and spear by which the Prophet's first conquests were won. He has ransacked the literature of Islam, holding up fearlessly to the light whatever in it is vulnerable from a Christian point of view. The literary labors of the man have been prodigious.

Now this holy war has suddenly assumed a new stage, passing out of the guerrilla era. Individualism has given way to imperialism. The fight which Zwemer and a handful of like spirits have waged upon Islam has been put upon a new basis. Within recent weeks Zwemer has gone to Cairo to become the executive head of a newly organized literary propaganda and training-school to combat the activities of Islam. Cairo is the center of the literary output of the Moslem propagandists as well as the seat of El-Azhar, the ancient Moslem university, with between fifteen and twenty thousand students, drawn from all parts of the empire of Islam. The extraordinary organization of this propaganda, which is confessedly winning many of the pagan tribes of Africa and making inroads upon certain of the Eastern churches, like that of Abyssinia, was quite unknown to the Christian churches of Great Britain and America until Zwemer's voice was raised.

He had the vision and the capacity to organize a counter movement. The center of this could not be Constantinople, for there the Turkish censorship still runs. Beirut has long boasted a potent mission press, which has, however, confined itself to the publication of the Scriptures in Arabic and to irenic literature. Under the British flag at Cairo, anything may be issued that is proper to be published anywhere. Zwemer has been "lent" by the *Dutch Reformed* Mission Board to the United Presbyterians, who have char American missions in Egypt. Act he has been given the leadership o whole anti-Islamic campaign. The Press, of which he is the head, has specially financed. Taking advanta all the new zeal for Western lea which is sweeping through the M world, a great output of books and p and tracts will be sown broadcast. polemical articles in the Moslem lite will be directly combatted. In adc to arouse the English-speaking chu Zwemer will edit the quarterly r called "The Moslem World." He teach in the new school which has established for the training of missio for work among Moslem peoples. characteristic audacity he will seek direct missionary work among the dents at El-Azhar, which is as thoug emissaries of Islam should camp a doors of Union Theological Semina New York and try to convert the stu Four months of every year will be de to travel over the Moslem world study of the field and the forces.

It is a huge task to which Zweme set his hand. He aims to stem th vance of Islam, to win recruits for C tianity, to stimulate Christian churcl a great advance into the territory v flies the flag of the Prophet. He s the map of the world for traces of p the color of Mohammed's emblem. has had the novel experience of re in the Cairo newspapers Arabic tr tions of addresses which he deliver Edinburgh and in America.

All the tides of the time are ru against the things which are counted damental in the practice of Islam. vout Moslems are hurling futile cur the modern inventions which are pl havoc with the injunctions of the Pr The Koran and the traditions were ten for a people who dwelt in the amid primitive conditions; they i upon all the faithful a multitude of r observances concerning all the actio life. The new city of Cairo disre most of these, and while the Moslem lessly curses the modern ways, he is ol to conform to them. The new wine of modern civilization cannot hold th wine of fanatical intolerance. The servatives are confident that the tea

THE KAABA, OR THE BLACK STONE AT MECCA

of the Koran cannot abide instruction in the Western sciences. To become aware of the world is to learn of fundamental weaknesses in the teachings of the Prophet.

The best Moslems are those most remote from civilization. Floating down the Tigris on a goatskin raft, I had a handsome and alert Kurd for raftsman. One day he asked me if I had been to Stamboul (Constantinople). When I assented, he remarked, as though stating a commonplace, "Of course it is the greatest city in all the world, is n't it?"

I was obliged to confess that there are some larger and mightier cities, and I named London and Paris, Berlin and New York. He looked pityingly incredulous and said: "Stamboul is the capital of the world. The calif lives there, and all the world is Moslem except a few Armenian Christians, and when they talk too much we cut their throats. Christians," he genially informed me, "will all go to hell." And when I pressed the point, he affirmed with great heartiness that I too was bound for the same destination.

I tried to get into his mind the fact that the vast majority of Moslems are under Christian rulers. His face showed that he had a simple explanation: I was lying. I asked him if he knew all about Mecca, and he said, "Yes." I showed him a picture of the Kaaba, and he was awe-struck. The photograph was according to the descriptions he had always heard. Then I showed him the mosque at Medina. When he affirmed that he knew the Koran, I asked him to suggest a favorite *sudra;* and then I read it to him from a translation of the Koran I carried with me. The man was thunderstruck. The printing-press had shaken the foundations of his self-complacency, and that is what is happening all over the world.

POSTSCRIPT

THIS has been a year of trial for Islam. Tripoli, the stronghold of the Senussi, the Panislamic propagandists, has been invaded successfully by a Christian army. And now, as this article goes to press the Faithful have been crushed by the despised Christians of the Balkans, upon whom the Moslems have for centuries worked their will. Almost overnight these infidels have expelled the Crescent from Europe. The holy war, so far as actual armed conflict is concerned, has become a war of Christians upon the armies of the calif. The Sheik ul Islam officially called for the dread jehad, while the Turkish troops were fleeing in disorder toward the menaced capital; but it was in vain. The dream of a holy war upon the field of actual battle has now been relegated to the school-books. The crowning dishonor of the green flag was not that the soldiers of the Prophet failed to follow when it was officially brought forth, but that, at the dictation of the Christian ambassadors, the Sheik ul Islam was compelled to recall the jehad which he had announced. The only struggle left to Islam is peaceful propaganda, such as Zwemer is opposing.

A CAR CARRYING PILGRIMS TO MECCA

SEMELE

BY GRACE DENIO LITCHFIELD

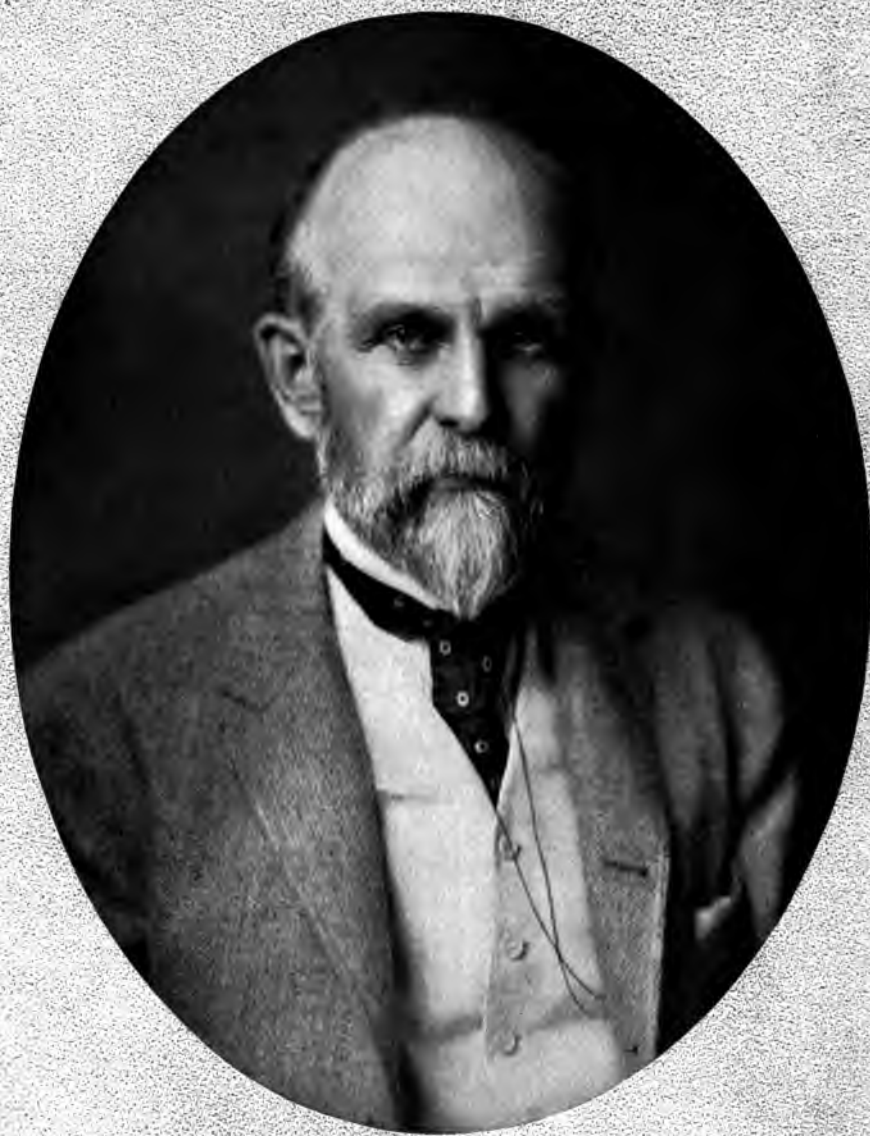
GREAT Jove, great god of gods, awful and absolute,
If Jove indeed thou be, cast off this disrepute
Of human likeness, this poor mask of mortal youth.
Put on thy godliness. Proclaim thee Jove in truth!
Robed in tempestuous pomp, the lightning for thy crown,
Rend the obscuring skies! As king of kings come down,
Thy sovereignty about thee like a living flame,
And woo me as gods woo, to my resplendent shame!

Grant me this only grace. Behold, I give thee all,
As blossoms give their bloom at summer's secret call,
As birds outpour their songs at morning's signaled light,
As stars first wax aglow at whisper of the night.
Beneath thy feet my throne is. Heaven is where thou art.
Thy pulse's feeblest count is a blood-beat of my heart.
I breathe but by thy breath. I am but what thou wilt,
My being lost in thee as wine in wine is spilt.
Then match me love for love, or grant me only this—
To know my soul exchanged for an immortal's kiss!

. . . . . .

Oh, see! oh, hark! A crash! An all-devouring blaze!
Almighty Jove, 't is thou! And death around thee plays!

Lover divinely awful, oh, aloof! aloof!
Of a weak earthly loom is spun my heart's frail woof.
In mercy veil thyself. Naught but an eagle's eye
May look upon the sun's unshadowed majesty.
Give me not all I ask! Thy full magnificence
Reserve for heaven alone. Beware earth's impotence.
Smitten with too much splendor, as with too much pain,
My spirit slips its leash. Oh, vain prayer prayed in vain!
Thy thunders drown my cries in their stupendous roll.
The flaming of thy passion sears my shrinking soul.
Thy fires have wrapped me round as in a burning shroud.
I die—I die of thee! O lover, lightning-browed,
Withdraw thy glory! Lo! I sink upon the sod!
Love but as mortals love! Love not as loves a god!



FRANK HALL SCOTT

April 7, 1848–November 25, 1912

TOPICS OF THE TIME

FRANK HALL SCOTT

THE LATE PRESIDENT OF THE CENTURY CO.

"NATURE will be recorded," says Emerson, and he might have said the same of men. In these days of public record it is rare to find a man of large abilities and large responsibilities who, however highly estimated by the men of his own profession, yet, by dint of his modesty, succeeds in keeping from the world the knowledge of his share in great enterprises. Therefore, the obligation is the more binding on those who survive him to make record, however incomplete it must be, of their estimate of his character. In the case of Frank Hall Scott this obligation is the greater because of the unostentatious service which he rendered to his time.

The readers of a magazine cannot be expected to be aware of all the influences and qualities that go to make it what it is. Sometimes these influences are due to active and aggressive personal initiative in one department or another; but, particularly in large matters, such as traditional policies, they could not persist were it not for the sympathetic coöperation of many; and in a well-organized business these influences do not cease with the death of any one person. The loss of such a man as Frank H. Scott, our late president, cannot be a matter of indifference to our readers when it is known that Mr. Scott was intimately associated with the management of this business from the publication of the first number of the magazine, under the former style of "Scribner's Monthly," until the day of his death, November 25, 1912. From the time that the house entered upon the publication of ST. NICHOLAS and of books his responsibilities grew until they became those of the first order. He was thus an integral part of the entire history of this enterprise, and to those of us who have been by his side for many years his death is a poignant bereavement.

Mr. Scott was born at Terre Haute, Indiana, April 7, 1848. He was educated in the public schools of Richmond, Indiana, and at the Pennsylvania Military Academy, and in 1870 came to New York and entered the business department of Scribner & Co., who at that time were about to publish "Scribner's Monthly." Here he soon established a reputation for ability and integrity. In 1881, when the magazine assumed its present name, he became treasurer of The Century Co., and in 1893, on the death of Roswell Smith, whose close business lieutenant he had been, he became its president. He was a director of the American Publishers' Association and for three years its president; a member of the New York Chamber of Commerce; a founder of the Aldine Association and once its president, and at his death a vestryman of the Church of the Ascension. In 1894 he received from Marietta College the honorary degree of L.H.D.

Mr. Scott had rare and admirable traits. He was a serious, forceful, urbane, cultivated gentleman, wise in counsel, with a well-poised and cheerful philosophy which did not yield to the weight of business cares. He had a noteworthy dignity of bearing, but even late in life this retained a youthful and buoyant spirit. Intimate friends who knew the fertility of his fancy, held, from some early stories that he wrote, that he would have succeeded as a writer of fiction. But all who came in contact with him were impressed, chiefly, with the judicial character of his mind, in which regard especially he stood high in the estimate of the publishing fraternity. His main purpose was to be just to all. He had hospitality toward various points of view, power of accurate perception and exact weighing of facts—clear intellectual processes which inspired confidence in his judgments and would have made him an ideal judge on the bench. He was, moreover, a man of active kindness—a stanch and responsive friend, and faultless in all the relations of life. Inadequate as is this record, his associates take pride in paying this tribute to a man who inspired their deep affection, and the respect and regard of all who knew him.

THE DEMOCRATIC ACHILLES' HEEL

THE RUSH FOR OFFICE AS AN OBSTACLE TO REFORM POLICIES

ANY new administration coming into power has its weak point. The existence of this is often unsuspected. Neither the party nor the President may be aware of the joint in the armor which is proudly put on. The vulnerable spot may be found where nobody was looking for it. In 1892, for example, President Cleveland was elected by fully as striking a vote as Governor Wilson in 1912. Twenty years ago it seemed as though the Democratic party was in for a long lease of office. It was really on the eve of prolonged expulsion from it. The silver question rent the party in twain. Mr. Cleveland himself, it is true, foresaw this. His letter to Mr. Lamar forecasting what happened later is among the remarkable examples of political prescience. But few could have expected that a victorious party would so soon be brought low. The weakness was there, but it was for a time hidden.

Nothing precisely similar is probably in store for President Wilson, yet it is evident that he and his party followers will early be put to one severe test. Their attitude toward the civil service may prove to be the thing that makes or breaks the incoming administration. For this matter goes to the very heart of Democratic good faith and sincerity. Failure to live up to the fair promises which the party has made on this subject would be not only peculiarly disgraceful, but peculiarly fatal. The Democratic party is still on trial. It has gained control of the Government partly because it professed to have turned its back on the spoilsmen, and to be heartily in favor of maintaining and extending the merit system. To show itself false in this would be to throw a cloud of suspicion over all its program, and to make every other pledge seem no better than a dicer's oath. How could the country trust it in any other matter if it should prove recreant in this?

The temptation to go wrong will be seductive. The pressure put upon President Wilson will be tremendous. After years of weary exile, the Democrats of the baser sort will say that they have come back to their own. By their own they mean the offices. What are broad national policies, what are legislative measures for the common weal, compared with places for henchmen and jobs for dependents? A great many Democrats have been swept into the House of Representatives, and into other offices, who know that their political tenure is precarious. They will want to make hay while their brief sunshine lasts, and from all over the country appeals and threats will reach the White House. It will be said that the nation has given the Democratic party a "mandate" to seize everything in sight. Efforts will doubtless be made to induce the new President to suspend or modify the orders which Mr. Taft has issued bringing whole new classes of Federal employees under the protection of the civil-service rules, the latest of these including 36,000 fourth-class postmasters. Mr. Wilson will very likely be reminded that President Harrison revoked some of President Cleveland's civil-service orders, so that the offices might be filled with Republicans before being put into the competitive class, and it will be insidiously urged that turn-about is fair play. In every possible form will there be struggling and pushing to get Democratic place-hunters and spoils-mongers up to the trough; and it will require the clearest vision and the firmest resolution on the part of the new administration to prevent the swinish rush from succeeding.

On this issue other issues will depend. The Democratic party cannot afford to start off by discrediting itself with the country. On this point let there be no mistake. Civil-service reform is no longer a thing to be sneered at. It has passed the experimental stage, and has become a settled part of our public policy, in the nation and the States alike. At every possible occasion the voters have risen in its defense. A notable feature of the various referendums in Western States in recent years has been the steady support given by the citizens to every project, by constitutional amendment or otherwise, to intrench the merit system in the fundamental law. Other proposals might be voted down, but unfailing majorities have been on the side of intelligent efforts to put a hook in the spoils leviathan. Civil-service reform has ceased to be a novelty or a fad.

It has now become a part of the fixed political convictions of a great majority of the American people. They have wintered and summered with it, and it has grown steadily in their approval. Hitherto it has not been a cause about which great public excitement could easily be aroused, but in the present more acute perception of the intimate relation of spoils and bosses, betrayal of it is now certain to stir deep and wide resentment, and to invite condign punishment at the first opportunity. It is in this sense that the loyal upholding of the merit system will be apt to be the chief touchstone applied to President Wilson in the first months of his term, and will be, to borrow an ecclesiastical phrase, the article of a standing or a falling administration.

There will be, in all conscience, offices enough and more than enough for the new President to fill. The exempt positions are still numerous. Many heads of departments will resign, others will be removed, as some undoubtedly should be, if they do not voluntarily offer their resignations. Surely President Wilson's days will be devastated and his brain will be racked in the endeavor to find fit appointees wherewith to man the offices that will inevitably fall vacant. Why should he permit the crowd of petty jobbers to break him down utterly, and to give his administration a bad name at the start by opening doors to the spoilsmen which have been closed, and which should be kept shut forever? We believe he will rejoice with exceeding joy over every rule that protects him as well as the employees of the Government, and enables him to give his thought to large policies instead of to miserable office-peddling. There can be no doubt of Mr. Wilson's courage and stanchness in any cause to which he has given devotion. He has, too, an excellent reputation for political sagacity. Unless this fails him completely, he cannot be blind to the critical nature of the attitude toward the civil-service which he allows his administration to assume. This will be the Achilles' heel of the new Democratic régime, and a wound there may easily be deadly. Knowing this, as he must, and anxious, as he surely is, that his administration should respond to the best sentiment of the country, President Wilson has a plain path before him in all this business. No President has ever entered office so free from obligations as he will be. It is for him to resist the formation in his party of entangling alliances, as snares for his feet. It is for him to show that the faith of the country in an intellectual leader is not misplaced, and to meet all assaults on the merit system with such disdain and unflinching opposition that the old vicious theory about the spoils belonging to the victors, and about a change of party control meaning the demoralization of the public service, will never dare to raise its head again.

WOMEN, MERCHANTS, AND WAR

THE NEED OF WORLD-PATRIOTISM

IT is astonishing how easily "inverted logic" plays about the subject of war. We have recently witnessed a conflict of arms that has made the Balkan peninsula one vast slaughter-house, with all the primitive passions of mankind out of leash, a veritable revel of blood, to parallel which one has to search the reddest pages of history. It is enough to appal mankind to remember that, whatever wrongs may underlie the war, its deepest animating motive is religious animosity. It is the Cross against the Crescent, and on each side the Past is fighting in the Present its old battle of hatred of man for the love of God. The harvest of dragons' teeth is being reaped, and, moreover, is being resown on the same field. Meantime, our secure continent is so absorbed in watching the game, so occupied with its strategy, that we almost suppress our better impulse to cry "Hold, enough!" Nearly two generations have passed since we had any ocular demonstration of the horrors of war on our own soil. It is one thing to consider in cloistered ease the map of a great campaign; it is another to see the rapine, the pillage, the ferocities inherited from barbarism. And yet there are those who find in these events an occasion for sneering at their more enlightened fellowmen,—world-patriots, they may well be called,—who would put upon these savage impulses the restraints of self-control and law.

One would think from comments that have been made on the futility of arbitration that the Hague Conference was, after

all, somehow responsible for the Balkan War. The fact is that this conflict is the strongest, because it is the latest, argument for arbitration as a short-cut to justice. Had all the Great Powers of Europe perceived this, the war might have been averted. That some of them are insincere in their adhesion to the Hague Conference may be true, but it is nevertheless equally true that ultimately self-interest will compel these very nations to support its policy and submit to its decrees. Meanwhile, as Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler has pointed out, the public opinion created everywhere by the arbitration movement has probably been the greatest conservative force in the prevention of a general European conflict. The Hague Court is but the extension of such tribunals as the Congress of Berlin, with the chief and salutary difference that one operates to prevent evils which the other type only reviews in adjustment. It is strong in principle and satisfactory in operation because it is both right and necessary. Upon it more and more depends the peace of central Europe. We believe it is, as it should be, stronger in the minds of thinking people by reason of the terrible events in European Turkey.

It is because of the inverted logic that dwells upon the apparent inability of the Hague Conference to restrain race and religious conflicts, instead of on the present failure to apply its principles and the greater future necessity of doing so, that it now becomes the duty of all civilized influences to exert themselves to new activity in this cause. The Christian church has a special obligation to observe. Not only is its religious obligation of the highest, but, if it is to conserve its power, it must be aggressive in promotion of peace—the more so that it must not be under the suspicion of lending its support or even its sympathies to such an unholy thing as a "holy war." Shall it lag behind the laboring-man in its perception of the evils of war? He, at least, is not blinded by the "pomp and circumstance" of great armies; he knows that

> war 's a game which, were their subjects wise,
> Kings would not play at.

The highly educated classes—the college faculties, the jurists, the lawyers, the physicians—are on record almost as a unit for arbitration. The first great Peace Conference at Washington was a bead-roll of distinguished Americans. As usual, this country is sound at heart, and it is necessary only to organize its right thinking to consummate purpose. With two munificently endowed peace foundations—that of Mr. Carnegie and that of Mr. Ginn—this is not likely to be difficult.

In this campaign two classes may be of most service, and they are those that have most to lose by war—women and men of business.

The precipitation of women into public affairs, whether individually they may or may not desire it, is one of the significant signs of the times. Among thoughtful and moderate minds, even of those who advocate this extension of the suffrage, there is great anxiety as to what women will do with it. But, with or without it, the influence of women against war may be made determinative. This will be the less difficult since the question to be dealt with is not one of expertness or subtlety, like the tariff or finance, but one of moral discernment and enlightened self-interest.

The attitude of the commercial world toward war has been twofold. On one hand it has done much to restrain the military spirit; on the other hand, most wars have had their origin in the motive—often the sordid motive—of trade. We say "most," for it is idle to deny the high ethical character of certain revolutions and wars of liberation. It is too broad a generalization to say, with Benjamin Franklin, that "There never was a good war or a bad peace." Bad as it is, there are worse things than war, such as the brutal infliction or the supine endurance of national injustice. But the question before the world in the twentieth century is not the defensibleness of war, but its lack of efficacy. Arbitration is urged because it is "a more excellent way" to any desirable result. A former president of the New York Stock Exchange, when asked recently if America would not profit financially by the Balkan War, said, "No; for the moment we may sell more guns and ammunition, but in the long run, nowadays, a war anywhere is a commercial disaster." In support of this, witness the demoralization of the great central markets of the world during the

Balkan War, partly through fear of larger complications, which would have precipitated a cataclysm indeed. M. Edmond Théry, President of the Association of the Economic and Financial Press, of Paris, writing on the probable effect of a great European war, has lately said:

The war in Eastern Europe reproduces on a very small scale the horrible spectacle that Europe would present if the great military nations came to a conflict. Instead of being fought between small standing armies, as formerly, such a war would engage real national armies, including the whole of the able-bodied citizens of the countries concerned. Such a conflict it is impossible to allow, since it would be a war of extermination in the most frightful sense of the word, one which would ruin all the nations of Europe without any distinction, and which would set back civilization for more than a century.

Regarding it simply from the standpoint of economics and finance, it must not be forgotten that the whole edifice of civilization, social progress, and human well-being rests on public credit, which is the most fragile thing in the world.

Intelligent men of business do not have to be convinced of these facts. They know that Secretary Hay's policy of the "open door" in China was worth more to commerce than all the wars that were ever fought in Asia. Again and again in a threatened conflict capital has "saved the situation" by withholding the sinews of war. There is a rumor that such a refusal was made to Turkey before the Balkan attack, on the theory that that nation had violated its obligations toward the Christian peoples who have since risen against it. Such a great influence as the commercial forces of the United States could be determinative of the national attitude toward war. By the exercise of tact, moderation, and "sweet reasonableness," the advocates of Peace through Arbitration can organize these forces not only into a permanent safeguard of our own country, but into a buttress of peace and happiness throughout the world. We are only just beginning to realize the destiny of America, so inspiringly set forth in these words of the next President of the United States:

We must shape our course of action by the maxims of justice and liberality and good-will; think of the progress of mankind rather than of the progress of this or that investment; of the protection of American honor and the advancement of American ideals rather than always of American contracts, and lift our diplomacy to the levels of what the best minds have planned for mankind.

In the light of this high utterance, one may confidently look to President Wilson for a continuance of the enlightened policy toward arbitration which has been a distinguished feature of the administration of President Taft.

JUSTICE IN NEW YORK

TURNING OVER A NEW PAGE IN CRIMINAL PROCEDURE

IN the court annals of New York City November 19, 1912 will be marked with the sign of a new era in the administration of criminal justice. On July 15 a gambler named Rosenthal was murdered in a public place before a crowd of spectators on the secret order of a police officer, Lieutenant Becker, for the private crime of informing the district attorney of the grafting methods of Becker. Within a short time ten men were under indictment for conspiring to effect this astoundingly audacious killing. On October 24 Becker, as the leading spirit in the infamy, was convicted of murder after a trial which lasted seventeen days. The four hired assassins who did the actual shooting were convicted of murder on November 19, after a trial which lasted only ten days. Thus the record stands that the five leaders in a highly "protected" crime of unheard-of boldness and contempt of justice were brought to sentence within four months and four days of the deed.

Heretofore the cost in money and time of executing justice in spectacular criminal cases has been a reproach to the city of New York, in some instances amounting to a public scandal. In the case of Molyneux the first trial lasted eighty-six days, and the period from the crime to conviction on a second trial of twenty-seven days was nearly four years. The Patrick trial lasted sixty-six days; the first

Thaw trial, eighty days, and the second, twenty-five days.

Judges and lawyers agree that "the quality of justice" rises with the degree of firmness and expedition shown in administering it. Evasion and delay are the criminal's chief hope. As a rule, each crime evolves under peculiar circumstances which affect the handling of the trial, and up to a certain point it may be admitted that deliberation is proof of enlightened action; but the circumstances seldom exist in which dilatory procedure does not disgrace a criminal court.

It is the pride of the English judiciary that peculiar circumstances are not allowed to override the general practice of swift and sure trial, with impressive respect for the dignity of the law, and close attention to those far-reaching questions of public interest which transcend all quibbling over individual hardship and sentimental appeal.

At last Justice in New York has taken on a mien approaching the English standard. It is not difficult to believe that this fact of itself will have more influence in discouraging graft and overawing crime than any possible reorganization of the police, or increase of its efficiency through discipline, much as these are needed. At the same time it is the type of justice which inspires honest organization, and puts heart and conscience into discipline. Was there ever a period in the history of New York when such justice and such efficiency were more needed? The alternative is the complete giving over of the greatest American city to the crimes of rival bands of bravos, like those of the Middle Ages, and of Calabrian brigands, whose daring operations are already a menace to the basic principles of republican government.

For this tardy blessing New York, indeed the whole country, is indebted to the skill and courage of District Attorney Charles S. Whitman, and to the firmness and good sense of Justice John W. Goff, whose services to law and order from the far-away Lexow police inquiry to the present day have been steady and invaluable.

OPEN LETTERS

ON CHECKMATING NEW-YEAR RESOLUTIONS

From an Observer of Human Nature to a Friend who has found January a Disheartening Month

Dear Walter:

I have just been indulging in that melancholy yet entertaining game of re-reading and sorting old letters. In the course of the screening-out process, I happened on one of yours, dated January 27. You began it sententiously, "Alas! for the frailty of human aims!" And then you made this clearer by continuing: "Observe the date of this letter. It is just twenty-seven days since I swore off on nine different things, and yet this morning the last of my good resolutions went by the board. What 's the use? I 'm back on the identical path I was traveling a month ago, having convicted myself of being a weakling on nine different counts. I 've tried my best to be firm, but the imp of perversity has never stopped whispering to me to break each resolution because it *was* a resolution."

That was one of the letters that I put aside to keep, my good friend, because it sums up very acutely a large human failing. But how have you been so blind as not to see that, in stating your predicament, you also stated a remedy? You intimated that

you itched to break your good resolutions. Of course you did. So have I, and so have Thomas, Richard, and Henry. Ever since a certain young person named Eve bit into an apple because she had promised herself not to, the craving for forbidden fruit has been a universal one.

Granted, then, that the impulse to do something you must n't do is almost uncontrollable. Have n't you, by that very admission, provided yourself with a new weapon? Do you see what I am driving at? All I ask of you is to use guile. In short, beat the imp of perversity at his own game. Turn the tables upside down: if you are forced to act contrary to your resolutions, then by all means make bad resolutions. Don't swear "off"; swear "on." Resolve to cultivate your bad habits.

If these remarks seem to you absurd or immoral, a few examples will make clear what I mean. I remember that in the old days you, like myself, hated to get up in the morning. Now, apply my system to that habit of lying in bed. Instead of doing the obvious thing, resolving to rise every morning on the stroke of seven, resolve that in no circumstances will you leave your bed before eight. This, I am well aware, is a severe test to try out my theory on, but I am confident that you will be surprised. Knowing that you *must* doze till eight, you will be seized by an unaccountable wakefulness from sunrise on. You will find yourself listening with envy to the alarm-clock of your neighbor, and staring at the early-morning face of your own timepiece to count the remaining minutes of durance. And at last some morning, perhaps about twenty-seven days after your resolution, you will break it, leaping out of bed in desperation. After this, the rest should be easy. You have only to keep up the pretense that you *ought* to lie till eight, in which case you will find yourself taking your seven o'clock tub without a struggle.

Or perhaps your previous failing is one of omission rather than commission. It may be that year after year you have promised yourself to keep a diary, only to let it lapse after a fortnight or two in the new year. In that case, resolve *not* to keep a diary, no matter how much you hear the habit praised. Then begin to tempt yourself toward the edge of the gulf. Buy a shipshape diary in red leather; every night in the leisure moments before bed sum up your day in thought, open the book at the proper date, ponder how succinctly and cleverly you might review the day, then—close the book bravely. You will not be able to stand this long. Before you know it, some night you will seize your pen and begin to scribble despite yourself. The rest should take care of itself.

Perhaps the matter of punctuality still troubles you—and your friends. Stop fighting the impulse to be late; foster it. Force yourself to arrive at every appointment at least five minutes behind time. Never answer a letter till it is forty-eight hours old. Pay a small fine to your wife if you get home to tea on time. Endear yourself to your hostesses by dropping in fifteen minutes after the hour set for dinner. Try to keep this up as long after New-Year's as you can, and it must follow as the night the day that you will begin to do things on time, willy-nilly.

In the past I know you have been averse to taking regular exercise. You have avoided it not because it was exercise,—for you like that,—but because it was regular. Do apply my paradox of perversity to this failing also. Resolve not to exercise at the times you naturally would. Shun the brisk walk that you are fond of. You used to hate the thought of artificial exercise. Now is the time to turn that spite to your own ends. Buy a punching-bag and chest-weights, and have them set up in your chamber. Take a long look at them morning and night, but never, as you value your New-Year resolution, lay finger to them. And how you will long to! Under this treatment I will give your resolve about ten days to live, but not an hour more.

You smoke too much, Walter. Your friends have been telling you so for years, and you are aware of it yourself. In fact, I happen to know that at least five separate New-Years have seen you taking a stand in the matter, and promptly slipping. But this time apply my painless method of swearing on. Determine never to smoke less than a certain amount in any one day. Smoke before breakfast, smoke in bed at night. You never came near being an incessant smoker, but be just that now. Never spare yourself an instant while you are awake. Your nerves may begin to signal to you after a while that this is heroic treatment; but be firm: remember you have a principle at stake; you are pledged to yourself not to smoke too little. And then some day satiety will claim you for its own, and again my system will have turned the trick.

I might go on giving you indefinite examples of reform by the homeopathic treatment; but you will find more pleasure in trying out my theories on your own moral ailments. January is again with us. Since you have failed in the past by the obvious method, you owe it to yourself to try the paradoxical. This year choose the imp of perversity as an ally instead of a foe, and see if there is n't something in the advice of

Your sincere friend,

Franklin Gage.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

Drawn by Oliver Herford

TO A CERTAIN POET

BY WALTER BROOKE

It has been said, with appreciation, of a well-known English poet that he fell in love with his wife at first sight and married her within two weeks thereafter.

'Tis said of thee, as 't were a virtue rare,
That thou, first seeing, like fair rose on vine,
Her than the bluebell and the rose more fair,
But half a moon let pass ere she was thine.

Thou caitiff knight! What one of Arthur's clan
Ere had his love at such amazing cost?
Call thyself laggard, but no longer man—
Thou spendthrift of a priceless fortnight lost!

VOX PABULI

BY DEEMS TAYLOR

Seared is, of course, my heart—but unsubdued
Is, and shall be, my appetite for food.
Charles Stuart Calverley.

WHY always the drinking-song? Why not the eating-song once in a while? We never weary of singing about things to drink. We carol lustily of flowing bowls and brimming tankards; we fill the flagon and drain the stein: but we ignore the heaping plate; we never drain the soup-tureen—in song. We wonder what the vintners buy one half so precious as the stuff they sell. We never *speculate thus concerning* the butcher.

All this is rank injustice. Why is it fundamentally more absurd to sing about a ham sandwich than to sing about a stoup of red, red wine? Of the two functions, eating and drinking, eating is by far the more important. True, man cannot live without water; but water is the one liquid about which man does not sing. Is it, then, only the luxuries, never the necessities, of life that move us to smite the lyre? Hardly so; for we often

rhapsodize over that most painful of all necessities, work. I will admit that the consumption of a quart of champagne tends to inspire a more lyrical mood than the consumption of a quart of chicken gumbo; and yet surely the noble art of song is more than a mere by-product of dipsomania!

No, the real reason for this conspiracy of silence lies in our inborn conservatism and moral cowardice. We distrust innovations. We are afraid to sing about our dinners simply because our fathers did not sing about theirs. The muse of poetry is in the clutch of the Demon Rum; and the sooner we free her, the better for art.

Take, for instance, the scene in the opera "Robin Hood," where *Little John* and the outlaws come forward and sing,

> Through all my days
> I 'll sing the praise
> Of brown October ale.

Had the librettist of "Robin Hood" been seeking a natural, logical topic for that lyric, he would not have selected ale. When you go into Smith's Chop-house and say to the waiter, "Give me an English mutton-chop and a mug of ale," the thought uppermost in your mind is not ale, but chops. The ale is a mere afterthought, tacked on for the sake of something else to say.

Let us, then, write *Little John's* song as it should have been written in the first place:

SONG OF ENGLISH MUTTON-CHOPS

I

And it 's will ye eat with me, my lads,
  And will ye eat with me?
It is an English mutton-chop
  I offer unto thee.
All sizzling in the platter, lads,
  For feeble souls a prop.
Oh, here 's a friend to every one—
  The English mutton-chop!

Chorus

  Proceed, lads,
  And feed, lads;
Come, fill your empty crops!
  Through all my days
  I 'll sing the praise
Of English mutton-chops—
Of English muh-hut-ton chops!

II

And it 's will ye love me true, my lass,
  And will ye love me true?
If not, I 'll eat another chop,
  And so farewell to you.
If Jean or Moll or Nan or Doll
  Should make your spirits drop,
Then fill your plate, and masticate
  An English mutton-chop.

Chorus

Proceed, lads, etc.

However, the drinking-song is by no means a modern offense. François Villon wrote many a ballade about drink, but never a line about food. Yet even François Villon must have eaten upon occasion. Why, then, was he ashamed of the fact? Can you not picture to yourself the poet, in some dingy *cabaret,* surrounded by his cronies, eating supper? See the light in his eyes as his favorite dish is placed before him; see him as he seizes inkhorn and paper; see him, trembling with divine frenzy, covering page after page, oblivious to his surroundings, the untasted food growing cold as he indites its praises; see him spring to his feet at last with a shout of triumph, waving the completed masterpiece over his head; hear the wild huzzas that greet him as he reads:

BALLADE OF SCRAMBLED EGGS

The king hath tables wrought of gold;
  He dines from off a golden plate.
Nor lacks he vassals manifold
  To serve him as he sits in state.
  He hath a table-cloth ornate
'Neath which to stretch his royal legs.
  I envy not the potentate:
Give me a dish of scrambled eggs.

On Mount Olympus, famed of old,
  The gods their hunger used to sate
Upon ambrosia, so I 'm told,
  Washed down with nectar, taken straight.
  Ambrosia, bah! 't is sorry bait;
I scorn their nectar's soured dregs.
  A nobler food I nominate:
Give me a dish of scrambled eggs.

What though my lady's heart grow cold;
  What though her love be turned to hate;
What though my creditors grow bold
  The while my friends evaporate?
  Still do I scorn the blows of fate.
Ho, landlord, broach your choicest kegs;
  Fetch me the wine, and go! No, wait!
Give me a dish of scrambled eggs.

L'envoi

Prince, as these verses terminate,
  Hearken the boon thy poet begs:
Fling me no franc or piece-of-eight.
  Give me a dish of scrambled eggs.

ODE TO THE LACTIC ACID BACILLUS

BY CORINNE ROCKWELL SWAIN

HAIL to thee, germ philanthropic!
Greetings, O noble bacillus!
Humbly thy help I petition, menaced by early senescence:
Evil albuminoids threaten, while I affrightedly harbor
Phenol ingredients!

Happy the pure protozoan, limpid, intransitive, deathless!
I, with diversified tissues, functionate feebly, and perish:
Harmful intestinal flora, low, deleterious indols
Frustrate longevity.

Come, thou acidulous atom, let me absorb and possess thee;
Give thee a dwelling eupeptic, feed thee with minimum toxins,
And for thy chosen companions, colonize mild and benignant
Glycobacteria!

Come in proliferate power, kind Metchnikoffian microbe!
Stimulate sanative cultures, banish these auto-infections!
Let us go forward, triumphant, joyous, immune, and aseptic,
Unto Millennium!

AFTER-DINNER STORIES

BY ARTHUR G. ROWE

WHY HE COULD NOT GO WITH HIS STATE

JUST before the Civil War, when the mutterings of secession were heard throughout the South, a number of West Point officers came together at a military station, among them one whom we will call Captain H—— and who afterward served with distinction in the Union Army. The Southern officers, one by one, declared their intention of "going out," as it was then familiarly called; that is, of resigning their Federal commissions to throw in their lot with their several States. H——, in relating the incident that follows, said that great pressure was brought to bear upon him to join them.

"Why don't you go with us, Captain H——?" said one of his acquaintances.

"Why *should* I go with you?" said H——, who had a certain Southern swarthiness of feature and softness of speech.

"Are n't you going to go with your State?"

"Why, I *have n't* any State," he replied; "I was born in a territory."

"Oh, thunder!" said another. "Why don't you go with your father's State, then?"

"Can't," protested H——; "*he* had n't any State: he was born in the District of Columbia."

"Oh, hang it!" broke in a third; "if that 's the case, why don't you go with your *grandfather's* State?"

"Just as difficult," said H——; "my grandfather had n't any State: he was born at sea." And then he added, "Oh, no, boys, it 's easy enough for you fellows to go with your States, or"—fixing his eyes significantly on one of the party—"with your wife's State; but as for me, I intend to stand by the old flag."

A SIGNIFICANT SAYING OF HENRY CLAY

LITTLE GRANDMOTHER had suddenly become a heroine in the family, for the news had reached the ears of some of the younger members that she had met and talked with the great senator, Henry Clay, so often a candidate for the Presidency, whose fame was still green in our part of the country. She had known him in Washington, and had been a member of the church which he attended. It had been hinted to us that she had something of great interest, not to say importance, to relate of him. But to all requests, which finally became importunities, she long returned only deprecating replies, which of course merely whetted our appetites for her reminiscences. Had he confided to her the inside history of some great political event? we wondered. Had he spoken of his great disappointment in his political ambitions? Had he revealed the secret of his oratorical power? It was in vain that Little Grandmother assured us that it was none of these. Her very reluctance made us sure of the importance of what he had said. At last, one day, in pursuance of a promise, which had been conditioned on our good behavior, she recounted the circumstances. The great senator, upon being presented to her, with the gallantry for which he was noted, made inquiry as to her health, and then as to the number of her children; and, learning that they were numerous, said with the air of a sage:

"Madam, may I venture to suggest to you a very important thing? When you wash your children's eyes, always wipe toward the nose."

LIMERICKS

TEXT AND PICTURES BY OLIVER HERFORD

THE PARTIAL PIG

A PIG who to "Hamlet" was taken
Formed a theory that could not be shaken.
"In *Ham*let," said he,
"A cipher we see
That proves it was written by *Bacon*."

THE OPTIMIST

SAID a cheerful old bear at the Zoo:
"I never have time to feel blue.
If it bores me, you know,
To walk to and fro,
I reverse it and walk fro and to."

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"HE LEFT HIS PLAYMATES AND WENT TO HER, WHERE SHE CROUCHED"
(SEE "THE FAIRY WIFE," PAGE 503)

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JAPAN'S COMMERCIAL CRISIS

HER PROGRESS IN TRADE THREATENED BY LABOR AGITATION

("THE TRADE OF THE WORLD" PAPERS)

BY JAMES DAVENPORT WHELPLEY

Author of "The Commercial Strength of Great Britain," "Germany's Foreign Trade," etc.

THE destiny of Japan lies within the confines of the Far East. There she is dictator and will continue as such until the time, if it ever comes, when reconstructed China, with her far greater wealth, population, and stronger racial character, disputes the power of her island neighbor. There is nothing at present to curb the ambition of the Japanese people except limitations that lie within themselves. Russia far to the north, England still farther to the west, the United States remotely to the south, alone mark the possible boundaries of dominant Japanese influence and profitable trade expansion. By force this position has been achieved and will be maintained.

It is for no reason of vague fear of attack that nearly half the revenue of this debt-burdened and heavily taxed people is applied to the building of an army and navy: it is because of a purpose recognized and indorsed by all. In the carrying out of that purpose Japan already stands fifth, and perhaps higher, among the naval powers and seventh or better among the nations of great standing armies. Her forces are doubly strong, for they are concentrated. No far-flung colonies or naval bases divide her fleet; no colonial garrisons of moment scatter her soldiers. It is an efficient navy; it is a strong, well-officered, and well-equipped army. In this direction the modernization of Japan has outrun all other features of the nation's life. It is as a promise of what is to come later when under the protection of modern guns on sea and land the Japanese will have put in order the house which lies behind this formidable façade.

There is no intention or hope of distant conquest. There will be no war with the United States, for, in the first place, the whole life of the Japanese nation is at present and in all probability always will be dependent upon foreign commerce, and

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JAPANESE PEASANTS IN A HAY-FIELD

HUMAN TRANSPORTATION PLAYS A LARGE PART IN JAPANESE LIFE

the people of the United States buy a third of what is sold from Japan. In the second place, and more potent even, is the recognized fact that such a war would be a stalemate for both sides, with nothing gained and much lost. The Japanese would take the Philippines and Hawaii, and there effective aggression would necessarily end. In return, the United States would retake Hawaii and the Philippines, and with that effective counter aggression would likewise end. The game would not be worth the candle.

To the north Russia is now a more profitable ally than antagonist. Japan needs no more territory to the north than she can secure by diplomacy, and she finds most useful a friendly guardian of her interests there, no matter what the motives may be to inspire such coöperation. No other nation seriously threatens her. Hence her dominance of the Far East, hence the restriction of her ambitions to their wide but natural boundaries.

China lies supine. It will take years and decades of years to weld her people into a nation with strongly defined and enduring domestic and foreign policies. In the meantime a hundred thousand Japanese swarm over the form of the prostrate giant. They travel the paths and navigate the rivers, laying the wires that reach to Tokio, securing control of raw-material supplies, and making a lodgment for Japanese influence and Japanese wares. Already they have driven American traders from many important strongholds. A few years ago the greatest sphere of British influence in China was the Yang-tse Valley, with Shanghai as its entrépôt. Today the Yang-tse Valley is more strongly Japanese than British, and this is the unwilling admission of British merchants, and not the statements of jealous rivals.

The inevitable and final test of strength between Japan and China will come later; but that event is sufficiently remote to remove it from consideration in scanning the intensely interesting and dramatic situation which has come about through the rise of Japan to the position of dictator in Eastern affairs. As soon as it became apparent that considerations other than those of interest and security entered into the matter of the financing of new China, Russia, and Japan, the latter, notwithstanding her national poverty, demanded recognition and equal rights, and, what is more, demanded special consideration by reason of territorial interests; and their claims were acknowledged. Not one of the great powers is disinterested in Chinese affairs except possibly the United States, and the interests of the American people rest only in maintaining that pleasing fiction of Oriental trade, the "open door." It might with greater truth be called the open window, for it affords a most attractive vista of possible commercial advantages without guaranteeing entrance to the enjoyment thereof. That rests upon other things than the academic pronunciamentos of governments. England, with her determination to maintain the neutrality of Tibet; Russia, with her hands on Mongolia and Manchuria; Japan, with Korea and Manchurian interests and her keen solicitude concerning all things Chinese—all have a practical and strenuous part to play in the great game of the East, compared with which that of the United States is one of a mere looker-on, and her voice in Chinese affairs is as one crying in a wilderness.

An opportunist, Japan has strengthened her external forces before her people as a nation have come to a realization of what it means. A group of strong men with autocratic power and wise in their knowledge of the world have seen to it that in all matters pertaining to outward contact Japan is fully up to date, and there they will hold them against the day when the people will evolutionize to the standards set for them in their national affairs. The late Emperor, although to the day of his death personally adhering to the customs of "old Japan," was plastic in the hands of these advisers and great glory came to his reign thereby.

The evolution is proceeding apace, but has yet far to go. With a literature which dares not treat of elementary social forces, with an art which has yet failed to depict the passions of the soul, with music which fails to incite except to battle or to sensuousness, and with a stage hampered by all the restrictions which lie upon literature, art, and music, the forces at work upon the nation are from without rather than from within. Not alone in industry are the Japanese imitators of others, but in everything else, and the only doubt as to the ultimate greatness of their future

JAPANESE WOMEN WINDING SILK IN SKEINS

THE SALE OF DWARF TREES IS A THRIVING INDUSTRY IN JAPAN

BUNDLING RICE FOR MARKET

JAPANESE CULTIVATING BAMBOO TREES

lies in the fact that hitherto in all history when her gates have been closed to the world, as they have been from time to time, these periods of exclusion are coincident with periods of stagnation and retrogression. No individual or nation was ever led into greatness. It comes from strivings from within, and the Japanese have as yet failed to show more than a marvelous ability to follow in the footsteps of others. An interesting example of this is the plan now under serious consideration, to establish by statute a national religion the form and substance of which shall be determined by self-constituted governing authorities.

This marked trait in national character will not, fortunately for them, militate so strongly against their manifest destiny in the East as it would in the West, for the East has yet long to follow before it can lead in affairs of the world to-day. Militarism reigns supreme in one class, commercialism in another. Woman has no place in the much-talked-of and boasted "bushido," or self-sacrifice of the man, and the Japanese house is still so constructed as to drive the man elsewhere for peace, study, sociability, or pleasure. No national religion holds the people together, irreverence marks their attitude toward their gods, and the coarseness and sordidness of Japanese life as lived by the masses is apparent when stripped of the flimsy, though wonderfully attractive, screen of elaborate courtesy and appreciation of the beauty of nature in its minor display. As when the man himself is stripped of his kimono, the result is ugly beyond belief to those who have been quickly charmed by all this graceful and flowing robe might seem to mean.

With no Western people can the Japanese form an alliance or even an *entente* which will become deep rooted in the hearts and minds of the people. Their habits of thought and their point of view are different, and what means more than all this is the fact that every material advance made by the Japanese nation antagonizes like ambition elsewhere. Japan will brook no division of the spoils in her own sphere, and to bring about such division is the only hope and purpose of a Western people seeking to ally themselves with the East. The end of a war in Europe would find the Japanese securely intrenched from India to Siberia, for while others were busy with their troubles at home, the Japanese would utilize the diversion to carry out their plans for the future on a far greater scale and at a more rapid pace than is possible with jealous powers free to watch and cavil at her progress.

This is shown in the failure of the Anglo-Japanese alliance. Made in haste and for temporary benefit, the people of England in due time and after sober reflection viewed with alarm the possible outcome of a practical operation of its provisions. The first opportunity given it was emasculated of its most dangerous features, and Englishmen heaved a sigh of relief at the accomplishment and viewed the episode as a narrow escape from serious complications. To-day there is no more bitter conflict raging in the war for the trade of the world than the rivalry of British and Japanese merchants for the trade of the Orient. They are suspicious and jealous of each other and show no mutual confidence in the good-will or friendship written into their international convention. The day that Baron Kato, Japanese ambassador to the Court of St. James's, made a speech in London assuring his hearers that his countrymen looked upon the alliance with England as fundamental to their foreign policy, there was published in Tokio a demand that Japan should look to her natural ally, Russia, for a convention of real benefit and abandon the farce of an entente with a nation which had no intention of living up to the spirit of the treaty —a nation antagonistic to Japanese interests, and from which they had nothing to gain and from whose rivalry they had much to lose.

In the meantime Germany stands silent but attentive, isolated in Europe, refusing to be bound elsewhere by arbitration or other treaties, well satisfied with her great and growing interests in the Orient, and ready to play the game with her Eastern friends when opportunity presents. In this field Germany is closer to the position of the United States than any other power, and really effective coöperation in Far Eastern affairs between the two nations might bring about astonishingly beneficial results to both. Germany is no bungler, however, in this international game; she will look well to the stability of purpose, courage, and power of any proposed ally

HULLING AND FANNING RICE

HEADING RICE, THE STAPLE FOOD OF JAPAN

F.C.G

JAPANESE FISHERMEN AND THEIR FISH BASKETS

JAPANESE PEASANTS IN THE RICE-FIELDS

A BUSINESS STREET IN YOKOHAMA

F·C·G

before committing herself to a joint move. She cannot afford to be left "holding the bag" in any important crisis—and will not be.

The foreign trade of Japan is the foundation of her policies, internal and external. According to her needs and her rivalries in this greatest feature of her economics, she will make her friends or her enemies; and as the people deem the benefit lies, so will they act. It constitutes the mainspring of Japanese diplomacy, the *raison d'être* of army and navy, the guiding star of national ambitions. The men at the helm of the Japanese ship of state are charting their course accordingly, and their craft has traveled far at almost incredible speed toward the port already in sight—the commercial control of the Orient.

The history of the foreign trade of Japan lies virtually within the range of the last thirty years. In 1882 the total was $33,584,000, and in 1892 it was $81,214,500, or more than double. In 1902 it had trebled in the decade, and amounted to $265,019,500, while in 1911 it reached nearly half a billion, or, to be exact, $480,670,000, a gain of nearly fifteen hundred per cent. in the thirty years. Considering the great amount of the trade involved and the circumstances of its growth, this constitutes a world's record. An almost intact and well-stocked preserve was suddenly opened to the trade-hunters of the world, with a record "bag" as the result.

The following tables give the gross figures of this trade, export and import, and show the rapidly changing percentages of various kinds of merchandise. They explain foreign interest therein and illustrate the recent and extremely rapid development of industrial Japan.

I—Table showing growth of the EXPORT trade of Japan for the last thirty years, and the significant and rapidly increasing percentage of manufactured goods

YEAR	FOOD-STUFFS		RAW MATERIAL		PARTLY MANUFACTURED GOODS		MANUFACTURED GOODS		MISCELLANEOUS		TOTALS
	Value	Per Cent of Total Exp'ts	Value	Per Cent of Total Exp'ts	Value	Per Cent of Total Exp'ts	Value	Per Cent of Total Exp'ts	Value	Per Cent of Total Exp'ts	
1882	$5,705,000	30	$2,276,500	12	$9,314,000	49	$1,242,500	7	$378,000	2	$18,861,000
1892	8,352,500	18	4,610,000	10	22,101,000	49	8,969,500	20	1,568,500	3	45,551,500
1902	15,547,000	12	13,169,500	10	60,151,500	47	37,485,500	29	2,798,000	2	129,154,000
1911	26,044,000	12	20,027,000	9	106,494,000	47	68,645,000	31	2,507,000	1	223,767,000

II—Table showing the growth of the IMPORT trade of Japan for the last thirty years, and the significant decrease in percentage of manufactured goods and increase in percentage of raw material

YEAR	FOOD-STUFFS		RAW MATERIAL		PARTLY MANUFACTURED GOODS		MANUFACTURED GOODS		MISCELLANEOUS		TOTALS
	Value	Per Cent of Total Imports	Value	Per Cent of Total Imports	Value	Per Cent of Total Imports	Value	Per Cent of Total Imports	Value	Per Cent of Total Imports	
1882	$2,796,500	19	$557,500	4	$4,511,000	31	$6,255,500	42	$653,000	4	$14,723,500
1892	8,045,000	23	7,467,500	21	7,547,500	21	11,780,500	33	827,500	2	35,663,000
1902	24,595,000	18	52,457,000	39	19,681,000	14	37,168,000	27	1,964,500	2	135,865,500
1911	25,812,500	10	115,852,000	45	50,203,500	20	63,179,500	24	1,850,500	1	256,903,000

The figures in the above tables will repay careful study. It may be well to state, however, that from no two sources can the same figures be obtained. The reports of foreign consuls, statements by the financial or commercial departments of the government, statistics in year-books and other alleged authorities, vary considerably. This is true of other countries as well as of Japan, but in the present case, taking the statistics as a whole, it may be assumed they are truly representative and that from them it is safe to evolve percentages and draw conclusions. The growth in the export and import of food-

stuffs has about kept pace with each other. The growth in import is due to an expanding market both as to variety and bulk of products. The growth in export is due to increasing surplus production of tea, sugar, rice, silk, and other natural products. It is in relation to the total trade, however, that the movement of food-stuffs is important.

Whereas in 1882 thirty per cent. of the exports were food-stuffs, in 1911 they constituted less than twelve per cent. In 1882 the food imported was nineteen per cent. of the total purchases abroad, while in 1911 it was only ten per cent. The export of raw material, while increasing ten times in value in thirty years, declined from twelve per cent. to nine per cent. of the total export, and the import of raw material, increasing as it did over twenty times in value during the same period, rose from four to forty-five per cent. of the total import. This latter feature of Japan's foreign trade is explained by the fact that in thirty years the export of partly and fully manufactured goods rose from about $10,000,000 to $175,000,000 in value, an increase from fifty-six per cent. of total export to seventy-eight per cent. In the meantime the import of partly and fully manufactured goods increased from about $11,000,000 to $113,000,000 in value, but decreased in percentage in its relation to total import from seventy-three to forty-four per cent.

In brief, the people of Japan have in thirty years brought about an industrial revolution in that while they formerly sold their food-stuffs and raw material, they now buy raw material and food-stuffs, and sell manufactured goods. As it is, the raw material now exported is really neither a loss nor is it an indication of bad economic conditions, for it is largely the silk and coal produced in excess of home needs. Such conditions as these should be most conducive to the prosperity of any country, for they bespeak a remarkable record of sudden and most amazing development.

But there is one feature of this trade abroad which is viewed with deep concern at the moment. With few exceptions since 1871, each year has shown an excess of imports over exports, and this excess is steadily increasing, notwithstanding the more stable conditions of recent years. The excess of imports in 1911 was over $33,000,000, and it promises to be nearly $50,000,000 in 1912. In a country like England an excess of imports means no more or less than that England retains her position as a great creditor nation. Her sixteen billion dollars of foreign investment sends home its tithing of gold or merchandise, and the profit on exports comes back in like form, a no inconsiderable item in the import account. The United States, being still a debtor nation, pays her interest abroad in an excess of exports over imports, and will continue to do so as long as her borrowings exceed her lendings. That much-discussed and much-abused expression, "balance of trade," means nothing one way or another in judging of the degree of prosperity in a country except as it may be taken with a full understanding of local conditions. An excess of imports may mean wealth to one nation and heavy taxation and serious trade discrepancies to another, and this latter meaning seems applicable to Japan at the present time.

It is not probable that more money actually leaves the country by reason of this excess of imports than is represented by specie exports, which in 1911 were about $10,000,000 in excess of imports. The balance of the deficit may be accounted for in the $4,000,000 more or less spent by foreign tourists, the money sent home by the 300,000 Japanese living abroad, the parcel-posts exports, profits on exports, earnings of Japanese steamship lines, extensions of foreign credits in Japan, interest on a small foreign investment, and the undervaluation of exports.

This latter item must be considerable, though there is no way of telling exactly what it amounts to. All goods sent to America except those taken by tourists are declared through American consulates, and in 1911 the value of these exportations was $6,000,000 in excess of the Japanese figures of export to the United States and American possessions. If these undervaluations are uniform in shipments made to all countries, they would amount to nearly $20,000,000, a very considerable proportion of the present excess of imports over exports. There are undoubtedly undervaluations in imports as well, but these are not apt to be so great or so general, as they would involve a decrease of revenue to the government at the custom-houses,

whereas the valuation of exports is purely for statistical purposes. Allowing the necessity of the present great public debt of Japan, the vast bulk of which is held by foreigners, an ideal trade condition would be an excess of exports over imports sufficient to take care of the debt interest and other charges now amounting annually to nearly $80,000,000.

It is difficult to follow the intricacies of Japanese national finance. The Japanese people and press are constantly seeking light thereupon, which is denied them either directly or by statements which are confusing. The story goes that the government maintains a vast gold reserve abroad for the payment of principal and interest on the public debt as it comes due. These foreign accounts are not kept in the name of the Japanese government, and they are shifted from London to Paris or elsewhere with considerable frequency. It is generally believed, however, that this foreign deposit amounts to about $200,000,000, and from this deposit and the interest it draws is paid the interest on the public debt held abroad, and such government bonds are paid as they come due from time to time. Borrowings are made abroad and left there to the credit of the government, so that a large part of the management of national finances is a matter of bookkeeping in Tokio rather than an actual handling of money. This makes it easy for the government to maintain a certain degree of secrecy in its financial transactions, and renders it more or less difficult for the nation to determine exactly the status of the moment. In brief, it makes possible a certain amount of juggling in the department of finance, which may obscure the real situation.

For the first time in history, however, Japan has a minister of finance, Yamamoto, who has chosen to take the public into his confidence as to the general situation, and who has dealt frankly with disagreeable truths. With a candor which is as convincing as it was unexpected, he recently warned the nation as follows:

> As we are all aware, this country bears a heavy burden of foreign loans, and has to pay yearly a large amount of money both in principal and interest. To relieve this situation, means to be resorted to must be those of the development of national industries and the advancement of export trade, while it is equally important to check the growth of all that tends to increase the outflow of specie and to make efforts to lighten the burden of national debt.

His suggestions for doing this were to increase the import duties, cancel the plan for the great exposition which was to have been held in Tokio in 1917, postpone the proposed double-tracking of the government railways, and retrench in army and navy expenditure. The new tariff law which went into effect this year raised the duties from an average of about fifteen per cent. to over twenty per cent. The proposed exposition has been abandoned, and the railways will wait for their improvements. It is not likely, however, that there will be any immediate retrenchment of army or navy expenditure, even though it continues to absorb, as at present, nearly one half of the entire national revenue.

With all this courageous pruning of expenses, it is not enough to hold things even as they are, for the annual deficit constantly grows larger. It is now seriously proposed to raid the sinking fund, that the present naval program may be successfully carried out against that time when Japan may either voluntarily or in defense be called upon to prove the supremacy in the Far East which she declares is and shall always be hers. The balance of trade against Japan has its redeeming features in that it can all be accounted for in the greatly increased importation of raw material. Such increase necessarily preceded an increase in manufactured exports. Statistics of home production and consumption are largely lacking. It can only be assumed that the purchasing power of the people has been exercised to a greater degree than is fully realized. This means that the home stores of money are called forth to pay the bills. There are not many individual fortunes in Japan which would be called great elsewhere, but there is much wealth, and the constantly increasing demand for clothing of foreign pattern, machinery of modern design, the occasional substitution of machine for hand labor, modern building material, and the thousand and one new things the Japanese are rapidly introducing into their business and their home life, mean that their pur-

chases abroad are in excess of their sales, and will continue to be so until a lull in this modernization movement takes place or Japanese export trade assumes proportions great enough to balance the exports and the present abnormal consumption of foreign material.

As yet there are few signs of wilful extravagance or thoughtless expenditure among the people, though there is danger that in the more or less wholesale adoption of twentieth-century standards the undesirable as well as the desirable features may find their way to Japan. The national industrial situation gives the impression of a large inflow and a hampered outgo. The only safety-valves are new or increased foreign markets and outlets for surplus population.

How to get them is the problem facing the nation. More land for the people to live upon, more work for the people at home, and money more easily obtained for the public treasury. Taxation is heavy, though not, perhaps, as compared with that prevailing in some other and richer countries; but heavy it is in proportion to the earnings of Japanese labor and the prevailing margin of profits in business transactions. It is estimated that in a recent year an average family of five persons paid to the state in taxes about $33.

There is little doubt that at one time the Philippines looked good to Japanese eyes. There is certainly no doubt that an opinion to the contrary now prevails. This is not alone because of ownership by the United States, but because of the belief, founded upon bitter knowledge, that Japanese born would not thrive in those islands. Formosa is already theirs, and that island of aborigines and Chinamen has proved a tough job of colonial administration. Money is being made there by Japanese enterprise, but it is a disappointment as a possible colony for surplus population. There are now about 85,000 Japanese in a total population of three and a quarter million.

The hopes of populating Korea and Manchuria with people from Japan are receiving some encouragement. Local conditions are not especially favorable however. Japanese trade is in the ascendent, but the movement of population is *slow and gains* small momentum. According to Japanese figures, there are now about 300,000 Japanese living out of their own country, 100,000 in China, 69,000 in Hawaii, 10,000 in the Philippines, 25,000 in the United States, 5000 in Siberia, 2500 in Mexico, and the others scattered broadcast. According to more reliable figures, the above statement may be revised so as to allow 80,000 in Hawaii, or nearly forty-two per cent. of the total population (20,000 of these are Hawaiian born), and probably over 60,000 in the United States. There were 86,000 Japanese in the United States in 1900, but the number has decreased because of the call for military service in the war with Russia and the present restrictions upon the entrance of Japanese labor into the United States. Up to the present time, therefore, Japanese attempts at colonization have not been markedly successful, though in time Korea, Formosa, and Manchuria will probably afford sufficient outlet for actual surplus of population, and many thousands of Japanese will make their homes in foreign countries, conducting and extending the trade originating in their native land.

This will be specially true in China. It is to China that the Japanese turn for their economic salvation, and there they will find it. A recent statement by Baron Makino, the present Minister of Agriculture and Commerce, is most significant not only as concerns Japan, but as a warning to other nations that the struggle for commercial supremacy in China is going to be one of the fiercest conflicts ever waged in the history of the trade of the world. Baron Makino said in part:

China has people, and population is what makes trade. No other country in the world offers so vast a field for trade. With the growth of education and the development of material progress, possibilities of commercial enterprise in China are simply unlimited. The anxiety of the powers to enter into more and more intimate tradal and political relations with China cannot but excite intense interest in Japan; for China is our nearest neighbour, our best customer; and our commercial and political relations with that country are superior to those of any other nation. It is therefore a matter of infinite importance what course China takes in dealing with the numerous appli-

cants for her patronage at this or any other time.

It is true that Japan enjoys a profitable trade with many countries of the West. Our exports to America are of increasing volume and value; while the various nations of Europe welcome what we can supply; but this Occidental trade at its best is difficult for us to handle with any satisfactory degree of achievement; for it is always more difficult to deal with highly developed commercial nations than with those less advanced in modern progress. Trade with peoples of lower social standards is always more easy and profitable. There was a time when Japan hoped to find her chief field of commercial enterprise in the West; but today the mind of Japan is all toward China as the commercial hope of our future, not to say anything of our geographical and racial advantages with that country.

It is our ambition to be to the East what Great Britain is to the West. We have left no means untried in making a thorough investigation of the present conditions in China, so as to arrive at as accurate an estimate as possible of what is to be expected in the commercial relations of that country with Japan in the near future. The data obtained is vast and will require a great deal of consideration. . . . Another matter of no small importance is as to how our trade with China may best be promoted and carried on. Hitherto we have done a good deal of it through strangers: that is, through *baiben,* or middlemen; but, as every one knows, the more hands a transaction has to go through, the more complicated and expensive does it become, and the better way is to make it as simple a matter as possible. This simplification of tradal transactions we have been calling "direct trade," though it is nothing more nor less than the proper way to trade. In the matter of direct trade with China, the merchants of Japan enjoy a considerable advantage as they are more familiar with the language and customs of China than their foreign contemporaries. . . . We think we know a good deal about commercial conditions in China, because we know a little more than the merchants of the West; but we really know nothing as we ought to know; and I would advise all those who hope to share in trade with China, to make careful and constant investigation into the conditions prevailing there; for I am sure there is much yet to be learned, if our trade with China is to achieve its best. Instead of our business men staying at home and waiting for orders, let them go or send representatives into central China, and they will find a more remunerative field of demand and consumption than they ever dreamed of, reclining in their offices at home. . . . Now is the time to explore China commercially; and any demand we create now for useful articles will in all likelihood become permanent. . . . It is not too much to say that a great part of our hope for future financial rehabilitation in Japan depends upon how we can further develop trade with China. In this matter we cannot afford to be beaten by our foreign competitors; for the very welfare of the nation depends upon it. I would have all Japanese regard it as the foundation of our national prosperity. Should we lose China as a customer it would mean the ruin of our commercial prospects.

In brief, Japan is going after the trade of China with all the energy and resourcefulness of which her people are capable, and with great natural and racial advantages in her favor. Every advantage will be given to Japanese foreign trade which can be devised by a coöperating government and the skilful and not over-scrupulous traders. "Trade with peoples of lower social standards is always more easy and profitable," as Baron Makino significantly remarks, and the commercial methods of many of the Japanese can pass with less fear of challenge than they do in "highly developed commercial nations."

To do Baron Makino justice, he warns his fellow-countrymen as to the evil effects of "scamping" foreign trade and indulging in trickery for the purpose of selling goods, but in the face of the extremely bad record of the Japanese merchants it will take more than an official warning to beget the confidence of those who buy from Japan. Not long ago I saw a collection of Japanese-made goods of various kinds all gotten up to delude the customer into the belief that he was purchasing something made in England or America, and the cleverness exhibited was equaled only by the audacity of the fraud. It is not alone from foreigners that complaints are forthcoming, for even in the public prints of Japan has the matter been thoroughly aired and these methods condemned by

the better class and more far-seeing Japanese.

An interesting and significant situation has arisen in Korea, where it has been shown that Japanese goods passing through the Korean custom-houses are given the benefit of an undervaluation. Protests have been made, but the fact remains. From one point of view it might be said that the Japanese were within their rights, as Korea is a possession. This would be true if it were done openly, but to attempt to maintain favored-nation treaties and quietly to violate their foundation principle at the same time is a bit of juggling which does not meet the approval of the other parties to the treaties. It inspires a lack of confidence, to say the least.

The foreign trade of Japan is now distributed as follows:

JAPAN EXPORTS TO		JAPAN IMPORTS FROM	
United States	31.80 per cent.	Great Britain	21.60 per cent.
China	30.33 " "	British India	19.40 " "
France	7.73 " "	China	16.00 " "
Great Britain	5.32 " "	United States	15.80 " "
British India	4.54 " "	Germany	10.90 " "
Italy	3.99 " "	Dutch India	3.00 " "
Other Countries	16.29 " "	Other Countries	13.30 " "
	100.00 " "		100.00 " "

The foreign trade of Formosa is $16,300,000, about $400,000 of which is with the United States. The foreign trade of Korea is about $13,000,000, of which less than $3,000,000 is conducted with the United States. In 1911 Japanese purchases from the United States reached a total of $40,000,000 as against $27,000,000 in 1910. Over twelve million of the $40,000,000 is accounted for in staples, such as raw cotton, machinery, wheat, iron, steel, phosphates, building material, locomotives, leather, tin-plate, automobiles, wines, oils, watches, and other small but profitable articles of trade. In 1911 the United States sent over $6,500,000 worth of kerosene to Japan, forty-five per cent. of the total consumption. The Japanese oil-wells produced thirty-five per cent. of the oil used, and the other twenty per cent. came from the East. In 1911 the United States purchased from Japan over $70,000,000 worth of goods, a representative list suggesting all the industries peculiar to the country, such as silk, straw, tea, porcelain, and bamboo work. The United States is Japan's best customer, taking virtually one third of all her exports, and China is a close second. England and British India are important customers. The United States is fourth in the list of purveyors to Japan, and will probably never gain a higher rank, notwithstanding the trade increase of 1911. This increase was due to special causes and will hardly be repeated in the future in equal percentage. Of enormous importance to Japan is the supply of raw cotton, for, in 1911, 551,059,200 pounds were bought abroad. British India furnished 323,000,000 pounds, China 99,000,000, the United States about the same, Egypt 13,000,000, and the balance came from other countries, mostly Asiatic.

Over $35,000,000 worth of iron and steel and manufactures thereof were purchased abroad by the Japanese in 1911. Germany sold to Japan during that year nearly $30,000,000 worth of goods, and her purchases amounted to less than six million, a gain for Germany in her sales' account of over thirty-four per cent. in one year. German trade in Japan is growing rapidly, and the commercial as well as the political relations of the two countries are becoming more intimate. The prospects of German trade loom large for the future in this country, and the character of the trade is most profitable to both countries, there being a smaller element of rivalry in the exchanges. The most profitable businesses in Japan at the moment are cotton spinning, insurance, sugar refining, and banking. Nearly all of these enterprises paid over ten per cent. net profit during the year 1911.

The industrial situation in Japan is most critical, and the next few years will witness many disturbances preceding im-

portant and inevitable readjustments. The relations of capital and labor have yet to be determined. The workman has heretofore always been docile and obedient, and strikes along Western lines have been unknown. The dissemination of Western ideas and the increasing cost of living are bringing about a state of restlessness and dissatisfaction potent with serious possibilities. The Japanese laborer is in rebellion, and while himself alarmed and a bit bewildered at the power he finds himself possessed of, his bewilderment is as nothing to the concern of the employer, who is faced with the increased expense that will follow the rise in wages and the improvement in working conditions demanded by the laborer. The tendency so far has been to treat with the men and avoid conflicts, but in most cases where conflict has actually taken place the men have won. The Western labor-union as such is unknown, but all labor in Japan is organized into gilds, and the control of the gild over its members is absolute. In fact, viewing the gild as a labor organization, and it is such, the labor of the country is most completely and autocratically organized, and it is only necessary to change the title of gild to labor-union and allow its members a realization of the power of their association, and the situation automatically modernizes itself.

The factory conditions of Japan are thoroughly bad, and in response to public sentiment a factory law has been passed by the Diet; but it does not go actually into effect for fifteen years after its promulgation, and it has not yet been promulgated. So far reform has gone no further than this academic expression of disapproval. At first and up to a recent date, the government dealt with strikers and labor-agitators as criminals, and punished them as such. But as the disturbances increase, it has become apparent that this method is not practical, and that it is dangerous, as it excites the mind of the people and offends their sense of justice. With every passing year the ideas of the Japanese laborer are becoming more and more democratic; the emperor is no longer generally looked upon as a divine being, and the exercise of authority must be tempered with wisdom and justice to meet with unquestioned obedience. The native press now prints the news freely, and those who cannot read are read to, with the result that the community as a whole is marvelously well informed as to current events and their meaning. In 1910 the Tokio street-car lines were tied up because the employees believed they had not received a fair share of the bonus which accrued to the staff when the lines were transferred from private to public ownership. The directors took the lion's share. The strikers received an increase, and went back to work. Several of the leaders were severely punished, on the ground that they had put the public of Tokio, that city of magnificent distances, to serious inconvenience, hence had committed a crime against society. The men punished were regarded as martyrs by their fellow-workers, as the purpose of the strike was accomplished, and since then there has been a marked and unusual hesitancy on the part of those in authority in dealing with such cases in a summary or harsh manner. The loss of the *Titanic* gave the steamship employees an excuse to strike for more wages, on the ground of inadequate life-boat service, and they received the increase asked for.

This is only the beginning. It must have caused some degree of panic among the employers of Japan to find that on their own initiative the labor-gilds of their country telegraphed their sympathy and support to the dock and transport workers of London during the recent English labor troubles.

As yet the Japanese laboring-men have not acquired sufficient boldness to strike for an avowed purpose, but by concerted action they fail to report for duty. When asked why they do not appear, they plead physical ailments, and thus escape legal action. They accomplish the desired end, however, and the result is the same. This is a recognized farce played every time with the full understanding of both sides to the controversy.

In no other country in the world does a larger percentage of women participate in wage-earning. In the United States for every eighty-six male wage-earners there are fourteen female. In Great Britain it is seventy-five to twenty-five, in Germany eighty to twenty, in Italy seventy-eight to twenty-two, while in Japan there are nearly twice as many women as men on the pay-rolls of the country. It is the testimony of all large employers that the wo-

men are the industrial backbone of the country. The employment of women and children is the secret of the competitive power of the Japanese textile and other light handicraft industries, and it is for this reason that the possible operation of a law enforcing sanitary provisions and even the common decencies of humanity in factory life is viewed with alarm by the manufacturers in their necessarily strenuous competition for foreign trade. The new law limits hours of employment, forbids the use of children under certain ages, and the employment of women at night and in dangerous occupations. It can be understood, therefore, whence comes the delay in even promulgating a law which takes effect fifteen years after its promulgation. The moneyed classes and the "interests" necessarily control a legislative body like the Japanese Diet, many members of which are elected by a most amazing and open system of corruption and vote-buying, a system which puts to shame in its effrontery the worst days of ward politics in any gang-ridden city in the United States.

The average of wages in Japan in thirty most usual occupations is fifty cents a day without food, and forty cents a day with food. The cost of living for a family of three is about $10 per month, distributed as follows:

House rent	$2.50
Rice (cheap quality)	3.00
Other food	2.25
Fuel	.75
Other living expenses	1.50
	$10.00

This does not include clothing, amusement, or any form of luxury. In the last ten years the price of thirty-one staples which enter into the daily needs of a working-man's family has increased about twenty-three per cent. In the same period the wages of those working in the eight most general occupations where food is furnished have increased by thirty-three per cent., while the wages in twenty most general occupations where the worker finds his own living have risen only about eleven per cent. This latter classification includes naturally by far the great majority of the industrial workers. The occupations where food is furnished are as a rule followed in the country, and, as in other lands, it has been necessary to pay larger wages to restrain the drift of workers toward the cities. It is also true that there is a greater margin of profit in the industries of the open spaces. The industrial laborer of Japan now pays twenty-three per cent. more for his living than he did ten years ago, and his wages have increased only eleven per cent. If a longer period than ten years be considered, a still greater discrepancy will be found, owing to the increase in the price of rice, the staple article of food.

It will be noticed that in the estimated cost of living of a working-man's family rice is the largest item of expense, absorbing, as it does, nearly one third of the total expenditure. In 1892 rice was seventy-two cents a bushel. In 1902 it was $1.22, and in 1911 it was $2.12, or an increase of 200 per cent. in twenty years. A higher price even than this is threatened for 1912. In some families other foods have been substituted for rice, and such substitutes will in time become more general. It is difficult, however, to change the habits of a nation, and it is more difficult even to find a substitute for rice which will really take its place in cost, nutriment, or convenience.

The purchases of all classes have become more varied. The luxuries of ten years ago have become the necessities of to-day; hence the difference in the cost of living is really greater than appears from a summary of the cost of staples. Herein lies largely the reason for the industrial unrest which prevails, and, strengthened by the increasing spirit of individual freedom, may in its ultimate effects prove a serious check to the pace which now marks the progress of Japanese foreign trade. There is already a strong agitation for a six-day instead of a seven-day week, though for economic, and not religious, reasons. Increased wages, shorter hours of labor, and even the most elementary protection of women and children now working in the factories, some at night work and some in notoriously dangerous or unhealthful occupations, would threaten the present advantage of the Japanese in the cost of production. These restrictions are inevitable as the people gain confidence in their undoubted ability to dictate to capital better terms of employment.

There is always a strong temptation to refer to Japan as the England of the Far East, and superficially the simile carries far. Geographically there is a like situation. Politically the ambitions of the two countries run parallel. Economically there is some resemblance, but with conditions much more favorable to England. Each is a group of islands the forces emanating from which have much to do with the economics and politics of the peoples of the near-by mainlands. The resources of England are better balanced than those of Japan in the matter of raw materials, while, on the other hand, Japan can draw upon a supply to be found on the mainland, something denied to England, owing to the high development of industry among her neighbors. Like the English, the Japanese are deeply concerned with mainland affairs, and their intention is to maintain a dominating influence therein. Both countries lead in sea power in their own waters, and the respective land forces are considerable not only for home defense, but for invasion, if deemed advisable. The 120,000 square miles of Great Britain carry a population of forty-five million. The fifty millions of Japan are crowded in upon the comparatively limited area suitable for cultivation and habitation. England produces her own coal and iron, the basis of all great industries. Japan has fuel, but comparatively little mineral. England has her own markets abroad. Japan has virtually no markets for manufactures except those in which she enters into fierce competition with stronger rivals. The domestic and export trade of England warrants the construction of vast plants the output of which is cheapened by production on a large scale, the home market taking the bulk of the yield. Japan is a country of diversified needs, but comparatively small consuming power for merchandise of large or costly construction; hence it may never be possible for domestic manufacture to compete with like foreign goods. England is moribund with money. Japan at her wits' end to pay her bills and carry on the work of reconstruction. England prospers despite appalling problems of labor and capital demanding solution in the face of apparently hopeless deadlock. Japan prospers because the only industrial problem which has confronted her so far is that of meeting the foreign cost of production and going it one better. Her real troubles are yet to come. The labor-union in aggressive form is unknown; the people have not yet learned to disobey when told to go to work; the scale of living and wages is low, and little or no restriction is placed by public opinion or the courts upon a certain amount of trade deception and trickery which has given Japanese merchants a bad name the world over, many honorable and upright men suffering unjustly for the sins of their less scrupulous fellow-countrymen.

There is another feature of Japanese industry which militates against better wages and conditions for the worker, and that is the low-producing power of the Japanese labor unit. Many employers are already convinced that even with the wage scale as it is, Japanese labor is equally well paid as that of England, Germany, or the United States. The Japanese workman is slow and inefficient; lacks initiative, energy, and trustworthiness, and as the demand for higher wages becomes increasingly insistent, the employer faces a rise in the cost of production of which the wage scale is not truly indicative. There will be no great increase in the imports of Japan except as to raw materials, and it would not be surprising to witness an actual decrease in many other lines. It can be depended upon that the nation will do everything possible for itself and in time depend upon foreigners for only those things which their land does not produce or the people cannot manufacture with profit to themselves, even with the aid of high import duties and subsidies.

The modernization of industrial Japan will take some time even at the present rapid rate of progress, and until that is accomplished there will be a large and profitable trade for Western manufacturers of machinery and other things necessary to bring this about. Japanese competition in the higher civilized countries of the world need present no fears to Western peoples. If the latter want trade in other countries of the Far East, however, in any products the like of which are produced by the Japanese, they will have to work to get and hold it.

THE FAIRY WIFE

BY MAURICE HEWLETT

Author of "The Forest Lovers," "Richard Yea and Nay," "Mrs. Lancelot," etc.

WITH A PICTURE IN COLOR BY ARTHUR RACKHAM (SEE FRONTISPIECE)

IF I am to deal with a case of mixed marriage, where the wife was a fairy, the spirit of a tree, I shall ask leave to set down first a plain proposition, which is that all natural facts, as wind, hills, lakes, trees, animals, rain, rivers, flowers, have an underlying idea, or soul, whereby they really are what they appear, to which they owe the beauty, majesty, pity, terror, love which they excite in us; and that this idea, or soul, having a real existence of its own in community with its companions of the same nature, can be discerned by mortal men in forms which best explain to human intelligence the passions which they excite in human breasts. This is how I explain the fact, for instance, that the austerity of a lonely rock at sea will take the form and semblance and, much more than that, assume the prerogatives of a brooding man, or that the swift freedom of a river will pass by, as in a flash, in the coursing limbs of a youth, or that at dusk, out of a reed-encircled mountain tarn, silvery under the hush of the gray hour, there will rise and gleam and sink again the pale face, the shoulders and breast of the Spirit of the Pool; that, finally, the grace of a tree, and its panic of fury when lashed by storm, very capable in either case of inspiring love or horror, will be revealed rarely in the form of a nymph. There may be a more rational explanation of these curious things, but I don't know of one:

Fortunatus et ille, Deos qui novit agrestes!

Happy may one be in the fairies of our own country. Happy even yet are they who can find the oreads of the hill, dryads of the wood, nymphs of river, marsh, plowland, pasture, and heath. Now, leaving to Greece the things that are Greek, here for an apologue follows a plain recital of facts within the knowledge of *every man of the* Cheviots.

THERE is in that country, not far from Otterburn,—between Otterburn and the Scottish border,—a remote hamlet, consisting of a few white cottages, farm buildings, and a shingle-spired church. It is called Dryhope, and lies in a close valley, which is watered by a beck or burn known as the Dryhope Burn. It is deeply buried in the hills. Spurs of the Cheviots as these are, they rise to a considerable elevation, but are pasturable nearly to the top. There, however, where the heather begins, peat-hags and morasses make dangerous provision, from which the flocks are carefully guarded. It is the practice of the country for the shepherds to be within touch of them all night, lest some, feeding upward, as sheep always do, should reach the summits, and be lost or mired inextricably. These upland stretches, consequently, are among the most desolate spots to be found in our islands. I have walked over them myself within recent years, and met not a human soul, nor beast of man's taming. Ravens, curlews, pewits, a lagging fox, or limping hare—such, with the unsensed spirits of the earth, will be your company. In particular, I traversed, in 1902, the great upland called Limmer Fell, and saw the tarn—Silent Water—and the trees called "The Seven Sisters." They are silver birches of remarkable size and beauty. One of them is fallen. Standing there, looking northwest, the Knapp may be seen easily some five miles away, and the extent of the forest with which it is covered can be estimated. A great and solemn wood that is, which no borderer will ever enter if he can help it.

There was, and may be still, a family of shepherds living in Dryhope of the name of King. When these things occurred, there were alive George King, a patriarch of seventy-five years; Miranda King, his daughter-in-law, widow of his son, who

was supposed to be a middle-aged woman; and a young man, Andrew King, her only son. That was the family; and there was a girl, Bessie Prawle, daughter of a neighbor, very much in and out of the house, and held by common report to be betrothed to Andrew. She used to help the widow in domestic matters, see to the poultry, milk the cow, churn the butter, press the cheeses. The Kings were independent people, like the dalesmen of Cumberland, and stood, as the saying is, upon their own foot-soles. Old King had a tenant-right upon the fell, and owed no man anything.

There was said to be mystery connected with Miranda, the widow, who was a broad-browed, deep-breasted, handsome woman, very dark and silent. She was not a native of Redesdale, not known to be of Northumberland. Her husband, who had been a sailor, had brought her back with him one day, saying that she was his wife and her name Miranda. He had said no more about her, would say no more, and had been drowned at sea before his son was born. She, for her part, had been as uncommunicative as he. Such reticence breeds wonderment in the minds of such a people as they of Dryhope, and out of wonderment arise wonders. It was told that until Miranda King was brought in sea-birds had never been seen in Dryhope-dale. It was said that they came on that very night when George King the younger came home, and she with him, carrying his bundle and her own. It was said that they had never since left the hamlet, and that when Miranda went out of doors, which was seldom, she was followed by clouds of them, whichever way she turned. I have no means of testing the truth of these rumors, but, however it may be, no scandal was ever brought against her. She was respectable and respected. Old King, the grandfather, relied strongly upon her judgment. She brought up her son in decent living and the fear of God.

In the year when Andrew was nineteen he was a tall, handsome lad and a shepherd, following the profession, as he was to inherit the estate, of his forebears. One April night in that year he and his grandfather, the pair of them with a collie, lay out on the fell-side together. Lambing is late in Redesdale; the spring comes late; April is often a month of snow.

They had a fire and their cloaks; the ground was dry, and they lay upon it under a clear sky strewn with stars. At midnight George King, the grandfather, was asleep, but Andrew was broad-awake. He heard the flock, which he could not see, sweep by him like a storm, the bell-wether leading, and as they went up the hill the wind began to blow a long, steady, following blast. The collie on his feet, ears set flat on his head, shuddering with excitement, whined for orders. Andrew, after waking with difficulty his grandfather, was told to go up and head them off. He sent the dog one way,—off in a flash; he never returned that night,—and he himself went another. He was not seen again for two days. To be exact, he set out at midnight on Thursday, the twelfth of April, and did not return to Dryhope until eleven o'clock of the morning of Saturday the fourteenth. The sheep, I may say here, came back by themselves on the thirteenth, the intervening day.

The night of the twelfth of April is still commemorated in Dryhope as one of unexampled spring storm, just as a certain October night of the next year stands yet as the standard of comparison for all equinoctial gales. The April storm, we hear, was very short and had several peculiar features. It arose out of a clear sky, blew up a snow-cloud which did no more than powder the hills, and then continued to blow furiously out of a clear sky. It was steady, but inconceivably strong while it lasted; the force and pressure of the wind did not vary until just the end. It came from the southeast, which is the rainy quarter in Northumberland, but without rain. It blew hard from midnight until three o'clock in the morning, and then for half an hour a hurricane. The valley and hamlet escaped as by a miracle. Mr. Robson, the vicar, awakened by it, heard the wind like thunder overhead, and went out of doors to observe it. He went out into a still, mild air coming from the northwest, and still heard it roaring like a mad thing high above him. Its direction, as he judged by sound, was the precise contrary of the ground current. In the morning wreckage of all kinds, branches of trees, roots, and whole clumps of heather strewn about the village and meadows, while showing that a furious battle had been fought out on the fells, confirmed this sus-

picion. A branch of a tree, draped in ivy, was recognized as part of an old favorite of his walks. The ash from which it had been torn stood to the southeast of the village. In the course of the day (the thirteenth) news was brought in that one of the Seven Sisters was fallen, and that a clean drive could be seen through the forest on the top of Knapp. Coupled with these dreadful testimonies, you have the disappearance of Andrew King to help you form your vision of a village in consternation.

Hear, now, what befell young Andrew King when he swiftly climbed the fell, driven forward by the storm. The facts are that he was agog for adventure, since, all unknown to any but himself, he had ventured to the summits before, had stood by Silent Water, touched the Seven Sisters one by one, and had even entered the dreadful, haunted forest of Knapp. He had had a fright, had been smitten by that sudden gripe of fear, which palsies limbs and freezes blood, that the ancients called the stroke of Pan, and we still call panic, after them. He had never forgotten what he had seen, though he had lost the edge of the fear he had. He was older now by some two years, and waiting only the opportunity for renewed experience. He hoped to have it, and he had it.

The streaming gale drove him forward, as a ship at sea. He ran lightly, without fatigue or troubled breath. Dimly above him he presently saw the seven trees dipping and louting to the weather; but as he neared them they had no meaning for him, did not, indeed, exist. For now he saw more than they, and otherwise than men see trees.

In a mild and steady light, which came from no illumination of moon or stars, but seemed to be interfused with the air, in the strong, warm wind which wrapped the fell-top, upon a sward of bent-grass which ran toward the tarn and ended in swept reeds, he saw six young women dancing in a ring. Not to any music that he could hear did they move, nor was the rhythm of their movement either ordered or wild. It was not formal dancing, and it was not at all a Bacchic rout: rather they flitted hither and thither on the turf, now touching hands, now straining heads to one another, crossing, meeting, parting, winding about and about with the purposele untirable frivolity of moths. They s neither happy nor unhappy, they m sound; it looked to the lad as if th been so drifting from the beginnin would so drift to the end of thing poral. Their loose hair streamed the wind, their light gossamer streamed the same way, whipped their limbs as close as wet muslin. were barefooted, bare-armed, and headed. They all had beauty, but not of earthly cast. He saw one wi like pale silk; and one, ruddy and fi the face, with snaky black hair, wh thought, flew out beyond her for yard's measure. Another had hazel- hair and a sharp, little peering fac other's was color of ripe corn, a other's like a thunder-cloud, copper-t About and about they went, skimmi tops of the grasses, and Andrew Ki heart hammering at his ribs, watche at their play. So by chance one sa and screamed shrilly, and pointed at

Then they came about him like a of bees, angry at first, humming like that of the telegraph-wire on a tain road; but, as he stood his g curiosity prevailed among them, an pried closely at him. They touche felt his arms, his knees, handled his ing, peered into his eyes. All this dured, though he was in a horrible Then one, the black-haired girl v bold, proud face, came and stood before him, and looked full into hi He gave her look for look. She hand on each shoulder, and kissed After that there was a tussle among for each must do what her sister had They took a kiss apiece, or maybe then, circling round him, they swe forward on the wind, past Silent V over the Edge, out on to the fells, c on and on, and never stopped till th reached Knapp Forest, that dreadful

There, in the hushed aisles and they played with this new-found cr —played with him, fought for hin would have loved him if he had minded for such adventuring. T particular he marked as desiring his company: the black-haired and bol one, and the other was the sharp-fac slim, with eyes of a mouse and brown hair. He called her the la

girl, and thought her the kindest of them all. But they were all his friends at this time. Andrew King, like young Tamlane, might have sojourned with them for ever and a day but for one thing. He saw by chance a seventh maiden—a white-faced, woebegone, horror-struck Seventh Sister, blenched and frozen under a great beech. She may have been there throughout his commerce with the rest, or she may have been revealed to him in a flash then and there. So as it was, he saw her suddenly, and thereafter saw no other at all. She held his eyes waking; he left his playmates and went to her, where she crouched. He stooped, and took her hand. It was as cold as a dead girl's and very heavy. Amid the screaming of the others, undeterred by their whirling and battling, he lifted up the frozen one. He lifted her bodily and carried her in his arms. They swept all about like infuriated birds. The sound of their rage was like that of gulls about a fish in the tideway; but they laid no hands on him, and said nothing that he could understand, and by this time his awe was gone, and his heart was on fire. Holding fast to what he had and wanted, he pushed out of Knapp Forest and took the lee side of the Edge on his way of Dryhope. This must have been about the time of the gale at its worst. The Seventh Sister by Silent Water may have fallen at this time, for had not Andrew King the Seventh Sister in his arms?

Anxiety as to the fate of Andrew King was spread over the village, and the greatest sympathy felt for the bereaved family. To have lost a flock of sheep, a dog, and an only child at one blow is a terrible misfortune. Old King, I am told, was prostrated, and the girl, Bessie Prawle, violent in her lamentation over her "lad." The only person unmoved was the youth's mother, Miranda King, the widow. She, it seems, had no doubts of his safety, and declared that he "would come in his time, like his father before him," a saying which, instead of comforting the mourners, appears to have exasperated them; probably they did not at all understand it. Such consolation as Mr. Robson, the minister, had to offer she received respectfully, but without comment. All she had to say was that she could trust her son; and when he urged that she had better by far trust in God, her reply, finally and shortly, was that God was bound by His own laws and had not given us heads and hearts for nothing. I am free to admit that her theology upon this point seems to me remarkably sound.

In the course of the thirteenth, anxious day as it promised to be, old George King, returning from a fruitless quest over the fells, came upon his sheep within a few hundred yards of his own house, collected together in a flock and under the watch of his dog. They were, in fact, as nearly as possible where he had understood them to be before their stampede of the previous night. He was greatly heartened by the discovery, though unable to account for the facts of it. The dog was excessively tired, and ate greedily.

Next morning, when the family and some neighbors were standing together on the fell-side, looking up the valley where the Dryhope burn comes down from the hills, they saw two figures on the rough road which follows it. Mrs. King, the widow, I believe, had seen them first, but she had said nothing. It was Bessie Prawle who raised the first cry that "Andrew was coming, and his wife with him." All looked in the direction she showed them, and recognized the young man. Behind him walked the figure of a woman. This is the accustomed manner for a man and wife to walk in that country. It is almost a proof of their relationship. Being satisfied of the identity of their child, the whole party returned to the homestead to await him and what he was bringing with him. Speculation was rife and volubly expressed, especially by Bessie Prawle. Miranda King, however, was silent; but it was noticed that she kept her eyes fixed upon the woman behind her son, and that her lips moved as if she was muttering.

The facts were as the expectations: Andrew King brought forward a young, timid, and unknown girl as his wife. By that name he led her up to his grandfather, then to his mother; as such he explained her to the neighbors, including, though not by name, Bessie Prawle, who had undoubtedly hoped to occupy that position herself.

Old King, overcome with joy at seeing his boy alive and well, and dazed probably by events, put his hands upon the girl's head and blessed her after the patriarchal fashion then obtaining. He seems to have

taken canonical marriage for granted, though nobody else did, and though a moment's reflection, had he been capable of so much, would have shown him that that could not be. The neighbors were too well disposed to the family to raise any doubts or objections; Bessie Prawle was sullen and quiet; only Miranda King seems to have been equal to the occasion. She, as if in complete possession of facts which satisfied every question, received the girl as an equal. She did not kiss her or touch her, but looked deeply into her eyes for a long space of time, and took from her again an equally searching regard; then turning to her father-in-law and the company at large, she said: "This is begun, and will be done. He is like his father before him."

To that oracular utterance old King, catching probably but the last sentence, replied, "And he could n't do better, my child." He meant no more than a testimony to his daughter-in-law. Mrs. King's observations, coupled with that, nevertheless went far to give credit to the alleged marriage.

The girl so far had said nothing whatever, though she had been addressed with more than one rough but kindly compliment on her youth and good looks. And now Andrew King explained that she was dumb. Consternation took the strange form of jocular approval of his discretion in selecting a wife who could never nag him; but it was consternation none the less. The mystery was felt to be deeper; there was nothing for it now but to call in the aid of the parish priest,—"the minister," as they called him,—and this was done. By the time he had arrived, Miranda King had taken the girl into the cottage, and the young husband and his grandfather had got the neighbors to disperse. Bessie Prawle, breathing threatenings and slaughter, had withdrawn.

Mr. Robson, a quiet, sensible man of nearer sixty than fifty years, sat in the cottage, hearing all that his parishioners could tell him, and using his eyes. He saw the centerpiece of all surmise, a shrinking, pale slip of a girl, by the look of her not more than fifteen or sixteen years old. She was not emaciated by any means, seemed to be well nourished, and was quite as vigorous as any child of that age who could have been pitted against her. Her surroundings cowed her, he judged. To Dryhope she was a stranger, a foreigner; to her Dryhope and the Dryhopedale folk were perilous matter. Her general appearance was that of a child who had never had anything but ill usage; she flinched at every sudden movement, and followed one about with her great, unintelligent eyes, as if she was trying to comprehend what they showed her. Her features were regular and delicate, her brows broad, and eyebrows finely arched, her chin was full, her neck slim, her hands and feet were narrow, and full of what fanciers call "breed." Her hair was very long and fine, dark brown, with gleams of gold; her eyes were large, gray in color, but, as I have said, unintelligent—like an animal's, which to us always seem unintelligent. I should have mentioned, for Mr. Robson noticed it at once, that her hair was unconfined, and that, so far as he could make out, she wore but a single garment—a sleeveless frock, confined at the waist, and reaching to her knees. It was of the color of unbleached flax and of a coarse web. Her form showed through, and the faint flush of her skin. She was a finely made girl. Her legs and feet were bare. Immodest as such an appearance would have been in one of the village maids, he did not feel it to be so with her. Her look was so entirely foreign to his experience that there was no standard of comparison. Everything about her seemed to be quite what one would have expected, until one came, so to speak, in touch with her soul. That, if it lay behind her inscrutable, sightless, and dumb eyes, betrayed her. There was no hint of it. Human in form, visibly and tangibly human, no soul sat in her great eyes that a man could see. That, however, is not now the point. Rather it is that, to all appearance a modest and beautiful girl, she was remarkably undressed. It was inconceivable that a modest and beautiful girl could so present herself; and yet a modest and beautiful girl she was.

Mr. Robson put it to himself this way: there are birds, for instance—jays, kingfishers, goldfinches—which are, taken absolutely, extremely brilliant in coloring. Yet they do not jar, are not obtrusive. So it was with her. Her dress was, perhaps, taken absolutely, indecorous. Upon her it looked at once seemly and beautiful.

Upon Bessie Prawle it would have been glaring; but one had to dissect it before one could discover any fault with it upon its wearer. She was very pale, even to the lips, which were full and parted, as if she breathed through her mouth. He noticed immediately the shortness of her breath. It was very distressing, and after a little while induced the same thing in himself. And not him only; but I fancy that the whole group of them sitting round her, where she was crouched against Miranda King's knees, were panting away like steam-engines before they had done with her. While Mr. Robson was there, Miranda never took her arm off her shoulder for a moment; but the girl's eyes were always fixed upon Andrew, who called himself her husband, unless her apprehension were directly called elsewhere. In that case she would look in the required direction for the fraction of a second, terrified and ready, as you may say, to die at a movement, and then, her fears at rest, back to her husband's face.

Mr. Robson's first business was to examine Andrew King, a perfectly honest, well-behaved lad, whom he had known from the cradle. He was candid—up to a point. He had found her on the top of Knapp Fell, he said; she had been with others, who ill treated her. What others? Others of her sort. Fairies, he said, who lived up there. He pressed him about this. Fairies? Did he really believe in such things? Like all country people, he spoke about these things with the utmost difficulty, and, when confronted by worldly wisdom, became dogged. He said, How could he help it, when here was one? Mr. Robson told him that he was begging the question, but he looked very blank. To the surprise of the minister, old King—old George King, the grandfather—had no objections to make to the suggestion of fairies on Knapp Fell. He could not say; there was no telling. Knapp was a known place; strange things were recorded of the forest. Miranda, his daughter-in-law, was always a self-contained woman, with an air about her of being forewarned. Being pressed, she finally said: "Sir, my son is as likely right as wrong. We must all make up our own minds." There the matter had to be left.

Andrew said that he had followed the fairies from the tarn on Lammer Fell into Knapp Forest. They had run away with him, taking this girl of his, as he supposed, with them. He had followed them because he meant to have her. They knew that, so had run. Why did he want her? He said that he had seen her before. When? Oh, long ago, when he had been up there alone. He had seen her face among the trees for a moment. They had been hurting her; she looked at him. She was frightened, but could n't cry out, only look and ask. He had never forgotten her; her looks had called him often, and he had kept his eyes wide open. Now, when he had found her again, he determined to have her. And at last, he said, he had got her. He had had to fight for her, for they had been about him like hellcats, and had jumped at him as if they would tear him to pieces, and screamed and hissed like cats. But when he had got her in his arms, they had all screamed together once, like a howling wind, and had flown away.

What next? Here he became obstinate, as if foreseeing what was to be. What next? He had married her. Married her! How could he marry a fairy on the top of Knapp Fell? Was there a church there, by chance? Had a license been handy? "Let me see her lines, Andrew," Mr. Robson had said somewhat sternly, in conclusion. His answer had been to lift up her left hand and show the thin third finger. It carried a ring made of plaited rush. "I put that on her," he said, "and said all the words over her out of the book."

"And you think you have married her, Andrew?" It was put to him *ex cathedra*. He grew very red and was silent; presently he said: "Well, sir, I do think so; but she 's not my wife yet, if that 's what you mean." The good gentleman felt very much relieved. It was satisfactory to him that he could still trust his worthy young parishioner.

Entirely under the influence of Miranda King, he found the family unanimous for a wedding. To that there were two objections to make. He could not put up the banns of a person without a name, and would not marry a person unbaptized. Now, to baptize an adult something more than sponsors are requisite; there must be voluntary assent to the doctrines of religion by the postulant. In this

case, how to be obtained? He saw no way, since it was by no means plain to him that the girl could understand a word that was said. He left the family to talk it over among themselves, saying, as he went out of the door, that his confidence in their principles was so strong that he was sure they would sanction no step which would lead the two young people away from the church door.

In the morning Miranda King came to him with a report that matters had been arranged and needed only his sanction. "I can trust my son, and see him take her with a good conscience," she told him. "She 's not one of his people, but she 's one of mine; and what I have done she can do, and is willing to do."

The clergyman was puzzled. "What do you mean by that, Mrs. King?" he asked her. "What are *your people?* How do they differ from mine or your husband's?"

She hesitated. "Well, sir, in this way: she has n't got your tongue nor my son's tongue."

"She has none at all," said the minister.

But Miranda replied, "She can talk without her tongue."

"Yes, my dear," he said; "but I cannot."

"But I can," was her answer; "she can talk to me, and will talk to you; but not yet. She 's dumb for a season; she 's struck so. My son will give her back her tongue by and by."

He was much interested. He asked Miranda to tell him who had struck her dumb. For a long time she would not answer. "We don't name him; it 's not lawful. He that has the power—the Master; I can go no nearer." He urged her to openness, got her at last to mention "The King of the Wood." The King of the Wood! There she stuck, and nothing he could say could move her from that name—the King of the Wood.

He left it so, knowing his people, and having other things to ask about. What speech had the respectable, the staid Miranda King in common with the scared waif? To that she answered that she could not tell him, but that it was certain they could understand each other. How? "By looks," she said, and added scornfully, "she 's not the kind that has to clatter with her tongue to have speech with her kindred."

Miranda, then, was a kinswoman! He showed his incredulity, and the woman flushed. "See here, Mr. Robson," she said, "I am of the sea, and she of the fell, but we are the same nation. We are not of yours, but you can make us so. Directly I saw her I knew what she was, and so did she know me. How? By the eyes and understanding. I felt who she was. As she is now, so was I once. As I am now, so will she be. I 'll answer for her; I 'm here to do it. When once I 'd followed my man, I never looked back; no more will she. The woman obeys the man; that 's the law. If a girl of your people was taken with a man of mine, she 'd lose her speech and forsake her home and ways. That 's the law all the world over. God Almighty's self, if He were a woman, would do the same. He could n't help it. The law is His; but He made it so sure that not Himself could break it."

"What law do you mean?" she was asked.

She said: "The law of life. The woman follows the man."

This proposition he was not prepared to deny, and the end of it was that Mr. Robson baptized the girl, taking Miranda for godmother. Mabilla they called her by her sponsor's desire—Mabilla By-the-wood, and as such she was published and married. You may be disposed to blame him for lightness of conscience, but I take leave to tell you that he had had the cure of souls in Dryhope for five and forty years. He claimed on that score to know his people. The more he knew of them, the less he was able to question the lore of such a one as Miranda King. And he might remind you that Mabilla King is alive to this hour, a wife and mother of children. That is a fact, and it is also a fact, as I am about to tell you, that she had a hard fight to win such peace.

Married, made a woman, she lost her haunted look, and gained some color in her cheeks. She lost her mortal chill. Her clothing, the putting up of her hair, made some difference, but loving entreaty all the difference in the world. To a casual glance there was nothing but refinement to distinguish her from her neighbors; to a closer one there was more than that. Her eyes, they said, had the far, intent, rapt gaze of a wild animal. They seemed to search minutely, reaching beyond our power of vision, to find there things be-

yond our human ken. But whereas the things which she looked at, invisible to us, caused her no dismay, those within our range, the most ordinary and commonplace, filled her with alarm. Her eyes, you may say, communed with the unseen, and her soul followed their direction, and dwelt remote from her body. She was easily startled not only by what she saw, but by what she heard. Nobody was ever more sensitive to sound. They say that a piano-tuner goes not by sound, but by the vibrations of the wire, which he is able to test without counting. It was so with her. She seemed to feel the trembling of the circumambient air, and knew by its greater or lesser intensity that something, and very often what thing in particular, was affecting it. All her senses were preternaturally acute; she could see incredible distances, hear, smell in a way that only wild nature can. Added to these, she had another sense whereby she could see what was hidden from us and understand what we could not even perceive. One could guess as much, on occasions, by the absorbed intensity of her gaze. But when she was with her husband, which was whenever he would allow it, she had no eyes, ears, senses, or thoughts for any other living thing, seen or unseen. She followed him about like a dog, and when that might not be, her eyes followed him. Sometimes, when he was afield with his sheep, they saw her come out of the cottage and slink up the hedgerow to the fell's foot. She would climb the brae, search him out, and then crouch down and sit watching him, never taking eyes off him. When he was at home, her favorite place was at his feet. She would sit huddled there for hours, and his hand would fall upon her hair or rest on her shoulder; and you could see the pleasure thrilling her, raying out from her, just as you can see, as well as hear, a cat purring by the fire. He used to whisper in her ear as if she were a child; like a child she used to listen and wonder. Whether she understood him or no, it was sometimes the only way of soothing her. Her trembling stopped at the sound of his voice, and her eyes left off staring, and showed the glow of peace. For whole long evenings they sat close together, his hand upon her hair, and his low voice murmuring in her ear.

This much the neighbors report, and the clergyman confirms, that all went well with the young couple for the better part of two years. The girl grew toward lovely womanhood, became sleek and well-liking; had a glow and a promise of ripeness which bid fair to be redeemed. A few omens, however, remained, disquieting when those who loved her thought of them. One was that she got no human speech, though she understood everything that was said to her; another that she showed no signs of motherhood; a third that Bessie Prawle could not abide her. She alone of all the little community avoided the King household, and scowled whensoever she happened to cross the path of this gentle, outland girl. Jealousy was presumed the cause; but I think there was more in it than that. I think that Bessie Prawle believed her to be a witch.

To eyes prepared for coming disaster things small in themselves loom out of a clear sky portentous. Such eyes had not young Andrew King, the bridegroom, a youth made man by love, secure in his treasure, and confident in his power of keeping what his confidence had won. Such eyes may or may not have had Mabilla, though hers seemed to be centered in her husband, where he was or where he might be. George King was old, and looked on nothing but his sheep, or the weather as it might affect his sheep. Miranda King, the self-contained, stoic woman, had schooled her eyes to see her common duties. Whatever she may have seen, she kept within the door of her shut lips. She may have known what was coming, she must have known that whatever came had to come. Bessie Prawle, however, with hatred, bitter fear, and jealousy to sharpen her, saw much.

Bessie Prawle was a handsome, red-haired girl, deep in the breast, full-eyed, and of great color. Her strength was remarkable. She could lift a heifer into a cart, and had once, being dared to it, carried Andrew King up the brae in her arms. The young man, she supposed, owed her a grudge for that; she believed herself unforgiven, and saw in this sudden marriage of his a long meditated act of revenge. By that in her eyes, and, as she thought, in the eyes of all Dryhope, he had ill requited her, put her to unthinkable shame. She saw herself with

her favors of person and power passed over for a nameless, haunted dumb thing, a stray from some other world into a world of men, women, and the children they rear to follow them. She scorned Mabilla for flinching so much; she scorned her for not flinching more; she hated and feared her at once. That Mabilla could be desirable to Andrew King made her scoff; that Andrew King should not know her dangerous kept her awake at night.

For the world seemed to her a fearful place since Mabilla had been brought into it. There were signs everywhere. That summer it thundered out of a clear sky. Once in the early morning she had seen a bright light above the sun—a mock sun which shone more fiercely than a fire in daylight. She heard wild voices singing; on still days she saw the trees in Knapp Fell bent to a furious wind. When Mabilla crept up the fell on noiseless feet to spy for Andrew King, Bessie Prawle heard the bents hiss and crackle under her, as if she set them afire.

Next summer, too, there were portents. There was a great drought, so great that Dryhope burn ran dry, and water had to be fetched from a distance for the sheep. There were heather fires in many places, smut got into the oats, and a plague of caterpillars attacked the trees, so that in July they were leafless, and there was no shade. There was no pasture for the kine, which grew lean and languid. Their bones stuck out through their skin; they moaned as they lay on the parched earth, and had not strength enough to swish at the clouds of flies. They had sores upon them, which festered and spread. If Mabilla, the nameless wife, was not responsible for this, who could be? Perhaps Heaven was offended with Dryhope on account of Andrew King's impiety. Bessie believed that Mabilla was a witch.

She followed the girl about, spying on everything she did. Once, at least, she came upon her lying in the heather. She was plaiting rushes together into a belt, and Bessie thought she was weaving a spell, and sprang upon her. The girl cowered, very white, and Bessie Prawle, her heart on fire, gave tongue to all her bitter thoughts. The witch-wife, fairy-wife, child or whatever she was, seemed to wither as a flower in a hot wind. Bessie *Prawle towered* above her in her strength, and gained invective with every fierce breath she took. Her blue eyes burned; her bosom heaved like the sea; her arm, bared to the shoulder, could have struck a man down. Yet in the midst of her frenzied speech, in full flow, she faltered. Her fists unclenched themselves, her arm dropped nerveless, her eyes sought the ground. Andrew King, pale with rage, stood before her.

He looked at her with deadly calm.

"Be out of this," he said. "You degrade yourself. Never let me see you again." Before she had shrunk away, he had stooped to the huddled creature at his feet, had covered her with his arms, and was whispering urgent comfort in her ear, caressing her with voice and hands. Bessie Prawle could not show herself to the neighbors for the rest of the summer and early autumn. She became a solitary; the neighbors said that she was in a decline.

The drought, with all the troubles it entailed of plague, pestilence, and famine, continued through August and September. It did not really break till All-hallows, and then indeed it did.

The day had been overcast, with a sky of a coppery tinge and intensely dry heat; a chance puff of wind smote one in the face, hot as the breath of a man in fever. The sheep panted on the ground, their dry tongues far out of their mouths; the beasts lay as if dead, and flies settled upon them in clouds. All the land was of one glaring brown, where the bents were dry straw, and the heather first burned and then bleached pallid by the sun. The distance was blurred in a reddish, lurid haze: Knapp Fell and its forest were hidden.

Mabilla, the dumb girl, had been restless all day, following Andrew about like a shadow. The heat had made him irritable; more than once he had told her to go home, and she had obeyed him for the time, but had always come back. Her looks roamed wide; she seemed always listening; sometimes it was clear that she heard something, for she panted, and moved her lips. There was deep trouble in her eyes, too; she seemed full of fear. At almost any other time her husband would have noticed it and comforted her; but his nerves, fretted by the long, scorching summer, were on this day of fire shattered to the cracking-point. He saw and felt nothing but his own discomfort.

Out on the parched fell-side Bessie Prawle sat like a bird of omen and gloomed at the wrath to come.

Toward dusk a wind came moaning down the valley, raising little spires of dust. It came now down, now up. Sometimes two currents met each other and made momentary riot. But farm-work has to get itself done through fair or foul. It grew dark; the sheep were folded and fed, the cattle were got in, and the family sat together in the kitchen, silent, preoccupied, the men oppressed and anxious over they knew not what. As for those two, aliens, Miranda and Mabilla By-the-wood, whatever they knew, one of them made no sign at all, and the other, though she was white, though she shivered and peered about, had no means of voicing her thought.

They had their tea, and settled to their evening tasks. The old shepherd dozed over his pipe, Miranda knitted fast, Mabilla stared out of the window into the dark, twisting her hands, and Andrew, with one of his hands upon her shoulder, patted her gently, as if to soothe her. She gave him a grateful look more than once, but did not cease to shiver. Nobody spoke, and suddenly in the silence Mabilla gasped and began to tremble. Then the dog growled under the table. All looked up and about them.

A scattering, pattering sound lashed at the window. Andrew then started up. "Rain!" he said. "That 's what we 're waiting for," and made to go to the door. Miranda, his mother, and Mabilla, his young wife, caught him by the frock and held him back. The dog, staring into the window-pane, bristling and glaring, continued to growl. They waited in silence, but with beating hearts.

A loud knock sounded suddenly on the door—a dull, heavy blow, as if one had pounded it with a tree-stump. The dog burst into a panic of barking, flew to the door, and sniffed at the threshold. He whined and scratched frantically with his forepaws. The wind began to blow, coming quite suddenly down, solid upon the wall of the house, shaking it upon its foundations. George King was now upon his feet. "Good God Almighty," he said, "this is the end of the world!"

The blast was not long-lived. It fell to a murmur. Andrew King, now at the window, could see nothing of the rain. There were no drops upon the glass, or sound upon the sycamores outside. But even while he looked, and his grandfather, all his senses alert, waited for what was to come, and the two pale women clung together, knowing what was to come, there grew gradually another sound which, because it was familiar, brought their terrors sharply to a point.

It was the sound of sheep in a flock running. It came from afar and grew in volume and distinctness—the innumerable small thudding of sharp hoofs, the rustling of woolly bodies, the volleying of short breath, and that indefinable sense of bustle which massed things produce, passing swiftly. The sheep came on, panic-driven, voiceless in their fear, but speaking aloud in the wildly clanging bells; they swept by the door of the house with a sound like the rush of water; they disappeared in that flash of sound. Old King cried, "Man, 't is the sheep!" and flew for his staff and shoes. Miranda followed to fetch them; but Andrew went to the door as he was, shaking off his clinging wife, unlatched it, and let in a gale of wind. The dog shot out like a flame of fire and was gone.

It was as if the wind which was driving the sheep was going to scour the house. It came madly, with indescribable force; it rushed into the house, blew the window curtains toward the middle of the room, drove the fire outward, and set the ashes whirling like snow all about. Andrew King staggered before it a moment, then put his head down and beat his way out. Mabilla, shuddering, shrank backward to the fireplace and crouched there, waiting. Old King came out booted and cloaked, his staff in his hand, battled to the door, and was swept up the brae upon the gale. Miranda did not appear; so Mabilla, white and rigid, was alone in the whirling room.

Creeping to her through the open door, holding to whatever solid thing she could come by, entered Bessie Prawle. In all that turmoil and terror she alone was hot. Her grudge was burning in her. She could have killed Mabilla with her eyes.

But she did not, for Mabilla was in the hands of greater and stronger powers. Before Bessie Prawle's shocked eyes she was seen rigid and awake. She was seen to cower as to some threatening shape, then to stiffen, to mutter with her dry lips, and

then to grow still, to stare with her wide-open eyes, and then to see nothing. A glaze swam over her eyes. They were open, but as the eyes of the dead.

Bessie Prawle, horror-struck, stretched out her arms to give her shelter. All her honest humanity was reborn in her in this dreadful hour. "My poor lass, I 'll not harm ye," she was saying; but Mabilla had begun to move. She moved as a sleep-walker, seeing, but not seeing her way. She moved as one who must, not as one who could. She went slowly, as if drawn to the open door. Bessie never tried to stop her; she could not, though she would. Slowly, as if drawn, she went to the door, staring before her, pale as a cloth, rigid as a frozen thing. At the threshold she swayed for a moment in the power of the storm; then she was sucked out like a dried leaf, and was no more seen. Overhead, all about the eaves of the house, the great wind shrilled mockery and despairing mirth. The fire leaped toward the middle of the room, and fell back so much white ash. Bessie Prawle plumped down to her knees, huddled, and prayed.

Andrew King, coming back, found her there at it, alone. His eyes swept the room. "Mabilla! Bessie Prawle, where is Mabilla?" The girl huddled and prayed on. He took her by the shoulder and shook her to and fro. "You foul wench, you piece, this is your doing!" Bessie sobbed her denials, but he would not hear her. Snatching up a staff, he turned, threw her down in his fury. He left the house and followed the wind.

The wind caught him the moment he was outside and swept him onward whether he would or no. He ran down the bank of the beck, which seemed to be racing him for a prize, leaping and thundering level with its banks; before he had time to wonder whether the bridge still stood he was up with it, over it, and on the edge of the brae. Up the moorland road he went, carried rather than running, and where it loses itself in the first inclosure, being hard up against the wall, over he vaulted, across the field and over the farther wall. Out then upon the open fell, where the heather makes great cushions, and between all of them are bogs and stones, he was swept by the wind. It shrieked about him, and carried him up and over as if he were a leaf of autumn. Beyond that was dangerous groun there was no stopping; he was cau the flood of the gale. He knew ver however, whither it was carrying h Knapp, that place of dread, whitl was now sure Mabilla had been c resumed by her own people. The no drawing back, there was no tir prayer. All he could do was to ke feet. He was carried down the D fell, he said, into the next valley, somehow over the roaring beck in tl tom, and up the rugged side of I where the peat-hags are as high as and presently knew without the help eyes that he was nearing the forest heard the swishing of the trees, the ing of the boughs, the sharp crac crash which told of some limb to and sent to ruin; and he knew a some hush not far off that the wind, and furious as it was, was to be q within that awful place.

It was so. He stood panting up edge of the wood, out of the wind, roared away overhead. He twittere his foolish lips, not knowing what or to do, nor daring to do anything, l known it; but all the prayers he ha learned were driven clean out of his He could dimly make out the tree immediately before him, low t shelves of bracken fern; he could somewhat into the glooms beyond a the solemn trees ranked in their and above them a great, soft bla rent here and there to show the sky. volleying of the storm sounded like t heard afar off; it was so remote and a noise that lesser sounds were disc —the rustlings, squeakings, and sna of small creatures moving about small undergrowth. Every one of sent his heart leaping to his mouth, l his fears were to be swallowed amazement; for as he stood ther tracted, without warning, without there stood one by him, within to distance—a child, as he judged it, loose hair and bright eyes, prying ir face, smiling at him, and inviting l come on.

"Who in God's name—" cried A King; but the child plucked him l coat and tried to draw him into the

I understand that he did not h If he had forgotten his gods, he h

forgotten his fairy wife. I suppose, too, that he knew where to look for her; he may have supposed that she had been resumed into her first state. At any rate, he made his way to the tarn by guesswork, aided by reminiscence. I believe he was accustomed to aver that he "knew where she was very well," and that he took a straight line to her. I have seen Knapp Forest, and doubt it. He did, however, find himself by the dark waters of the lake, and there, sure enough, he did also see the women with whom his Mabilla had once been co-mate. They came about him, he said, like angry cats, hissing, and shooting out their lips. They did not touch him; but if eyes and white, hateful faces could have killed him, dead he had been then and there.

He called upon God and Christ and made a way through them. His senses had told him where Mabilla was. He found her pale and trembling on the edge of the trees. She leaned against a tall tree, perfectly rigid, "as cold as a stone," staring across him with frozen eyes, her mouth open like a round O. He took her in his arms and, holding her close, turned and defied the "witches," so he called them in his wrath. He dared them in the name of God to touch him or his wife; and as he did so, he says that he felt the chill grow upon him. It took him, he said, in the legs, and ran up his body. It stiffened his arms till they felt as if they must snap under the strain; it caught him in the neck and fixed it. He felt his eyes grow stiff and hard; he felt himself sway. "Then," he said, "the dark swam over me—the dark and the bitter cold, and I knew nothing more." Questioned, as he was by Mr. Robson and his friends, he declared that it was at the name of God the cold got him first. He saw the women hushed and scared, and at the same time one of them looked over her shoulder, as if somebody was coming. Had he called in the King of the Wood? That is what he himself thought. It was the King of the Wood who had come in quest of Mabilla, had pulled her out of the cottage in Dryhope, and frozen her in the forest. It was he, no doubt, said Andrew King, who had come to defy the Christian and his God. I detect here the inspiration of his mother Miranda, the strange sea-woman who knew Mabilla without mortal knowledge and spoke to her in no mortal speech. But the sequel to the tale is a strange one.

Andrew King awoke to find himself in Mabilla's arms, to hear for the first time in his life Mabilla call him softly by his name. "Andrew, husband!" she called him, and when he opened his eyes in wonder to hear her, she said: "Andrew, take me home now. It is all over," or words to that effect. They went along the forest, and up and down the fells together. The wind had dropped, the stars shone. And together they took up their life where they had dropped it, with one significant omission in its circumstance. Bessie Prawle had disappeared from Dryhope. She had followed him up the fell on the night of the storm, but she came not back. And they say that she never did. Nothing was found of her body, though search was made; but a comb she used to wear was picked up, they say, by the tarn in Knapp Forest, an imitation tortoise-shell comb which used to hold up her hair. Miranda King, who knew more than she would ever tell, had a shrewd suspicion of the truth of the case. But Andrew King knew nothing, and I dare say cared very little. He had his wood-wife, and she had her voice, and between them, I believe, they had a child within the year.

I ought to add that I have with these eyes seen Mabilla By-the-wood who became Mabilla King. When I went from Dryhopedale to Knapp Forest she stood at the farm-house door with a child in her arms. Two others were tumbling about in the croft. She was a pretty, serious girl, for she looked quite a girl, with a round face and large, grayish blue eyes. She had a pink cotton dress on, and a good figure beneath it. She was pale, but looked healthy and strong; not a tall girl. I asked her the best way to Knapp Forest, and she came out to the gate to point it to me. She talked simply, with a Northern accent, and might have been the child of generations of borderers. She pointed me the very track by which Andrew King must have brought her home, by which the King of the Wood swept her out on the wings of his wrath; she named the tarn where once she dwelt as the spirit of a tree; all this without a flush, a tremor, or a sign in her blue eyes that she had ever known the place.

NATIONAL HEALTH AND MEDICAL FREEDOM

BOTH SIDES OF A QUESTION OF PUBLIC INTEREST

IN THE CENTURY for September, in an editorial article entitled, "In Appreciation of the Doctor," apropos of the knightly devotion of the rank and file of the medical profession, appeared the following paragraph:

In the memory of many such experiences it is with indignation that one hears the rank and file of this noble profession pilloried as "the doctors' trust" by those opposed to the bill of Senator Owen for a National Department of Health. It is not necessary to probe for the motives of those who are fighting this admirable measure. Doubtless many, especially those of them who profess the faith of Christian Science, are conscientious, but nevertheless, under the banner of "medical freedom," they are playing into the hands of patent-medicine manufacturers, adulterators of food, and medical charlatans, to the peril of the public health. The Owen Bill will merely extend to the whole country and make more effective the kind of sanitary guardianship which in the city of New York is accomplishing a progressive and astonishing reduction of the rate of mortality. Imagine for a moment the Department of Health of this city and port discontinued: it would not be forty-eight hours before we should be exposed to physical dangers comparable only to the brood of Pandora's box.

It will be seen that we took particular pains to recognize the conscientiousness of many of the opponents of the Owen Bill. We willingly give place to the following criticism of our point of view.—THE EDITOR.

BY B. O. FLOWER

President of the National League for Medical Freedom

Editor of THE CENTURY:

Sir: Under the title "In Appreciation of the Doctor," a writer in your September issue impugns the motives of many thousands of intelligent and conscientious citizens other than Christian Scientists who belong to our league, and makes statements that seem to me so misleading that justice calls for a reply in behalf of the quarter of a million members of the National League for Medical Freedom who are opposing the Owen Bill.

Before noticing the statements of the writer, let me say that I heartily approve of all he has said in regard to the conscientious and faithful physician. I yield to no one in my high regard for all such representatives of the healing art, and the position of the National League for Medical Freedom, of which I am the president, is not, and never has been, hostile to physicians as such. Indeed, among our national and state officials there are over fifty physicians, many of them men of national reputation. Not only has our league no contention with physicians *per se*, but we would oppose any group in our own organization who might seek by law to abridge the rights of the citizen to employ any so-called regular doctors as strenuously as we would oppose the attempt of that school to take this right from the people who have found help in other systems and methods of cure, and we would as strongly oppose any school represented in our league who sought to force the treatment of its practitioners on any unwilling persons, as we oppose compulsion when the old school seeks to inject poisonous serums or dangerous vaccines into the blood of those who rebel against this experimental treatment, which is strongly opposed by many physicians of all schools.

First, our league opposes legislation which looks toward taking from millions of intelligent citizens the right longer legally to employ the practitioners of their choice—the practitioners who in thousands of cases have cured them after the privilege-seeking doctors have signally failed.

Second, we oppose compulsion in medicine or the forcing of contested and dangerous treatments on unwilling citizens.

Third, we oppose the distribution at the expense of the taxpayers of disputed theories of the dominant medical school.

Here your writer implies that the Owen Bill would remove the peril of medical charlatans. Now, pray, who is to decide who the medical charlatans are? Who, indeed, but the representatives of the only school of medicine which is recognized by the Government, and which is the powerful influence promoting the proposed legislation, the representatives of the school which in various States has for years been seeking to outlaw the newer schools and systems of cure, which through their success have alarmed the less successful privilege-seeking doctors while gaining the confidence of millions of our citizens?

There would be little danger of the passage of the Owen Bill were it not for the organized and active work of the political doctors of the American Medical Association. For a score of years before Senator Owen offered his first bill this association had sought legislation of this character, as he has admitted on the floor of the Senate.

We claim that the Owen Bill is the entering wedge in the well-matured plan of the political doctors of the dominant school to "control American medical practice."

On the subject of food adulteration I think it is safe to say that no body of people in the United States are more unalterably in favor of sweeping legislation that would render impossible through its drastic penalties the adulteration or the misbranding of the people's food than are the members of our organization.

In regard to sanitation, your correspondent has gravely misrepresented the position of the friends of medical freedom. The declaration of principles of our league clearly states our position when it says, "While in favor of sanitation and cleanliness in the highest degree, we oppose the attempted use of these general principles as a cloak for compulsory medical treatment." We believe that the most eminent sanitary engineers, and not political doctors, should be placed in charge of the sanitary service.

The attack made upon the league by "Collier's," and revamped in Senate Document No. 493, has been ably answered by Senator John D. Works, whose address in the Senate, July 6, 1911, constitutes a part of the "Congressional Record"; also by Edmund Vance Cooke, and by two pamphlets published by the league.

And, finally, our league contains thousands of earnest, conscientious, scholarly, and successful physicians. Many of them are distinguished representatives of the Homeopathic, Eclectic, and Osteopathic schools of practice. They are men of culture and vision, men who are perfectly ready to stand or fall on the success of their practice without asking special privilege or monopolistic legislation from the Government. These men know that the healing art is an *art* rather than an exact *science*. They know the distinguished Harvard medical professor, William James, spoke the exact truth when he said, in speaking as a regular physician before the Massachusetts legislative committee in 1898: "Both as to principle and as to practice our knowledge is deplorably imperfect. The whole face of medicine changes unexpectedly from one generation to another." And knowing this, these broad-visioned and scholarly physicians who are actively working for the success of the league insist that the cause of scientific advancement, as well as the inherent right of the citizen, wait on medical freedom and not on compulsion or restriction in the healing art.

THE following comment on the foregoing represents the opposite point of view.

BY IRVING FISHER

Professor of Political Economy in Yale University, President of the Committee of One Hundred on National Health

MOST of Mr. Flower's letter seems quite beside the point. You do not imply "that the Owen Bill would remove the peril of medical charlatans." The plain truth is that the "League for Medical Freedom" is a misnomer. Its real object is to pre-

vent health legislation, lest the result should be to discredit Christian Science and other sects of practitioners represented in the league. They maintain that they favor sanitary legislation, but it always turns out that when what is commonly known as sanitary legislation is proposed, they oppose it on the ground that it is not, in their opinion, sanitary legislation.

The Owen Bill never contemplated any restriction of medical freedom, and Senator Owen, taking his opponents at their word, changed his bill so as to remove any possibility of such misconstruction, even to the extent of inserting explicit provisos that medical freedom should not be interfered with. Nevertheless, the opponents of the original bill continue to oppose the amended bill. They admit that they have no constructive program to take its place. They would oppose any bill to create a national health service. They opposed the bill which has finally passed to change the name of the Marine Hospital Service to the Public Health Service, and their spokesman in the Senate, Senator Works, finally accepted this bill merely because he hoped it would prevent the passage of other health legislation in the Owen Bill. The Owen Bill merely unites the Pure Food Bureau, the Marine Hospital Service Bureau (now the "Public Health Service"), and the Vital Statistics Service of the Census into a larger health service, and makes it independent of the existing departments of the Government; in other words, frees it from the commercial interests which have hampered Dr. Wiley and the other health bureaus in the past.

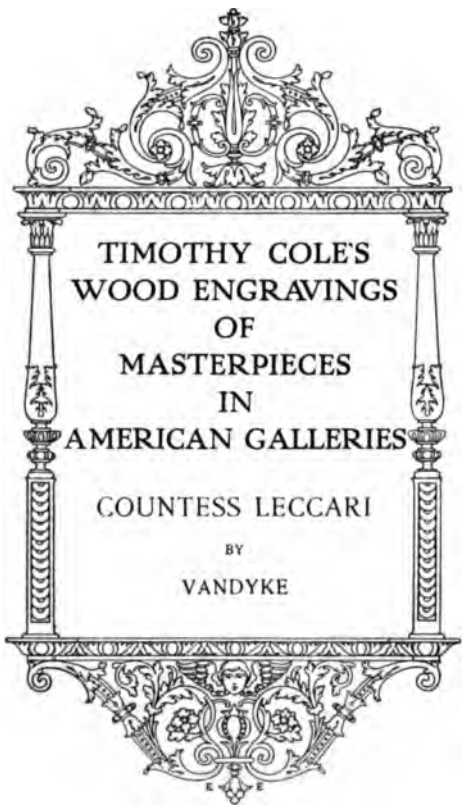
The unwillingness of the men whom Mr. Flower represents to favor and help in securing any effective health legislation has shown them in their true light and has discredited them with many who originally were misled by their protestations. A great metropolitan daily newspaper which had first lent its columns to the league has withdrawn its support. The homeopathists, whom they claimed as allies, have formally supported the proposal for a national health service. They have met similar defeat in the recent meeting in San Francisco of the National Federation of Women's Clubs despite the strong effort of many Christian Scientists, and they were foiled in their attempts to prevent the insertion of health planks in all three of the national party platforms. Health planks were adopted in all three, and extremely strong ones in the Progressive and Democratic platforms, which virtually indorsed the Owen Bill.

It is hard to understand how any one can oppose the Owen Bill because of any supposed interference with medical freedom except on the assumption that he is opposing the onward march of medical knowledge. This is really what is meant when Mr. Flower says: "We oppose the general distribution at the expense of the taxpayers of disputed theories of the dominant medical school." "We oppose compulsion when the old school seeks to inject poisonous serums or dangerous vaccines into the blood of those who rebel against this experimental treatment." They know that the Owen Bill does not have the slightest reference to such compulsion, but they prejudge that serums and vaccines are injurious and that the information which would be distributed by the National Health Service would be erroneous. They are not willing to submit their case to the test of scientific investigation. They know that only those educated in sanitation would be put in charge of the health service, and they disagree in advance with the scientific conclusions which would be reached. This is intolerance masquerading under the banner of toleration.

If we should listen to such appeals for "medical freedom," we should limit the possibility of medical progress such as has been made by the great government laboratories in Europe, the Pasteur Institute, the Koch Laboratory in Germany, and in this country the Rockefeller Institute and the War Department, in investigating and eliminating yellow fever, typhoid fever (by vaccination), and the hook-worm disease in Porto Rico.

Fuller information can be had from the memorial prepared under my direction for Senator Owen on the "Conservation of Human Life" (Senate Document No. 493) and from the references given in this statement, including particularly the investigations of the league in "Collier's Weekly."

TIMOTHY COLE'S WOOD ENGRAVINGS OF MASTERPIECES IN AMERICAN GALLERIES



Owned by Mr. David T. Watson

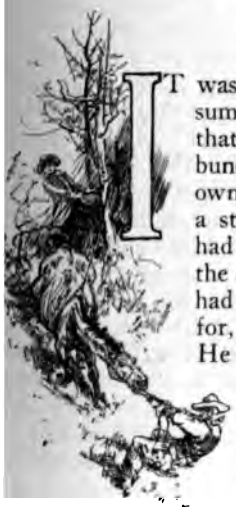
THE COUNTESS LECCARI. BY VANDYKE

(TIMOTHY COLE'S WOOD ENGRAVINGS OF MASTERPIECES IN AMERICAN GALLERIES)

THE PIE-COLORED HORSE

BY MARION HAMILTON CARTER

WITH PICTURES BY REGINALD BIRCH



IT was during my second summer in Wyoming that I started to run a bunch of horses of my own. One of them was a stilt-legged colt that had been given to me; the other was a horse I had paid fifteen dollars for, and valued highly. He was n't a young horse,—at that price one does n't expect it,—and yet he was n't precisely what you 'd call real ld, because he could still keep on top of is legs if you did n't run him after ante- ıpe, which was n't what I 'd bought him ır. I had bought him for his color—his ılor was simply the *chic-est* thing I ever ıw a horse clothed in.

Now, to a person unaccustomed to buying horses, it may seem a trifle far-fetched to select one solely for his color; but a large experience has convinced me that color, if you have seen it in the rain and know it won't crock, is the one test that never fails. I have bought for every other reason, and I know.

My first horse I bought for speed. I was young, and my ambition was to go over the roads like a kite. Betsy was a Blue Grass thoroughbred. I got her from a clergyman, and she certainly had the speed; that, he told me, was the reason he was selling her: she had such ungodly speed that the elders of his church thought he was racing when he went about on parish calls, and prayers and sermons could n't prove it to them that he was n't. He said they made him sell her. I took her, and was glad.

Well, I had bought for legs, and I got them. When I first saw Betsy, she had

four; but after I had driven her a while, she seemed to have legs not in pairs, but in clumps. In two years she had forty—at least according to the veterinary bills I paid for new ones. To save myself from financial ruin, I gave her to our milkman for a Christmas present. Since that day no one has been able to sell me a horse for speed. I love speed, but I won't buy for it.

Sometime later I bought a horse for work, from a nice, old benevolent-faced farmer who made one feel at home with righteousness and said he was selling only because he no longer had work enough on his farm for a horse to keep its self-respect. I had work enough for two, so I told the hired man to start right in with the plow.

The horse lay down and died.

All told, I have bought fourteen horses for every reason but color, and all, without exception, were failures, which is why I feel I am right in saying that color is the one thing you can rely on in horse-flesh. If you buy for color only, your horse may swallow his teeth, his tail-feathers may blow off, he may develop legs in groves, he may have spring-halt, heaves, blind staggers, or a wild and wicked disposition; but until he actually drops dead on the ground, you always have what you bought him for and at the price you felt was adequate. Everything in the way of virtue he may possess after color is thus clear gain and profit on the transaction, besides which you have the inward satisfaction of knowing that nobody got ahead of you on that deal. That is why, though I love everything about a horse, I now buy for color only, and always advise the inexperienced to do the same, for you are simply bound to get a bargain. You can't miss it if you try. Hence, when old Buck was offered to me at fifteen dollars, I bought him on the spot; his color was absolutely worth it. How wonderful a bargain I thus stumbled on appeared later.

The commercial part of old Buck was a delicious pie-crust, set off by a rich bakey mane and tail and stockings, a pure white star in the middle of his forehead, the most entrancingly beautiful combination for a horse my eye ever rested upon. It went so successfully with my black broadcloth riding-suit the mere thought of it gave me joy; and as the suit cost me seventy-five dollars in New York (I 'm not including the hat and boots and gloves or the white ties and turquoise scarf-pin), and since I naturally had to have a horse to go with the suit, it did seem as though fifteen dollars were little enough to pay for an article that made so lovely a background for the black skirt, and so perfect a middle distance for the turquoise pin. The turquoise was the high-art center of the color composition I aspired to make.

Now, everybody in the county that summer knew I was looking for a saddle-horse and wanted to sell me one, for about two hundred dollars, regardless; and horses were brought to the ranch in bunches—sorrels, bays, smokies, blacks, whites, dapples, pintos, and splatterdashes, their owners recommending them for wind, strength, legs, endurance, intelligence, ability, disposition, or horse sense. But I turned them all down at the first glance because I saw the color did n't go with my suit, and when the owners demanded why I would n't buy, I told the plain truth: "Because I do not like the color."

Nobody believed me,—nobody does when you tell the plain, entire truth,—and the horse-dealers went away convinced there was "another reason" and that I was darkly concealing something I suspected or knew about their horses: my saying it was color I did n't like was only a polite excuse.

Immediately everybody began asking everybody, "Why, say, Jake, what *was* the matter with that there horse o' yourn that she would n't buy him?" And everybody answered furiously: "The matter? My gosh! they war n't nothin' the matter. She said she did n't like the color, that 's all."

This reply was met with deriding honks.

"Huh! Say, don't you go kiddin' me they 's nothin' but color the matter with *that* horse; they 's bound to be."

Useless for owners to protest there was n't; but, then, what *was* the matter? Nobody could guess, and of course nobody would admit anything. And so, simply because I said I did n't like the color, half the horses of the community "had something wrong" with them or fell under suspicion of disease and concealed calamity. Prices went down. Worse, men actually came to blows to prove I had n't said anything against their animals; and even if I had, the horse was all right. Imagine,

then, if you can, the feelings of the community when I bought the pie-colored horse for fifteen dollars and declared I had a bargain.

The whole crowd swooped down on me with jeers.

"He ain't got any legs."

I said, "Legs are n't everything—in a horse."

"He ain't got any tail."

I said, "Tails are n't everything—in a horse."

"He ain't got any wind."

I said, "Wind is n't everything—in a horse."

"He ain't got any teeth."

I said, "Teeth are n't everything—in a horse."

"He 's older 'n the hills; George Washin'ton broke him."

I said, "Youth is n't everything—in a horse."

"Huh! Then what in thunderation did ye buy him fer?"

I said, "I bought him for his color, and I got a *bargain*. Why, look at him! Can't you see it?"

This artless question sorted the sheep from the goats. Some could n't or would n't see the bargain in that horse; still, there were others who did n't like to confess they could n't see what I saw—that mysterious something more than the sum of all his parts,—and because I was from New York, and they did n't like to lower themselves in my esteem, they meditated at old Buck, scratched their heads, and mused, "Well, now, there might be something, after all, in that there old horse, and it took a Noo Yorker to discover it."

Now, the way to test a bargain, as everybody knows, is to try to buy it from the fellow who owns it; and seeing me so convinced about mine, people presently began asking if I cared to sell and what I 'd take.

"Three hundred dollars," was my invariable answer.

The whole community had a fit as soon as that got about. "Three hundred dollars! Gosh! Was that there Noo York tenderfoot crazy? She 's askin' three hundred dollars fer a' ol' coyote-bait bag o' bones. Phew! gee whizz and phew! Three hundred *cents!* An' that 's more 'n the critter 's wuth, by gosh! I had a chancet to buy him fer two dollars; would n't take him fer one."

Why, people were more wrought up over my asking price of three hundred dollars for that horse than over who should be the next President.

And to me, the horse was worth it. Never shall I forget my first ride when he and I ambled off alone and melted into the sage-brush landscape, a thousand miles from a crowd and not a house in sight. The whole thing was complete and finished. Such art! Its isolation gave it such a sense of the private and chosen, the one thing skill and knowledge never could have produced. Nobody saw me. I did not wish anybody to see me. That was the charm of the experience: in being immeasurably remote, I felt it immeasurably intimate and *mine*. With a single hour of complete joy that horse had paid for himself ten times over. I would not have parted with him that night for a hundred and fifty dollars. In one week he had endeared himself to me three hundred. It was only a step to five.

For presently I learned that he had a soul.

Afternoons we used to wander up in what they call the Black Rock Country, a hill some seven hundred feet high, where, as you go up and up, the view opens out before you and the plains stretch away and away. About every twenty-five feet he loved to stop and look at the view, and when we reached the top, he would stand and stand and stand, devouring the scenery with his big, gentle, appreciative eyes as though he could n't get enough of it. We fairly thrilled with the beauty of it, and every time I sighed, he sighed. And I ask you, What horse with legs and teeth and youth could have felt the way I did? Not one.

Three hundred, five hundred, a thousand dollars—how are you to reckon the value of a horse like that? Even a horse may be out of the range of arithmetic through inestimable quality of mind and heart, and for me to say he was "worth a thousand" is merely a tribute to the soul I saw in him. A month after I bought him I would not sell him for five hundred dollars,—at least while I was out there to use him,—and I said so. I should have known enough of human nature to keep that to myself, and it was my one greatest

mistake in all my horse deals to mention it; for by that time people were admitting my superior knowledge and experience in buying horses, and because of it the entire community agreed he was "wuth two hundred, anyways, and mebbe more." He was called "that bargain horse," and soon he was warmly referred to as "the greatest bargain in the State," and his value rose another hundred.

Don't imagine that merely boosting for him had done it all. No. As a good-looker, when I got through with him, he put all the other horses on the range out of play. One thing that had made people call him "coyote bait" was that he was virtually starving when I bought him because he had n't teeth enough to keep himself filled up on grass in the time allowed for lunch. But four sacks of corn and two of oats brought back most of his early figure,—he 'd been a corking-good horse in his day,—and a pair of scissors, a cake of soap, a lump of stove polish, industry, and an artistic eye did the rest.

First, I scrubbed him with hot suds and afterward slicked him down with vaseline on a brush till his coat was satin with crushed strawberry shadows and sky-blue high lights. I did his hoofs with stove polish, cut his tail square off, banged his forelock, and clipped his nibbled-looking mane close, so that his neck arched up like the flaky outer roll of a perfectly done pie. Then I changed his commonplace name from Buck to Pie-crust.

These operations gave him an afternoon effect that was captivating even to cowboys, and—would you believe it?—three days after I had finished him, before I 'd said what my official valuation was or anything, the whole community was jeering at the man who sold a horse like that for fifteen dollars, and they said to me with admiration, "I see you ain't no fool, even if ye did come from Noo York."

I was flattered until I discovered that they were actually envying me that poor old, toothless, made-over horse. It troubled me. To be envied anything that goes about on the hoof is a serious matter, and aside from the fact that I did n't relish losing half my bunch at one fell swoop, I loved that horse for his own sake. His beautiful and appreciative nature was something money could not buy.

But I knew the world was full of mean people, so I stopped turning him out at night, and corralled him. I stopped boosting for him. When anybody hinted he would like to buy that horse, I hastily fizzed off:

"Why, what under the sun would you do with an old thing like that? He has n't any legs, has n't any wind, has n't any tail, has n't any teeth!" only to be told back: "Well, my gosh! legs an' wind an' tail an' teeth ain't *everything* in a horse, not by a whole lot!"

It was too late. I had foolishly made my pet the most distinguished, the most talked-of and envied animal in the county. He was stolen from me.

I did n't believe it for a day or two after I missed him, and I did n't worry; for he had a way of wandering off by himself to ponder in seclusion in some lonely draw and brood over the way the other horses treated him. They were jealous of his oats, and it made him *so* unhappy to see them act that way. However, as the fourth day came, and he did n't, I started out to look for him, which in that country is something of a chore to do on foot, and I had to go that way, for it was the innermost fastnesses of the Rocky Mountains that he loved as his retreat. And just as I was beginning to grieve for him as dead, Kinky Larkin came tearing down and told me Roddy McQueed had stolen my pet for me!

Now, the trouble between Roddy and me was this: Roddy himself had made the mistake of his life on that same horse. He had been offered Pie-crust for coyote bait at seven dollars and called it a "blamed hold-up," and then to think that the owner got fifteen from a tenderfoot merely for the asking completely soured the boy on me. That fifteen dollars stamped me as a person of inexhaustible wealth. Roddy thought if I "could buy coyote bait fer fifteen dollars," I "could jist as easy buy a *horse* fer a hundred and fifty"—from him.

He told me so. It was in vain that I protested I had all the horse I needed—all I could afford that summer; that both as art and as friend Pie-crust was to be cherished. It was Roddy's pose to look down on cherished things, and the more I said old Pie-crust was a bargain, the madder Roddy grew at me for thinking it. He paid me back by stealing the horse so that I could n't say I had a bargain at all.

is annoyed. It was n't only that I
t half my bunch of horses or that I
Pie-crust's unostentatious conduct
id where everything that is showing
acting like the dickens thinks it 's
for its board and keep; it was—
all I put it? I was his impresario,
ator. Before me, he was coyote
fter me, with my stage-managing,
me an animal of value, a thing of
ion. Indeed, he became a rare dis-
, almost a classic. So it did seem
too mean of Roddy to work out his
1 himself that way.
y sympathetically agreed it was,
ered to do anything I could suggest
w Roddy he dass n't monkey with"
n if I did come from New York.
held it to be open season on New
s all the time in our part of the

u bein' a tenderfoot ain't no excuse
," Kinky asserted warmly. "Steal-
only horse in the country ye could
comfort outa ridin'!" He gave a
isgusted snort, and added, "Huh!
1 doin' a lady—an' your age, too!
's too fresh by a whole lot."
y meant this as a compliment; it
crude way of saying I had a dig-
be respected. He regarded me as
naiden-aunty class, and told me his
s freely; for I was that most com-
thing for a very young man to
a woman to confide in who is n't in
ning for his heart. So he was
now at the slight put upon me,
er some moments of meditation he
ed, scratching his unrazored chin:
gosh! I wished I could see some
w ye could hand him one back he
never fergit! Rod he needs to be
some things, an' you an' me had
lo it."
oked that way to me, too—that
nce had appointed me to assist
s education on the subject of doing
s they think you can't do them.
, Roddy had a very beautiful white
Swirly Snow—that was the very
f his eye—a gelding, the size and
f Pie-crust, young, frisky, neverthe-
tame horse. That was one nice
bout Roddy—all his horses were
broke." He said it kept them in
epair than "breakin' 'em so 's they
t they was in the wildcat class."
Both this horse and mine were in a lonely pasture eleven miles away. Roddy had taken Pie-crust up there when he put Swirly Snow out to prime him for Cheyenne Day.

I demanded of Kinky, "Can I trust you absolutely?"

Kinky guessed I could—"to the limit, an' then some."

And could he take a hasty trip to Laramie? He would, even if he could n't.

"Then," confided I, "get me ten bottles of pie-crust hair-dye and about three of a nice, rich brown—to match. Then bring both horses to the ranch in the dead of night."

Kinky had a fit when he took in my idea. "Oh, my gosh!" he roared, catching his breath, "you ain't no tenderfoot, even if ye did come from Noo York!" And he promised to have both horses and the make-up at the ranch by daylight of the fourth day after.

PIE-CRUST was glad to see me when I gave him a peck of oats. He said "Woof!" twice, meaning, "There 's no place like home and you." Swirly Snow, after I 'd given him some carrots, said he, too, was glad to see me any time in the same circumstances. I was afraid to feed him oats, he was so very frisky; but poor Pie-crust seemed to need them, dear thing! He was all tuckered out with his dreadful trip home, and though Kinky assured me he had "herded him very gentle" the whole way, no faster than two miles an hour and in the cool of the night, Kinky did n't quite appreciate that the main risk lay in bringing him at all: at Pie-crust's time of life eleven miles is an undertaking, no matter how gently a horse is "herded" over it. Besides, he had a worse experience ahead of him, for we had to cache him in a lonely draw where he could n't be found, or turn up at an inauspicious moment in our program.

Nobody on the ranch had seen Kinky bring the horses in, so we had some breakfast, and then, slipping off to "go fishing," we got Pie-crust out from where we 'd hidden him and escorted him to his new hotel.

You reach it by going straight up a mountain on an old, wild goat-trail, and then down again any way you can. At the bottom was a glade, with a spring and

plenty of long, untouched grass. I knew Pie-crust would n't starve there despite his having no teeth; for the grass was long enough to permit him to suck it up without using his teeth, and he 'd have plenty if he made a practice of getting it.

Of course it took work and intelligence to put him there. Going up, I sat ahead, with an arm about a tree and pulled on his front end while Kinky pushed behind. Going down was what required skill and moral suasion. Still, by tying the picket rope about his waist and sort of anchoring him to trees, and with me sometimes hanging on his tail to keep him from tobogganing all at once to the bottom and maybe landing on a broken neck, and with both of us sometimes pushing to make him go at all, we got him there safely. We emptied out the oats we 'd brought in our pockets, and sneaked away while he was eating them with his back turned. That was about the meanest thing I ever did to a confiding nature; but it could n't be helped. We were afraid to waste an hour, not knowing how soon Roddy would start looking for Swirly Snow.

I 'm not saying it is easy to dye a whole horse on the hoof and make a perfect job of it. Nothing but time, and patience, and courage, and wisdom, and determination, and knack, and inspiration, and the feeling of *l'art pour l'art,* and the righteousness of the cause, and that the end justifies the work, and moral backbone, and love of industry, and tact, and diplomacy, and luck, and carrots, will accomplish it. *And* a sense of humor. Without a sense of humor, I am convinced a horse cannot be dyed whole on the hoof. Without this as an underpinning, your other noble qualities fall through the cracks of your despair of ever getting the job done at all.

But between us, however, Kinky and I managed to produce the necessary psychology to serve the occasion, and Swirly Snow was converted into a delicious, palate-tickling pie-crust horse, with a bakey mane and tail and stockings. The only part he strenuously objected to was the way we did his tail: we had to pull his feathers out by handfuls to make it look like Pie-crust's. But his brand was one big piece of luck for us. It was Bar H; Pie-crust's was E H, and on the same shoulder. So it was no trick at all, with my nail-scissors and manicure set, to change the bar into an E, and with that my pie-colored horse stood once more before me, youth in his legs, fire in his veins, mettle in his eye.

A little too much youth and fire and mettle, I thought at first. I 'm willing to confess now I was afraid to get on him, though Kinky held him and encouraged me to try it "jes oncet, and see if it scares the wits outa ye."

But is n't it astonishing how soon you come to love the rapid pace once you start on it! Go? My! Keep it up? Gracious! I never saw anything like it. New Pie-crust thought no more of fifty miles without water than old Pie-crust thought of three. Walk? I could n't make him do it. He scorned anything less than twenty or thirty miles an hour. Maybe it was forty. I could n't tell exactly; but sometimes it felt that way. Easy? A rocking-chair, a piazza hammock, cushion tires! To be sure, he did n't care for landscape quite as old Pie-crust did. Being young and frisky, one could n't expect it of him. He liked a cinematograph effect. But I myself soon came to prefer it that way. I gave up taking notes as I used to. Well, I rather had to, things went by so fast. Yes, as Roddy boasted, that horse was perfection, and every time I rode him, and heard the wind singing in my ears, I loved him more and more and more. I would n't have parted with him for a thousand dollars if he 'd been mine. The one thing that troubled me was, How soon would his color fade? We had only a part of a bottle of dye left to patch him up with, and I could n't very well send to Laramie for more.

It was for this reason I decided to make an early call on Roddy and find out what he thought on the subject of "coyote bait" now. Ostensibly, I went to see his father, whom I knew to be away from home at the time. Roddy was in the corral breaking a vicious pinto, and in a mood to appreciate a nice, tame horse.

He looked quite a bit taken aback seeing me on Pie-crust,—after the way he 'd hidden him, he had n't expected to see me on him ever again,—and while I artfully asked for his father, Roddy swung over the corral gate, passed his hand with seeming carelessness over my horse, and looked more and more astonished.

"He 's picked up some—sence ye got him," he observed.

ea," I assented. "He 's been off
f for a couple of weeks, and it 's
ip wonderfully. He went away
new teeth. He came back home
i he cut them."
s eyes popped.
teeth?" he repeated, plainly un-
he 'd heard aright.
in his mouth and see for your-
plied.
lled the horse's jaws apart and
fine a set of five-year-old teeth
vas in the State. Fortunately, he
op to estimate their age; he was
icerted by the cold, scientific fact
to his gaze.
teeth? He went off fer to git
i?" he mumbled, casting a look
iorse to make sure he was the one
Pie-crust. "My gosh! that 's
e!"
" I returned in an amazed tone;
y kept on without answering:
teeth—an' him when he was
old age—droppin' inta the grave
kness. New teeth! Well, it 's
e on me all right."
lid n't you know?" I demanded
ore seeming amazement.
shook his head and pushed back
ith a gesture that might indicate
new idea was too big to hold in
allowed. I affirmed in a booky
very positive:
posed you knew that a horse al-
new teeth if he lives to be thirty-

got up courage to retort, "Well,
ver saw it before," and I, fearing
ots were creeping into his mind
idity of the alleged phenomenon,
plained that naturally he had n't,
Pie-crust was the only horse in
that had reached the valetudi-
ass.
's so; but this here gits me
ame," he admitted grudgingly,
he horse over, and viewed teeth
e.
irth was almost exploding me,
nt on explaining:
improved him wonderfully. You
on as a horse gets his new teeth,
quite young again—fresh and
long as the teeth last."
es seem to act that a-way," Roddy
urly, and walked slowly around
the horse to examine him thoroughly. Then he crammed his hands into his pockets and observed with bitterness:

"An' I turned that there horse down fer coyote bait at seven dollars, a month before ye bought him fer fifteen! That 's whatcher call luck!" No wonder the boy was sour.

I leaned toward him confidentially, and presented my next in a stage whisper for the artistic effect:

"I 'll tell you something, if you promise not to tell." He was ready to promise anything that might sweeten the hard luck. "You remember how everybody laughed at me because he did n't have any teeth? Well, *it 's why I bought him!* I 'd found out his exact age—thirty-one and eleven months. His new teeth were due to arrive in about two months. I simply took a flyer—fifteen dollars. And look at him now! What a horse! Did I win out on that little gamble?"

Despite his sourness over the loss of this dazzling bargain, my astuteness won from Roddy an admiring, "You betcher! Say, you ain't no fool on a horse-deal, even if ye did come from Noo York."

"But I *learned* it there," I thrust back in a tone that said you only had to amble down the Great White Way of an afternoon to pick up all the secrets of the world. And with that I ported my helm and scudded off; I was afraid to tempt Providence another instant.

"Say—wait!" Roddy's voice followed after. "What 'll y' sell him fer?"

I turned and waved my hand in farewell.

"Say, I 'll give ye—" The rest was lost in my dust as I whirled out of sight, and I thrilled with the happy thought of his standing there watching the pace and admitting to himself, "That there old Pie-crust horse he can sure go some—now."

Roddy kept my secret only to the extent of not telling specifically that I bought Pie-crust because I knew he would get a new set of teeth and grow young on a sudden; but the fact of new teeth at thirty-two, which was, so to speak, public and ascertainable by the man in the street, proved too much for him, as I had hoped it would. He felt he gave nothing away when he advised people to "look oncet in that there Pie-crust horse's mouth."

few days later people began dropping in at the ranch, ostensibly to talk important business with Mrs. Braddon, but really to see teeth; and after peering between Pie-crust's jaws and ejaculating, "Well, my gosh! this here gits me, fer a fact!" they reluctantly confessed how much—or rather how little—they themselves had turned down this splendid piece of horse-flesh for when billed under the head of coyote bait. The prices ranged all the way from twenty dollars to two, though one rough man declared that the owner had offered him two dollars "to take the critter out an' shoot him." Of course I did n't believe that; but it 's what he said.

People were dreadfully chagrined. Some tried to pass it off by claiming I had manufactured the teeth and put them in his mouth myself. But after convincing themselves that those teeth were sound and growing and the horse young and frisky as a colt, most of them were generous enough to admit I "had the laugh on them," adding with admiration, "Say, you ain't no fool on a horse-deal, even if ye did come from Noo York."

Offers to buy now poured in—good offers. Common self-respect dictated large figures as a backing to sound judgment: to suggest anything less than a hundred and fifty dollars now was tantamount to the confession that a man did n't know a ripe, juicy horse when he saw it on the hoof. Even this amount was mentioned in a tentative and apologetic way.

I returned the same answer to all: "I am not thinking of selling," which made Kinky chuckle, "I guess not, seein' the horse ain't yourn," though he always added, "Still, I betcher they ain't a judge in the State so mean he 'd pen ye fer doin' it, considerin'." No, I don't think there was a judge in Wyoming so lacking in humor and poetic justice, considering. But I was n't taking risks on the pen; it does not look well for a lady and one of my profession. So I refused all offers, with the result that the acknowledged value of Pie-crust flew up so high it hit a cloud.

"What! She take a hundred 'n' fifty fer that horse? Whatcher thinkin' of? Aw, say, George, be some horse-dealer an' offer her three hundred fer a start; er be some sport an' offer her five hundred. Gee whizz! I would, only I ain't got it in *my jeans;* keep my money in the bank. But you think I 'd let her call me a hay-seed, er a counter-trotter,—don't know a horse from a cow? Huh! If it was me, I 'd show her while I 's about it I know a good horse when I see it. I 'd show her she ain't the only one, even if she did come from Noo York. Huh!"

A week after seeing him, Roddy came walloping over, all tame-cat smiles and a big scheme: he wanted to buy Pie-crust and exhibit him down in Cheyenne on Cheyenne day, and thought he could make a pile of money. He offered me two hundred dollars, sheepishly explaining it was all the cash he had, or he 'd be "real pleased" to give me more.

I refused it, unconditionally.

Roddy departed, cast down, but not beaten. In two days he was back with an offer of three hundred, if I would take his note for a hundred, payable out of the exhibition profits.

Kinky, who happened to be over, told him, bluntly:

"Say, Rod, it ain't no use, so give it up—She won't part with that horse fer any money. I 'd offer her four hundred myself, only I know she won't take it. Give it up, Rod; git it outa yer head; it 's hurtin' yer sleep." Which made Roddy the more determined, naturally.

He sighed. He fingered Pie-crust lovingly and called him "dear," then muttered pathetically, partly to the horse and partly to me:

"I dunno 's I ever wanted a horse so bad in all my life, except that horse o' mine, Swirly Snow."

Kinky and I were afraid to look at each other, and did n't; which was fortunate, and for the good of Roddy's soul. He had to go home, again disappointed, but not downed. Next day he was back and offered two hundred dollars and two cows. Refused by me. Next day he offered the same cash and two horses. Refused by me. Next day he offered the same cash, two cows, and one horse. Refused by me. Next day he offered the same cash, the same horses, the former cows, and another cow with a calf. He explained that the cow with the calf was "an elegant milker"; that I "could sell the calf in Wyoming and take the cow back to Noo York."

"Take her back?" I almost shrieked at him. "What could I do with a cow in New York? I live in a *flat!*"

did n't wither at this. He drew
) and told me with pride:
I ain't altogether a fool, even if
:n in Noo York. I was n't sug-
ye to keep the cow in the parlor
eat at the same table. I *supposed*
p her in the corral er the shed
war n't out to pasture."
y tone in which he "supposed"
ed he had thought I had sense
) do the obvious by an elegant
it apparently I had n't. I stran-
:ream and forbore explanations
corrals and cow-sheds in New
l told him I would not trade for
he hoof. "It is cash or nothing,
nt that horse."
dy went away and formed a pool
s friends. He returned trium-
inrolling a list of subscribers and
y of five hundred dollars.
ied at it, saying, "I might con-
housand, but even so I 'm not
:." Truly a bargain horse!
is but one fly in the ointment of
iis hair kept growing and grow-
nbaked crust began to show
and under the saddle there was
l patch of raw dough where the
l washed out the dye completely.
it up a little, but we had to save
or the more showy parts, and I
keeping him saddled all the time.
e only way to hide the dough.
e day for my return to New
s fast approaching, and Roddy
c for a last gloomy interview, a
l to make me sell that horse. I
) all he had to say, and the up-
this from me:
i't sell that horse for any money,
willing to let you take charge of
him this winter and exhibit him for a half share of the profits."

Roddy could scarce believe his ears, but when I convinced him I meant business, you never saw a boy feeling meaner. He blushed; he stammered words for thanks that did n't sound like much of anything. Then he said there was "something else" he ought to tell me; he "done it without thinkin', and felt real sorry about it now."

I saw confession tremble on his tongue, but I was n't ready to ease his soul just yet. I agreed with Kinky's interpretation of the golden rule: "Roddy he needs to be shown so 's it 'll last him that if he does you one, you can do him one back, an' worse 'n he done you." So, with a hasty excuse of packing, I bowed my visitor out, telling him graciously we 'd "let bygones be bygones, whatever they were," which he, with equal graciousness, acceded to. I think he was glad I put it that way.

KINKY and some of the boys got old Pie-crust out of hiding and delivered new Pie-crust to Roddy after I had reached New York,—I seemed to feel it safer so,—and I left this note to go along:

If I were you, I 'd let the brand grow out before exhibiting this horse.

It was a month before I heard anything more about our business deal. Then I got a souvenir postal,—a picture of a trotter,—and under it these words:

Little New York is all right. The drinks are on me. R. McQ.

And this, I take it, was my share of the profits from the "exhibition" of the only known horse that grew a new set of teeth at the age of thirty-two.

FRATERNITIES IN WOMEN'S COLLEGES

AS REGARDED BY COLLEGE AUTHORITIES

BEING COMMENTS ON MISS RICKERT'S ARTICLES IN THE NOVEMBER AND DECEMBER NUMBERS OF THE CENTURY

AT the request of the Editor, Miss Edith Rickert, a graduate of Vassar College, recently undertook an investigation of the character and influence of the fraternities in women's colleges. The results of this impartial study were then sent in advance-sheets to the heads of several prominent colleges for women, whose comments on the articles are herewith presented. The varying views which they record are supplemented by the letter from Mrs. McElroy, chairman of the National Panhellenic Congress, the official organization of the women's Greek-letter societies.

BY THE PRESIDENT OF VASSAR COLLEGE

FRATERNITIES MEET A DEMAND. THEIR SALVATION IS IN THE HEALTHFUL SPIRIT OF THE YOUNGER GENERATION

I AM glad to comment upon Miss Rickert's interesting, careful, and impartial articles on "Fraternities in our Women's Colleges." Although I may differ with her in some of her opinions, I have only admiration for the spirit in which she has worked out a difficult problem and for the balance of judgment as well as the thoroughness shown in her investigation.

I write from the point of view of a fraternity man having had no experience with sororities. As a member of a fraternity that did for me in my college years a vast deal to direct and supplement the very best in my college life, I feel grateful to it. I have no reason to suppose that its ideals and its inspiration have changed radically, though the addition of the chapter-houses since my day may possibly emphasize the very evils which Miss Rickert indicates as threats, at least, to all such organizations. In our investigation of the higher cost of living we perhaps have not emphasized enough our *higher living*, and the comparison of the cost of fraternities to-day and forty years ago bears on the *problem*. It is possible also that living in these rather expensive houses, often beyond their own means, and largely supported by others, may in other ways have an unfavorable influence. I cannot think, however, that the evils of snobbishness referred to so particularly by Miss Rickert have special application to the fraternities for men or women. Snobbishness is not made by fraternal organizations, or confined to them, and nothing will ever do away with the spirit that begets it whether there are organizations or only individuals left to us. My knowledge of the fraternities for men leads me to dissent for the most part from what is said regarding that evil, though it is possible that that spirit would grow more quickly, from the conditions of their life, among young women.

The fraternity meets a real demand. The question whether this can be met by more favorable conditions of living is the important point raised by Miss Rickert. My experience for many years in a woman's college has led me to believe that among young women, at least, the conditions of life may be made such as to render sororities undesirable and undesired.

I have heard no demand for them excepting in one or two cases by a member of such a society from another college. The large, generous life that the young women make for themselves, the general spirit of democracy among them, and a really sincere desire to have others share in the common benefits, the large number of clubs and societies, often temporary, the abundant life of the athletic world, with its stimulating comradeship, and the vital activities of the Students' Association, the Christian Association, and other such bodies, have esteemed to absorb all the interests that under other conditions go into the fraternity relationship.

I question strongly, with Miss Rickert, whether the plan for the delay of pledging will have any vital influence in reducing the evils she has sketched. The policy at colleges, where there has been an annual passing of a small body of men from one society to another, would not seem to support the hope. Even if honestly maintained, the plan must take account of this influence on the uncertain freshman.

Nor do I think that a cottage system such as is suggested by Miss Rickert would have any particular influence upon the development of sororities. It would tend, if there were a large number of these cottages, I fear, to the gathering in particular cottages of the sets or cliques that in their worst phase form certain of our fraternities. The advantage of a building for a hundred rather than for twenty or thirty is something like that of a fair-sized, well-conducted hotel as compared with a small boarding-house. The supreme difficulty of finding proper heads of such houses is in itself an argument against the possibility of such a general cottage system. Nor can I think with Miss Rickert that it would be desirable to call back young graduates for this service. There are no better people in the world than the recent graduates of our best colleges, none with higher ideals, and none with a keener purpose to make them real; but, after all, what is wanted in the head of a house is some experience, as well as sympathy with youth, and the guidance that young people can look up to, and which they really desire.

Here as elsewhere the only hope of meeting the real dangers and real evils which are possible in a fraternity system is in cultivating a right and healthful spirit among the young toward one another and toward the work of life, and a clear, objective, sane view of things and people as they are. Then these other matters will adjust themselves. Happily with the spirit common among our young people to-day, that is not a hard thing to do.

JAMES M. TAYLOR.

BY THE DEAN OF WOMEN, UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

FRATERNITIES CULTIVATE GENERAL SUPERFICIALITY. COLLEGE AUTHORITIES SHOULD TAKE THE AGGRESSIVE

MISS RICKERT has presented the fraternity problem with charm and fairness, but my experience with such secret organizations leads me to think that she might have emphasized more strongly three points, namely:

First, these organizations profess to establish and maintain high standards in social relations. They are, however, ready to adopt, in securing their pledges, most grotesque and ill-mannered methods, such as well-bred women in normal social relations would never countenance. There is no doubt that the high social principles professed by them are constantly sacrificed in securing "desirable" members.

Second, the harmfulness of developing such an artificial and rigid, as well as essentially indiscriminating, method of securing intimate friends at a period of rapid development and change in character and ideals should be considered. Some degree at least of the flexibility in social relations which characterizes later years is especially desirable at this time.

Third, the system, controlled as it is by self-imposed standards drawn from the narrow experiences of youth and applied after brief acquaintance, must tend toward undue recognition of such matters as dress, manners, and social popularity. This virtually means emphasis on a method which is directly opposed to the whole purpose of liberal training, and stultifies the efforts of

the college to arouse the sympathies, and incite an interest in the large affairs of life which should begin at this period, if ever, to displace the activities of childhood.

I should dissent from the characterization of men's societies as differing from women in that "they look outward rather than inward." My observation leads me to believe that the men's groups seldom take any active interest in real scholarship, politics, art, letters, or philanthropy, and in the women's organizations there is often quite effective, though spasmodic, organized interest in one or more of these directions.

The college authorities are greatly to blame in assuming an attitude not merely of helplessness in the handling of these organizations but of deference to them. A system which perverts true standards of friendship and of character, and carries in its wake bitterness and dishonesty, should not be tolerated. Not until the college replaces its present method of controlling the social instinct through prohibition and restriction applied to such groups as fraternities by a positive and even aggressive policy in which every agency within reach is utilized for the training in efficiency and for the molding of character will the evils of the fraternity system give way to more natural friendships and to a more democratic and generous attitude toward life.

MARION TALBOT.

BY THE DEAN OF BARNARD COLLEGE

DESPITE THEIR EVILS, FRATERNITIES HAND ON HIGH IDEALS. THE NEW RELIGION OF "SOCIAL SERVICE" WILL SAVE THEM

MISS RICKERT'S articles give an interesting survey of many of the problems connected with fraternities. Among the evils she touches on I have been most impressed, in my own experience, with the occasional jealousies and quarrels among the fraternities, the bad influence which they sometimes exert in college politics, the distractions of the exasperating practice known as "rushing," and most of all by the pain and bitterness felt by some of those who are left out. On the other hand, no administrative officer can fail to appreciate the value of the best fraternities in the social system. They cut across the lines between the four classes and hand on, from college generation to generation, sound traditions and high ideals. The influence of the older members on the younger ones can be used to guide many an erring freshman or sophomore. Fraternity members are likely to be loyal alumnæ, bound to their alma mater by added ties of affection and service. As Miss Rickert says, they are trained to effective "team-work."

How can we preserve the merits of the system and abolish its evils? Since fraternities, like other social organizations, are but human, we can never entirely achieve this ideal end. The plan of cottage households suggested by Miss Rickert could help us but little at Barnard, where the great majority of our students live at their own homes. The solution is most likely to come, I think, from that other source doubtfully mentioned by Miss Rickert at the end of her second article. "We need a new religion to teach the subordination of personal good to communal welfare," she asserts; but in seeking it "we falter and fail." I am more optimistic than she; I believe this new religion is at hand. Stirring through our student body, and among the fraternity members no less than among the others, is a new and wonderful spirit of democracy, of "brotherhood" in the broadest and noblest sense. More and more our women appear to be unwilling to enjoy personal pleasure and development which the community as a whole cannot share. More and more common is the student who is eager to subordinate her individual good to the welfare of society. Very touching and inspiring is this idealism, this intense desire for "social service." I do not mean that we shall never again suffer from college snobs; but I do believe that the new spirit will inspire the fraternity members themselves to work with their non-fraternity sisters for the reform of the college social system, to consider the chapters fairly, and to end them or mend them, as may seem best for the community as a whole. Perhaps the process will be long, and in it we shall lose

something of value; but at all events it will be an inspiring sight to see our college women working honestly in the endeavor to put into practice the social ideal of the new democracy.

VIRGINIA C. GILDERSLEEVE.

BY THE PRESIDENT OF WELLESLEY COLLEGE

BETTER AN ORGANIZED THAN AN UNORGANIZED CLIQUE. SELECT ITS MEMBERS ON A BASIS OF SCHOLARSHIP AND PUBLIC SPIRIT

I HAVE read with much interest the articles by Miss Rickert, on "The Fraternity Idea among College Women."

Even if one admits there are some advantages in these fraternities as described, no one who wishes to foster a sane, wholesome social life in women's colleges will deliberately choose their presence.

The problem is, How shall the advantages furnished by such organizations be conserved and the evils avoided? Undoubtedly the halls of residence already contribute largely to the "group development of students," and may be so administered as to do so more and more. Personally I doubt the wisdom of the selection by the dean or any other college officer of the group that shall constitute the family in these halls of residence. In my judgment, grouping by lot, haphazard though it may be, is much to be preferred. Even a dean is fallible, and a single mistake made by her is far more disastrous than an undesirable group determined by lot. One is an error in judgment on the part of a college official, something which might have been avoided and therefore, to the students, intolerable; the other is an accident inherent in the system for which no one is responsible, and, with the help and inspiration of the house mother, may rouse the students to their community responsibility and may challenge them to conquer despite an apparent unfortunate combination of persons. Much indeed depends upon the house mother. Every college is often forced to choose only the better instead of the best, but all must agree that larger halls of residence in charge of house mothers who are women of "ability, tact, social distinction, and loving-kindness" make for the finer development of students than a larger number of smaller halls, if they must be put in charge of inexperienced though loyal alumnæ.

The fact remains that, however wisely the halls of residence may be administered, cliques will arise. Unfortunately, the abolition of all fraternities national or local will not mean disappearance of all cliques. Granted that such cliques are bound to exist: is it not better that they should be organized, since organization makes possible a friendly supervision by the faculty, and carries with it a sense of responsibility to the community? Such organizations have been known to develop a fine sense of community responsibility.

About three years ago the six literary and social societies of Wellesley College, all local organizations, on their own initiative asked the consent of the faculty to a change in their basis of membership. This change was approved, and has now been in operation for more than two years. The new system limits membership in these societies to juniors and seniors, and provides for an eligible list of students selected on the basis of (1) scholarship and (2) public-spirited service to class and college. This is not the time or the place to enter into the details of the plan, but it is based on the principle that the privilege of membership in some one of these societies is open to any junior or senior who wishes to earn it either by attaining high rank in academic work or by serving the community in other ways. The diverse elements in a group so constituted react upon one another and are a potent factor in the development of each individual.

Every college must meet its own problems, and the same method of solution will not be applicable in all institutions. This proposal by the Wellesley societies of such a basis of membership and their success in accomplishing it is a significant instance of "the subordination of personal good to communal welfare" which Miss Rickert rightly says is needed. May the colleges for women foster every such seed, hoping for a steady growth into a vigorous and responsible democracy!

ELLEN F. PENDLETON.

BY THE PRESIDENT OF MOUNT HOLYOKE COLLEGE

FRATERNITIES NON-DEMOCRATIC AND DESTRUCTIVE TO FREEDOM OF INTERCOURSE. "RUSHING" EMPHASIZES THE WRONG VALUES

MISS RICKERT'S articles on fraternities among college women I have read with keen interest. My own convictions are the result of over twenty years' experience in New England colleges of two types: first, as a student in an affiliated college, the Women's College in Brown University, and charter member of the first society organized there; second, as a member of the Wellesley College faculty for five years; and third, as executive at Mount Holyoke for twelve years.

My conclusions about the societies are as follows:

First, they are opposed to the best interests of the college itself. As "aristocratic organizations" the fraternities work against a democratic spirit, one of the most valuable influences which the college can exert, and perhaps more needed among women than among men. I have known many earnest, thoughtful girls, members of societies, who have fought against this influence, but have found it impossible to bring exclusive self-perpetuating organizations into harmony with their democratic ideals. As members of the Christian Association, the Student Government, and other inclusive undergraduate bodies, they have been placed in the inconsistent position of working for an equality of privilege that their membership in an exclusive organization denied.

Second, fraternities seem to me opposed to the best interests of the students as individuals. I think that membership in such an organization is a serious handicap to the girl who has a real desire to work for the common welfare of the college. She is handicapped by rules and artificial restrictions intended to prevent "rushing," by the misinterpretation of what would otherwise be perfectly natural friendliness, by her own self-consciousness and the self-consciousness of those outside the society.

A broad-minded and independent girl may rise above these limitations and be a force in the college, but she is hampered by them in her broader social influence.

A more serious detriment to the life of the students as individuals is found in the case of those who are "eligible" for membership. No organization of this character can eliminate "rushing," and the attentions paid to an immature freshman make undue demand not only upon the time which ought to be given to her work, but also upon her nervous and physical strength. "Rushing" puts a wrong estimate upon values. It tends to increase the sense of importance of the student who is sought, and the depreciation of the one unsought.

It would be difficult to decide which student suffers the more. Student judgment is not infallible, and it is frequently impossible for an older observer to understand why one is taken and the other left. But to the young girl, sensitive and self-depreciating, the discrimination may be nothing less than a tragedy. Students have left college, and for others the entire college course has been embittered, because they were not elected to societies.

In the separate colleges for women and the affiliated colleges, making ample provision for halls of residence and social opportunities, the society-rooms and houses do not serve as homes for the students. The coeducational institutions have a different problem to meet, which can be more intelligently discussed by those who have had experience with this type of the college for women.

MARY E. WOOLLEY.

BY THE PRESIDENT OF BRYN MAWR COLLEGE

THE SNOBBISH AND UNDEMOCRATIC BASIS OF THE FRATERNITY SYSTEM

BRYN MAWR COLLEGE has a very simple answer to the Fraternities question: *"Do without them."*

When Bryn Mawr opened in 1885 it opened under a trustees' ruling that no society of any kind to which students were elected by their fellow students should be permitted to exist in the college. This rule was passed on my recommendation. I had seen what I believed

the evil effects of the men's Greek
societies at Cornell University, ex-
ıg even to the women students, who
made to understand that they must
and associate only with the men of
n smart fraternities under penalty of
taboo to these fraternities forever
We were recognized or ignored by
nities, not by individuals. Frater-
feeling ran rampant in those early
ıt Cornell. In the midst of the pri-
. mud, unfinished buildings, and all
ıre surroundings of a great university
: making, the snobbishness and social
y of secret societies flourished like an
veed on what would have been sup-
to be the barren soil of the earnest,
students who came from simple
ı. I deplore the unlovely spectacle of
ramble for election to the most pop-
secret societies that goes on in the
nity and sorority colleges to-day. No
ned, or real, good can possibly com-
te for this prostitution of the ideals
ıth. However deeply it may be cov-
ver by the fine words and even by
ne deeds of certain fraternities, there
the root of all elective students' soci-
this fatal idea of social difference
one's fellows.
y elective students' society takes
from the democratic character of an
ıtion and causes the members of the
nt body to pay undue attention to the
and financial position of their fel-
ıtudents, and also to those popular
:ies which may, perhaps, make for
ıs of a certain kind in after life, but
ı certainly should not be over-empha-
in college life. At Bryn Mawr no
y is allowed to be formed unless the
rements for admission are clearly
l and filed in advance in the presi-
ı office, and are such as can be met
y student. These requirements may
high as possible, but they must be
for competition to all alike. We
many clubs with all sorts of admis-
requirements, high and low; for ex-
:, in the English Club the writing
rements are so severe that only about
udents in the college can reach them
y given time. By the rules of the
there may be only ten members, and
there is only one vacancy it some-
happens that two students are able
et the requirements, but even in such
a case the English Club is not permitted to choose between the students; the choice is left to the head of the essay department.

Year after year I am told by students who have come to Bryn Mawr from other colleges or universities, notably from the great Western state universities, that, although Bryn Mawr has in proportion many more wealthy students, the feeling here seems to them much more democratic than in state universities, where fraternities and sororities influence the students, as I believe, for evil. As an instance of the democratic feeling at Bryn Mawr, which I am confident would be impossible if secret societies were permitted, when the college was begging for an endowment fund two years ago, I asked the students in chapel if they would be willing to form committees in the different halls of residence in order to obtain for me the names of the wealthy relations of the students then in college to whom I could appeal. Immediately a large committee of students came to see me, to tell me that it seemed to them undemocratic for any students' committees to have this knowledge as they feared the result on them, and that they thought it would be better for the students themselves to hand me in the names of their rich relations. That the financial position of our students is really unknown to their fellow students has been proved to me many times, notably when one of our graduates, who left a large legacy to the college, spent four years here without her fellow students or any one else at the college knowing that she was possessed of a large fortune.

If Miss Rickert's careful conclusions are justified, which I think must be frankly admitted by all, nothing that can be said in defense of fraternities can outweigh their serious and lasting harm. All that is good in them can be obtained in other ways, certainly in our residence colleges; but, even if these comparatively slight benefits cannot be secured in any other way in non-residence colleges, the wrong done by fraternities, even at their best, to all those ideals of social service and equality of opportunity that our students should most cherish in their youth, is so great that we must pluck them out, root and branch, from the older colleges for women, and never allow them to plant their evil seeds in the new. M. CAREY THOMAS.

BY THE CHAIRMAN OF THE PANHELLENIC CONGRESS, AND NATIONAL PRESIDENT OF THE ALPHA PHI FRATERNITY

A GIRL SEPARATED FROM HER FAMILY NEEDS SYMPATHY AND HELP. FRATERNITIES SHARE THESE DUTIES OF THE COLLEGE

THE five oldest fraternities founded as Greek-letter societies by women sprang up in coeducational institutions of high rank before either Wellesley, Smith, or Bryn Mawr opened its doors. These colleges for women provided at once for the housing of their students, as well as for the supervision of their social affairs.

In contrast to this cloistered life of the women's colleges is that of the undergraduate in most of the coeducational colleges, where, of necessity, the housing of students and the supervision of their social life are inadequately provided for.

Deans of women are a recent innovation in many coeducational institutions. Formerly the girls in these colleges sought out one another for advice and chaperonage, and through conferences often effected better living conditions. Because of these needs the fraternity idea naturally evolved itself for women.

So new was college education for women forty years ago, and so eager for interchange of scholastic thought and congenial intercourse were these pioneer groups, that they sought out kindred groups in other colleges, and new chapters were founded, and the fraternity system for women was established. To-day, when it is the fashion to go to college, there are few coeducational institutions which have not experienced the beneficent influence of the fraternities among their students.

College is an artificial life, and the college girl, separated from her family and kindred, needs sympathy, criticism, and inspiration. Joining a congenial group often brings about her best development, as she in turn must show herself unselfish and ready to share mutual responsibilities.

As an alumna, she no doubt often renews her loyalty to her alma mater because the invitations from her chapter bring her back on college visits, and at the chapter-house or in the chapter-circle, because of her fraternity experiences, she renews her ideals and catches the prevailing inspiration of congeniality and helpfulness.

The fraternity chapter, like the family, must be comparatively small to induce the intimate associations necessary for character-building, supervision of scholarship, regulation of social life, and the training of leaders who are recognized in college activities.

It is a matter of congratulation that the growth of some fraternities is so steady that any young woman of good deportment and creditable scholarship may be enrolled or be instrumental in installing a new chapter in her college if she so wishes.

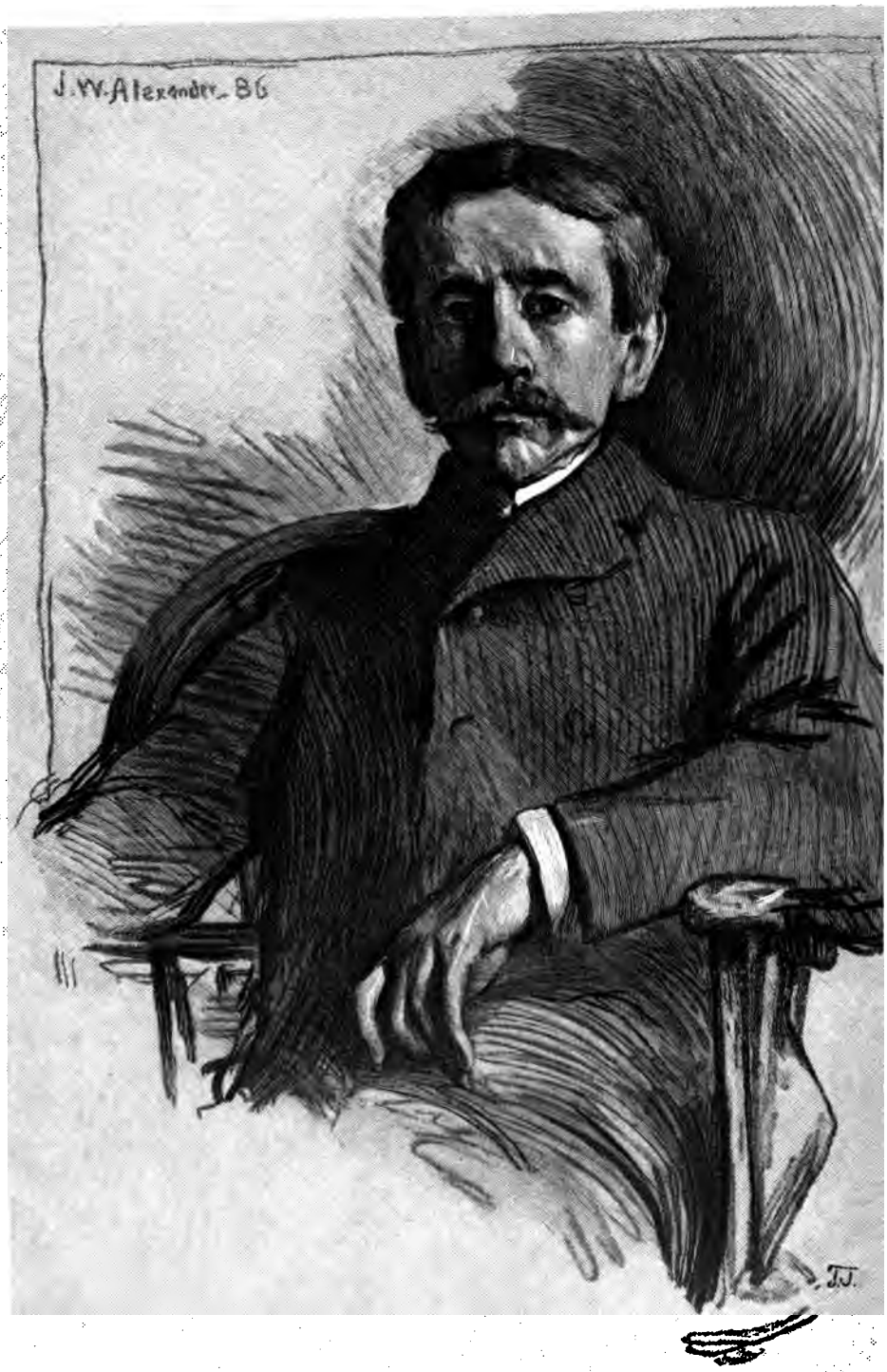
Society has grown complex without and within the college alike. The fraternities see in this complexity opportunities to serve the college and its community. In their desire to share the burden of the college, they have sought through the National Panhellenic Congress to coöperate with the faculties and with one another to improve social and scholarship conditions, and in all ways to promote a larger college spirit and a freer college life.

If college fraternities were rooted up, a premium might be placed on mediocrity, as cliques are natural, and local societies would result; and these groups, uninspired by the traditions of the fraternities, would lack the wholesome rivalry and the diversified point of view of the national organizations.

MRS. JOHN HOWARD MCELROY.

Drawn by Charles D. Hubbard. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill.

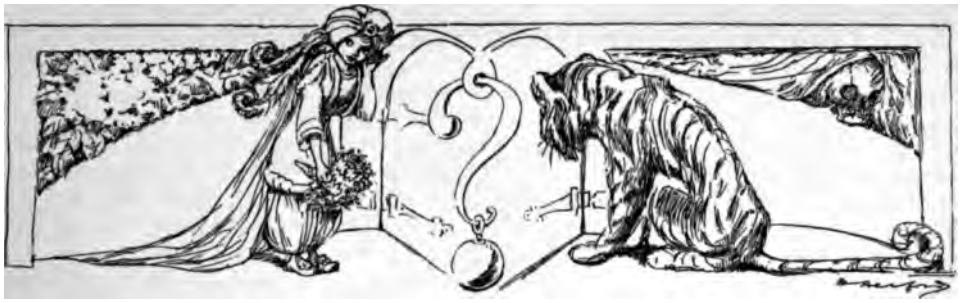
THE VALENTINE.



FRANK R. STOCKTON

(Author of "The Lady, or the Tiger?" See opposite page.)

FROM A PORTRAIT, DRAWN IN 1886, BY JOHN W. ALEXANDER



THE LADY, OR THE TIGER?[1]

(NOTEWORTHY STORIES OF THE LAST GENERATION)

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON

WITH NEW DRAWINGS BY OLIVER HERFORD

In a recent article Professor Wilson of the University of New York asked, in effect, whether the best-known stories of the last generation would be accepted by magazine editors of the present day. This has suggested to us the reprinting of a few of the noteworthy stories by well-known writers which appeared in this magazine about twenty-five years ago, adding new illustrations and a portrait of each author. "The Lady, or the Tiger?" by its simplicity of effect and the piquancy of its substance represents the unique talent in inventive fancy of the author of "Rudder Grange," "Negative Gravity," and "Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine."—The Editor.

In the very olden time there lived a semi-barbaric king, whose ideas, though somewhat polished and sharpened by the progressiveness of distant Latin neighbors, were still large, florid, and untrammeled, as became the half of him which was barbaric. He was a man of exuberant fancy, and, withal, of an authority so irresistible that, at his will, he turned his varied fancies into facts. He was greatly given to self-communing, and, when he and himself agreed upon anything, the thing was done. When every member of his domestic and political systems moved smoothly in its appointed course, his nature was bland and genial; but, whenever there was a little hitch, and some of his orbs got out of their orbits, he was blander and more genial still, for nothing pleased him so much as to make the crooked straight and crush down uneven places.

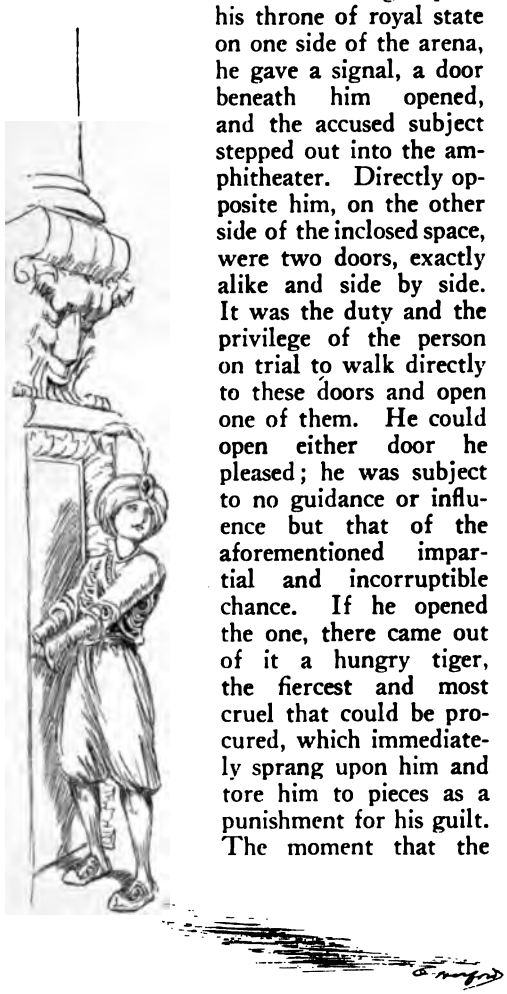
Among the borrowed notions by which his barbarism had become semified was that of the public arena, in which, by exhibitions of manly and beastly valor, the minds of his subjects were refined and cultured.

But even here the exuberant and barbaric fancy asserted itself. The arena of the king was built, not to give the people an opportunity of hearing the rhapsodies of dying gladiators, nor to enable them to view the inevitable conclusion of a conflict between religious opinions and hungry jaws, but for purposes far better adapted to widen and develop the mental energies of the people. This vast amphitheater, with its encircling galleries, its mysterious vaults, and its unseen passages, was an agent of poetic justice, in which crime was punished, or virtue rewarded, by the decrees of an impartial and incorruptible chance.

[1] Reprinted from "Scribner's Monthly" (now The Century) for November, 1882, and included in the volume, "The Lady, or the Tiger? and Other Stories," by Frank R. Stockton. (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.)

When a subject was accused of a crime of sufficient importance to interest the king, public notice was given that on an appointed day the fate of the accused person would be decided in the king's arena, a structure which well deserved its name, for, although its form and plan were borrowed from afar, its purpose emanated solely from the brain of this man, who, every barleycorn a king, knew no tradition to which he owed more allegiance than pleased his fancy, and who ingrafted on every adopted form of human thought and action the rich growth of his barbaric idealism.

When all the people had assembled in the galleries, and the king, surrounded by his court sat high up on his throne of royal state on one side of the arena, he gave a signal, a door beneath him opened, and the accused subject stepped out into the amphitheater. Directly opposite him, on the other side of the inclosed space, were two doors, exactly alike and side by side. It was the duty and the privilege of the person on trial to walk directly to these doors and open one of them. He could open either door he pleased; he was subject to no guidance or influence but that of the aforementioned impartial and incorruptible chance. If he opened the one, there came out of it a hungry tiger, the fiercest and most cruel that could be procured, which immediately sprang upon him and tore him to pieces as a punishment for his guilt. The moment that the case of the criminal was thus decided, doleful iron bells were clanged, great wails went up from the hired mourners posted on the outer rim of the arena, and the vast audience, with bowed heads and downcast hearts, wended slowly their homeward way, mourning greatly that one so young and fair, or so old and respected, should have merited so dire a fate.



"HIS QUICK AND ANXIOUS GLANCE ASKED THE QUESTION: 'WHICH?'"

But, if the accused person opened the other door, there came forth from it a lady, the most suitable to his years and station that his majesty could select among his fair subjects, and to this lady he was immediately married, as a reward of his innocence. It mattered not that he might already possess a wife and family, or that his affections might be engaged upon an object of his own selection; the king allowed no such subordinate arrangements to interfere with his great scheme of retribution and reward. The exercises, as in the other instance, took place immediately, and in the arena. Another door opened beneath the king, and a priest, followed by a band of choristers, and dancing maidens blowing joyous airs on golden horns and treading an epithalamic measure, advanced to where the pair stood, side by side, and the wedding was promptly and cheerily solemnized. Then the gay brass bells rang forth their merry peals, the people shouted glad hurrahs, and the innocent man, preceded by children strewing flowers on his path, led his bride to his home.

This was the king's semi-barbaric method of administering justice. Its perfect fairness is obvious. The criminal could not know out of which door would come the lady; he opened either he pleased, without having the slightest idea whether, in the next instant, he was to be devoured or married. On some occasions the tiger came out of one door, and on some out of the other. The decisions of this tribunal were not only fair, they were positively determinate; the accused person was instantly punished if he found himself guilty, and, if innocent, he was rewarded on the spot, whether he liked it or not. There was no escape from the judgments of the king's arena.

The institution was a very popular one. When the people gathered together on one of the great trial days, they never knew whether they were to witness a bloody

"THE KING AND HIS COURT WERE IN THEIR PLACES"

slaughter or a hilarious wedding. This element of uncertainty lent an interest to the occasion which it could not otherwise have attained. Thus, the masses were entertained and pleased, and the thinking part of the community could bring no charge of unfairness against this plan, for did not the accused person have the whole matter in his own hands?

This semi-barbaric king had a daughter as blooming as his most florid fancies, and with a soul as fervent and imperious as his own. As is usual in such cases, she was the apple of his eye, and was loved by him above all humanity. Among his courtiers was a young man of that fineness of blood and lowness of station common to the conventional heroes of romance who love royal maidens. This royal maiden was well satisfied with her lover, for he was handsome and brave to a degree unsurpassed in all this kingdom, and she loved him with an ardor that had enough of barbarism in it to make it exceedingly warm and strong. This love affair moved on happily for many months, until one day the king happened to discover its existence. He did not hesitate nor waver in regard to his duty in the premises. The youth was immediately cast into prison, and a day was appointed for his trial in the king's arena. This, of course, was an especially important occasion, and his majesty, as well as all the people, was greatly interested in the workings and development of this trial. Never before had such a case occurred; never before had a subject dared to love the daughter of the king. In after years such things became commonplace enough, but then they were in no slight degree novel and startling.

The tiger-cages of the kingdom were searched for the most savage and relentless beasts, from which the fiercest monster might be selected for the arena; and the ranks of maiden youth and beauty throughout the land were carefully surveyed by competent judges in order that the young man might have a fitting bride in case fate did not determine for him a different destiny. Of course, everybody knew that the deed with which the accused was charged had been done. He had loved the princess, and neither he, she, nor any one else, thought of denying the fact; but the king would not think of allowing any fact of this kind to interfere with the workings of the tribunal, in which he took such great delight and satisfaction. No matter how the affair turned out, the youth would be disposed of, and the king would take an esthetic pleasure in watching the course of events, which would determine whether or not the young man had done wrong in allowing himself to love the princess.

The appointed day arrived. From far and near the people gathered, and thronged the great galleries of the arena, and crowds, unable to gain admittance, massed themselves against its outside walls. The king and his court were in their places, opposite the twin doors,—those fateful portals, so terrible in their similarity.

All was ready. The signal was given. A door beneath the royal party opened, and the lover of the princess walked into the arena. Tall, beautiful, fair, his appearance was greeted with a low hum of admiration and anxiety. Half the audience had not known so grand a youth had lived among them. No wonder the princess loved him! What a terrible thing for him to be there!

As the youth advanced into the arena he turned, as the custom was, to bow to the king, but he did not think at all of that royal personage. His eyes were fixed upon the princess, who sat to the right of her father. Had it not been for the moiety of barbarism in her nature it is probable that lady would not have been there, but her intense and fervid soul would not allow her to be absent on an occasion in which she was so terribly interested. From the moment that the decree had gone forth that her lover should decide his fate in the king's arena, she had thought of nothing, night or day, but this great event and the various subjects connected with it. Possessed of more power, influence, and force of character than any one who had ever before been interested in such a case, she had done what no other person had done,—she had possessed herself of the secret of the doors. She knew in which of the two rooms, that lay behind those doors, stood the cage of the tiger, with its open front, and in which waited the lady. Through these thick doors, heavily curtained with skins on the inside, it was impossible that any noise or suggestion should come from within to the person who should approach to raise the latch of one of them. But gold, and the power of a woman's will, had brought the secret to the princess.

And not only did she know in which room stood the lady ready to emerge, all blushing and radiant, should her door be opened, but she knew who the lady was. It was one of the fairest and loveliest of the damsels of the court who had been selected as the reward of the accused youth, should he be proved innocent of the crime of aspiring to one so far above him; and the princess hated her. Often had she seen, or imagined that she had seen, this fair creature throwing glances of admiration upon the person of her lover, and sometimes she thought these glances were perceived, and even returned. Now and then she had seen them talking together; it was but for a moment or two, but much can be said in a brief space; it may have been on most unimportant topics, but how could she know that? The girl was lovely, but she had dared to raise her eyes to the loved one of the princess; and, with all the intensity of the savage blood transmitted to her through long lines of wholly barbaric ancestors, she hated the woman who blushed and trembled behind that silent door.

When her lover turned and looked at her, and his eye met hers as she sat there, paler and whiter than any one in the vast ocean of anxious faces about her, he saw, by that power of quick perception which is given to those whose souls are one, that she knew behind which door crouched the tiger, and behind which stood the lady. He had expected her to know it. He understood her nature, and his soul was assured that she would never rest until she had made plain to herself this thing, hidden to all other lookers-on, even to the king. The only hope for the youth in which there was any element of certainty was based upon the success of the princess in discovering this mystery; and the moment he looked upon her, he saw she had succeeded, as in his soul he knew she would succeed.

Then it was that his quick and anxious glance asked the question: "Which?" It was as plain to her as if he shouted it from where he stood. There was not an instant to be lost. The question was asked in a flash; it must be answered in another.

Her right arm lay on the cushioned parapet before her. She raised her hand, and made a slight, quick movement toward the right. No one but her lover saw her. Every eye but his was fixed on the man in the arena.

He turned, and with a firm and rapid step he walked across the empty space. Every heart stopped beating, every breath was held, every eye was fixed immovably upon that man. Without the slightest hesitation, he went to the door on the right, and opened it.

Now, the point of the story is this: Did the tiger come out of that door, or did the lady?

The more we reflect upon this question, the harder it is to answer. It involves a

study of the human heart which leads us through devious mazes of passion, out of which it is difficult to find our way. Think of it, fair reader, not as if the decision of the question depended upon yourself, but upon that hot-blooded, semi-barbaric princess, her soul at a white heat beneath the combined fires of despair and jealousy. She had lost him, but who should have him?

How often, in her waking hours and in her dreams, had she started in wild horror, and covered her face with her hands as she thought of her lover opening the door on the other side of which waited the cruel fangs of the tiger!

But how much oftener had she seen him at the other door! How in her grievous reveries had she gnashed her teeth, and torn her hair, when she saw his start of rapturous delight as he opened the door of the lady! How her soul had burned in agony when she had seen him rush to meet that woman, with her flushing cheek, and sparkling eye of triumph; when she had seen him lead her forth, his whole frame kindled with the joy of recovered life; when she had heard the glad shouts from the multitude, and the wild ringing of the happy bells; when she had seen the priest, with his joyous followers, advance to the couple, and make them man and wife before her very eyes; and when she had seen them walk together upon their path of flowers, followed by the tremendous shouts of the hilarious multitude, in which her one despairing shriek was lost and drowned!

Would it not be better for him to die at once, and go to wait for her in the blessed regions of semi-barbaric futurity?

And yet, that awful tiger, those shrieks, that blood!

Her decision had been indicated in an instant, but it had been made after days and nights of anguished deliberation. She had known she would be asked, she had decided what she would answer, and, without the slightest hesitation, she had moved her hand to the right.

The question of her decision is one not to be lightly considered, and it is not for me to presume to set myself up as the one person able to answer it. And so I leave it with all of you: Which came out of the opened door,—the lady, or the tiger?

WILL'S COUNSELOR

BY CHARLES WHARTON STORK

"GIVE over, Will. Spur not thy jaded lines
To fresh invention. Dost thou ween forsooth
To set thy lady's name where Stella shines,
Or rival Spenser with thy rhymes uncouth?
Doth now thy lean muse travail of a play?
When wilt thou help a Tamburlane to birth?
Or teach mad Greene to daff our cares away?
Or fill the room of Lyly's courtly mirth?
Thou would-be shake-scene of this mighty land,
Thou country jackdaw dight in peacock's plumes,
That hast nor wit nor passion at command,
And canst but mar the weave of former looms;
Give o'er, I say; untune thy feeble note!"
The other smiled, but paused not as he wrote.

AMERICAN CARTOONS OF TO-DAY

BY FRANK WEITENKAMPF

Author of "American Graphic Art"

WITH EXAMPLES, SELECTED WITHOUT PERSONAL OR POLITICAL PREJUDICE

IT is in the daily paper that political caricature in the United States to-day finds both its principal opportunity for expression and its directing influence. The spirit of journalism pervades cartooning. W. A. Rogers, long prominent in the field, has said: "After all, we cartoonists are merely reporters with a drawing-pen or brush instead of a pencil. . . . We must follow the news as closely as any editor. . . . I can't afford to miss the news of a single day." To which may be added the dictum of another member of the craft, C. L. Bartholomew: "The American cartoonist must anticipate the news."

The news must be boiled down into the unequivocal directness of the cartoon. The result often appears on or opposite the editorial page, and is, in fact, both in form and effect, a pictorial editorial rather than a reporter's story.

In its most satisfactory manifestation, this product of newspaper art was characterized in the New York "Evening Post":

> The American cartoon, despite the undeniable amount of trash which its name has covered, is one of the most interesting manifestations of our art. There is less self-consciousness about it than many other outlets for artistic energy to-day can show. It has less pose, a characteristic honesty that is above question. It finds itself in that situation in which, perhaps, the best art of all fruitful periods is found, since it is art in service to an actual daily need of utterance and expression.

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THAT POINT OF VIEW

MR. GIRAFFE: When I look around me and see the misery there is in the world, I am appalled.
MR. TURTLE: Say' when you see anything disagreeable pull your head in.

DRAWN BY ARTHUR YOUNG

It is not to be forgotten that not only must a cartoon, and sometimes two, be produced every day, but this daily output is of necessity effected under pressure. Even a cursory examination of one year's cartoons (those of 1911 by Rogers, for instance) shows such diverse topics as the tariff, the subway, Socialism, grade crossings, reciprocity with Canada, wool interests, night-garbage removal, home rule, Tammany, wood-pulp, Japan's sup-

"MY FIELDS PILLAGED, MY HORSE CARRIED OFF, MY MONEY STOLEN—*THAT* IS WHAT THEY CALL PATRIOTISM"

A cartoon by Honoré Daumier (1808–79), the French artist who has greatly influenced French and American illustrators.

posed designs on Mexico, Negro-lynching, international arbitration, New York City piers, base-ball, votes for women, Canadian annexation, Memorial day, continuous rain, pension abuses, automobile casualties, and aviation.

Yet in the case of our best cartoonists a review of this activity day after day, year after year, discloses an admirable average of elevated endeavor and intention.

The cartoonist, presuming that he has ideas and the power to express them effectively, will exert an influence in proportion to the conviction that lies behind his hand. One of the craft condemned "attempts to make the cartoonist a mere tool in the hands of the editor or the proprietor of the paper." In the case of a well-known and powerful artist who died some years ago the change from one paper to another was certainly accompanied by a diminution of cogency, because the work seemed made to order rather than born of faith.

THE COMIC PAPER AND THE DAILY

In 1873, Frederick Hudson, in his "History of Journalism," stated that the Amer-

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THE TAMMANY TIGER LOOSE—"WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?"

(The first appearance of the famous Tiger symbol.)

DRAWN BY THOMAS NAST

ican public did not support comic weeklies because "no one can wait a week to laugh; it must come in daily with our coffee." To-day it not only comes to our door with the morning's milk, but we get it with our evening tea as well. Moreover, the comic papers also have flourished, while the cartoon has continued as a feature of the general weeklies. But the majority of cartoonists are enlisted in the service of the daily press.

Papers in all parts of the country have adopted the cartoon feature. Each has its own artist; one weekly publication in the six months between July and December, 1911, reproduced drawings by fifty-six. One cannot expect to find enough good ones to supply the demand. The multiplicity of cartoonists and their restless activity have made possible not only the gathering in book form of selected cartoons by individual draftsmen,—Rogers, Opper, Nelan, McCutcheon,—but also the forming of collections on particular subjects, such as the one of "Cartoons of the War of 1898 with Spain," or Dr. Albert Shaw's volume on Theodore Roosevelt.

In the rush and flurry of the response to daily exigencies, an avalanche of ideas is pouring forth, on the whole remarkably good and varied despite much repetition. Some of these conceits are held again for a moment on the pages of magazines which make it a practice to reproduce these pictorial comments on current affairs; there was for a time even a monthly, "Cartoons," entirely devoted to this specialty. Then these cartoons, temporarily revived, also pass on to the limbo of the immediately forgotten. The days seem far off when crowds blocked St. James's Street, London, before Mistress Humphrey's shop windows, to gape at the fierce pictorial denunciations of a Gillray, or when, much later, the coming of the Nast conceptions in "Harper's Weekly" was a recurring event of great public interest.

THE OLD CARTOON AND THE NEW

IN former days, particularly in the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, the cartoonist commented in more general and far-reaching manner, dealing rather with

general principles and major occurrences. That was natural when designs had to be laboriously engraved on copper. Benjamin Franklin's "Unite or die" device (a snake cut into pieces, one for each of the colonies), repeatedly used in newspapers, graphically emphasized a basic truth to the rebellious Americans. Other revolutionary cartoons, of British or continental European origin, similarly dealt with general facts or opinions. This characteristic continued throughout the period of the lithographic sheets issued from the time of Jackson to the end of the Civil War. It obtained in a measure even in the weekly comic paper, for a seven days' interval gave some opportunity for viewing in perspective, for gaining the wider outlook. But with the advent of the newspaper cartoon conditions became much modified.

Nowadays acts and persons of minor importance are noted by the reporting cartoonist. The passing event of to-day is replaced by the later affair of to-morrow, —if, indeed, the change does not take place between morning and evening,—and the corrective force of the cartoon is lessened.

The pictorial comment appears with such frequency that it often covers only some detail of the political situation. As a result, general principles are not so often or so insistently emphasized, because they are somewhat obscured by the consideration of side issues or minor phases. There is an occasional hit, or sometimes the persistent hammering at one point during a campaign. For the rest, it is only the work of a few that really stands out.

HUMOR, NOT SATIRE

NOTEWORTHY features in a large proportion of newspaper cartoons have been the very general good nature, the absence, on the whole, of vulgarity,—which cannot be said of all the non-political newspaper "comics,"—the almost boyish delight in the fun of the thing, the good-humored clownishness. The fiercely corrective function of the cartoon is not too often apparent to-day. The prevailing spirit is that of kindliness, not of malignity. Occasions of particularly strong public excitement may promote bitterness, and in the Spanish-American War there blossomed some unpleasant products of inconsiderate national prejudice. But the sustained savagery of a Gillray, the unrelenting probing of a Nast, as in the Greeley campaign, or even

© By permission of "Puck"

THE COURTSHIP OF BILL TAFT. "WHY DON'T YOU SPEAK FOR YOURSELF, THEODORE?"

DRAWN BY JOSEPH KEPPLER

© By permission of the New York "Mail and Express"

"WHAT, AGAIN?"

DRAWN BY HOMER DAVENPORT

such insistent flaying as was seen in the Blaine-Cleveland contest of 1884, are today a rarity. The great majority of newspaper cartoons bear the stamp of humor, not of satire. Even the sting of Frederick B. Opper's "Willie and his Papa" series was sugar-coated in its air of innocuous drollery. Just so his "Alphabet of Joyous Trusts," the best drawn of his newspaper series that I have seen, incites laughter rather than indignation, and seems to promote the American tendency toward *laisser-faire.* And this feature is typical. Opper himself has been quoted as saying that "The Presidential campaign seems to be undergoing a great change in the direction of less bitterness on both sides, more and more moderation in the tone of election-time speeches and editorials and cartoons." It is, then, the sly dig that is administered, not the stinging lash.

CARTOON VERSUS CARICATURE

AND, generally, the exaggeration of caricature, at least that of gross distortion, is wanting. It will be noted that these pictorial journalists are invariably referred to as cartoonists, not as caricaturists. When one writer on the subject offered a page of portraits of "Cartoonists and Caricaturists," he made a nice distinction.

Some of the purveyors of non-political "comics" do indeed revel in an excess of stupid and hideous reversion of form. But in the field of political cartooning, outside of certain individual vagaries, such as the crude depiction of "the trusts" as formless obesities with grinning mouths in an impossible lateral extension, the exuberant grotesqueness of Zimmerman stands fairly alone. It is an individual expression which has not found much imitation. And how-

ever it may strike the beholder, it is at least apparently spontaneous. This last-named quality is one that somehow does not come to mind before those drawings in which T. S. Sullivant has pressed his art into the mold of exaggeration. He gives the impression of a thoughtful reviewer deliberately choosing the cap and bells as an effective means of gaining a hearing.

However, as already said, downright distortion is not generally practiced. In the majority of cases the artist, though exercising a certain humor of manner in twist of body or attitude, draws his pictures as well as he knows how,—in many cases not very well,—and with an unhesitating definiteness which to the mind of the average man takes the place of sureness of knowledge.

HOMESPUN ART AND GOOD NATURE

THE art of the newspaper cartoon, like its humor, has been to a large extent homespun and somewhat elementary. John T. McCutcheon, speaking for the good-natured, innocuous, and yet timely idea, says it "might be considered as a sort of pictorial breakfast food and is popular with the cartoonist, who feels that his mission has been fulfilled if he succeeds in bringing a bit of cheerfulness to some one's heart and thereby makes the beginning of a day sunnier. Its excuse lies in the belief that people prefer to be amused than to be reformed. The cartoons of this class never rock the foundations of nations, but they probably make the world a little more cheery as it rolls along." This breathes the same spirit as the drawings of Mr. McCutcheon, whose healthy, artless humor, spontaneous and of the soil, is expressed more in pictures of social life than in political caricature. Similar inoffensive drollery and simplicity of method find varied individual expression in the products of other artists of this general type.

The class of cartoon just outlined really goes back in its beginnings to Walt. H. McDougall, a pioneer in newspaper illustration, whose somewhat laborious artlessness was outstripped by his ideas. A number of cartoonists are to-day treading in the path blazed by him, among them Charles L. Bartholomew ("Bart"), J. H. Donahey, John De Mar, and not a few

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"WHERE'S THE REST OF HIM, THEODORE?"

DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS

others. In apparently joyous content with the technical means at their disposal, they exercise a simple, healthy humor in language "understanded of the people," telling their story without troublesome consideration of the manner of the telling, depending on a smile to make their point.

Some, such as Donahey, have a certain originality of style; others become negligible through want of skill and invention. Occasionally, one will fairly surpass himself, as did Herbert Johnson, in "Spanked," representing President Roosevelt as a husky, grinning boy rebuked by Congress, a diminutive daddy, who has evidently suffered more than the gigantic and obese lad. The spirit of drollery pervading much of this work, in some quarters with a dash of the uncouth, is expressed by T. E. Powers with a more ful adjustment of pen-stroke. Even case of Opper, with whom, in recent the drawing is quite secondary to the the execution at its best still shows of the effect of his years of training the elder Keppler.

This matter of draftsmanship is a portant one. It is the obvious aid effective presentation of ideas. "Tc good cartoonist it is absolutely ess that one should be a good draftsman, C. G. Bush. But this ability shou course, be a means, not an end. V the idea of a cartoon is obscured by a necessarily fine network of pen-line it loses in direct force. Or, again, nical dexterity may give expression decorative spirit which is concerned swing of line a well-balanced dis tion of blacks notably in the pressions" of Mayer), rather with the seriou tent of the h type of political tooning.

Such preoccu with manner is n to be joined to vig characterization, the result has th fect of clever re thrown off in p rather than of born of the fire o conviction.

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"GO ON, WHO 'S AFRAID?"
DRAWN BY O. B. CESARE

PEN VERSUS CRA

THE noteworthy velopment of ne per art has been possible, of cours reproductive pro based on the i action of the ca Without this mea rapid production daily cartoon as ists to-day would been unthinkable. the natural, most reproduced vehicl the artist's ideas

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CHANGING THE MASK

DRAWN BY BOARDMAN ROBINSON

for years the pen-line. Until recently all these cartoons were drawn in pen-and-ink, with its advantage of firm incisiveness and its rigid limits. The definiteness of the sharp pen-line naturally incites to nicety of execution. That nicety, however, may degenerate into a niggling preoccupation with unnecessary line-work, already referred to, and which detracts from the effectiveness of the idea expressed.

The pendulum has recently begun to swing the other way. The soft yet vigorous effect of the crayon is being wooed again by the comic artist, as it once was in France by Gavarni, Daumier, "Cham," and others. They worked on the lithographic stone; to-day the drawings of our pictorial commentators are reproduced by photomechanical process. But the possibilities of the free, vigorous, broad touch of the growing crayon-line is there. The drawing is done with a soft pencil, or a lithographic or similarly fatty carbon crayon, on grained paper. This grain slightly disintegrates the unctuous line, interrupting its continuity by minute stac-

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"LET ME CARRY YOUR BASKET, POP"

DRAWN BY CHARLES G. BUSH

cato effects, giving it a feeling of palpitating life.

This is technic, of course, but technic is the language of the artist. The medium—that is, the material on which and the tool with which an artist works—inevitably imposes its nature on the result produced. It offers its possibilities and fixes their limits, as does written speech to the writer. The potentiality of the medium is shown in the manner of the artist who is able to appreciate and express it with the ever-necessary exercise of the virtue of appropriateness. All other things being equal, it is the power of clear, direct, adequate, and unmistakable expression that wins.

The crayon manner just now coming into vogue has its dangers, but so has any other when it is practised in bald and *thoughtless imitation.* The use of the crayon is spreading, but the manner at its best is highly effective. In the resultant drawings the mind is not distracted by any fine and unnecessary details. We are addressed directly and without circumlocutions or other unnecessary artistic verbiage.

INFLUENCE OF DAUMIER

In the best of such work there comes to us something of the bold characterization, the magisterial sweep, the synthetic analysis of Daumier, possibly filtered somewhat through the fin de siècle point of view of Forain, Steinlen, and others. That this reflection of the style of the great French lithographic artist, this return to such big principles in drawing as he enunciated, should be exemplified notably in newspaper art, as it is in France by the

"Figaro," is an interesting and significant circumstance. When the principles referred to are joined to the power of not only indicating a likeness with a few strokes, but of summarizing fundamental traits of character throughout various expressions of mood and changing circumstance and fleeting mental attitude, we have the ideal equipment of the cartoonist. It is this quality, and its expression through the appropriate omission and accent which are the test of the draftsman's tact, that give Boardman Robinson, for instance, a noteworthy position. To cite examples of a cartoonist's work always implies considerations in addition to those having to do with art principles.

If one must specify, his picture of Mayor Gaynor, with regard to municipal abuses, or of Governor Dix ("Strictly constitutional"), or of "The Sullivan Bill in Force" ("He 's all right, your Honor"), might serve as well as any other. One may study the application of this crayon manner in varying degrees of power in the work of other contemporaries, like Cesare, Minor, Rollin Kirby. Pen artists such as Powers, C. R. Macauley, and Nelson Harding also make occasional use of the crayon. And John Sloan, predisposed through his vigorous handling of the medium both in etching and lithography, has fallen in with this movement in some drawings directed at a Socialist public.

When studying the work of the men who are availing themselves of the advantages of this old power newly found, one need only apply as a touchstone recollection of the great Frenchman referred to. The soulless imitation which aims only at the trick of manner will not stand the test.

THE COMIC WEEKLY

In the comic press the use of the crayon, primarily through the needs of lithographic reproduction, employed until a few years ago, is of long standing. Not harassed by the necessity of feeding the press daily, the artist on the weekly humorous journal has opportunity to take the broader outlook, to exercise such reflectiveness as may have been given him. Of this opportunity, which coincided with his temperament and point of view, Joseph Keppler has availed himself with noteworthy effect. In cartoons such as

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"TOUCH ME NOT: I 'M A LADY"

DRAWN BY HY. MAYER

© By permission of "Puck"

A PAINFUL POSITION FOR NURSE McKINLEY

AN EARLY CARTOON BY FREDERICK B. OPPER

"Why don't you speak for yourself, Theodore?" and "'Martin Luther' Roosevelt" (throwing his inkstand at the devil tempting him with a third-term crown),

© By permission of the "Minneapolis Journal"

SEEIN' THINGS AT SEA GIRT

DRAWN BY CHARLES L. BARTHOLOMEW

in which two or three figures fill an entire double-page, he has accentuated the prime essentials of effective political caricature—clearness of idea, singleness of purpose, simplicity of design, absoluteness of characterization. Arthur Young, who has at times been associated with Keppler, has a like seriousness of purpose, expressed in strong

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ANOTHER BOARD OF INQUIRY

"What is Father striking for, Mother, higher wages?"
"No, dear, the wages are satisfactory."
"Is he striking for shorter hours?"
"No, dear, the hours are satisfactory. It 's a sympathetic strike."
"Sympathy for us, Mother?"
"No, dear."

DRAWN BY JOHN T. McCUTCHEON

convictions on social conditions, and exercised at different times in both pen and pencil cartoons.

Of course the full-page or double-page cartoon in the comic weekly contrasts by its very size with the smaller newspaper drawing. But one can no more force conviction with a meaningless double-page than one can make a purposeful book without ideas. Size alone does not count.

ADVANTAGE OF BETTER ART

THROUGH the recurrence to a higher artistic point of view the art of the daily has not lost; it has gained. By the simple directness of this style, by its pronounced vigor, the frequent limitation of the design to few figures, the elision of superfluous side issues, and the simplifying of the idea, so that the caption is sufficiently explanatory without looped speeches issuing from the mouths of the persons portrayed, always a device that smacks of the infantile, the effectiveness of these designs becomes immeasurably stronger. In a word, the big sweep of the style seems to suggest big ideas; or, let me say, the unequivocal directness of the style promotes a direct-

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"FANNY'S FIRST PLAY." BERNARD SHAW AGAIN HOLDS BRITISH RESPECTABILITY UP TO RIDICULE

DRAWN BY BOARDMAN ROBINSON

ness of thought that gets at main principles.

Cartooning in its highest type is a serious business. The caricaturist who can give expression to public opinion, and influence it, must have qualities of a high order, and seriousness and moral purpose in his convictions. "It is my belief that the serious cartoon will always be the most effective and the most enduring," said Davenport. He himself was once called the "cartoonist dominated by moral ideas," just as Nast was aptly described as "seriously and intensely in earnest." Similarly, Charles G. Bush was a man sincere of purpose, whose ideas were consistently on a high plane. Of such seriousness of purpose is born the highest type of cartoon. Whatever humor it may show is not of the broad and obvious kind. But it is frequently pregnant with meaning, and cuts more deeply by its quietly delivered satire than does the whoop of the facile joke-maker.

Comedy has its place, and a useful one, but in the exercise of the "comic art" as a political corrective it is not the bouncing bladder of the clown or the rattling slapstick that scores the home-thrust.

In a large part of the work referred to,—say by Bush, Davenport, Rogers, Keppler, and Robinson, for instance,—the product of reflection thoughtfully set down, one finds the reason for the effectiveness of political caricature when wielded with skill paired with conviction. The combination of seriousness of purpose and artistic endeavor produces the best results.

SONG OF THE OPEN LAND

BY RICHARD BURTON

WE of the open country,
Men of the ranch and range,
Bronzed of skin and out to win,
Men of the landscape strange,

Hail you, and bid you hither,
Brothers so far away,
City-beguiled and greed-defiled,
Into the air of day!

Here are the visions splendid,
Girdled with space and light;
Ride where you will, there is beauty still,
Breath, and the body's might.

The silver gray of the mesa,
The alkali blotch below,
The water pool's sheen where the grass grows green,
And the far peaks tipped with snow.

The great, gaunt scars of the chasms,
Where the pines are writhen things,
Small of girth and stunted from birth,
Where nothing flies or sings.

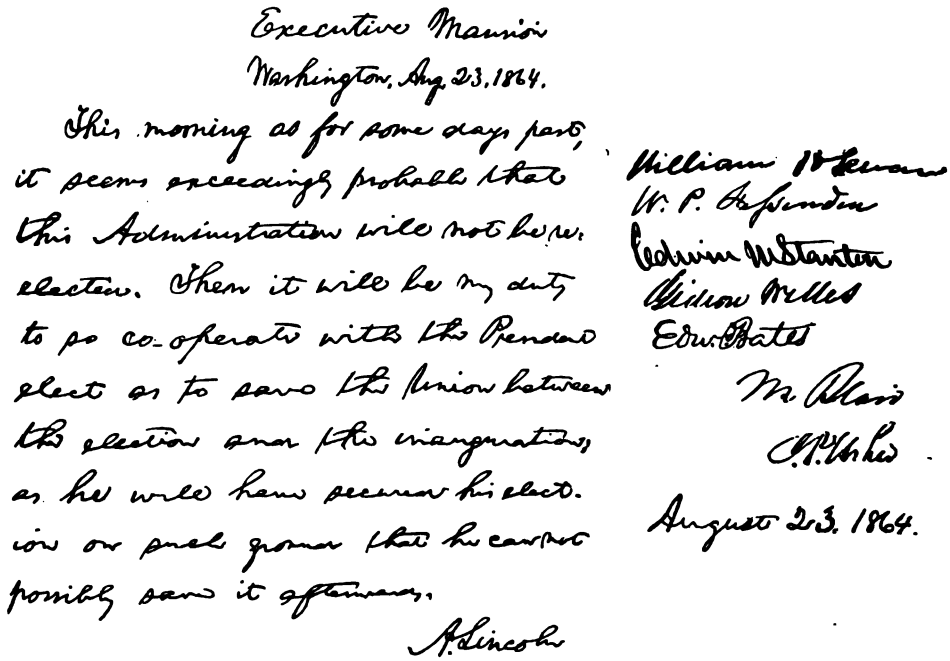
Yellow the sands, or dappled,
Up where the foot-hills wind,
And the white stream leaps down the cañon deeps
With the roar of beasts behind.

Myriad changes, myriad moods,
Oh, the glad gamut of life!
Deserts abloom or bare as doom,
Places for sleep or strife.

All of it splendid, all of it ours!
Brother by brother stand!
Ho, for the West, where to breathe is best,
Hail, from the open land!

LINCOLN'S PLEDGE

HIS SECRET PROMISE TO COÖPERATE WITH McCLELLAN TO SAVE THE UNION IF THE LATTER SHOULD BE ELECTED



Executive Mansion
Washington, Aug. 23, 1864.

This morning as for some days past, it seems exceedingly probable that this Administration will not be re-elected. Then it will be my duty to so co-operate with the President elect as to save the Union between the election and the inauguration; as he will have secured his election on such ground that he cannot possibly save it afterwards.

A. Lincoln

William H. Seward
W. P. Fessenden
Edwin M. Stanton
Gideon Welles
Edw. Bates
M. Blair
J. P. Usher

August 23. 1864.

FACSIMILE OF THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT OWNED BY MRS. JOHN HAY, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH LENT BY GENERAL JAMES GRANT WILSON

The signatures of members of Lincoln's cabinet, on the right, were written on the back of the folded "pledge," the purport of which was not then known to them.

IN explanation of this remarkable paper, Nicolay and Hay say in their biography (Vol. IX, page 251): "Feeling that the campaign [of 1864] was going against him, he made up his mind deliberately as to the course he should pursue, and unwilling to leave his resolution to the chances of the changed mood which might follow in the natural exasperation of defeat, he resolved to lay down for himself the course of action demanded by his present conviction of duty. . . . [After writing the memorandum]: He then folded and pasted the sheet in such manner that its contents could not be read, and as the cabinet came together he handed this paper to each member successively, requesting them to write their names across the back of it. . . ."

The sequel is told in a foot-note from the diary of one of the President's secretaries, *under date of November 11, 1864*: "At the meeting of the cabinet to-day the President took out a paper from his desk and said: 'Gentlemen, do you remember last summer when I asked you all to sign your names to the back of a paper of which I did not show you the inside? This is it. . . . [After reading the memorandum the President, recalling all the circumstances, said:] . . . I resolved in case of the election of General McClellan, being certain that he would be a candidate, that I would see him and talk matters over with him. I would say, "General, the election has demonstrated that you are stronger, have more influence with the American people than I. Now let us get together, you with your influence and I with all the executive power of the Government, and try to save the country. You raise as many troops as you possibly can for this final trial, and I will devote all my energies to assist and finish the war." ' "

LINCOLN AS A BOY KNEW HIM

BY JOHN LANGDON KAINE

"And did you once see Shelley plain,
And did he stop and speak to you,,
And did you speak to him again?
How strange it seems, and new!"

BROWNING'S *"Memorabilia."*

IT is more than half a century since I knew Abraham Lincoln—knew him as well, perhaps, as could any small boy not a member of his household; yet his homely features are as distinct in my memory as though only a year had passed. I thought he was the tallest man in all Springfield; also that he was old, though really he was in his prime. This impression of age I can trace to the many fine lines which marked his pleasant face, but which do not appear in his portraits. Apart from his remarkable height, his seeming age, and his local importance, my chief idea about Mr. Lincoln was that he was good. I readily accepted my father's assurance that Mr. Lincoln was the greatest man within the range of my limited knowledge.

Near the office of the "Journal," between Mr. Carmody's liquor store and a clothing house, there was a large vacant lot, shut off from the view of the street by a tight board fence. The high, windowless brick walls were smooth enough to serve admirably for hand-ball. I do not know whether Mr. Lincoln went there often for his exercise. I saw him at play several times, and one afternoon is memorable because he called to me, by name, to take his coat. His agility was surprising in view of his usual deliberate, almost indolent manner; and his long legs and long arms gave him a remarkable range of play. He was entirely democratic here, taking the inevitable chaffing of the Irish players and spectators amiably, and sometimes returning it. There is an apocryphal story that he was at this hand-ball court when he received the news of his nomination for President.

When and how I came to be known to the lawyer I do not recollect. As far back as I can remember he spoke to me familiarly in the street, and when I called at his office on an affair of tremendous importance he greeted me as an old friend. Springfield had a volunteer fire department, with engines worked by hand. There was a juvenile company, of course, but to run with a clothes-line attached to mere air, or at best to a pumpless sulky borrowed from unguarded premises, was not satisfying. It was a momentous discovery that at Withey's carriage "repository" there was a force-pump on four wheels for garden service. It had only an ordinary pump-handle. For a certain considerable sum, Mr. Withey would substitute for this handle two brakes long enough for the hands of a dozen boys. He allowed us to test its pumping qualities, and it was agreed that it should be named "The Deluge." Clearly this was a matter of public concern. There was obvious reason why citizens with inflammable property should contribute to the purchase of the machine. It was decided to collect a quarter each from such householders as should prove approachable. On the whole, a fair number realized the importance of the business; so it was with some confidence that I attacked the law office of Lincoln and Herndon. Fortunately, Mr. Lincoln was alone and so far from busy that he was only reading a book.

His "Well, Johnny, what can the law do for you?" was distinctly encouraging, and I rapidly explained our scheme. He was instantly and deeply interested. He probed me with questions; and he said he was pleased with the name "Deluge," declaring it was better than "Gusher" or "Spouter" or any of several others the absurdity of which did not strike me at the time. Still, I was half aware that the lawyer was having some private fun with me. Though I may have thought it too frivolous for the occasion, I was willing, if only he would contribute his quarter. This he did with great solemnity and deliberation.

Moreover, when Mr. Herndon came in, evidently not in good humor, Mr. Lincoln explained my mission and urged his part-

ner to subscribe, reminding him that even his hen-house was inflammable. Mr. Herndon was impatient with the fooling, and tried to shut it off by speaking of mere law business. With his native kindness, Mr. Lincoln eased my departure, exacting a promise that I would keep him informed as to the progress of the work on the machine.

Although I took Mr. Lincoln's apparent interest as real, I did not call at his office again for some time. The Withey establishment did not realize the importance of haste, not knowing the transient nature of boys' enthusiasms. Day after day delegations called at the shops, only to find no change in the condition of the force-pump; and, too, they had not even the satisfaction of repeating the test. One day Colonel Ellsworth's Chicago Zouaves came to town as the beginning of such a triumphal tour of the country as no other military company had ever made. Instantly, of course, the fickle lads were all for the soldier life: drums and wooden guns took the place of red shirts and fire-fighting.

From the collection of Robert W. Coster

THE LINCOLN HOME IN SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS, DRAPED AT THE TIME OF THE FUNERAL

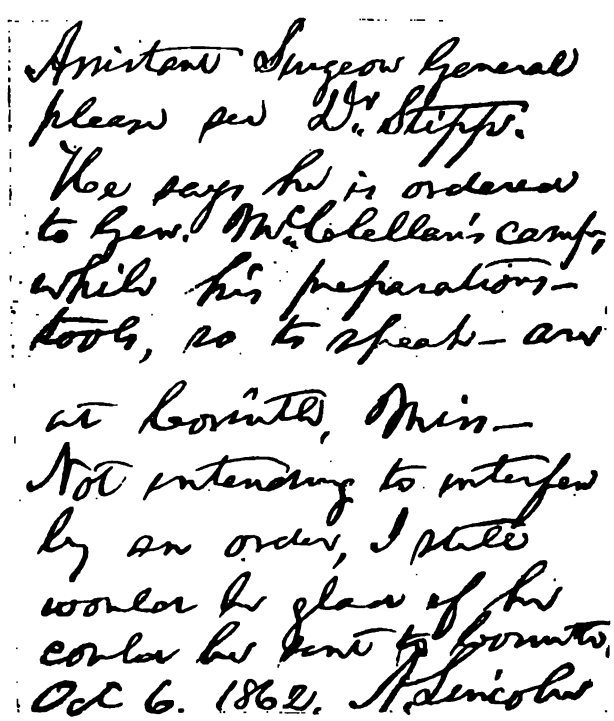
My father's early idea of Mr. Lincoln's greatness had been confirmed in my small mind long before by the immense crowd which had streamed to a field near my home, where usually the circus tents were spread, to hear him speak. Probably it was one of the series of meetings in the Lincoln-Douglas debates, which first made Mr. Lincoln known beyond the boundaries of the State. The cheers of the people were more frequent and louder than the roars evoked by the circus clown. me there could be no more severe t greatness.

I became the drummer in a mi band, and it happened that this thre more than ever in Mr. Lincoln's Colonel Ellsworth, after a hard against poverty in Chicago, came t State capital to read law in Mr. Lin office. At once he was engaged to t crack military company in the specta Zouave manual and tactics. As I called o drum fo Zouaves, was the boy at it was ral that nel Ells should e me for services, this tool often to Lincoln's fice.

One noon, h to meet colonel I found Lincoln He stood ing out window, hands b his back, looking than his because of the long-skirted black coat then in fashion. This was his only concession to style, save a casional new silk hat. As his feet most often on a table when I was him, I could see that his big, long-l boots were made for comfort, and therefore almost formless. He wa over-fastidious as to their polish. shirt-collar, which was not removable also designed for comfort in its loos He did not wear the old stock, many prim lawyers still retained, loosely tied black band.

Evidently Mr. Lincoln was in a t tive mood, for, in the absence of an person, he seemed pleased to see me.

put me through a course of questions, probably to get at the thoughts and interests of the boy of the day. One discovery was that the thing in which I was most interested at school—probably because I had a knack of doing it fairly well for a boy—was declamation. Nothing would do but I must repeat an oration. To this day I wonder at and admire the tact with which he overcame my great embarrassment. The place and conditions were such as to make a boy resolve to perish before raising his voice in a school declamatory exercise. Yet before I quite knew it, or knew how he did it, he had me standing at the table and shouting a tribute to Washington. He was really interested, for he went over the piece himself, to give his notion of the emphasis and inflection; and he undertook to make me explain why "he needs no marble monument, no consecrated pile." To illustrate some point he recalled one of the many speeches which he said he had "learned by heart" when he began the study of the law, hesitating now and then, but always getting the word at last. He mentioned many famous addresses all of which he knew at one time, when he was forming what he called "an unnatural style of speech" for professional use.



From the collection of Robert W. Lesley

A REQUEST (ON TWO SIDES OF A CARD) FROM PRESIDENT LINCOLN TO THE ASSISTANT SURGEON-GENERAL

"Try to think they 're your own words, and talk them as you would talk them to me," was his advice after I had ranted in school-boy manner. He insisted, too, on the importance of learning, in early life, sentiments expressed in verse. In effect he said that as a man grows older lines which he learned because of their pleasant sound come to have a meaning; just as old saws show their truth in later life; "It is a pleasure," he said, "to be able to quote lines to fit any occasion," and he noted that the Bible is the richest source of pertinent quotations. I think Mr. Lincoln had much to do with creating whatever ambition I had for the reading of history, on which he placed great stress.

The arrival of Colonel Ellsworth did not at once put an end to the entertainment, for he, too, was concerned. As a law student he was then making a study of forensic expression. The interest, however, was shifted from oratory by Mr. Lincoln, who asked the colonel to hear a dramatic poem. I think he went into another room for it, but, anyhow, he brought out several sheets of paper on which the matter was written. Evidently it was not yet widely published, and I have never been able to identify the poem. I am positive, though, that it was not what is alleged to have been his favorite, "Why Should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud?" However much he may have been attached to that, he did not mention it.

As Mr. Lincoln recited the poem, with its full, rolling sentences, he held up a finger and carried it back and forth to mark the sweep of the lines. He showed a great power of dramatic expression and

the rise and fall of his voice was musical. The sentiment was lost on me, to whom the words were all Greek, but undoubtedly I enjoyed the swing of the thing.

It was plain that Mr. Lincoln and the little colonel were most friendly. Often I had seen Mr. Lincoln place his hand on Colonel Ellsworth's shoulder or take hold of his arm in a way to show not merely liking, but sincere affection, and this the latter was one to inspire.

When I drummed at the head of the delegation which came from the Chicago Convention to notify Mr. Lincoln of his nomination, marching with a great crowd to the Lincoln home, I felt much pride and a personal interest in the event. My great man had become the nation's great man. All through that furious campaign I drummed far and near, for the band was famous in central Illinois. Everywhere there were companies of Republican "Wide Awakes," and in no later national campaign has there been the same mania for nightly meetings and street demonstrations. The patience of the people under the steady flow of oratory was equal to the endurance of the endless succession of speakers.. The "Wide Awakes" were armed with torches which left a long trail of kerosene odor on the night air, and they wore red military caps and blue capes of shiny leather. Their appearance on parade was as brilliant as that of any military body with more costly uniform. There was a keen rivalry in drill, with prizes for the most expert, and this led to evolutions which aroused much enthusiasm. The changing positions of the torches as the long procession evolved complicated figures far down the street was a stirring spectacle which all the world crowded to witness. To this day the penetrating odor of a smoky lamp calls up visions of the night parades of 1860. Everywhere wigwams were erected, —circular buildings of unplaned boards, —where the spouting went on perpetually, and where many a politician who later won national fame got his start. The beat *of the drum and the* tramp of feet seemed never silent until the drummers, still leading the "Wide Awakes," marched off to war in 1861.

From the collection of Robert W. Coster

LINCOLN'S FRANK ON A LETTER WHEN IN CONGRESS, 1847-49

In this campaign Mr. Lincoln, to all appearances, made no change in his way of living save that he now wore his best black suit on week-days (it was still the age of the Sunday clothes) and had bought a new hat before it was due in the natural course. Also, he deserted his law office. He was now to be found in the larger rooms of the State Auditor (Jesse K. Dubois, father of the late Senator Dubois of Idaho), where were displayed many curious presents, one of which had been intended for Mr. Seward when he should be nominated, but was now given to Mr. Lincoln with hearty good-will.

Mr. Lincoln never seemed to be driven or anxious, but was always the amiable, friendly self the town had known so long. On the day of the big Democratic rally I was at the office of Mr. Enoch Moore, at the State House, with other youthful politicians. We were depressed. As the procession dragged its awful length along, it looked as though the world had become Democratic. Reluctantly we gave up hope of Mr. Lincoln's election, and were much concerned for his feelings. He had appeared to be so confident that defeat must be harrowing. Then Mr. Lincoln himself came in, smiling and apparently unaware of the impending disaster. With his customary kindness he spoke to us and rallied us on our glumness. When he learned the cause, he laughed heartily and with abandon. Then he hastened to reassure us. "Why, this is nothing," he declared. "Just wait till the eighth of August, and we 'll show this rag-tag and bobtail what a grand rally is."

The August meeting was, indeed, a tremendous affair. Uniformed companies came from towns a hundred miles away, and from the country came mounted men in gay attire and looking in their tin headgear like the crusading knights. Although nothing was heard in that day of big campaign expenditures, the cost must have been enormous. This was only one of

hundreds of great gatherings. The thousands of people who filled a large grove and ran over into the surrounding fields were all fed, and there was no mean variety on the tables. I dare not estimate the number of beeves roasted whole in the barbecue style. Deep pits, looking like fresh-made graves, were half filled with wood fires, and over each was suspended the carcass of a beef which was kept turning slowly. There seemed to be miles of tables, made of rough boards. The mere cutting of the loaves of bread for the hungry multitude was a prodigious task for scores of men. At intervals about the grounds were hogsheads of ice-water and wash-tubs of lemonade. At greater intervals were speakers' stands at which orators spouted patriotism, with grateful interruptions from brass-bands and glee-clubs. There were no street railways then, and most of the vast crowd of heated and tired people, including faint women and fretful children, walked the long dusty road back to town, with no apparent loss of enthusiasm. Far into the night could be heard the mounted men singing the glee choruses and shouting campaign cries, as college boys disturb the quiet with their yells after a foot-ball game.

Again I drummed when Mr. Lincoln, leaving for the inauguration at Washington, bade farewell to his old friends, and all party differences were forgotten in the parting. I did not cease drumming until the curtain fell on the war tragedy in the grand review of the returning volunteers at Washington. In this tragedy Colonel Ellsworth was the war's first conspicuous victim; Lincoln himself the last.

A NEW STORY OF LINCOLN'S ASSASSINATION

AN UNPUBLISHED RECORD OF AN EYE-WITNESS

BY JESSE W. WEIK

THE list of the world's great plays is not complete; one yet remains to be written. Portrayed with characteristic and moving emphasis, it will perpetuate and immortalize the most eventful incident in history, for its central figure will be clothed in the tall form and look through the mirthful but melancholy eyes of Abraham Lincoln. In it, as in Shakspere's "Julius Cæsar," not the least impressive of its varied and manifold scenes will be the tragedy of the assassination.

A profound and absorbing interest will always attach to the event at Ford's Theater not alone because of its dramatic setting and vivid accessories, but because of its momentous effect upon the destiny and development of a great nation. What might have happened had not the assassin's bullet crashed through Lincoln's brain opens up a field of speculation so wide and extensive that one cannot mark its boundaries.

It is probably true that the original plot of John Wilkes Booth did not contemplate the destruction of Lincoln's life. In fact, it is now known that while in New York early in January, 1865, Booth invited another actor, Samuel Knapp Chester, to join him in what the former insisted was an enterprise of momentous proportions, but which turned out to be simply a scheme to "capture the heads of the Government in Washington, including the President, and spirit them away to Richmond." At what time the plot was amended to include assassination cannot now be accurately determined. Frederick Stone, the lawyer who defended Booth's accomplice, David Herold, in his trial before the military commission at Washington in May, 1865, in after years related an incident, communicated by his client, which may throw some light on this phase of the question. Herold said that he and Booth were standing side by side in front

of the White House on the evening of April 11, and heard Mr. Lincoln deliver his last public address. The building and grounds were brilliantly illuminated, and everybody was more or less jubilant over the evacuation of Petersburg and Richmond and the surrender at Appomattox. When the President, after reciting the recent victories of the Union arms, indicated that he favored the elective franchise for the colored man, "especially the very intelligent and those who have served our cause as soldiers in the field," Booth grasped Herold's arm and exclaimed in a stage-whisper: "That means Nigger citizenship. Now, by —— I 'll put him through!" Whatever, therefore, may have been Booth's original design, it is apparent that from this time forth nothing short of Lincoln's death would have satisfied him.

The investigation and trial of the Lincoln conspirators by the military commission at Washington was so thorough and conclusive that virtually nothing new or material has been discovered since that tribunal pronounced its final judgment. Clothed with arbitrary and unusual powers, the commission was a veritable dragnet, sweeping everything before it and exhausting every possible source of information. In addition, almost every surviving witness of the tragedy in the theater has, in one way or another, been heard from, so that we can scarcely hope to gain much material light on the subject beyond what we already have.

Before the case is closed, however, and with a view to adding a belated contribution to the store of matter we have thus far accumulated regarding this great historical tragedy, I venture to introduce a witness whose testimony has until now never been made public. This witness, whose death occurred not long since and whose acquaintance I made soon after the close of the Civil War, was a lady who had come to my home town in Indiana—Greencastle—to visit a relative, Colonel George D. Blakey, a commanding and impressive gentleman of the old school, then recently removed from Kentucky. While a member of Colonel Blakey's household, Miss Porterfield—for that was the lady's name—was wooed and won by William A. Brown, a young lawyer then serving as the mayor of our town. The marriage *took place May 29, 1872.*

Soon after my first meeting with Miss Porterfield I learned that she was an acquaintance of John Wilkes Booth, and also that she had witnessed the assassination of Lincoln. In due time I heard her tell the story, and was so deeply interested that I secured from her a promise to put it in writing. This, however, was for various reasons deferred from time to time till about twenty years ago, when, in answer to my oft-repeated importunities, she fulfilled her promise, signed the manuscript, and turned it over to me "for suppression or publication," to use her own language, as I might deem best. Since it was delivered to me, the manuscript has never been out of my hands, and now, in the belief that the public is entitled to the facts, I submit her account:

"In the winter of 1864–65 I was attending school at a convent in New York not far from West Point, where my stepfather, Patrice de Janon, was instructor of Spanish at the United States Military Academy. My mother, desiring to visit some friends in Washington, decided to take me with her, and we spent a part of the months of March and April enjoying the gaiety of the national capital. One of my most intimate friends was a girl who lived with her parents at the National Hotel, and I therefore spent a good deal of my time with her. Among the persons about the hotel with whom I became acquainted was John Wilkes Booth, the actor, who had already made something of a name for himself on the stage. He was a very attractive man, winning and soft-voiced, and more or less of a favorite among those who lived in or frequented the hotel. With a fine head, a figure handsomely proportioned from the waist upward, and graceful and easy manners, he soon fascinated me and my girl friend. On several occasions I heard him recite in the parlor, and his recitations never failed to attract and impress those who happened to hear him. I remember his rendition of 'Beautiful Snow' and Poe's 'Raven,' as well as numerous plays with which he was familiar. He often talked to me and my companion, and, knowing that we were school-girls, tried to impress us with the need of speaking clearly and understandingly; and on one occasion asked us to read a few lines from Shakspere's 'Henry VIII,' carefully criticizing our

expression and accent as we read. Although we were mere misses, he treated us with the utmost deference and respect, and we finally became so well acquainted with him that he gave each of us his photograph, signed by himself.

"A few days after our arrival in Washington, my mother and I were members of a party that attended Ford's Theater and witnessed a benefit performance for John McCullough. Booth played the part of *Pescara,* and it seemed to me he was applauded more than any one else in the play. The audience was unusually demonstrative, stamping the floor, cheering, and otherwise manifesting its appreciation of his acting. McCullough came before the curtain, but, notwithstanding the marked demonstration in his behalf, Booth refused to respond.

"After the news of the fall of Richmond and the surrender at Appomattox reached Washington, the people manifested their thankfulness and exultation by decorating their homes, and illuminating their windows with lighted candles after nightfall. In the morning of the day prior to the assassination I happened to meet Mr. Booth on Pennsylvania Avenue. My objective point was a little shop farther down the street, where I intended to buy some candy. Booth understood me to say *candles,* they being in great demand at that time for illuminating purposes. It was rather early in the morning, and the man had evidently not been out of bed very long.

" 'What do you want with more candles?' he exclaimed. 'The windows are full of them now, and when they are lighted I wish they would burn every house to the ground. I would rejoice at the sight. I guess I 'm a little desperate this morning,' he continued, 'and, do you know, I feel like mounting my horse and tearing up and down the streets, waving a Rebel flag in each hand, till I have driven the poor animal to death.'

"I felt that something was wrong with the man, he was so deeply wrought up. Fortunately for him, however, no one happened to be near enough to hear. His excited and vehement speech startled me, and I was on the point of remonstrating with him for his violent and intemperate utterance when he interrupted me with the rather blunt inquiry:

" 'Don't you study Latin at school?'

"I answered in the affirmative, whereupon he continued:

" 'Then tell me this: is *tyrannis* spelled with two *n's* or two *r's?*'

"I don't remember now just how I answered,—of course I gave him the benefit of my recollection and judgment,—but I do remember that the question, coming so abruptly and unsuggested by anything either of us had been saying, was most singular and unusual. Meanwhile I ventured to inquire the reason for such a violent display of feeling. Thereupon he explained that his irritation was due to having been rudely awakened from sleep that morning by a man—I think he called him Surratt—who wanted to borrow his horse to ride to Georgetown; that waking him early always made him cross and refractory. His horse being in the livery-stable, it required an order for another to use him, and rather than take the trouble to write the order, he had thrown the man a bill, telling him to take the money and hire a horse.

"The day following this incident it was decided by my mother and the Stewarts, the family we were visiting, to attend Ford's Theater again. The play was 'Our American Cousin,' then very popular; but I am not sure but as great an attraction was the opportunity to see General Grant and his wife, who, along with the President and Mrs. Lincoln it was announced, would be present. We were seated in the parquet, not far from the orchestra. I remember that at one time during the evening I saw Booth in the auditorium of the theater, standing near the wall, the sweep of his gaze indicating that he was looking for some face in the audience. Sometime later we heard the report of a pistol-shot, followed almost immediately by Booth's dramatic leap from the President's box. I remember vividly the gleam of his dagger as he descended to the stage. I heard him shout something; but, as his face was first directed toward the stage, I could not clearly distinguish his words. Of course the latter were 'Sic semper tyrannis,' followed instantly by the exclamation, 'The South is avenged!' As the last expression was uttered as he arose, this time with his eyes toward the audience, I had no difficulty in distinguishing it. For an instant, before any one either

in the audience or on the stage could comprehend what had happened, everybody stood as though transfixed; but when the awful announcement swiftly followed, 'The President is shot!' a wave of indescribable tumult broke loose.

"The crowd behind us surged forward, and before long our party found itself wedged against the orchestra. As I was somewhat shorter in stature than those about me, my mother, fearing for my safety, undertook to lift me up on the stage; but the pressure from behind became so great that she was unable to extricate me. I might have been injured, I suppose, but for the effort of a somewhat muscular man near by who, realizing my mother's predicament, picked me up and literally threw me over the footlights upon the stage. I could not see the President, but I could see Mrs. Lincoln and hear her shrieks and moans, as well as the loud and turbulent cries of people all over the house. The effect of this bewildering excitement on me was almost instantaneous. I grew deathly sick, and my face must have betrayed me, for the actor who personated *Lord Dundreary,* E. A. Emerson, noticing me and fearful lest I should faint, took off his wig and fanned me vigorously. People were rapidly clambering upon and filling the stage, when some well-intentioned person, seeing me in the surging mass and anxious to put me out of harm's way, lifted me into the box immediately beneath the one in which the stricken President lay. But so many persons had crowded into the box above that it was feared the floor might give way under the great weight, and I accordingly was soon removed from my place of refuge. The actors and actresses and other women on the stage stood huddled together in little groups, quivering with excitement and fear. The whole scene, with its confusion, its grief and tears and terror, was indescribable. Apparently the only cool head among all those in the play or on the stage was Laura Keene. She seemed to comprehend sooner than any one else what had happened, and swept across the stage toward the President's box, waving her hands aloft and shouting a command which sounded like, 'Order! Order!' or 'Water! Water!' I could not tell which. In due time she reached the upper box, and I remember seeing her there bending over and apparently fanning the stricken President's face. Although at this late day much of what occurred then seems like a dream, still I can never forget the noise, the confusion, the screams, the absolute and revolting horror of it all. In a short time policemen and soldiers made their appearance in the building, the body of the dying President was tenderly borne away.

"A day or so later my girl companion and I happened to pass the theater and, noticing the doors open, ventured inside. There we found a small crowd of persons on the lower floor, some of whom were in the act of leaving the building. They told us they had just finished listening to a rehearsal of the play 'Our American Cousin,' and that it had been ascertained that the part being rendered when Booth committed his awful deed was that particular portion of the play when the stage would be freest of people and scenery, so as to permit of easy and unobstructed passage across it, thus indicating how carefully the assassin had studied his plans."

ALONG THE ROAD

BY ROBERT BROWNING HAMILTON

I WALKED a mile with Pleasure.
She chattered all the way,
But left me none the wiser
For all she had to say.

I walked a mile with Sorrow,
And ne'er a word said she;
But, oh, the things I learned from her
When Sorrow walked with me!

Owned by Mr. J. H. Kehler

PORTRAIT OF MR. J. H. K——

FROM THE PAINTING BY JOHN C. JOHANSEN

(THE CENTURY'S AMERICAN ARTISTS SERIES)

THE UNMARRIED WOMAN OF ENGLAND

BY J. B. ATKINS

A FRIEND of mine, an accomplished and authoritative commentator on the social habits of our time in England, related to me the following experience. A few years ago he was conversing with three unmarried ladies, all over eighty years of age. One old maid, a member of a well-known English family, speaking of the increase of freedom enjoyed by unmarried girls of the day, declared that when she was a girl it was perfectly well understood and accepted among her relations that if a girl were not married when she was twenty-five, she was a failure, and in the natural course of things must expect less liberty and fewer pleasures. The other two old ladies agreed. They repudiated all attribution of native unkindness to those who had behaved to their twenty-five-year-old daughters in this way. The theory, almost Islamic in its candid treatment of women, was simply that since it was the natural office of woman to be married, she could fail to enter upon her proper task by the age of twenty-five only through ineptitude. Ineptitude, according to the simple plan of those frank days, was inability to bring a man to his knees.

The possibilities that a well-educated girl who commanded enough money to practise life on her own method might wish to postpone marriage, or that, although favorable to marriage, she might not yet be favorable to any man, were not allowed for in the social scheme as it was recalled by these old maids. They declared that the balls, routs, dinner-parties, and visits of their young days were arranged and paid for by their parents solely in order that their daughters might be married; and it was not thought reasonable to go on casting bread upon the waters with no chance of finding it after the many days represented by the age of twenty-five. When that age was reached, it had to be admitted that expenditure had been in vain. A young lady's attractions had been advertised and paraded, and there had been no buyer. The conclusion was obvious. The parents might still be tender and loving, but they could not and would not "go on"; they might still lavish affection, but they would not lavish more money. The period of matrimonial marketing had to come to its appointed end, just as the education of the schoolroom came to its end.

And, now, mark that such "failure" could scarcely be looked upon with composure, as it may be to-day. It brought a genuine and heavy penalty in its train. The failures were compelled to return to the domestic obscurity from which they had emerged. "They put us back in the school-room," said one of the old ladies. "It was not any longer worth while to take us about; and of course we could not go alone."

"We could not go alone"—those five words express the whole difference between then and now. Now an unmarried girl—I speak of classes in which conventions, though they have greatly changed in form, are cherished as much as ever—may go alone anywhere within reason, and

do anything she pleases within reason. If family life does not please her, she may live like a bachelor in a flat of her own and receive her friends there, and no one thinks it strange.

The word "spinster" implies a home-keeping quality; the spinster is she who sits at home and spins. Grammatically it is a masculine word, too; and the fact that it has been appropriated by women—or perhaps I should rather say imposed upon them—as a legal definition of their position, shows that a conception of the inevitable character of women's occupation was once generally assumed that is now growing shaky with usage. In English law a spinster is every unmarried woman, from a viscount's daughter downward.

Nor was it only in the matter of spinning that the performance of woman was expected to be characteristic of their sex. A very trifling fact will show what I mean, and is, as Carlyle says, "significant of much." Apart from spinning,—indeed, for generations after spinning in its lighter forms had ceased to be a polite accomplishment,—it was, if we may trust our literature, the recognized function of unmarried women to swoon. Married women swooned, too, but the swooner par excellence was the spinster. A sentence in Dickens runs in my memory as an example of what was thought natural and proper: "Here the spinster aunt uttered a loud shriek and became senseless." Dickens exaggerated, as we know, but no one need suppose that his readers felt that he exaggerated there. That was exactly what they expected the spinster aunt to do. Macaulay once amused himself by counting the number of times that women swooned in well-known novels of his day. Well, swooning is out of fashion. Whether there is some unconscious yet imperious power of response in the nerves of women that enables them to do what is required of them, I do not know. It is a question for a physiologist. Certain it is that while women have ceased to swoon as a polite method of signalizing the gravity of the occasion, leaders of the reform are spinsters. I know a few mothers whom I should expect to see fainting at a domestic crisis; I cannot think of any spinster of my acquaintance who would not be likely to pull through the worst crisis of that *sort with something* in hand.

Perhaps the most interesting sign change in the status of the spinster, ently trivial, but really radical in cance, is the feeling of boys and girl their unmarried aunts. The unn aunt used to be regarded as an in tent creature who had been shelved was generally an object of pity wh was not, which perhaps more ofte pened, turned into a figure of fun. the growing independence of the s came the possibility of judging her necessarily disgraced by her positic as deserving to be esteemed absolu her merits. In point of fact she r long in what George Eliot calls "t perate zone of old maidism, when man will not say but that if a man able years and character were to offe self, she might be induced to tread mainder of life's vale in compan him." Probably the young Engli is in advance of the young English in his perception of the uses and of the maiden aunt. She is a wor the world, looking out on the fr sorrows, and ambitions of youth w indulgence and sympathy that one understand till one reckons with h agination and her still unstifled facu romance.

It is wonderful but true that fc this gold-mine of humanity was n pected to exist. The maiden au time to receive confidences and d advice; she is not distracted by a household or distressed by the care husband and family. I know of so maids with a regular following of men who enter into friendship with in terms of respectful camaraderie. of the old maids have attracted a l homage which is pleasing to th means of bridge-parties and comf dinners, but the more truly influent minister their kingdoms of good-f ship by the arts of unembellished ship.

Then there is the young unmarri man who is also capable of her ro but has subordinated it to the task ing cheerfully what comes to her It may be the necessity of earning h living. Two generations ago she have entered into the serfdom, as then, of being a governess, with littl of returning through the gloomy p

or she would have become a companion or a lectrice. She might of course escape by marrying a member or friend of the family into which she entered. But nothing but success could succeed there; so long as she fell short of an unanswerable triumph, prettiness or attractive ways were a kind of offense. The experience of one lectrice was told to me. She was employed by two old ladies, one of whom was rather deaf, while the hearing of the other, who was blind, was unusually acute. If the girl read in an ordinary voice, one of her employers said, "My dear, how you do mumble!" If she raised her voice, the other said, "My dear, how you shout!" She soon found that she could not bear it. If she had belonged to the latest generation, she might have said that she "could n't stick it." She started a shop at a time when she was a pioneer in such an enterprise.

Shopkeeping is not one of the favorite occupations of the spinster; it requires capital and some commercial experience. But when it is adopted as a livelihood by a woman of education who has not been brought up to it, it is noticeable how well she generally does the business. The courage to enter this forbidding domain without previous knowledge is a guaranty, it seems, of the qualities necessary to "organize victory."

I pass to a larger class. The number of unmarried girls who live alone in London and act as secretaries, typists, or clerks, or who write or paint for their living, is beyond counting. The way was prepared by the more generous education of girls long before social custom gave the word. If I were asked to name the books which have helped English girls to think of themselves as rational, independent beings, capable of conducting part of the work of the world without the help of man, I should say the novels of Charlotte Yonge and Miss Rhoda Broughton. This might not be generally acknowledged, for the single reason that the independence of the spinster is too often thought of as a revolt, and is too often judged by its more dramatic manifestations. It has really been a perfectly quiet and composed development.

Charlotte Yonge emphasized the nobility of philanthropic work, and it was through philanthropy, I think, that Englishwomen passed from private benefactions to the definitely public treatment of affairs. The late Lady Burdett-Coutts, when she was Miss Angela Coutts, rich, clever, and unflagging in energy, was the first woman to speak regularly on public platforms in aid of the causes she had embraced. Her method was wholly different from that of Florence Nightingale, who trained herself as a nurse with stern discipline, but practised in private. Florence Nightingale was an advocate not by public speech, but by example; not having great wealth to give, she gave herself. When she returned from her heroic work in the Crimea, she entered her house by the back door in order to avoid a demonstration by her own people. Miss Angela Coutts's scarcely less admirable work, however, opened the modern era of the independence of the spinster.

Freedom, once gained, extended in all directions. The spinster soon met man in committees in the coöperative tasks of charity; she addressed meetings; her name figured in the newspapers; she walked alone, rode alone, traveled alone. The more generous education she had received gave her a conception of the world, which was the precursor of experience when it was not a sufficient substitute for it.

This rapid emancipation was watched anxiously by some of the most trusted keepers of the English conscience. On March 22, 1879, Canon Liddon, the Chrysostom of the Victorian era, wrote to a friend about the higher education of women:

> Talbot and even dear King [Bishop of Lincoln] have gone in for it, and are engaged in establishing a Hall for those young persons here in Oxford. Think of sending —— and —— to places like Oxford or Cambridge, where there are two thousand young men—to be met out for walks, in Lectures, at Church, to be discussed, and observed, and everything else! It seems madness to Christian common sense.

Liddon, we know now, was the worst of prophets. The sort of young man who "discusses," "observes," and "meets out for walks" does not care for the kind of young woman who goes to Newnham, Girton, or Lady Margaret's Hall. For all the clandestine meetings that there are at

Oxford or Cambridge the women's colleges might as well be a hundred miles away. We have heard it said in England as an argument against coeducation in America that boys and girls who have been educated together at school are hardly ever attracted by one another enough to marry afterward. I do not know whether this is true; but if it is, the experience of Oxford and Cambridge, even though here the coeducation amounts to little more than living within the same area, offers similar evidence. When the women of Oxford and Cambridge demand degrees instead of mere certificates, declaring that they have taken this or that place in the examinations, the undergraduates are moved to as much anger and discourtesy as an impersonal conduct of their campaign of protest permits. Here is a significant rhyme which legend says was written during an examination by an Oxford undergraduate who foresaw the ignominious issue of rivalry between the sexes:

I 've spent all my means on a crammer
And shall only get *Beta* or *Gamma;*
But that girl over there
With the flaming-red hair
Will get *Alpha plus* easily, damn her!

The wider education of girls, their communal life in schools, and their games, which comprise many that in the unhappy period two or three generations ago would have been thought "unladylike," have endowed women with a code of custom and honor like that of the public-school boy. Fundamental and natural differences of temperament between the sexes remain, no doubt, and probably a good many purely accidental differences acquired by women during ages of peculiar treatment; but on the whole, young men and young women may meet to-day aware that they acknowledge the same motives and adhere to the same customs of honor. If a woman's conscience is less capable of compromise than a man's, it is because it is of her nature to see only the simple "yea" and "nay" of right and wrong, and to apply a moral principle to questions which deal not with morals, but only with expediency.

Now, this possibility of friendship between young men and girls, without affectation or misunderstanding of motives, *means nothing* less than a revolution in social relations. Subtle disasters, unavowed tragedies, there may be when on one side or the other good-fellowship has passed into an affection which is prevented by any one of a hundred possible reasons from declaring its nature. But in general the modern relation of the sexes is managed conveniently and pleasantly. Lydia no longer languishes, but is a good "pal" to any man she likes enough to see often. She does not mistake politeness or deferential attention for the first symptoms of a grand passion. This also relieves the compunctions of the man who need not fear to be friendly; he need no longer avoid the society of women till he is saved by the possession of sufficient means from the accusation of contemplating a pauper marriage.

Every Englishman must observe this readaptation of the relation of bachelors and spinsters with genuine satisfaction. We Englishmen are accustomed to believe—perhaps wrongly, but we can only repeat what we are told—that a similar relation in America is conducted at a considerably greater expense to the man. There he is expected to give frequent presents—to "bunch" the girl who is his friend, and so forth. I think it may be said that with us the expense is negligible. As presents are not expected, so they would lead, except on rare occasions, to a search for motives, and consequent embarrassment on both sides. I remember being told by an old lady that in her youth a bouquet was generally presented in a holder. If a girl did not care enough for a man who gave her flowers to wish to be under a conscious obligation to him, she would return the holder after accepting the flowers. Flowers in themselves, apparently, were regarded rather as a ceremonial tribute of respect than as a present. But if the girl was ready to treat the man with confidence, or was not disinclined to allow him to read what meaning he pleased into her act, she would keep the holder.

The freedom without reproach of the American girl is vastly nearer to the ideal of the English spinster than the hopeless, mistrustful eclipse, as it seems to us, of the spinster in France. An Englishman of letters who has made France his adopted country once explained to me the prevalence of the married woman's romance in French novels: "How could

Frenchmen write about the unmarried girl as Englishmen do? In France the unmarried woman has *no existence.*" The distinction embraces the work of women as well as the exercise of their affections. In England the girls who are secretaries, post-office clerks, shop assistants, typists, and the rest, commonly retire from their work when they marry. In France such employments are held chiefly by married women, who help by their labor to support their families.

The instinct of women in enjoying their emancipation has not, of course, been completely regulated by experience, and this accounts for an incalculable quality in the action of some. Although most of them enjoy their modern freedom with dignified discretion, there is the exception who knows no mean. She resembles the young man who drinks too much at a dinner-party because he has never learned how much he can drink with safety. If she smokes, she will smoke in every public place; and she generally presses too far the present license in the conversation of educated men and women of the world. When she writes books, she must insist on her freedom to discuss all subjects by choosing only those which lie beyond the doubtful line. Mr. George Russell has described her:

> In the maturity of her powers she plunged suddenly into a line of fiction which her friends called "subversive," and forsook the traditions of Mrs. Markham and Mrs. Sherwood for those of Aphra Behn and George Sand. The subversive book was called, all simply, "Sarah Smithers," and it depicted the mental struggles of a young lady who, having been brought up in a parsonage, and having taught in a Sunday-School, unfortunately became acquainted with a fascinating but dissolute philosopher. This gentleman, who had deep-set eyes, a Napoleonic chin, "too-full, red lips," addressed all his powers to the task, only too easy as the event proved, of undermining Sarah's principles. Once emancipated from the fettering superstitions of her youth, Sarah, with startling suddenness, became a missionary of Subversion, and devoted her life to undermining the superstition of marriage.

Dr. Johnson objected to the conversation of women that it "held down" the conversation of men except at such places as Paris, where, in his view, the intellectual level of men was normally no higher than that of women. The conversation of the Sarah Smitherses of to-day, he would probably admit, if it holds down the conversation of men, does not do so in any regrettable sense.

In sports and pastimes women are not "held down" in any respect save by want of physical strength or aptitude. They play hockey and cricket at school; a few shoot; others drive motor-cars. Several Englishwomen have carried out considerable big-game shooting expeditions. Two of the ablest women of our time, Miss Mary Kingsley and Miss Gertrude Bell, have satisfied their adventurous spirit by perilous travel, and at the same time have added immensely by their studies to our ethnological and archæological knowledge. But the sport which Englishwomen have invaded and made quite half their own is fox-hunting. I have in my mind several engravings of meets which were published, I should think, about the forties or fifties of the last century, and are often seen in country houses. One is a meet of the Quorn and another of the Cheshire Hunt. In each of these two engravings, which are those I happen to remember best, there is only one woman in the picture. The long, sweeping habit of those days was of course an inconvenience and a danger. But that was not the reason for the absence of women. The truth was that they were not expected to hunt. Well, nowadays it is not an unknown thing for a field to be composed chiefly of women, and a sportsman of experience told me the other day that in his opinion the women of his county go, on the whole, better than the men.

But when all has been said, I am aware that I shall scarcely persuade American readers to believe that the English spinster has half such a good time as the English bachelor. They will tell me that England is "a man's country,"—Mr. Price Collier in a book which all Englishmen have read says so,—that here we are the victims of the rule of primogeniture, and that the boys are exalted and the girls pushed aside. It is true that in most English families more money is spent on the boys' education than on the girls'. It is true that if a father could afford horses

only for part of his family, he would mount his sons rather than his daughters. Whether it is due to the influence of the principle of primogeniture or not, it is felt that a boy's part in life is more serious than the girl's, and that it is right to pay more attention to his training and equipment. Englishmen who have visited America have recognized that the willingness of some American husbands to remain in constant obscurity and to labor through all their working hours while their wives "make a splash" in expensive clothes and in the enjoyment of expensive amusements, is something different from, very likely finer than, our own plan of life. English husbands would not find enough satisfaction in the knowledge that their family was being gorgeously represented. They would want to be responsible for at least half the representation themselves, and would call it being the companions of their wives in their pleasures.

I have said enough of the present position of the spinster. But what of her future? To what does all this tend? It has to be acknowledged that much the most articulate expression of the ambitions of modern Englishwomen is the campaign for the parliamentary franchise. The demand for the franchise, which is put forward more passionately by English spinsters than by any other class, embodies the principle that what is called sex disability should be abolished. Absolute sex equality is the end. English "feminism" asks for nothing less than this. Feminism is an ugly word, but it becomes, as a word, ridiculous when it means the process of becoming more like men. The tendency of the more articulate women, as I have called them,—by no means the majority of women, be it understood,—is just now to emphasize the importance of the points where they can successfully compete with men rather than that of their own inimitable functions. It is here that the balance of some women appears to fail them. They prefer to invade a region where they can be at the best equals rather than remain where their authority is unapproachable and earns the homage of every normal man.

While I believe that a certain class of women will permanently shift their center of social gravity, I also believe that the extreme tendency of feminism will finally be counteracted by the influence of women themselves. The English spinster will gather the good and discover that the rest is immaterial to her happiness, not to say destructive of her position.

For woman is not undevelopt man,
But diverse: could we make her as the man,
Sweet Love were slain: his dearest bond is this,
Not like to like, but like in difference.
Self-reverent each and reverencing each,
Distinct in individualities,
Then comes the statelier Eden back to men.

To suppose that the general process could be otherwise would be to suppose that the English spinster will consent to the break-up of the present basis of society —the principle that women should be deferred to and protected in recognition of their physical weakness. Women cannot at once adopt an identity of occupation with men, which means rivalry on equal terms, and demand indulgence and deference. On this illogical condition a nation would not last. Men will ever welcome the adviser and coöperator, but they will soon tire of taking off their hats to keen and successful rivals.

LONG SAM "TAKES OUT"

BY ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

Author of "Pigs is Pigs," "Mr. Wellaway's Host," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

LONG SAM UNDERBURY opened the screen door of the Farmers & Citizens' Savings-Bank of Riverbank, Capital $100,000, Surplus $18,000, Deposits $542,768, and slouched up to the cashier's window, inside of which Farragut C. Pierce was counting out a great pile of twenty-dollar bills and pinning them in neat bundles. Long Sam had put seven dollars in the bank once, and for four years he had been trying to get them out again. He was so tall he had to bend down to bring his head to the level of the cashier's window, and he smiled sheepishly as he said, "Good mornin', Mister Pierce."

"Good morning, Sam," said Mr. Pierce, cheerfully. "Just a minute!" and he went on with his counting and bundling. Long Sam leaned one elbow on the sill of the window, so as to bring his huge right hand before the cashier's eyes. The hand was carefully wrapped in a soiled bandana handkerchief and tied with string.

Long Sam was seven feet tall, loose-jointed, mild-eyed, and bearded, and he had a soft, ingratiating voice when asking favors. He had drifted down the Mississippi in a shanty-boat many years earlier, and had spent his first thirty days in Riverbank in jail, misfortune having overtaken him while he was gathering in a few chickens to which he had no legal title. When the jail turned him out, his shanty-boat was gone,—stolen by some more fortunate thief,—and Long Sam attached himself to Riverbank and became a citizen. It was not a matter on which to congratulate Riverbank.

For Long Sam remained a thief. He was, indeed, the town thief, and was tolerated as something like an institution, on the general supposition that he was a man-of-all-work and not much of a thief. As a thief he could be classed only as a sneak-thief, and he was the poorest sneak-thief that ever stole a spoon. He could not sneak, although he tried hard enough. His feet were wonderful in size. He wore number thirteen boots, wide in proportion, the leather distended into huge knobs and lumps. He was the most awkward man in Iowa. When he slouched gigantically along the street, one immense foot would often get caught behind the other and trip him up. Then he swore angrily. He had a mysterious habit of getting his feet tangled in chicken coops and arousing every barking dog within a mile. Probably in all his long career as a thief he never managed to retain any article of the slightest value, and he was always at it. If, when putting up a stove-pipe, one of his big hands slid over a silver teaspoon, and he dropped the spoon into his pocket, the spoon would drop clatteringly to the floor through a hole in the pocket, or he would drop the spoon on top of his bandana handkerchief, only to pull out the handkerchief and send the spoon flying across the kitchen to the feet of the lady of the house. If, by any chance, he reached his shack with the spoon, it would be lying in plain sight when the loser came to ask about it.

Occasionally, in his early career in Riverbank, he was sent to jail; but this was so evidently a waste of prison food that it was discontinued, and the police adopted the simpler plan of asking Long Sam if he had "seen" any article that happened to be missing after he had done a "job of work" at a house. If Long Sam had "seen" the article, he admitted frankly that he had "seen" it, and promptly returned it.

"Now, say, was that hisn?" he would say self-reproachfully. "I would n't have took it if I had knowed it was hisn. I seen it layin' round somewheres, and I

just picked it up so 's it would n't get lost. I would n't have touched it if I 'd knowed it was hisn or anybody's."

He took more trouble in explaining why he had not begun or finished a job of work he had promised to do. He was lazy in every bone of his long, lank frame, from which the clothing hung limply. He accepted "jobs of work" with profuse gratitude and eager alacrity, explaining profusely just how soon he would begin sawing the wood or whitewashing the fence, and ending by asking for a quarter to have his saw "set" or to buy a whitewash-brush. If he secured the quarter, he was never seen on that job. If his temporary employer was wise and refused the advance, Long Sam would work for half an hour, and then try to collect a quarter or a dime or even a nickel on account. If he got it, he deserted the job; if he did not get it, he deserted the job, anyway. In departing he would pick up a spoon or a clothes-pin, or even a brick from the edge of the garden walk. He would steal anything of value, or of no value, except "railroad iron." The vengeance on those stealing "railroad iron" was supposed to be dire. It was rumored there was a "law" against it. Even the smallest boy in Riverbank, the week before circus day, seeing a broken coupling-pin three miles from the railway would walk around it.

Long Sam was suave and gracious to every one in Riverbank except "Niggers." Whenever he saw a "Nigger" he swore at him. There were twenty or thirty colored men in Riverbank, and at least half of them could be depended upon to do a "job of work" when they promised, and when a citizen with wood to saw went to the bank corner—that being the unattached labor market—and could n't find John Gutman, whose one sound sense was industry, he chose by preference one of the dependable Negroes. From this Long Sam drew a hatred of the Negroes on the ground that they were "always doin' a white man outen a job of work."

To many it was a mystery how Long Sam managed to live; but those who knew noticed that about noon every day he deserted the bank corner and slouched up the street to Jacob Schultz & Brothers' grocery store. Here every noon Jake Schultz and his brothers ate a hasty lunch *of crackers from* the box back of the counter, cheese from under the wire fly-screen, and perhaps a couple of cans of five-cent-packed-in-Maine-and-preserved-in-cotton-seed-oil sardines. At this luncheon Long Sam was always welcome. His shack was in the creek bottom, down a long flight of rickety wooden steps behind the grocery, and to this shack, after he had eaten his crackers and cheese, Long Sam carried the Schultz Brothers' morning sales of live chickens, chopped off their heads, and picked and dressed them. For this work he received ten cents a chicken, and he stuck to it as he stuck to no other job. Perhaps chickens had a peculiar fascination for him.

It was when Jacob Schultz & Brothers moved across the street to their new building that Long Sam earned the seven dollars he had put in the Farmers & Citizens' Savings-Bank. For a week he pushed loaded hand-carts across the street to the new store, wiped and shelved cans of corn and tomatoes, and made himself generally useful, and earned seven dollars. It was the week of the opening of the Farmers & Citizens' Savings-Bank, with Farragut C. Pierce, late of the Riverbank Savings-Bank, as cashier, and in a moment of weakness Long Sam heeded Jake Schultz's advice, and put the money in the new bank. It was one of the great moments of his life when he pushed the money across the glass shelf and received from Farragut C. Pierce the crisp, new pass-book in its clean envelop. The next week he went into the bank to take it out again. He did not get it.

Only those who live in a small town know the close, fatherly relationship of a savings-bank cashier to his depositors, and Farragut C. Pierce was even more interested in his depositors than is usual. He felt himself the financial shepherd of his flock, a sort of monetary pastor, bound to encourage converts and to steady the back-sliders. He was genial, firm, encouraging, and friendly. He had left a prosperous bank to take charge of a new one, and it was his pride to see the deposits grow; but even more deeply did he believe that in encouraging depositors to maintain and increase their accounts he was doing a great work of good. It was one of his proverbs that the beginning of a bank-account is the beginning of prosperity. As he looked over his ledgers he could say,

Drawn by May Wilson Preston

IISFORTUNE HAVING OVERTAKEN HIM WHILE HE WAS GATHERING IN A FEW CHICKENS TO WHICH HE HAD NO LEGAL TITLE"

: young man is doing well because I him to leave his money in," and young fellow is a changed man I made him start an account with

. Pierce was a handsome man, his s just touched with gray, and he o "take out" expression of counte- ; he seemed able to look at visitors : bank with a confident "You are to put in" expression only. It was ed to strengthen the weak-kneed, did. Those who came to "take out" ned the dire necessity of so doing, as h Farry Pierce was a father-con- and had a right to know all.

've just got to have a new suit of s; the seat of my pants is out," the 's clerk would say. "You 'll have me have ten dollars, Mr. Pierce."

an't wait until pay-day?" the cashier l ask. "It 's a bad habit to begin ng out."

ot to pay my month's board next pay- Mr. Pierce," the young fellow would and then add: "Well, give me five s, anyway. Mebby I can get along a new pair of pants."

e five dollars that remained un- ed were a triumph for Farry Pierce rift in general.

th such a man to face when he d to "take out," Long Sam Underbury would almost sooner have abandoned the seven dollars altogether than to ask for it; but seven dollars is a lot of money. After the first two or three unavailing attempts away back in 1904, Long Sam had given it up. That he had seven dollars he could spend "all in a lump" rankled in his mind; but every time he slouched up to the window Farry Pierce had given him such a strong talk on the beauty of saving that, instead of taking out, only the deepest-seated aversion to real work prevented Long Sam from going out and earning another whole dollar to put in. By the winter of 1904, Long Sam had decided pretty definitely that those seven dollars were as good as gone as far as he was concerned, and that they must continue to lie idle and draw interest for the benefit of Long Sam's heirs after he was dead. The worst of this was that he had no heirs, and it was the contemplation of this fact that gradually convinced Long Sam that he ought to have a wife, if only to draw those seven dollars and interest after he was dead.

Only the god of love knows why Long Sam ever settled on the Widow Wirtz as his wife-to-be. She had six young children, drank more beer than was good for her or them, lived in a rickety shack on which she paid rent with difficulty, and was at least twenty years older than Long

Sam; but when Long Sam had once shuffled up to her and suggested the union, it was virtually settled. All settled, that is, but the finances.

"If you want to marry me," said the widow, frankly, "you got to buy some things for the shanty. I ain't goin' to marry no man that can't."

"Well, of course I 'd aim to do that," Sam told her in that mollifying voice of his. "You see, I 've got some money in the bank. Jus' as soon as I can I 'm goin' to take that out, an' then we 'll get married."

"What 's stoppin' you from takin' it out now?" asked the widow.

"I 'd take it out in a minute," Long Sam said, "only it would n't be business. It ain't business t' take money outen a savings-bank till the first of the year. I guess I know that. First of January an' first of July is the time to take out. If you take out any other time you lose your interest. And Farry Pierce—"

He was going to say, "And Farry Pierce won't let you," but he did n't.

"And Farry Pierce what?" asked the widow.

"And Farry Pierce would be only too glad to have you lose your interest," said Long Sam. "But I 'm too slick for that."

"Well, I ain't in no hurry," said the widow. "I 'll be wuss off when I 'm married than when I ain't, anyway."

Promptly on the second of January, the first being a holiday, Long Sam entered the bank as Mr. Pierce unlocked the door. He leaned against the sill of the cashier's window until Farry Pierce opened it, and then pushed his pass-book under the grill.

"Happy New-Year, Sam," said Mr. Pierce, taking the book. "First depositor to have interest written in his book this year, Sam. We expect to see this account grow this year. It did not grow much last year, but this year we expect better things of you."

"I guess an onmarried man don't save much, Mr. Pierce," said Long Sam. "Bachelors sort of spend all they earn, so I sort of thought—I mean I guess mebby —well, I guess I 'd ought to get married."

"Would n't hurt you a bit," said Mr. Pierce, promptly. "It might be the best thing in the world for you. Pick out some clean, strong girl, Sam, and then when you have a couple of hundred dollars in the bank—Oh, Happy New-Year, Mrs. Murphy!"

Long Sam stood for a minute with his pass-book in his hand, grinning his ingratiating grin, and then he shuffled out of the bank. He simply could not tell Farry Pierce he was going to marry the Widow Wirtz and six children and that he had only seven dollars and interest to marry on. He knew what Farry Pierce would say.

From time to time during 1905, Long Sam slouched into the bank, having boosted his courage; but he never took out the money. Face to face with Farry Pierce, his courage oozed. To take out seven dollars all in a lump meant that he would have to explain the reason to Farry Pierce, and he simply did not dare; but in June, 1905, he had a happy thought. He would take out the money bit by bit. He waited until the bank was empty of customers, and approached the window with a long face.

"Mr. Pierce," he said, "I guess I got to take out a dollar. I ain't had a job of work for over a week, and I don't know where I can borrow a cent. Every time a job of work comes along them Niggers just grab it. I ain't ate for two days. I got to have money."

"Well, Sam," said Mr. Pierce, cheerfully, "we won't have to touch your account. Hughson left a cord of kitchen wood at my house this morning, and you can go right up and saw and pile it for me. And we 'll see, when you finish the job, if you can't add a dollar to your account. That 's better than lessening it, is n't it?"

"Why, I 'm ever so much obliged to you, Mr. Pierce," Long Sam was forced to say, and he had to saw that cord of wood; but for weeks he did not dare enter the bank lest Mr. Pierce inquire why he had not put a dollar of his pay in the bank as had been suggested.

As the days grew warm that year, Farry Pierce, in the lulls of business, began stepping out of the bank in his shirt-sleeves to have a few minutes of conversation with the half-dozen men-of-all-work and general loafers that always clustered at the bank corner. Of these only Long Sam and John Gutman had bank-accounts, and Farry Pierce used them as examples for the others to follow. He talked thrift

so well that one by one the Negroes and poor whites opened small accounts; but being held up as a proud example made it still harder for Long Sam to take out his money. He had forty wiles for coaxing a quarter out of the unwary citizen on the promise of doing a job of work, but not one of the many wiles he tried on Farry Pierce availed, and Mr. Pierce, when 1905 made way for 1906, began to recognize that it was a sort of battle between himself, as representing thrift, and Long Sam, as standing for indigence. When Long Sam entered the bank, Mr. Pierce did not wait to be attacked with a "take out" plea; he attacked Long Sam with a demand for more deposits. Long Sam became the archtype of withdrawing depositor in Mr. Pierce's mind, and every time he sent him away with the account unscathed he felt a glow of triumph. By 1908, Long Sam, while not exactly discouraged, began to be rather hopeless. He began to doubt that he would ever be able to "take out" unless Farry Pierce died; but fate, in the form of Mrs. Rosalie Hiffen, aided him.

Drawn by May Wilson Preston

ONLY THE GOD OF LOVE KNOWS WHY LONG SAM EVER SETTLED ON THE WIDOW WIRTZ AS HIS WIFE-TO-BE"

Long Sam held his bandaged hand before the window so that Farry Pierce could see it, and when the cashier had bundled all the twenty-dollar bills and had stacked the bundles, he gave his attention to Sam.

"I guess I 'll have to take out my money, Mr. Pierce," said Sam. "I cut my hand so bad I can't tackle a job of work, and I 've got to have a doctor for it; and I 've got to live. So I guess—"

"Just a minute, Sam," said Farry Pierce. "What is it, Madam?"

Long Sam stepped aside to make room for the daintiest little woman Riverbank had ever seen. She had sparkling brown eyes, and her cheeks dimpled when she smiled, and when she laughed or was much interested in a merry conversation she had a charming way of tossing her head.

"Is this Mr. Pierce, the cashier of the bank?" she asked. "I thought you were. I want to open an account with you, Mr. Pierce."

Farry Pierce took the check she pushed under the wicket and examined it, turning it over, as a cashier does, and noting that it was properly indorsed.

"You are Mrs. Rosalie Hiffen?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, indeed," said Mrs. Hiffen, smiling.

"We shall be very glad to open an account with you, Mrs. Hiffen," said Farry in the kindly explanatory manner of cashiers when speaking to pretty women and sometimes to other women, "but you will have to be identified first. It is a rule of the bank, merely a matter of form. You know some one in Riverbank?"

"Oh, dear!" pouted Mrs. Hiffen. "And I did so want to buy some things this morning!"

"I 'm very sorry," said Mr. Pierce, and there was no doubt of that.

It seemed that Mrs. Hiffen did not know many people in Riverbank, for she knew only one, and that one was Mrs. Wilcox, on Ash Street, with whom she had just taken a room. Mr. Pierce did not know Mrs. Wilcox, but he had no doubt that Mrs. Wilcox knew some one who knew Mr. Pierce, and it could be arranged. But Ash Street was far from Main Street, and Mrs. Hiffen almost coaxed. She had come from Derlingport, she said, because she was sure she could live less expensively in Riverbank. Mr. Hiffen was dead. She actually must make some purchases that morning.

Mr. Pierce shook his head sadly. The very fact that she did not mention, as most of his patrons did, what the important purchases were to be gave a suggestion that they were things intimate, such as a lady coming from Derlingport might require to replenish a wardrobe. A flood of pink that suffused her face as Mr. Pierce's eyes met her eyes seemed to substantiate this, and Mr. Pierce was distressed that he could not take her check and hand her the money she needed. She had half turned from the window when Long Sam Underbury, who had been folded down in a gangling manner over the customer's desk by the street window, shuffled to the cashier's window and bent down until his face was on a level with it.

"I know this here lady, Mr. Pierce," he said. "I can introduce her, if that 's all you want."

Mrs. Hiffen turned and looked at the long, lank creature in surprise; then she smiled.

"Of course!" she said. "You are the man who carried up my trunks, are n't you?"

"You see," said Long Sam, volubly, "I was up there to Mrs. Wilcox's whitewashin' the woodshed—"

"If you know Mrs. Hiffen, that is all that is necessary," said Mr. Pierce.

"Well, I certainly do know her," said Long Sam. "I was whitewashin' the shed, an' Mrs. Wilcox come out and asked me if I could carry up a couple of trunks. And I says I could if they was n't too heavy; so I went round front—"

"Mr. Underbury is one of our depositors," said Mr. Pierce. "Since he knows you are Mrs. Hiffen, it will be all right."

"I guess it *ought* to be all right," said Long Sam. "I got so tired carryin' them trunks up I could n't finish that whitewashin' job, and then I went and cut my hand; but I 'm always glad to do a favor for a lady. You know that, Mr. Pierce."

"That 's all right, Sam," said Mr. Pierce. "Thank you."

"Yes, indeed, I do thank you," smiled Mrs. Hiffen.

"Oh, that 's all right," said Sam; "I was in here, anyway. I come in to take out some money."

It seemed to take Farry Pierce an unusually long time to make out the widow's pass-book, and several other customers were waiting when he handed it to her with two crisp bills between its pages. She rewarded him with one of her smiles and tripped away, and Mr. Pierce called Sam.

"Now, Sam," he said. "What about this hand?"

"Cut it," said Sam, "an' I got to have it doctored, and that takes money, Mr. Pierce."

"Not always. We are always glad to help our depositors keep their accounts intact when we can. Wait just a minute. Dr. McGlimp is in the trustees' room, and I 'll have him look at the hand. He 's proud of your account, Sam."

But when Dr. McGlimp, white-haired and spectacled, came from the trustees' room Sam was gone, and Farry smiled. He had guessed there was nothing the matter with the hand.

"I was afraid he might want to cut it off. Fust thing old McGlimp thinks of is 'operate,'" Sam said in explaining his flight the next time he saw Farry Pierce.

s. Hiffen transacted considerable ss at the bank in the next few is, depositing the interest on some securities she held and withdrawing sums as she needed them, and she imes lingered to chat with Farry through the wicket of the cashier's w. Now and then Farry would from behind the inclosure in his sleeves and introduce Mrs. Hiffen to one of the younger set of Riverbank business at his bank, and almost be- he was aware of it Mrs. Hiffen was ed as one of the set; and when she sked to join the Riverbank Caval- ier social position was secure. When- he passed Long Sam loafing against all of the bank she nodded her head miled, and Long Sam pulled off his felt hat and made a ceremonious

em' lak yo' know the widow right Sam," one of the Negroes said.
Vell, I guess so," he bragged. "I luced her to that bank when she did ow a body in town. I 'd a took my out long ago if 't was n't for that. sort of mean to go back on the bank I got her into it."
he' ain' nothin' wrong wif de bank?" Silas, anxiously, for he had twenty- ollars on deposit there himself.
ou don't need be afraid of that bank g as I got my money in it," Long ragged. "I don't put money where 't safe. When I take out will be of time to get scared. An' I ain't tion of takin' out. Not now."
had shuffled in not half an hour r in another ineffectual attempt to out, but Silas did not know that. general opinion of the loafers in ank-corner sun was that Long Sam arry Pierce were confidentially close h other. Long Sam certainly told Pierce when any of the loafers had re dollar. Indeed, Long Sam used excuse for entering the bank, hoping urage would be strong enough some- to insist on having his money. It was. He began to believe he would to get along without marrying w Wirtz.
t a day came when Mrs. Hiffen took oney out of the bank. By the time fell and the cavalcades ceased their eekly tour of the streets, Mrs. Hiffen began to be invited to the dances of the younger set, and this threw her constantly in company with Farry Pierce, who was a leader of the dancing contingent. Merry, happy, and knowing everything that was newest in dancing-circles, Mrs. Hiffen brought a fresh Derlingport influence into the Riverbank dancing-circle. With Farry Pierce she planned the dances, and then she danced with him, and walked on the cool verandas, hanging on his arm. Unsuspectingly they were falling in love.

The set noticed it before Farry Pierce and the widow were quite aware of their own feelings. Flirting was common enough in the dancing-set. Some one was always making harmless eyes at another, and at times the flirtations became extremely violent on the surface; but nothing serious had ever happened. The set, however, began to talk about Farry Pierce and Mrs. Hiffen, and of how much money he was spending. They thought he was going it pretty strong; and he was. He bought a riding-horse, and kept it at Rapp's livery; but Mrs. Hiffen rode the horse. It was rumored that Farry had given the horse to Mrs. Hiffen. It was known that Farry Pierce paid the telephone-company's bill for the telephone put into Mrs. Wilcox's house, where the widow roomed and boarded, and customers of the bank often interrupted telephone conversations between Farry and the widow. But no one ever knew that Farry Pierce had dipped, however slightly, into the bank's funds to supply the widow's caprices.

Attachments of the sort are insidious in their growth, and before the winter was over Farry knew he had gone too far, and began to wonder how it would end. Mrs. Hiffen, too, wondered how it would end. She suspected that Farry was spending more than he should, but when it came to ending the flirtation she could not do it. The culmination arrived when Farry Pierce paid a withdrawing depositor one hundred dollars instead of ten. To the banker such an error was equivalent to the end of the world.

"I can't stand it, Rosalie," he said. "I 'm no good any more. I might as well not go to the bank at all. I don't think dollars; I think Rosalie. I 've got to end it somehow."

"Well?" said Mrs. Hiffen, softly. She

was sitting close beside him on the steps of Mrs. Wilcox's veranda.

Farry Pierce was silent for a full minute—a minute in which his mind hurried through all the possible alternatives, and rejected them for the hundredth time.

"The only way out that I can see," he said, with a little laugh, "is for us to break. I must give you up. It has all been very pleasant—innocent and pleasant, but—"

"Of course," said Rosalie, softly, "you might—marry me."

Farry looked away and frowned. It was just this that he could not afford, to meet the whims of a socially ambitious, extravagant wife such as she would be. "That can't be," he said, and Rosalie sighed.

"But can't we go on as we are?" she begged. "Can't we just stay here and—and see each other?"

"Oh, no, no," said Farry. "You don't know. I 'd better be dead than try to keep on like this."

Rosalie arose, very white, and stood a moment looking down at him.

"I see," she said. "I have become an annoyance to the cashier of the bank. We must not let anything annoy the cashier, must we?"

Farry heard her close the street door, and then he arose wearily and went away.

The next morning Farry Pierce left his home as usual; but as soon as he reached the bank he sent a note to his housekeeper, saying he would be unable to get home for dinner at noon, that he was going to have a busy day. He was torn by a conflict of desire and duty. He did not know how the day would end for him. He wrote the note on the back of a deposit-slip, put it in an envelop, and stepped to the door of the bank. Long Sam Underbury was already leaning against the sunny side of the bank building. He took the note from Farry's hand, which trembled a little, and shambled away.

When Sam returned to the bank corner he hesitated. Half a dozen or more of his fellow-loafers in the sun were on the sidewalk at the side of the bank; but Long Sam, after swaying on his big feet, entered the bank. He might as well try to get his money out.

Mrs. Hiffen was at the window when Long Sam entered. A suit-case stood on the floor at her side, and as Long Sam shuffled up to the window Farry Pierce handed her a bundle of bills, the balance of her account. She tucked it into her hand-bag and snapped it shut angrily.

"Mr. Pierce," said Long Sam, bending down to the window, "I guess I got to have some money. I got a chance to buy a—"

"How much do you want?" asked Farry Pierce.

"I guess I 'll take it all," said Long Sam.

"Give me your book," said Farry Pierce, shortly, and Long Sam pushed the soiled, dog-eared book under the wicket. Mr. Pierce did not even suggest thrift. He slapped over the pages of his ledger, wrote the amount on a check, and slid it to Long Sam to sign. He had no time to waste with Long Sam, for he had the whole of his future to decide before he left the bank that evening. He pushed eight dollars and nineteen cents under the wicket, and turned away.

Long Sam counted the money and pushed it deep into his pocket. He grinned triumphantly. He had "taken out," and it had required only four years of unremitting effort! When he turned from the window he saw John Gutman's thick nose flattened against the street window.

"You took out?" asked John when Long Sam stepped outside.

"You bet I took out," said Long Sam, vaingloriously. "You don't think I 'd leave money in a bank when I want to take out, do you? When I want my money out, I get it out."

John Gutman, half-witted as he was, turned and hurried away. He remembered mistily that Long Sam had said he would not "take out" while the bank was deserving of confidence, and Long Sam knew Farry Pierce intimately.

A couple of Negroes tried to stop him as he went by.

"Where yo' goin'?" they asked. "Git a job o' work, John?"

"Goin' take my money outen the bank. Long Sam he took out," said John, and hurried away to get his bank-book. The Negroes looked at each other, and then turned to Long Sam.

"Yo' took out?"

"You 're right I did," bragged Long Sam. "I don't want no more money in that bank. Been tryin' to get it out for

Drawn by May Wilson Preston

"'I DON'T WANT NO MORE MONEY IN THAT BANK'"

ears. Farry Pierce hung on to it, ıng on to it, until I says: 'Look Mr. Pierce, you make me believe .in't no money in this bank. I want ıney now, right now.' So he—"

his audience of frightened Negroes ɔne. They had gone to get their ıoks from underneath mattresses and behind wainscots. As they went ıread the news—the Farmers & Cit- was refusing to pay depositors. ıews spreads in a small town like a fire, and before they returned there line of depositors at the window, arry Pierce, his brow creased, was ıing, exhorting, and paying out the demanded. Each depositor, as he from the bank, told how Farry had tried to prevent the withdrawal ıey, and how he had been forced to At eleven o'clock there was a crowd the bank, and Farry had sent for ıstees. No savings-bank in River- bank had ever enforced the rule that depositors must give sixty-days' notice. To do so now would be to confess weakness; but the store of ready cash was fast disappearing.

Long Sam, a proud grin on his face, pushed among the crowd, bragging that he had had an idea of this all the time, and that he had got his money out, you bet. At two o'clock, or a few minutes after, it became evident that the sixty-day rule would have to be enforced, and a notice was posted in the lobby. From that time the depositors, instead of receiving their money, gave the proper notice of demand, and the trustees decided to keep the bank open until six o'clock, to give every one a chance. Nearly every one took it. At midnight Farry Pierce was still laboring over his books, oblivious of all else, when the telephone bell rang.

"Answer that confounded telephone," said Farry Pierce, angrily.

The clerk raised his head from the instrument.

"It 's Mrs. Hiffen, on the long-distance wire," said the clerk. "She wants to speak to you personally, Mr. Pierce."

"Mrs. Hiffen?" said Farry Pierce, blankly. For a moment the name meant nothing to him, so deep was he in the intricacies of his banking details; and when he remembered, the affair of Rosalie seemed a thousand miles and a thousand years away, and like the pitiable silliness of another man. He was angry. "My heavens!" he cried, "does that woman think I have time for nonsense when there is a run on my bank? Tell her to ring off!"

With the click of the receiver on its holder Mrs. Rosalie Hiffen clicked out of the life of Farry Pierce, cashier. Long Sam had "taken out" in the nick of time.

At three o'clock in the morning the trustees, worn out, went home, and Farry let his clerks go, too, but himself lingered on. At four, exhausted, he fell asleep with his head on an open ledger. He was awakened by the rattling of the knob of the door, and looked up to see the light of early dawn dimming the artificial light of the banking office. He slid off his stool stiffly and unlocked the door. A woman with a gray shawl covering her head and encircling her sharp face stood there, and Long Sam stood sheepishly behind her.

"Is this bank open so I kin put in?" she asked crossly. "If 't is, I want to put in. I 'm Mrs. Samuel Underbury, and have been since last night, and I know better than to trust money round a house where Long Sam is."

"Come inside," said Farry Pierce. "How much do you wish to deposit?"

"Eight dollars an' nineteen cents," said Mrs. Long Sam Underbury, triumphantly.

A PRAYER

BY LOUIS UNTERMEYER

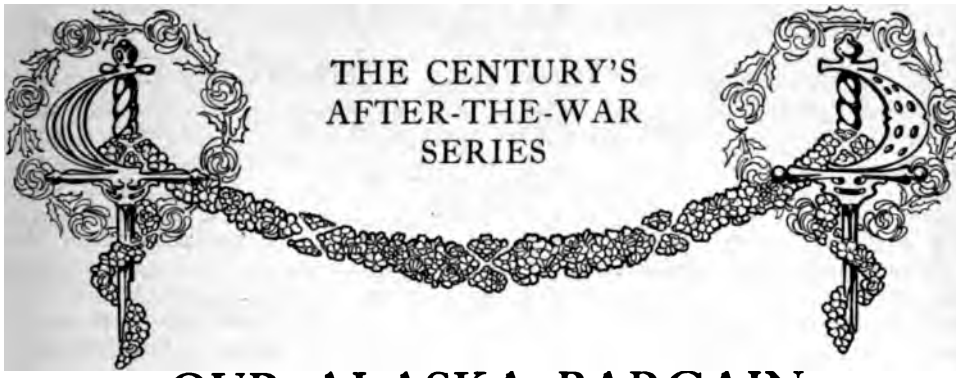
GOD, though this life is but a wraith,
Although we know not what we use,
Although we grope, with little faith,
Give me the heart to fight—and lose.

Ever in conflict let me be;
Make me more daring than devout;
From sleek contentment keep me free,
And fill me with a buoyant doubt.

Open my eyes to visions girt
With beauty, and with wonder lit;
But let me always see the dirt
And all that spawn and die in it.

Open my ears to music; let
Me thrill with spring's first flutes and drums:
But never let me dare forget
The bitter ballads of the slums.

From compromise and things half done
Keep me, though all the world deride,
And when at last the fight is won,
God, keep me still unsatisfied.



OUR ALASKA BARGAIN

INTRODUCTION

WAS ever a people happier than those of the United States in their formative statesmen, and in their purchases of land and water? The statesmen were imaginative as well as wise; consequently their purchases have proved to be as important in substance as they are vital to the political harmony of the nation.

In 1803 Thomas Jefferson paid France fifteen million dollars for Louisiana and the whole northwest country between the Mississippi and the Rockies; in 1819 James Monroe, with five millions, bought Florida from Spain; in 1845 Texas, which had been independent of Mexico for nine years, accepted statehood in the Union under a joint resolution of Congress, and in 1850 that State received ten millions for its claim to parts of the present New Mexico, Colorado, and Kansas; in 1846 James K. Polk, by treaty with Great Britain, acquired the "Oregon Country" as an offset to the northern boundary claims, and in 1848 he wrested the California region from Mexico, giving an indemnity of fifteen millions; in 1853 Franklin Pierce improved the southwestern frontier with the strip south of the Gila River, for which Mexico received ten millions; and in 1867 Andrew Johnson acquired Alaska from Russia for seven millions two hundred thousand. In brief, almost four fifths of the area of the United States—easily one of the largest and finest domains ever outlined on the beautiful earth—were obtained by treaty, and the total payment of a trifle over sixty-two millions. On a pro rata basis more than one affluent American citizen could buy up either one of the temperate zones, of both hemispheres, for his private park, and have something left over for running expenses.

No account is made above of Hawaii, or of the sop of twenty millions to Spain for the islands which have raised the republic to the dignity of an empire. Neither is mention made of the statesmen who helped the Presidents to make these investments. Among the purchases, Alaska, considering the time of the acquisition and her present prospects, is the richest jewel ever picked from the bargain-counter of nations. For this benefit the chief credit belongs to the genius of William H. Seward.

In the complexity of modern life, variety of climate and environment is as agreeable to a nation as to an individual. From the point of view of national completeness it is satisfying to possess Alaska as the arctic reservation of the United States and the islands of the Pacific as their tropical Paradise. The enjoyment of such advantages by a nation requires a large use of vigor and wisdom. As Mr. Holman has forcibly indicated in the last chapter of the narrative which follows, an excess of those qualities may be required in the future to prevent our Alaskan bargain from becoming the cause of wasting and distracting wars.—THE EDITOR.

ALASKA AS A TERRITORY OF THE UNITED STATES

THE AMAZING PROGRESS IN FORTY-FIVE YEARS

BY ALFRED HOLMAN

Editor of "The San Francisco Argonaut"

ACROSS the stage of aboriginal Alaska pass in motley procession the Siberian adventurer, the Russian fur-hunter, the Spanish sea-rover, the British explorer, the Yankee trader. These intermingle with poachers, pirates, and scalawags of all countries and of no country. But aboriginal Alaska is a theme for the romanticist rather than for the serious student. The vital era of Alaska began two years after our Civil War, when the United States came into possession of the country. The treaty of cession between Russia and the United States was signed in Washington in March, 1867, but the formalities of transfer were postponed until October, and the scene properly was Sitka, the Russian seat of administration, if administration be the right word for the previous control of the ceded territory.

Events of high significance unfailingly create an atmosphere of solemnity and dignity, and the passing of Russian authority from the American continent was marked by circumstances of dramatic interest. The ceremonial, even as described in the tempered phrases of official reports, challenges the imagination, and kindles that spirit which in all ages and among all races of men attends upon circumstances of lordship and dominion.

Sitka sits upon the low-lying shoulder of a mountain-side framed landward and seaward in natural majesty and beauty. In the picture presented on October 18, 1867, there was the glory of the forest and the glory of the sea. Baranof Castle, the center of Russian authority in Alaska, loomed upon its low hilltop near the shore. Some half-dozen ships flying American and Russian flags rode at attention in the harbor. Along the curving beach were ranged scores of canoes filled with Indians staring in stolid silence at the proceedings of the day. A dreary morning had been followed by a burst of arctic sunshine. Assembled on the parade between the beach and the castle were the official commissioners of Russia and the United States, some hundred or more officers of the armies and navies of the two countries, one company of Russian soldiers, and a battalion of three hundred American troops. There was an attendant gathering of rough-garbed Russian retainers, another of "Creoles," a race born of the Russian *promyshleniki* (roving fur-hunters) and the native women, a fringe of savages, and a little group of white women, among whom were Mrs. Weeks, wife of Major Weeks of the American army, and Princess Maksutof, wife of the Russian governor. The preliminary half-hour was strangely silent, for, excepting occasional bugle-calls, brief and formal phrases of military command, and the subdued tones of official interchange, there was no sound save the murmurings of the forest and the low voice of the sea. Over all was the spirit of a grim solemnity, the common consciousness of an occasion half wedding, half funeral.

At the appointed moment Captain Pestchourof, the Russian naval commander, addressing General Lovell H. Rousseau, the American commissioner, said:

"Sir, by authority of his Majesty the Emperor of all the Russias, I transfer to you, the agent of the United States, all the territory and dominion now possessed by his Majesty on the continent of America and in the adjacent islands, according to a treaty between these two powers."

General Rousseau replied:

"Sir, I accept from you as agent of his Majesty the Emperor of all the Russias the territory and dominion which you have transferred to me as commissioner on the part of the United States to receive the same."

Then, as at a word of command, the Russian flag slowly began its descent from

the staff about which the official group was gathered, there boomed from a shore battery the first gun of the Russian national salute, answered by alternate shots from the American flagship *Ossipee*. The last gun of the *Ossipee's* salute marked the ascent of the Stars and Stripes to the top of the staff.

The interchange of flags was attended by an incident which profoundly moved all who witnessed the ceremony. When the Russian emblem in its slow descent was still sixty feet from the ground, it became entangled with a cross-arm, and stuck fast. A "boatswain's chair" was quickly improvised, and a Russian marine was hoisted up to set the flag loose, and as the operation was slow, there were some moments of embarrassment. Finally Captain Pestchourof called to the man to bring the flag down; but misunderstanding the order, he cast it loose. It fell, but not directly. Slowly drifting, it landed by chance upon the bayonets of the Russian soldiers, its natural defenders. This incident, in a way trivial yet suggestive, touched with awe a ceremonial which appealed to sympathy and patriotism. The spectators stood silent until the Princess Maksutof, suddenly overwhelmed by tense feeling, fell weeping into the arms of her husband.

RUSSIAN FEAR OF ENGLISH SPOLIATION

PRINCESS MAKSUTOF'S passionate outburst was in harmony with the depression of the Russian agents, who felt a deep sense of national disappointment and defeat. There was reason enough. Retirement from Alaska implied definite relinquishment of designs long and ardently cherished. Through possession of Alaska, Russian ambition had looked for such ultimate enlargement of dominion as would make Russia the mistress of the Pacific Ocean. It was this high-soaring intent that gave imperial backing first to enterprises of discovery and settlement, later to explorations extending down the coast to central California, and which sought in desultory and bungling ways to create in Alaska a basis for Russian power on the American continent. Russia's withdrawal from Alaska implied abandonment of more rivalry with imperial Britain.

The failure of Russia in America was due primarily to the inadequacy of the individual Russian to subdue a virgin world. The fact is emphasized by comparison of the promyshlenik with the American pioneer, the man who at a later time established the dominion of civilized ideas and usages over the Western American world. The promyshlenik, if not a serf, was a retainer, a man in whom subordination was bred in the bone. Hardihood, patience, industry, loyalty—these he had; but he lacked the prowess of independent manhood, the breeding and training in initiative and individual self-control, the spirit and the hope of the man who plans and works for himself. He lacked, too, the inspiration,—most potent of all the forces in civilized life,—of domestic surroundings and domestic ties. The American pioneer brought wife and children with him; the promyshlenik, when he sailed from his native shores, left behind him that which in the civilized sense might have made him a man. His energies in the New World, instead of seeking their own ends under the inspirations of individual responsibility, were subject to the planning and directing of overlords. He went at his work as the conscript marches to drill or to battle, not in the spirit of a self-controlled and self-sustained man. So, although as far back as the closing years of the eighteenth century there were set up at Sitka and elsewhere in Alaska settlements of considerable numbers and industries curiously advanced as related to the state of the country; although the seat of government was a so-called castle, abounding in imported luxuries and ornate with costly art; although titles were created to dignify and empower the rough agents of the czar's authority; although stations were established and maintained for thirty years or more in salubrious and teeming California, the whole fabric of enterprise and ambition came ultimately to failure. Russians of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, like the Frenchmen who penetrated and possessed the Mississippi Valley,' had not in themselves the character to create a self-sustaining civilized life.

Russia's retirement from the American continent also emphasized the humiliating truth that in the competitions of empire she was no match for England. Her ambition in the direction of Constantinople

MAP OF ALASKA (590,884 SQUARE MILES)

The chain of islands in the lower right-hand corner, including Sitka, is called the Alexander Archipelago.

and the Mediterranean had been baffled in the Crimea, and although the war with England and France had left the posture of affairs nominally as before, there had been imposed upon her a deep-seated hatred and an embittered sense of resentment. England came out of the Crimea relatively stronger than before; she might sail the seven seas undisturbed by any protest Russia could make. Old animosities, new grievances, between the two countries there were in plenty; and it was realized at St. Petersburg that upon one pretext or another, or upon none at all, England might take possession of a country so remote and indefensible as Alaska. A single shot any day through Baranof Castle would have turned the trick. The prize was tempting, and Russia knew it. Already British power had painted with royal red more than half the map of North America. British authority ran from the Lake of the Woods to the arctic circle, and from the Atlantic Ocean to the mouth of Fraser River on the Pacific Ocean. Russian America, comprising the northwestern corner of the continent, and reaching down in a narrow strip to lat. 54° 40′ N. would have rounded out and completed British dominion over two thirds of North America. Possession of the narrow strip from Mount St. Elias south to the line of lat. 54° 40′ N., would give to England something more than equal opportunity with the United States in the ultimate contest of national ambitions in the great Western ocean. With her overmastering sea-power, England, in possession of Alaska, could make the Pacific Ocean a British lake.

These considerations were in the mind of Russian statecraft, and from them as a basis there was easily conjured up in the czar's councils a nightmare of terrors. Plainly England had the power to help herself to the Russian holdings in northwestern America. Plainly every day of continued Russian possession of Alaska was a day of hazard. By what course could the interest of Russia best be served through its abandonment? Obviously, the best chance of baffling British ambition on

the American continent, and her hopes in the Pacific Ocean, was to enlarge the territorial strength and ambition of the United States. Here we have the secret, the whole argument. Russia and the United States stood upon a friendly footing, and Russia had nothing to fear in yielding Alaska to the United States. On the other hand, she had much to gain through bridling the imperial spirit of her hated rival.

THE RUSSIAN CHAPTER OF ADVENTURE AND FAILURE

RUSSIAN occupation of Alaska covered the period between 1741, when Bering and Chirkof sailed from Siberia to the coast of Alaska, to 1867, when Prince Maksutof bore his weeping wife with the furled flag of Russia to his waiting ship in the harbor of Sitka. The record is a many-chaptered story of success and failure, of cruelties and reprisals. From the ruck of wild adventure there stands out one individual character of real historic value, Alexander Baranof, a small merchant of Siberia, who came to Alaska in 1790, and took supreme command of the affairs of that wild country under a merger of fur-hunting interests, which until then had been competitive. He remained in the country until 1818, nearly thirty years, and was more definitely its master than the czar, in his winter palace, was lord of all the Russias. In Alexander Baranof we discover the American captain of industry anticipated by more than a century, and animated by the spirit of a feudal lord. The powers of regency, the powers of law, the powers of property, the powers of gospel—such gospel as it was—were for a third of a century in the hands of this wonderful old Russian bear, as Washington Irving styled him. In him was combined the hardihood of a conqueror of the wilderness, the genius of a diplomat, the powers of a born master of men and charmer of women, of a character at once subtle, sordid, and generous, brutal and tender, inflexibly loyal and inflexibly honest. There is something which touches the chords of imagination and sentiment in the picture of this old merchant-lord in his wilderness castle, in his honors and in his humiliations, in his loves and in his hates, and in his pathetic end. He died on shipboard, and was buried in the Indian Ocean on his homeward voyage to Russia in 1819.

It is worth while noting as material testimony to imperial plans in the Russian organization of Alaska that at a time when California was merely a grazing-ground, and when Oregon heard no sound save the dashings of her noble river, Sitka was the seat of curiously developed phases of energetic life. Founded originally as a support to authority and as a resource for ship-building, Sitka contained vast stores of merchandise and constructive materials, and possessed shops and foundries with the facilities of a great modern factory. It is interesting to note that in Baranof's establishment at Sitka were forged many of the bells which were hung in the niches of the Franciscan missions of California, and which have come down to us as treasured memorials of an era of romance.

The effort to colonize California from Alaska began at an unrecorded date. Fur stations were established at several points along the coast, among others at the Farallones Islands off the Golden Gate, in that day of primitive bounty a famous rookery for sea-otter. The settlement at Fort Ross, fifty miles north of San Francisco Bay, was established in 1813, and was sustained under conditions of dwindling fortune until 1842, when, in despair of success, the plant was closed out by sale to General Sutter, on whose land near "Sutter's Fort" gold was first discovered in 1848.

THE FIRST PERIOD OF SEAL-POACHING

PROBABLY the first Americans who ever saw the rugged coast of Alaska were Connecticut and Virginia sailors with the British explorer Cook in 1778, nearly forty years after the Russians took possession. Twenty years later, American traders, coming irregularly, engaged in traffic for furs along the coast of southeastern Alaska. These poachers gave to the natives what the prudence of Baranof had denied them—fire-arms and fire-water. Baranof protested, but in vain, and not having forcible means at his command, he resorted to diplomacy, entering into a treaty with the "Boston men," who, agreeing to deal with the natives according to the Russian system, were allowed a moderate share in the business.

This arrangement, strange to say, grew into a relationship of mutual good-will and coöperation between Russians and Americans in the period from about 1800 up to the British-American war of 1812. During this period one Captain O'Hain, a New England skipper, led under commission from Baranof a Russian hunting-expedition to the coast of California in quest of the sea-otter, then, as now, highly prized. The colony established in this period at the mouth of the Columbia River by John Jacob Astor entered into friendly relations with Baranof, which were sustained through mutual interest until the Astoria enterprise was broken up by the American-British war.

For a few years following the War of 1812, traders from all countries flocked to the coast of Alaska with such demoralizing effects upon the natives that Russia was compelled forcibly to clear the coast of poachers. The Sitkan authorities, supported by a display of naval force, gave notice that no merchantman, except in case of dire distress, should come under penalty of confiscation within a line drawn one hundred miles from the coast. This rule cut both ways, and in 1825 there was negotiated a tripartite treaty under which Russia, Great Britain, and the United States agreed upon lat. 54° 40′ N. as a line north of which Russian authority would not be questioned. For a period of ten years British and American vessels were accorded privileges of navigation and trade under a pledge not to establish settlements, and not to supply the natives with liquor or fire-arms.

Already I have noted early interchanges between Russian Alaska and Spanish California, terminated by the collapse of Russian enterprise at Fort Ross. With the discovery of gold in California in 1848 there came a revival of trade relations, due to the fact that Sitka was an established depot of certain kinds of merchandise in demand at the booming settlements of San Francisco and Sacramento. The storehouses of the Russian-American Company at Sitka were gorged with accumulations of rough clothing and more or less stale food-stuffs, laid in with reference to Russian standards of taste and the Russian palate. There was a hurried clearance of these dubious luxuries at the inflated prices of the time, the result being that the Russian company cleared a fabulous profit. In 1851, San Francisco merchants contracted with the Russian company for supplies of ice from Kadiak and Sitka, this traffic being sustained for sev-

From a photograph by La Roche, Seattle

"BARANOF CASTLE," SITKA, BUILT BY ALEXANDER BARANOF IN 1804

ears. The last and quite the most nota- American venture in Russian Alaska to the cession was an attempt on the of the Western Union Telegraph pany to establish an international tel- h line by way of the Alaskan coast a connecting cable under Bering t. Delayed by the Civil War, this really enterprise was revived in 1865, and cuted with vigor until the Atlantic put an end to the Alaskan project. idences of Russia's fear of England respect to Alaska appear as far back e early forties in connection with the oversy over the Oregon boundary- Russian diplomats encouraged the ed States to insist that its Pacific -line should extend through what is British Columbia up to lat. 54° N., with the suggestion that Nicholas ght consent to a cession of his Amer- possessions to the United States as far as the arctic circle. Not long after the Crimean War came on, and at time during that conflict England, her overwhelming sea-power, might taken Alaska. She was restrained nally by an agreement of neutrality een the Hudson Bay Company and Russian-American Fur Company; and e English and French ships harassed ian outposts on the Asiatic side of the ic, notably at Petropavlovsk in Kam- ca, Alaska was unmolested by the al- powers. While this important restric- of the war spirit was nominally due bargain between commercial compa- there entered into the matter some deration of the Monroe Doctrine. and well knew that the United States d not consent to a further intrench- of British authority upon the Amer- continent; that a movement on her against Alaska would bring from the ed States a protest which she could afford to disregard. Senator Sumner thority for the statement that while Crimean War was in progress a pro- to cede Alaska to the United States secretly presented to President Pierce, hat, fearing complications with Eng- , he put the matter aside.

THE AMERICAN PURCHASE

first public record of the negotiation h resulted in the cession of Alaska es to the year 1859, and exhibits Sen- ator Gwin of California as making a tentative and guarded approach to Baron Stoeckl, the Russian minister in Washington. Unofficially, although it was significantly mentioned as "for the President," Senator Gwin, as quoted, said to Baron Stoeckl that "Russia is too far off to make the most of those possessions; we are near, and can derive more from them." Questioned directly as to what America might be willing to pay for Alaska, Senator Gwin replied that the United States "could go as high as five millions." This conversation, while reported as "unofficial," obviously reflected a serious and carefully considered plan. While on the surface the initiative appears to have been taken by an American statesman, we may easily believe that Russian diplomacy had stimulated in Senator Gwin and President Buchanan the interest which preceded this first tentative offer.

In 1860, Prince Gortchakoff, the Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs, was reported as saying to an American diplomat that "five million dollars is not an equitable equivalent," with the suggestion that "double that sum would be about the right figure." President Buchanan, like Senator Gwin, was attracted by the suggestion to bring Alaska under American ownership, but when the project became the subject of gossip at Washington, there was instant and positive opposition upon the part of the slave-holding interest to any extension of free-soil territory. Thereupon Buchanan lost interest in the proposal, and the project rested until after the Civil War, when the slave interest had been eliminated from among the influences affecting American policy.

But if the project of annexing Alaska was allowed to sleep, it was not forgotten, and we may well believe that Russian agents at Washington took care that it should not be forgotten. Many motives urged the Russian Government to place in friendly hands a possession which in the declining state of the fur-trade was yielding nothing at all, and which might any day, in circumstances of national humiliation, fall into the hands of Great Britain. Furthermore, Russia, after the struggle in the Crimea, was in financial straits, and her statesmen were by no means averse to a proposition which would relieve pressing wants.

There is reason to believe that Secretary Seward, with whom national extension was a passion, was an eager listener to the suggestions of the Russian ambassador even during the period of the Civil War, and that he was entirely willing to keep alive the subject of Alaska. At St. Paul, Minnesota, in 1860, he declared in a public address that ultimately the American flag would supplant that of Russia on arctic shores. The subject was again and again taken up between Mr. Seward and Baron Stoeckl in informal but serious discussions, and somewhere in the course of these talks a compromise was struck between the $5,000,000 suggested by Senator Gwin and the $10,000,000 demanded by Prince Gortchakoff. Secretary Seward offered $7,000,000, which was ultimately increased by the sum of $200,000 to cover possible demands of individual Russians in Alaska, including the heirs of the moribund fur-trading monopoly, the privileges of which in recent years had not been renewed. These terms were accepted in so far as the authority of the Russian ambassador went. There still remained as essential to the bargain, the consent of the czar, Alexander II, and ratification by the American authorities, including an appropriation for the purchase price.

Frederick W. Seward the secretary's son has told a graphic story of the success of the negotiation. On the evening of Friday, March 29, 1867, the secretary was deep in a game of whist with his family and a few friends at his own house when at an unconventionally late hour Baron Stoeckl, the Russian ambassador, was announced. Upon entering, Baron Stoeckl said:

"I have a despatch, Mr. Seward, from my Government by cable. The emperor gives his consent to the cession. To-morrow, if you like, I will come to the department, and we can enter upon the treaty."

"Why wait till to-morrow, Mr. Stoeckl?" replied Secretary Seward. "Let us make the treaty to-night."

"But your department is closed," replied the Russian. "You have no clerks, and my secretaries are scattered about the town."

"Never mind that," responded Seward. "If you can muster your legation by midnight, you will find me awaiting you at the department, which will be open and ready for this business."

Two hours later the Department of State was ablaze with light and vibrant with energy, and by four o'clock on the morning of Saturday, March 30, the treaty was engrossed, signed, sealed, and ready for transmission to the Senate. There was need for haste, for Congress was in the final and hurried days of its session, and there was scant time for consideration of a matter which was certain to encounter differences of opinion and call alike for explanation and persuasion.

RATIFIED BY THE SENATE

THE hour which brought the engrossed treaty to the Senate found that body in animated discussion of the delinquencies of President Johnson—a discussion which culminated a little later in proceedings of impeachment. One senator remarked as he walked into the cloak-room a few minutes later, "I thought we were going to have one more hack at 'Andy' to-day, but it looks now as if we were going to vote for the most unheard-of thing the administration has yet done."

This remark fairly illustrates the attitude in and out of Congress toward the Russian treaty. There was a general feeling that the bargain was closed and that ratification would follow. There was also a very common feeling that the whole business was whimsical and preposterous, a gigantic joke, much as though to-day the Government should bargain with Dr. Cook for a slice of arctic Greenland. "Walrussia" was a name applied to Alaska by a congressional humorist, and the spirit of the public mind toward the purchase was betrayed in wide-spread appreciation of this witticism.

Acceptance of the treaty by the Senate was gained by the eagerness and persistence of Secretary Seward, supported by the energetic championship of Senator Sumner. Ex-Senator Cole of California is authority for the statement that the business called for "some pretty active hustling" on Seward's part. There was definite objection on the score of cost, and in view of a treasury depleted under the strain of the Civil War a more serious obstacle was the general attitude of indifference. Seward "hustled," and Sumner

brought to bear the graces of individual persuasion and the guns of heavy oratory. Sumner's argument, entombed in the records of the Fortieth Congress, exhibits some knowledge of the country, but more definitely his passion for expansion. Incidentally, it is of interest that he suggested the name of the Peninsula of Alay-es-ka as proper to the new territory. Seward, with a nicer taste, preferred Alaska as "brief, euphonious, and suitable."

On May 28, 1867, the treaty was approved by a vote in the Senate of thirty-seven to two, and its acceptance was a signal which transferred the play of ridicule from the Senate chamber to the public prints and the political stump. After the laugh over "Walrussia" had subsided, the phrase "Johnson's polar-bear garden" was invented to describe the purchase. Here and there was heard a serious voice of approval; but in the common view the country declined to take the matter seriously, regarding it as a legitimate subject of jeers and gibes.

WILLIAM M. GWIN, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM CALIFORNIA

A pioneer in urging the purchase of Alaska.

THE PERIOD OF NEGLECT

In his study of Cæsar, James Anthony Froude lays down the principle that no self-governing country can administer successfully outlying and dependent provinces. Alaska, regarded as our first experiment in colonization, serves to emphasize the principle. And here let me interpolate the suggestion that those who believe that the United States can permanently and successfully govern the Philippine Islands, Porto Rico, and perhaps other alien and non-assimilable territories, would do well to study our experience in Alaska.

Hardly had the Stars and Stripes been raised above Baranof Castle when there began a veritable carnival of extravagances, extending over a period of two full decades. Government there was none except within the narrow military jurisdiction of Sitka, and even that partook of the general license. Not all the officers or all the men of the little military establishment betook themselves to hilarities and vices; but enough of them did to give to the military occupation an ill repute, the stain of which has hardly been removed by subsequent good services on the part of the army. By all reports, avarice, whisky, and lust were the dominating influences of Alaskan life at Sitka and elsewhere. The left-over Russians, released from the feudalistic supervision to which they were accustomed, gave rein to their passions, and the incoming American adventurers joined in a lively race. Sitka took on the character of an American boom town. A city charter was enacted, streets were laid out, and, as usual where speculation, license, and scoundrelism pitch their tents, generous provision was made in theory for "education," "religion," and all the amenities which look well on a boom chart. Nobody planned to do anything in a productive way. The whole scheme was designed to make something out of somebody else. And alike in the period of ex-

Drawn by Jay Hambidge

LOWERING THE RUSSIAN COLORS, AND RAISING THE STARS AN
AT SITKA, OCTOBER 18, 1867

hilaration which accompanied this senseless boom, and in the depression and gloom which followed its collapse, there was the customary resort to those dubious consolations which, whatever else may be lacking, are always to be found in countries socially detached.

The effect upon the natives hardly needs to be told. In fact, its details are hardly tellable. If the relatively few self-respecting residents of the country fared somewhat better than the gullible natives, they still fared badly enough. They suffered many forms of outrage, including dispossession, robbery, and in some instances forcible debauchery of their women. While the army had a certain discreditable share in the infamies of this period, the record is relieved by some real services. The threat of military repression checked the worst activities of speculative adventurers. The presence of military power prevented Indian wars; it ultimately put down the slavery and robbery of the Indians; it hunted down and stamped out smuggling and the contraband trade; it discouraged corrupt practices; and when the boom collapsed, it fed the starving and succored the despairing. One serious Indian rising occurred during the first few years of American occupancy, but there was prompt reprisal on the part of the troops, and the affair never reached the proportions of an Indian war.

In 1876, nine years after the cession, the troops were withdrawn, and two years later the Indians rose suddenly and threatened Sitka with annihilation. They were in overwhelming numbers, and a general massacre would probably have followed but for the accidental arrival of a British man-of-war, the *Osprey*, which stood by and protected with its guns the otherwise defenseless town. The lesson of this experience was not lost upon the American Government, and immediately thereafter it stationed a gunboat in Alaskan waters.

It is not pleasant to recall that from the day the United States took possession of Alaska in 1867 until about 1884, when the pressure of settlement and developing industry enforced governmental attention, the country subsisted in a state of social, moral, and legal chaos. There were no government, no security for land-titles, no courts, no order. Individual might was the law of the land, and, as always under such conditions, rapacity and greed held sway. This condition obtained until 1884, when the general laws of Oregon, "in so far as they could be made to apply," were extended over the country; but in the absence of courts, surveys, records, and authoritative agents, this jurisdiction was of little avail. Alaska remained during nearly thirty years of American occupancy a lawless wilderness, a discredit, even a shame, to a country which had the money to buy title to it, but was without the sense of responsibility and the moral initiative to organize it under the standards of civilized life.

SECRETARY SEWARD'S VISIT TO SITKA

It was at an early stage of this era,—in the year 1869,—while the country was still under military possession, that Secretary Seward paid his historic visit to Sitka. This visit is notable incidentally for its sentimental interest, but chiefly for an address presumed to have been given at a dinner on board a war-ship in Sitka Harbor. This address in noble phrases lays down principles and declares prophecies which have become fixed in our patriotic literature. Curiously enough, as I have been told by Judge John Currey, ex-Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court of California, and still, at the great age of ninety-eight, in mental and bodily health, Secretary Seward never delivered this address at all. "Seward told me at San Francisco, upon his return from Alaska," says Judge Currey, "that there had been a little banquet on shipboard, and that he and others had exchanged some after-dinner pleasantries. The setting being right, and having time on his hands, the secretary sat down in his cabin, and in the course of the next few days worked out the classic utterance which goes by the name of 'the Sitka address.'"

Lives of great men oft remind us that the more polite devices of the faker may be made to serve worthy purposes. Indeed, without the aid which polite fiction has rendered more than once to American statesmen, we should be without some of the most notable and indeed the noblest expressions of political philosophy.

Webster's reply to Hayne in the form in which it stands fixed in our literature is a case in point. Mr. Webster, indeed, did deliver in the old Senate chamber, now

the Supreme Court-room in the Capitol at Washington, a notable reply to Senator Hayne. It was listened to by a notable but limited audience, and it won high appreciation. But the "Reply to Hayne" tunately for literature, most fortunately for Mr. Webster's fame, that most brutal of all realists, the short-hand writer, had not yet become an attendant upon Congress.

Mr. Seward's Sitka speech is indeed a

WILLIAM H. SEWARD, SECRETARY OF STATE IN THE CABINETS OF LINCOLN AND OF JOHNSON

He negotiated the Alaska purchase.

now embalmed in literature was not the reply as actually delivered, but an elaborately wrought-out essay founded upon the speech. Its indiscretions were eliminated, and a multitude of noble afterthoughts were worked into the "reply" as it ultimately came from Webster's hand. Fortunately for political philosophy, fortunately for literature, most fortunately for Mr. Webster's fame, that most brutal of all realists, the short-hand writer, had not yet become an attendant upon Congress.

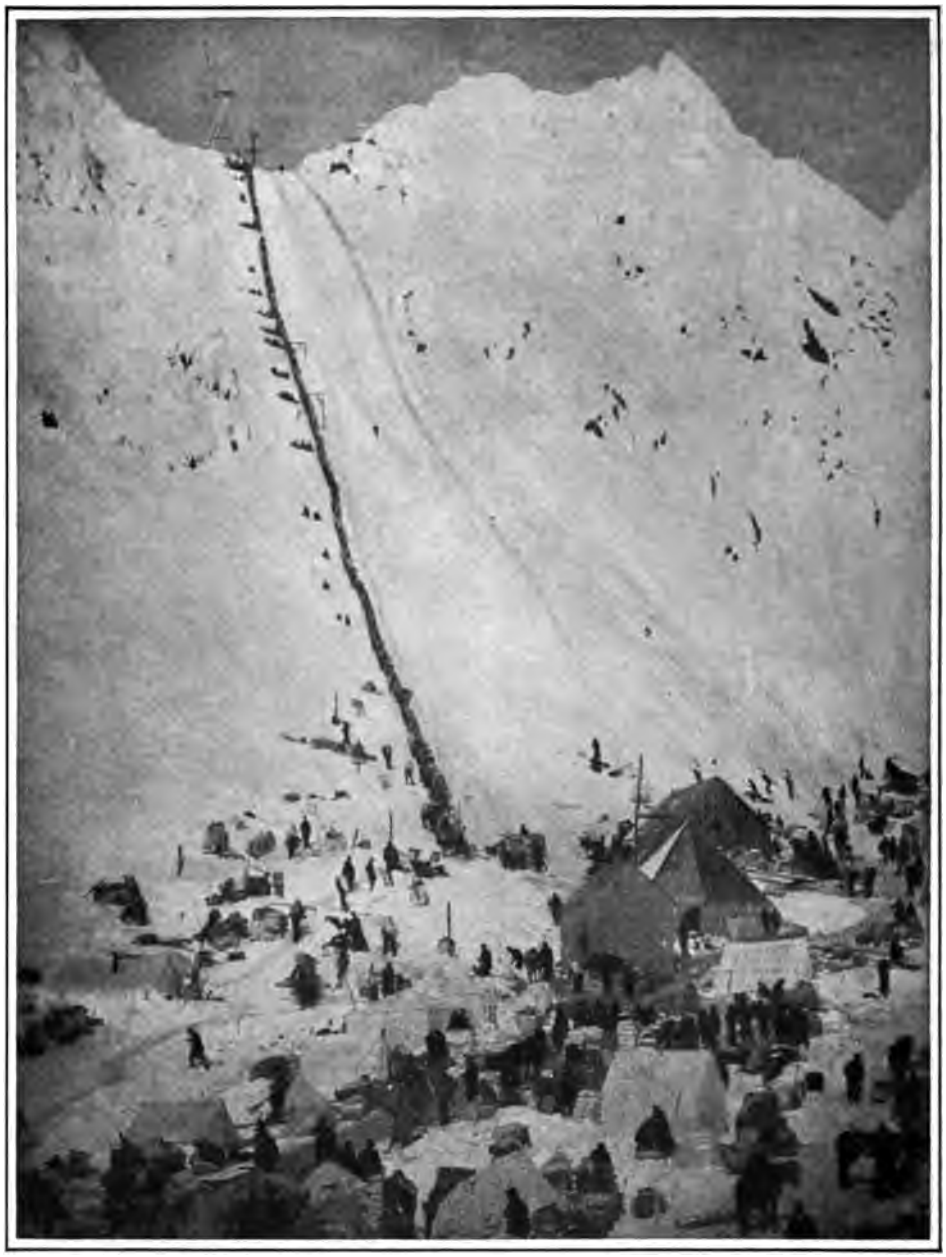
Mr. Seward's Sitka speech is indeed a notable utterance, and our political literature could ill afford to lose it; but in cold fact it was not delivered in Sitka Harbor or anywhere else. It was a highly conceived, highly finished essay on American and world affairs, for which Sitka Harbor, from motives of dramatic emphasis, was chosen for the launching.

GOOD RESULTS FROM THE LEASE OF THE PRIBYLOFF ISLANDS

THOUGH in the twenty or more years following the cession, Alaska, broadly speaking, was a lawless wilderness, there was one small department or part of the country which presented an exception to the rule. The Pribyloff Islands in Bering Sea, then as now the breeding-ground of the fur-seal, had been farmed out under the Russian rule to the Russian-American Fur Company, the purpose being to save the seals from indiscriminate and wholesale slaughter. When Alaska came to the United States, there were several applications for lease of the Pribyloff Islands. After some consideration, the Treasury Department entered into an arrangement for twenty years with an American syndicate, with headquarters at San Francisco, styling itself the Alaska Commercial Company. There were other bidders,—in several instances higher bidders,—but in considering the matter of the lease, the department discriminated, on the one hand, between an established organization of known and substantial men, and, on the other, chance speculators, seeking an option to the end of turning it over at a profit. The terms of the arrangement with the Alaska Commercial Company involved a restriction of sealing operations in any one year within the number of one hundred thousand animals. The company was required to pay as rental the sum of $55,000 a year, with a tax of $2.62½ on each fur-seal skin taken, and fifty-five cents a gallon on all the seal-oil shipped from the islands. It was required to maintain a school in the Pribyloff Islands for eight months in the year, and to supply the natives employed in their operations 25,000 dried salmon and sixty cords of firewood, with salt, and barrels for preserving seal meat. The Indians—Aleuts—were to be worked under their native chiefs and paid forty cents a skin. Widows and orphans of the native community were to be supported at the company's expense. It was provided that medical care should be free. These conditions gave to the Pribyloff natives advantages, so far as I am able to discover, unequaled by any other group of aborigines employed commercially by a superior race.

A PRESENT-DAY DAUGHTER OF NOME, IN NATIVE COSTUME

The company not only lived up to the letter of the contract, but even exceeded it, with the result that the islanders, working upon a coöperative plan, each earned between $350 and $450 a year, besides having the privileges enumerated and the added perquisite of comfortable quarters. These conditions prevailed under the



From a photograph by La Roche, Seattle

WINTER ACTIVITY IN ALASKA AT THE "CHILKOOT STAIRWAY" (1898)

The thin black line consists of gold-hunters packing over the Chilkoot Pass.

Alaska Commercial Company's lease until 1890, and under its successor, the North American Commercial Company, until 1911, when the Government took over the privileges of the Pribyloff rookeries on its own account.

The leasing of the sealing privileges of the Pribyloff Islands has been a subject of animated discussion for more than forty years. Fur-hunters, independent and corporate, have been unsparing critics both of the leasing system and of operations under it. Undoubtedly, the Alaska Commercial Company and its successor, the North

ican Commercial Company, gained profits out of its privileges under the gement; but it is to be remembered heir enterprise involved a prodigious inary outlay, and that they assumed ndous risks. In the vast volume of sion spoken and written, there has been any allegations convicting the a company of piratical or illegal ce, or of bad faith in its dealings the Government. It is possible that terms might have been made for the rnment; but when the conditions laid down, the real potentialities of siness were not understood by any-

Indeed, it would have taken a et to know that the fickle element of n, by enhancing the price of seal- was to contribute to the value of ased privilege.

iat would have happened if the loff rookeries had been left open to titive exploitation has been cruelly strated by the so-called pelagic ers in open-sea operations. Here, d any national jurisdiction, fur- rs of half a dozen countries have fol- the herds in their migrations to the ng-grounds, slaughtering by thou- not merely the "bachelors," but the es. So ruthless has been this slaugh- iat the herd which once numbered en seven and eight millions has been d to about a hundred thousand. Sci- nd statecraft have combined to pro- his remnant of valuable ocean life. nternational arrangement, pelagic g in open Bering Sea has been d, and in 1911 the Government declared a close season of five years e Pribyloff rookeries.

THE DAWN OF LAW AND ORDER

productive and commercial exploita- f Alaska began seriously about 1884, ivil order in one form or another from about the same time. Previous s, the operations of orderly business f orderly government had been lim- o the narrow sphere of the Alaska nercial Company, which, subject to ntract with the Government, made nforced its own laws. It can easily ceived that enterprise moved slowly egion where the nearest station was sand miles from any American port, ntry of forbidding winter climate, affording no security for property and no facilities for orderly or comfortable life. The movement was slow, but persistent, though little heard of except through the demands from time to time for the common advantages of established government. When, in 1890, Captain James Carroll, before a congressional committee in Washington, presented an appeal for legislation, punctuating it with an offer of twenty million dollars for Alaska in case Congress did not act, the incident literally opened the eyes of Congress and the country.

In 1884, seventeen years after the cession, the country in the interim having, as we have already seen, been left to its own devices, Congress extended the laws of Oregon to Alaska, authorized a governor, established district courts and commissioners, created a land district, granted mining rights, and prohibited the importation of liquors. But as no facilities were provided for transportation, the scheme was grotesquely ineffective. It was not until 1907 that the territory was accorded representation by a non-voting delegate in Congress. This plan has been improved upon in various ways, but it still remains crude and inadequate. There are now three general courts, with three commissionerships, and there has been provided a limited scheme of court procedure. How relatively limited this provision is can be understood only by those who have some knowledge of the varied interests, unlimited distances, the severities of the winter climate, and other conditions of the country. As a mighty discourager to litigation, appeals run to the Ninth Circuit Court at San Francisco, involving enormous expense and untold delays. It would call for a powerful imagination to conceive a system less adequate and satisfactory; but it is what it is, and the Alaskans try to make the best of it, not, however, without a good deal of highly justified grumbling.

There has been constant effort to get something better at the hands of Congress, where there has been encountered a curious, yet practical, difficulty. For some unexplained reason the governor, on the one hand, and the Territorial delegate, on the other, invariably hold opposite opinions with respect to every proposition. While this fact greatly promotes the gaiety of life at Washington, its effect has been to

enforce a do-nothing policy. While Congress smiles at the interchanges of vitriolic personalities between governor and delegate, Alaska waits.

THE GROWING RECORD OF AMAZING WEALTH

THE romantic stories of mineral discovery, the scarcely less interesting record of fishery developments, the ten thousand other forms of fascinating adventure which have marked the last decade and a half of Alaskan life, do not, I am sorry to say, fall within the scope of this writing. I have here to deal only with those aspects of the country and of its progress which illustrate the advantages which came through Uncle Sam's bargain with Russia.

To-day the American population of Alaska—and in this I include all except the natives—aggregates about 65,000 in summer. It is scattered along the coast from the Alexander Archipelago, at the extreme south, to the Seward Peninsula at Bering Strait, and through the interior basins of the Yukon, the Tanana, and the Copper rivers. Only by reference to maps can the geographical vastness of this region be grasped, and even then it cannot be fully comprehended. The foremost productive interest of the country is that of mining in its several forms of gold, silver, and copper. Beginning in 1880 in the low-grade quartz mines near Juneau, mining has extended with discovery and grown under exploitation. It employs in the active season approximately 12,000 persons directly, and its annual produc-

Drawn by Harry Fenn from a photograph by Dr. C. Hart Merriam

SUMMER IN ALASKA

Lupines on Wood Island, near Kadiak.

uns to colossal figures. In the sea- 1910–11 the total exports of gold lver from Alaska, taking no note of :port from the neighboring British ı Territory, including the Klondike, ;ated $15,173,008. For the suc- g year of 1911–12 the figures stand)0,821. For the year 1909–10 the of copper was $165,566. For the 1910–11 copper production ran to 197. Some idea of the prodigiously development of this industry may be from the fact that in the year 12 it yielded ores and products to gregate value of $5,040,386.

er mining, and closely following it, the fisheries. During the summer —they are all but idle at other times year—the Alaskan fisheries employ 17,000 persons directly, and of contribute, like mining, indirectly al ways to the general industry of untry. For the year 1909–10 the of fish and fish products was valued),404,807. For the year 1910–11 ;ures rose to $11,175,497. For the 1911–12 the season's product was at $14,300,240.

: fur industry, traditionally associ- rith Alaska as the main source of its ı, has fallen relatively to small di-)ns, although in the year 1911–12 :ports of furs and fur-skins aggre- $858,431.

:se industries—mining, fisheries, and nting—may be designated as the nental occupations of productive Alaska, though they by no means ıe whole story. Agriculture, al- ı it contributes nothing to the ex- :ade, and while it can hardly be said established upon a systematic basis, ertheless a very considerable domes- source. Alaska does not yet feed ; but various industries dependent the soil are locally established and ıg.

: in Alaska is now on a definitely zed basis, with wide division of do- industry, including the varied forms fessional service, and the multitudi- ccupations of general business. A of general highways connecting the g centers has been constructed by overnment in the last seven years. udes 759 miles of wagon-roads, 507 of sled-roads, 661 miles of trails for single horse- or dog-sleds, 1255 miles of trails staked permanently or temporarily. The construction of these highways, absolutely essential to even the beginning of development in a large way, and abundantly justified by results attained, has already cost the Government over $2,000,000.

The telegraph system constructed and operated by the signal-service corps of the army connects all important settlements with the seaboard. Railroads with an aggregate mileage of nearly 400 miles connect the leading mineral districts with tide-water. Stage-lines in summer and dog-teams in winter afford transport to mail and passengers throughout the inhabited regions of the territory. As roads are improved and extended, the horse-sleigh supplants the dog-sled.

Socially, although this interest lies aside from my theme, Alaska is still a new country. Under its standards a higher value is placed upon individual and substantial qualities than upon the mere graces of life. Yet Alaska is not without the amenities. There are social clubs luxuriously equipped and decorously ordered in all the leading centers, and domestic life is on a thoroughly civilized basis. One who visits Valdez, Juneau, or Fairbanks is quite as likely as not to run across a college chum or a sweetheart of his youth, and he may serve his convenience by taking along his dinner-clothes.

Climatically, Alaska must be spoken of in the plural, for in a country which extends from lat. 54° 40′ N. to lat. 71° 40′ N., and from long. 130° W. to 172° E., and from tide-water to over 20,000 feet elevation, there is scope for a good many varieties of climate. The meteorological record at Sitka exhibits a mean summer temperature of fifty-seven degrees, only one degree lower than at San Francisco. February is the coldest month, the mean being 31.4° at Sitka and 30° at Unalashka. This compares very favorably with the coldest average month at St. Louis, which is January, averaging 31.6°. Passing northward from the points named toward the aurora borealis, the temperature steadily declines to that zone of extreme desolation where whisky freezes.

But this record tells only part of the story. Regarded from the human point

of view, Alaska is a thoroughly healthful country. There is a defined course of the four seasons, but energies are not vitiated by summer's heat nor by winter's cold. Industry in many departments comes to a practical halt in winter. But there are compensations very dear to the memory of one who knows Alaska—compensations which a once domesticated Alaskan would not willingly yield. There is, indeed, something in the isolation, the general conditions of Alaskan life, which gets into the blood. Those who know the country love it.

"THE BIG THING"

OLD MOTHER SEWARD: I 'll rub some of this on his sore spot: it may soothe him a little.

NAST'S CARTOON ON THE ALASKA PURCHASE

From "Harper's Weekly" for April 30, 1867.

FIFTY TIMES THE COST ALREADY RETURNED

AFTER a lapse of forty-five years we can afford to smile at the higgling of the more foresighted statesmen who brought about the acquisition of Alaska, and at the little faith of those who opposed. For when we balance the account, we find that more than $350,000,000 of concrete wealth has already been exported from this territory, approximately fifty times its purchase price, while exploitation has only fairly begun. During the last six calendar years the figures of Alaska's trade are as follows:

	IMPORTS	EXPORTS
1906 . .	$25,512,658	$38,105,343
1907 . .	21,863,711	32,234,164
1908 . .	18,951,746	34,244,096
1909 . .	22,334,207	36,767,022
1910 . .	21,554,911	33,457,301
1911 . .	19,208,540	38,546,267
Total .	$129,425,773	$213,354,213
Average .	$21,570,962	$35,559,035

The average yearly balance of trade to be charged to the credit account of Alaska is about fourteen million dollars. In round numbers, in the present state of production, Alaska has for a period of years been annually exporting about five times its purchase price. The ultimate wealth of Alaska is beyond calculation; the only attempt to estimate it has been limited to a single item. Professor Brooks of the United States Geological Survey places a value of seventeen billions of dollars upon the mineral resources of the country alone, of which he sets down $15,500,000,000 to the account of the coal-deposits.

HOW SHALL THE COAL-FIELDS BE DEVELOPED?

I HAVE already noted the fact that Alaska's delegate to Congress and the Territorial governor invariably hold opposing views with respect to Alaskan questions. This is typical of the country. It is, I think, safe to say that there are as many opinions with respect to Alaskan policy as there are men, women, and children within the boundaries of the Territory. It calls for some hardihood, therefore, to approach this phase of my theme. The fundamental need of Alaska is a declared policy on the part of the Government with respect to public lands, especially coal-lands. The issue here involved is the key to the whole situation. Until the policy of the Government shall be defined, there can be no development upon a permanent basis.

The coal-land controversy has now been running six years, and it stands precisely where it did when it began. In 1906,

President Roosevelt, acting according to the theories of Mr. Gifford Pinchot, and by arbitrary act, withdrew all Alaskan coal-lands from entry, on the belief that privileges of entry had been abused. This order had the effect of sealing up the Alaskan coal-fields, involving practical nullification for the time being of one of the greatest resources with which nature has endowed the country. But for this order the Alaska Syndicate (Morgan-Guggenheim) long before now would have been operating the coal-fields upon a large scale. It had acquired through purchase a large group of claims in the Bering fields, and has surveyed and partly built some forty miles of railroad connecting these fields with tide-water at Katalla Bay. The syndicate undoubtedly would have made a big thing out of it, for the supply of coal is vast and the Pacific Ocean market large. But the fields would have been developed precisely as have the oil-fields of California, the timber of Washington, and the water-powers the country over. President Roosevelt's act undoubtedly thwarted a large business project on the part of men of colossal wealth; likewise it thwarted and delayed the development of the country. Those who hold extreme views, believing it to be better to hold great resources in disuse rather than to permit capital to make large profits by their exploitation, approve this policy. Those who hold that the utilization of natural resources—the development of the country—is the all-important consideration, regard this policy as illogical, whimsical, and stupid.

In direct conflict with the Roosevelt policy stand the views of ex-Secretary Ballinger, a much criticized man, none the less a man of high intelligence and positive integrity. In 1909, Mr. Ballinger urged that "the most advantageous method for disposition of the coal-lands will be found in a measure to authorize the sale of the deposits in the lands." This, in brief, is the traditional American policy. It is the policy under which our great national development has been achieved, likewise a policy under which many abuses and wastes have been suffered. It is, however, the only policy which has had fair trial, or any sort of trial in connection with the occupation and exploitation of the American continent. Having observed something of the opening up of new countries, I am in sympathy with Mr. Ballinger's view, subject to reasonable limitations. Under it some speculation in lands is probably inevitable, probably many will lose, and some will gain heavily; but I am disposed to the opinion that, despite possible abuses, the sum total of waste will be less under a system of private ownership and commercial exploitation than by any other method.

In 1910, Mr. Jacob Schiff, not, I believe, a member of the Alaska Syndicate, but a typical master of "Big Business," after a visit to Alaska, surprised the country with a suggestion that Alaska's coal "could be developed under control of a United States commission, something like the Interstate Commerce Commission, a body which should determine how fast coal may be taken out and timber cut, what royalty should be paid to the Government, and perhaps what per cent. of profits should be permitted to be made by the promoters and corporations who desire to work these resources." A suggestion so radical from a source so authoritative in the business world has had a marked effect upon public thought outside Alaska. It has indicated to many minds the practicability of a scheme of government ownership, with actual exploitation in private hands. The fact appears to have been overlooked that Mr. Schiff's plan simply substitutes lease rights for ownership rights, no great change except in theory. Exploitation under this scheme could only be under the hand of colossal capital, and terms of lease would have to be such as to give definite assurances and a free hand. Government ownership under Mr. Schiff's idea would, as a working condition, be scarcely different from that practical dominion implied in the existence of government with its powers of appropriation, regulation, and taxation. In other words, Mr. Schiff's plan, under close analysis, is not very far removed from Mr. Ballinger's plan. The essence of it is exploitation of the Alaska coal-fields under private initiative and with private capital.

The latest suggestion with respect to the development of Alaskan coal-fields comes from Secretary Fisher, having in it elements novel and distinctly "progressive." In an official report of 1911, Mr. Fisher presents as a tentative suggestion a plan for governmental construction of

THE TREADWELL GOLD-MINE, NEAR JUNEAU, ALASKA

In thirty-two years this mine and the adjoining property have produced ore valued at about thirty-six million dollars, nearly five times the purchase price of Alaska.

railroads connecting the coal-fields with tide-water, leaving the development of individual mining properties to individual private capital, the whole to be under the leasing system. Whether or not this idea could be worked out in effective practice is a matter of opinion. Frankly, I doubt it. I hold to the old and tried theory that the best results in any business calling for initiative, sustained energy, and the qualities which may be summarized in the word thrift, can best be secured under the principle of individual ownership or under long lease. I question the practicability of opening up the resources of a new and remote country under such limitations as would be enforced by a group of politically selected commissioners. I find it hard to conceive the great American exploiters of development and industry carrying on their operations subject to the meddling interference of official theorists and busybodies. The effect of such supervision would be, I think, first to disgust and then eliminate bold operators, men like the late Collis P. Huntington and James J. Hill, men of a type which every new country unfailingly produces, men having the insight, the foresight, the hardihood, to take conditions in the rough, and mold them to the uses of society. This is a kind of work never by any chance achieved by theorists in the spheres of economic and social philosophy or by the stipendaries of executive bureaus. An out-of-doors country calls for out-of-doors men under such freedom of action as out-of-doors conditions require. Such men have won for American civilization with the ox-lash, the ax, the pick, and the coupling-pin more territory than half a score Cæsars ever annexed with the sword. I make no plea for the land-shark, the speculative exploiter, the robber of the public bounty. I do ask for Alaska conditions implying a reasonable freedom of action for the only kind of man competent to work out the fortunes of the country, untrammeled by academic theory and unvexed by meddling officialism.

Two other plans of Alaskan development have been proposed, one by Mr. Gifford Pinchot for working the coal-fields in five- and ten-acre tracts, with production limited to, "say, a thousand or two thousand tons per year." Mr. Pinchot

l have made his plan more complete quiring that there should be precise ny of color between the socks and eckties of the workmen employed, at the tools be limited to oyster-forks ssert-spoons. Another suggestion, by or La Follette, was for direct govern- ownership and operation of the mines. enator's motion failed of a second.

ave already pointed out that the su- need of Alaska is for a declared in the matter of coal-lands—for a policy, of course, as will permit the ercialization of the coal-deposits. suggestion is in entire accord with ficial suggestions of Governor Wal- . Clark in his report for the year -11, declaring that "The population aska in 1910 has only increased to tent of 764 over the population in " Governor Clark adds: "Any lerable increase in the population of a must await a more liberal govern- l policy as a whole, a more considerate de upon the part of the press and the in the States toward the development aska by highly capitalized interests." the present state of the public mind not popular doctrine; nevertheless, ık Governor Clark is right. The rces of Alaska are of a kind, and situation is such, that only large cap- n bring them to commercial utiliza- Alaska must languish unless the rnment or "Big Business" sets to upon them. Despite the theories rejudices of the time, I am in favor rning the job over to Big Business terms that will assure development revent waste.

D THE UNITED STATES LOSE ALASKA?

ıave seen that Russia lost Alaska be- the country could not be defended etained by a nation without what in Mahan has defined as sea-power. ıt for her respect of the American lic and the restrictions of the Mon- Doctrine, England would have pos- herself of Alaska during the Crim- Var. The figures on the board have, l, been changed, but the essential ions are precisely what they were ears ago, plus an emphatic demon- n, in recent years, of the strategic ll as of the commercial value of the y. I do not share in the nervous- ness of many Americans with respect to the intentions and powers of Japan. I believe that this generation, and half a dozen more, will be comfortably asleep in their graves before Japan will venture an aggressive course toward the United States. But I do see that Japan is expanding in population beyond the resources of her own territories—that ultimately, in the phrase of the late Mr. Harriman, "Japan must go somewhere." I see, too, in Alaska a country precisely suited to Japan's national genius and to her national needs and ambitions. With Alaska, the United States is, and may remain, master in the Pacific Ocean. Japan with Alaska would be its master. I say "with Alaska," because in Alaska are to be found the timber, coal, and food-supplies essential to naval efficiency, even to naval supremacy. These facts write plainly on the wall of national prudence and caution, "Have a care!" If Alaska is to remain American territory under any condition which may arise, we must have a defensive policy, and we must sustain defensive forces adequate to any possible demand upon them. We must have a care.

I have not gone into the fascinating subjects of Alaskan geography and Alaskan government. The two are so closely connected as to call for collective consideration, and they present problems beyond the range of our immediate purpose. But enough has been said to suggest that much remains to be wrought out in the development of interests of prodigious magnitude and of supreme importance locally and nationally. There are books without number which exhibit in painstaking ways the essential facts and considerations as they present themselves to students of economics and statecraft. I commend alike to the commercialist, the statesman, and to the liberal-minded citizen closer attention to Alaskan affairs, which hitherto have been little regarded. We have in Alaska a country of mighty potentialities, likewise a country of grave responsibilities. Today this interesting region lies fairly open to a species of examination which is worth the while not merely of official and perfunctory, but of popular, attention. The day when Alaska ranked among the more remote ends of the earth, when the very name Alaska was a synonym for solitude and mystery, is past.

THE HARE

BY RICHARD DEHAN

Author of "The Dop Doctor," "Between Two Thieves," etc.

I

A SMALL single-roomed, mud-built, thatched hovel with a tumble-down chimney of crumbly brick stood upon the edge of a right of way leading through the wheat-acres. A gable-end was toward the road; it faced the back of the cottage rented by the man who served as fogger to the farmer.

Save for a tall-headed cabbage or so, a long irregular grave-mound of pitted-up potatoes, and some straggling asters with weazen red blossoms, the patch of garden behind the hovel was given up to weeds. The rail-fence had fallen down years before, and the feet of persons who for various reasons in fur or feathers preferred not to attract the attention of the fogger as they passed into or came from the wheat-acres, which were bordered by a belt of preserved woodland, had trodden a path across. At the bottom of the garden patch was a thickish brake, where some elder-bushes were intertwined with a great blackberry-bramble. In this brake was the form of a hare.

This chilly mid-November morning, while the mists hung thick and dank over the woods and fields, and every dripping leaf and grass-blade waited to shine forth a diamond wonder in the first rays of the sun, the hare lopped out of the brake and sat upright among the cabbages and groundsel, turning his beautiful, lustrous eyes about, and working his mobile nostrils as he sniffed the clean, untainted air.

One long reddish ear, tufted with yellow-white within, was cocked forward, the other lay on his sleek, plump back. He fell to cleaning his whiskers with his fore feet. Then he remembered the juicy turnips globing out of the fat, heavy clay beyond the already greening wheat-stubbles, dropped down, and lopped off, hitting the moist ground with powerful strokes of his muscular hind legs.

Whenever the old man who lived in the hovel on the verge of the wheat-acres, peeping with the bleared eyes of doting age through the little pane of glass that was set in the mud wall beside the brick chimney, chanced to see the hare, he chuckled and showed great delight. Always his high, thin, old profile, bleached ivory-white by age, was to be described through the dim square of greenish glass. The bed-chair from which he never stirred had been given him twenty years before by a village philanthropist, who had omitted to explain the mechanical process by which the day-seat became by night a couch. Consequently, the iron winch which might have developed the latent possibilities concealed in the piece of furniture made a figure on the chimneypiece as an ornament, and the old man, who clung so desperately to the last vestiges of his crumbling manhood that he would be roused to senile fury by any attempt to remove his huge, patched boots or deprive him of his hat, never knew the chair as anything but a chair. He was over ninety, and might soon be expected to resign it in favor of a coffin, but in the meanwhile it gave him childish pleasure to see through his peep-hole by the chimney the partridges whir across his patch of neglected garden, the black-and-white plover hover above, skirling to its mate, and the fat and saucy hare coming and going between the lair and the turnip-patch. Many a hare the old man had been allowed to shoot for the farmer's grandfather before the establishment of a pack of local harriers, and the gun he had used, an inheritance that had come to him through marriage, a large-bored, muzzle-loading weapon, with a worn and shortened walnut stock, was displayed even now, capped and loaded as a hint to would-be thieves, on a couple of staples over the high chimney-shelf. But if the old woman set eyes on the fat, prosperous-looking creature of the garden-brake, she would shake her withered hand at it angrily and scold:

"You wickerd, leery beast, git along on, do! 'Ev' n't you done harm enough to me an' mine? Git along wi' 'ee, I tull 'ee!"

fiercely as she hated the partridges
: pheasants and the plover, the hare
r chief enemy of all. She "shoo'd"
furiously. But long before she had
l out at the back door with her
the hare would be gone. She had
asy suspicion that from some unsus-
lair it was always watching her
uckling. She set to work one day,
her eighty-seven years and crippled,
ıtic fingers, and made, with large,
:at-stitches in a faded scrap of red,
calico, a tiny blind for the pane of
:t in the mud wall beside the chim-
But the old man whimpered so at
s of his peep-hole that the red blind
rawn upon its string only after
ll. She slept better when she had
ger any fear of the evil thing out-
ing able to look in upon her out of
k.

father, the man who had owned
ort-stocked muzzle-loader over the
y-shelf, had been a poacher, con-
and hanged in the stern old days
he law recognized no scale of de-
n sinning, but strung up the man
ole a sheep or wired a rabbit with
ıe rope that hanged a murderer.

ancient, her husband, had been an
man; but the blood-taint had
in their son, dead many years ago,
s son, the idol of her old age, had
ried at the assizes, convicted, and
penal servitude twenty years be-
He had made one in a midnight
f game-netters in which a keeper
en shot and another badly clubbed.
/hile the ringleaders, for whom a
:t waited on the road, got away
he loss of their nets, a hare or so,
lf a score of pheasants, the boy had
raced to the mud cottage by the
acres, and dragged by men in blue
ns out of the old people's lives.
ıad not heard of him since he had
e county jail for Portland prison.
: neighbors they had pretended they
vanted to hear.

:nty years ago! He would be a
f forty now. Ah, the evil wild
es of the woods and fields, tempt-
n to their ruin, were as real devils,
l woman believed, as 'Pollyon and
ıb and the rest of them in the "Pil-
Progress." The pinch of hunger
ruel thing, and the rare dole of
three loaves and a half-crown a week barely kept the life in her and her old man. But terrible as it was to hear him cry by times for a bit of meat, or even lard for kitchen to his crust, it would have been more terrible still to have one of "they wickerd beastes" brought by some well-meaning but unscrupulous hand across her slated threshold.

II

ONE year a tall, stooping, taciturn, shaggily bearded man of middle age and solitary habits appeared in the neighborhood, and thenceforward stayed. Nobody knew how he lived. Sometimes he did odd jobs for a Gipsy-blooded knacker, fetched dead and dying beasts from the farmers' to the blood-stained killing-field, and drove the greasy cart, sitting on the horrible sacks that oozed with grease and gore despite their sprinkling of sawdust. Perhaps it is better not to question the destination of such offal. They said it went to the kennels to feed the county harriers. Possibly some of it did. Those who tried to question the driver of the greasy cart got no answer. He would only grunt something in his ragged, bushy beard, pull his old, slouched felt down lower over his eyes, and whip up the lean, bony horse.

He was a queer customer, the village said, but not a man to be meddled with, and so they let him be. He was said to live and sleep in the knacker's unclean barn, and though he drank heavily, took his liquor alone. But he was seldom afoot by day. People chatting over their drink at the "Red Cow" or the "Fair Pint" hinted about his taking exercise chiefly by night, but not within hearing of the farmer's bailiff or in the presence of the local constable or when one of the keepers employed by the lord of the manor happened to be by. It was best to let such dogs lie sleeping. If any elders of the village guessed at the true name and pedigree of this one, they were discreet, and said nothing. But about this time the old woman living in the hovel by the wheat-acres began to be haunted by a footstep.

At midnight, when the smelly paraffin lamp had been extinguished, and the last embers were dying in the rusty grate, and the old man snored shrilly in the chair-bed, and the old woman lay upon the rusty iron bedstead by the wall, and huge, yet-

ambulating spiders rustled in the rotting thatch, and the mice squeaked and scrabbled under the rotting floor-boards, the footstep would cross the garden patch behind the cottage, passing to the wheat-acres that were edged by a long, straggling belt of preserved woodlands.

It was a long, light, stealthy step. The old woman knew it well. It had been her father's and her son's and her son's son's. It was a voice calling to her across three graves. Two were in the churchyard. She had never known where the third had been dug. When gray dawn filtered in through the cracks in the shutters, and the little red calico square that covered the peep-hole "longside of chimbley" blushed faintly pink before turning ruddy, the long, light, stealthy step passed back.

Once the old woman had had a terrible dream. It was a September night of rare, dazzling brilliancy. The two windows in the front of the cottage were closely shuttered, but the little red calico blind of the peep-hole had been left undrawn. The old man slept; the old woman must have been asleep and dreaming when she thought she opened her eyes and saw the face peering in, crossed by a broad, white ray of moonlight.

The little window just framed it. A dark, wild, hairy face she made it out to be; the face of a stranger, all except the eyes, and they were weeping water. She must have stirred in her sleep, for the dream was gone in an instant. She lay awake till dawn, holding her heart. Before the thrush in the elder whistled a morning note, or the farm-yard cocks crowed, challenging the fogger's wife's buff Orpington, she crept to the pane of glass beside the chimney and drew the little red blind so that she could see without being seen. It was still twilight. A tall, stooping, bearded man coming from the wheat-acres threw his leg over the broken-down rail-fence and passed along the little beaten path that wound among the dewy cabbages. Something like a stick was thrust up his sleeve, and the pockets of his ragged coat were laden and bagged heavily. She must have had a palsy-stroke then, she thought, because everything went away from her, and when she woke up she was lying on the floor. She never looked out at the little window again after that. *She would have* kept the red blind down always, only that it was the old man's single pleasure to watch for the coming and going of the hare that lived in the brake at the bottom of the garden.

She underwent a second terror not long after the step began to haunt her and the face peered in. She and her old man had been sorely pinched that winter. He would shed childish tears when there was no longer a scrap of lard upon his bread or a bit of bacon for the Sunday's dinner. But she paid the rent and starved uncomplainingly. And then some one left three pennies in a little pile on the slate sill of the peep-hole window. Scrawled on the slate with a stone were the words,

From A trew Frend

She trembled guiltily as she took the coppers. Who knew how they had been earned? She trembled still more when, six months later, at nightfall of the mid-September day that had been born amid dank mists to the weeping of dripping leaves, a heavy, sudden knock came upon the back door, and drawing the rusty bolts with feeble, agitated hands, she found a bundle on the threshold.

It was heavy, and wrapped in a soiled newspaper. She dragged it in, and shut and locked the door. Then she would have screamed had the scream not died in her throat, for the glossy, mottled brown-and-white plumage of a brace of plump young partridges showed through the torn covering. The accursed thing had crossed her threshold again. There would be no peace or honor any more. At any moment now men in blue uniforms, armed with the terrors of the law, might break in upon her, drag her away to jail, and leave the old man to starve. What was to be done?

In her dire extremity she mustered a desperate strength. The shutters were barred, the peep-hole blind was drawn. No one could spy upon her deed. There was a low fire burning in the rusty grate. She piled wood upon it, and, when the blaze leaped, crammed in the newspaper bundle. The birds took an hour to consume, diffusing, with a poignant odor of burned feathers, whiffs as of savory roast. The old man clapped his hands, but his joy was changed to mourning when supper proved to be nothing beyond stale crust sopped in kettle-broth. He even re-

against supreme authority when the
owl was thrust into his feeble, trem-
ıands.
wun't ett'n," he piped.
ou will ett'n."
wun't, I tull 'ee. Gie I a bit o'
ev' n't got no meat."
ou 'ev', I tull 'ee. Can't I smull 'n?"
ld nose quivered with eagerness as
ffed the richly tinctured atmosphere.
'ev' n't got the use o' my legs," he
d, "my smull be left me. You can't
o 'ock'ard tricks wi' me."
bain't playin' 'ock'ard tricks wi' 'ee.
e a martel old, ancient man, an' you
ld-like by times, an' dunno what 'ee
tin' about. Take an' ett your sup-
' be washed an' go to bed."
hugged the bowl close, and began
the spoon, mumbling:
'll ett my supper, but I wun't be
d."
filled a tin basin from the kettle,
it on a corner of the rickety deal
got a huckaback towel from behind
oor, a square of fatigued-looking
., and a cube of yellow soap from
elf at the top of the wall-cupboard
chimney, where some worn-out gar-
hung from rusty hooks. Her brown,
eatured, keen-eyed, old face, framed
: quilted sunbonnet of day wear,
d her old man a front of implacable
ination. But her heart was water
her, and she shook in every limb.
ad scarce strength for the nightly
but she advanced upon him as un-
ngly as Fate.
ake off your 'at," she commanded.
held on to the cherished head-gear
oth hands.
ake off your 'at, our Dad, an' let I
ee."
ou can wash I when I be de-ad," he
d, "an' not afore."
rose to absolute majesty as she
on him.
hen *I* be dead you may git so
ıy as a cuckoo. But while I live
ash 'ee."
: old man caved in.

III

last red embers in the grate were
fading, but not before every scrap
tale bone had been consumed. There
was sharp frost, and every sound traveled with extraordinary clearness upon the rarefied atmosphere. The piercing cry of a hunting owl, mousing along the rick-eaves, might have been uttered close at hand. More footsteps than one had passed through the garden behind the cottage that night. Midway upon the path men had stopped, conferred in whispers, and then gone on again, while the old woman lay listening and shaking.

The old man slept wrapped in a couple of thin, old blankets, his huge, patched boots supported on a chair, his head resting on a chintz-covered cushion. His inseparable hat, an aged bowler of prehistoric fashion, green with indefatigable wear, was tied on with a red, white-spotted cotton handkerchief knotted under his bristly old chin. His toothless mouth was wide open; shrill whistling snores proceeded from the organ above. But the old woman lay shaking and listening.

Then that for which she had lain waiting in her father's time, waiting in her son's time, waiting in her grandson's time, happened in those sinister woods beyond the stubble wheat-acres. A medley of fierce and ominous sounds broke forth; men shouted; blows were struck; shots rang out; cries and yells and whoops of pursuers made hideous discord of the calm silence of the night, and then died out upon the distance.

The old woman sat up on her rusty-iron bedstead with the stiff, ungainly movement of a wooden puppet. A little flame that had sprung up among the dying embers showed how her scant chemise revealed her gaunt and livid shoulders and how the muscles of her scraggy, brown throat and stick-like arms were gnarled like the roots of an old elm-tree. The footsteps that she knew were running across the wheat-acres. She pushed back the yellowed nightcap from her scant, gray hair to listen better.

The footsteps came nearer, with a panting breath. A man leaped the broken rail-fence. He seemed to hesitate; then swerving aside, he dived into the brake at the bottom of the old folks' garden.

There was a frightened squeak, and something soft and furry bolted out. It was the hare. But the man was the more desperately frightened of the two. He knew exactly what the thing was that he

feared and fled from. The law had had its clutches on him before. Whatever room he sat in now had to him exactly the dimensions of a prison-cell. He walked with the convict's skulk, and looked upon the world out of the convict's cringing, watchful, shifty eyes. And his were the convict's atrophied mind and deadened soul. But a spark dwelt in him yet that had led him back to live as a stranger in the neighborhood of the old home where he had been reared in poverty and bred in ignorance, although the act had resulted for him in his sinking to even lower depths of degradation than before. And something like a throb of pity and kindliness had prompted him to put the pennies on the window-sill and leave at the threshold the snared birds.

He was in for it now. This time the guilt of bloodshed was his and not a stranger's. He breathed in gasps as he recalled how he had discharged both barrels of the shortened gun he carried point-blank at the foremost of the men who had run in upon the poachers, and when he fell, had clubbed the weapon and beaten another over the head with it, smashing in the skull. He was no boy now that could be taken easily. There would be a desperate fight before they got him again. There was no escape. They were ringing him in from every quarter as harriers ring a hare. He was not at all deceived by the apparent quiet, or by the fact that the hue and cry had trailed off in a direction other than his line of flight. Detection was inevitable. He might lie hidden from pursuers in the brake an hour longer, perhaps several hours. They were bound to close in before long. And already the stars were fading, and the east was growing gray.

Hark! That was the sound of a door being softly unbolted. Rusty hinges creaked. A pair of huge, old, list slippers shuffled through the cabbages, riming in the first frost. A quaking whisper reached the listener in the brake.

"Our George!"

Dead silence.

"Be you theer, our George?"

The old woman leaned upon a knotted staff among the frosting cabbages and strained her eyes to see what she feared. It was terrible to think of that strange, hunted face with the familiar eyes hiding among the shadows. She sent out her trembling breath yet again.

"Our George, I knows you be theer. Do 'ee spake to I. Say wut 'ee 'ev' bin an' done. For the sake of Almighty Gracious!"

This time a rattling, desperate whisper came back.

"I 'ev' done one man in, I reckon, over to woodlands yonner, an' sp'iled another chap. An' I means to 'ev' another yit an' swing for 'n an' addun. No more o' prison for I. I 'n swore it afore God."

She panted:

"Can't you fare to git away somehows?"

The answer was surly, but not unkind:

"Not wi' one o' they wingships the newspapers tull o'. Git you back along into house, our Gran'. You 'll ketch your death o' cold."

"I 'd lived too long, I reckoned, the day the bye I 'd reared were took for a murderer."

There seemed to be a long silence on the part of the hidden man, then the boy's voice said from the depths of the brake:

"Our Gran'!"

Her heart swelled to bursting. She quavered out:

"My dear?"

"I niver did it, Gran'. 'T were one o' they chaps from Lunnon. I told the truth to the magistrates at sessions an' to the judge at 'sizes. But 't were n't a mite o' use. I gotten my bad name then. Now let they hang me an' be damned to 'em! I 'll bide here till the harriers draws. Then 't is a fightin' hare. For livin' they sha'n't take I niver no more. Git in out o' the cold, I tull 'ee! 'T is all 'ee can do for I, I reckons."

Her mind was made up now. She saw as by one vivid flare of lightning the one thing she could do for him. Her voice had authority:

"You can fare to come in along, our George, an' hev a bit to eat an' drink. They won't be 'ere yit a whiles."

He was sorely tempted, but made a faint resistance. Her breathed reply was as emphatic as short:

"They may come to fetch 'ee, as you tulls; but they wun't git 'ee. You can 'pend on what I says. They shull niver git 'ee, I tull 'ee."

Drawn by Henry Raleigh

The boy's old habit of confidence overcame the doubts of the man. There was a rustling of dead leaves and a cracking of branches. A shadowy figure crept out of the brake, held back by brambles that were loath to let him go. After that the back door was bolted again, and the peep-hole window blocked up by a rusty Bible. But faint streaks of lamplight showed through chinks, and somebody within was moving over the creaky floor.

IV

MEN came with the blink of day and beat and hammered on the door. The old man, peering over his blankets, chuckled and pointed knowingly at the cupboard beside the chimney; the old woman climbed the rickety stool and with infinite exertion reached down something heavy from above the chimney-shelf. And the knocking at the door went on. Men's voices shouted roughly, ordering those within to open. More men were gathered at the other door, in case the quarry should escape that way. They had been guided to his last hiding-place by the blackening footmarks among the frost-rimed weeds and grasses. Their breath steamed up like the hot breath of hounds, but the September frost had not spoiled their hunting. They were keen upon the scent. When at length they threatened to break down a door, the bolts were drawn back. It swung inward as a rush of men surged over the threshold.

Three panting constables, a couple of blown keepers, and some village loafers, greedy for a sensation at first hand, came in. They fell back, crowding upon one another, as the old woman faced them. Her back was turned to the cupboard-press that was built into the wall beside the chimney. Her keen, old eyes blazed yellow in the shadow of her flapping, quilted sunbonnet. She held her lean, narrow figure erect, and the poacher's gun was in her hand as she demanded:

"Wut come you 'ere fer, a-'ammerin' an' a-shoutin'? Wut makes 'ee threaten decent folks wi' breakin' down theer doors?"

"Us wants the poachin' raskil you be 'idin' 'ere," announced a rosy constable. The old woman answered:

"Theer be no raskils under this roof unless you 've bringed one in along."

There was a horse-laugh. An elderly, whiskered man in corduroys and leggings warned her sternly not to interfere with the police in the execution of their duty.

"I bain't interferin' wi' en'," she asserted stoutly. " 'T is they be meddlin' wi' me. An' how should I 'ev' raskils 'idden 'ere? Who be they, seemin'ly?"

"One be your grandson, George Hammans. So us gits he, you 're free to kip the rest."

This time the laugh was on the side of the constable. She proclaimed:

"I 'ev' 'ad no grandson goin' on twenty year'. The law be to thank fer that, an' the devils that made it. An' wheer could a man lay hid i' our one room?"

"Look under the bed," advised a bystander. She grasped the poacher's gun in both her trembling hands with such menacing vigor in the action that the stooping constable became suddenly perpendicular, and backed toward the door. The whites of men's eyes showed in faces that had lost their ruddy color. For a moment it seemed, as she stood quivering, between the intruders and the cupboard that was beside the chimney, as though the day were hers. The fussy constable, retreating backward on a wedge of humanity more solicitous in its private interests than for the maintenance of the supreme authority of justice, said placably:

"Well, well, Missis Hammans, so long as us gits your 'surance there bain't no law-breaker ner no crimernil concealed on the premerses—"

He was interrupted by a quavery voice that chuckled imbecilely:

"Our George comed back wi' a gre-at blagg beard on. An' her 'ev' shut 'ee oop in the cub—"

The old woman's strong voice interrupted:

"Our Dad, you 'old your n'ise!"

But the old man, feebly obstinate, was not to be silenced. He went on jabbering unintelligible words. And his fleshless earthy-hued hands, wavering above the blankets, pointed to the cupboard-press beside the chimney.

"I reckon," the whiskered man was speaking, "as no proper search ha' bin made o' this domersil until there 've bin a thorough 'vestigation o' the inside o' that cupboard 'longside chimbley."

He pushed the retreating constable forward as he spoke. There was a murmur from the men behind, a chuckle from the old man, then a shrill and furious voice screamed:

"Doan't none o' you lay a finger on that theer cubberd. Doan't you dare, I tull 'ee!"

"Open it, then, you, an' show us wut 's inside 'n," said the placable constable.

The old woman took the only way of keeping a promise she had made. She raised the gun to her gaunt shoulder, and fired point-blank into the cupboard. A shrill scream, like that of a shot rabbit, escaped her at the deafening report. There was a terrible, almost simultaneous cry within the cupboard, and through the thick white smoke men saw the worm-eaten, shot-riddled door fall outward with the body of the man who had been hiding there.

IMPRESSIONS OF NEW YORK

"FROM THE POINT OF VIEW OF A BARBARIAN FROM THE ORIENT"[1]

BY PIERRE LOTI

Author of "Pêcheurs d'Islande," "The Daughter of Heaven," etc.

DAY is breaking. The steamer's engines have somewhat abated their feverish speed: evidently we are arriving; we are nearing New York.

With a presentiment that something extraordinary is about to happen, I open the windows of my cabin, and there before me in the distance is a sort of Colossus of Rhodes, an exalted female figure standing out against the sky, with one arm stretched heavenward in a magnificent gesture. Without ever having seen her before, I recognize her, to be sure—the statue of Liberty, that, as lofty as a tower, guards the gates of the Hudson! Already the winds and rains have tinged her with the patina that tints the ancient goddesses of Egypt. From her pedestal of rose-colored stone, itself as vast as a citadel, she rises pale green in the mists of the morning and in the smoke that the sun touches with gold. She seems to beckon to the universe, seems to cry: "Hurrah! Here is the door! Hurrah! Enter ye into the furnace! Cast yourselves headlong into the abyss of noise, business, turmoil, and gold!"

And now this almost infernal abyss opens before us. Formerly it was only the mouth of a large river, lying between rose-bushes and trees; to-day it is something which, to eyes in love with the East and with pure lines, as mine are, is almost a nightmare, but which nevertheless attains a sort of tragic beauty by the very excess of its horror. A thousand chimneys belch forth black smoke or white eddies of steam, which, intermingling in convolutions, bedeck the horizon with rhythmically changing cloud-figures. Along the two shores as far as the eye can see are rows of covered wharves, each like the other, and resembling gigantic carcasses of somber-colored iron.

On all sides enormous signs are spread out in letters forty feet high, some white or red on a black background, some perched high in the air on steel scaffoldings. The shriek of whistles, the dismal moaning of sirens, the rumble of motors, and the din of factories, deafen the ear. And above all this, and enveloped by great clouds of smoke, like giants that are gaunt from a too hectic growth, and have stretched their necks inordinately to see better, rise higher and higher, terrifying and unbelievable sky-scrapers, some square, some pointed —sky-scrapers of thirty, forty, or fifty stories, looking down on this pandemonium through their myriad of windows.

Ah, they have just asked me for my "declaration"—a list of questions that each person has to fill out before being allowed to set foot upon the soil of America. And I had forgotten all about it. In

[1] M. Loti's own words.

haste I scribble my answers. Rather bewildering questions, these: "Are you an Anarchist? Are you a polygamist? Are you an idiot? Have you ever shown any signs of mental alienation? Do you possess more than fifty dollars capital? How many sentences have you served? etc." Such precautions show a just concern on the part of Americans to keep "undesirables" out of their country, and we would do well to follow their example at Tunis in dealing with the immigrants that Italy sends us every day; nevertheless, this antiquated formula is rather naïve, for if one were an idiot, it is not very likely that he would own up to the fact, especially in writing.

Two or three hours later, after interminable customs formalities and encounters on the docks with reporters armed with kodaks, I find myself at last in the heart of New York, comfortably settled and perched high up in a hotel of I don't know how many stories, and in which ply prodigious elevators. From my windows I look down on most of the buildings about me, all of them red—a dark red, shading into chocolate-brown. Everywhere are walls of red brick; everywhere terraced roofs, without tiles of course, but covered with some sort of waterproof material, also painted red. These terraces form promenades for the inhabitants, their dogs, and their cats. Men sit there in their shirt-sleeves—it is very hot, with a moist, Gulf-Stream heat—reading newspapers of from ten to fifty pages; housewives shake out their carpets or hang up their washing. Above the roofs, on every side, the eye meets iron frames supporting huge sign-boards against the sky-line, or lifting up with outstretched arms, as it were, enormous wooden tanks, painted red, and full of water, as a precaution against fire.

Truly there are too many things up here in the air. There is too much ironwork; there are too many big letters zigzagging against the clouds. And, then, here and there, far and near, rise isolated sky-scrapers, houses like stalks of asparagus, and with an air of spying indiscreetly upon what is going on about them. A never-ending roar reaches me from below. There are the automobiles, as in Paris, and, in addition, the elevated trains, which run on a noisy, iron trestle level with the second or third stories of the houses. Incessantly these trains pursue and cross one another; and underground there are still others, rumbling like thunder in the bowels of the earth. It is the city of trepidation and speed.

As I gaze down from my windows the passers-by look squat and foreshortened. The present style of dress causes the women to disappear beneath their enormous hats, which give the effect of disks topped with nodding feathers. In the midst of these hurrying people, smaller figures describe mad circles—children on roller-skates, already seized with the mania for speed, dashing frantically up and down the asphalt pavements.

It is four o'clock, the hour at which I had sent word to some reporters that I would receive them. Here comes one now, then two, then ten, then twenty, then thirty! All are courteous and cordial in address, and I willingly shake hands with them. But how can I dispose of them all? There are no more chairs in my sitting-room, so I open the bedroom and let them sit on my bed; and to occupy them I offer them cigarettes! Among all these visitors I am like a prisoner at the bar. Only one of them speaks French, and he translates my distraught answers to the others, who immediately note them down. "What does he say?" "What does he say?" I never should have thought that my replies, most of them inept, could be so precious.

"*Mon cher maitre,* will you first tell us what you think of American women?"

"*I!* Alas! nothing as yet. I have not had time to leave the house. I have seen only one woman since I arrived, a chambermaid in the elevator, and she was a Negress!"

"Very well. Write: 'On this point M. Pierre Loti defers judgment, and asks to be given time to reflect.' "

At the same instant two women reporters, Americans, make their appearance, with kodaks strapped to their sides. They have an air of intelligence and keenness, their manners are gracious, they are well-bred. I ask them to sit down beside me, and one of them apologizes for her traveling-dress. She tells me that she has just returned from the Kongo, where she has been hunting rhinoceros. And the interrogatory goes on. Literature, hygiene, re-

ligion, social problems, nothing is omitted. What an exalted idea of my omniscience they must have to note down with so much care my commonplace replies!

"*Mon cher maitre*, in your opinion will the Congress of Geneva authorize the use of the military aëroplane?"

The two nice American girls speak French. Their personal questions cross those of the general interpreter, and before long we are in the midst of the most bewildering medley of the reëlection of President Fallières, woman suffrage, equal representation, and rhinoceros stories. What can be the outcome of this hodge-podge, and what unity of effect will it give when printed in the papers this evening?

At nine o'clock, therefore, I descend, and join the crowds on the wide sidewalks of Broadway. Though the women wear Parisian costumes, and the men "suits" and horrible derbies similar to ours, the crowd is not the crowd of Paris. These people have a certain something in their bearing that is more pronounced, more self-assertive, and also more eccentric. And what a mixture of races! One recognizes, as they pass, Japanese, Chinese with the European hair-cut, Greeks, Levantines, fair-haired Scandinavians. A native American said to me to-night: "In New York you are, in a sense, not yet in America. You are only on the threshold, where the heterogeneous masses that Europe sends us stop for a while on disembarking. In the second generation, when all these elements have been fused by intermarriage, the true Americans are born, and take on perfect cohesion and love of the new country, and prove the truth of our national motto, '*E pluribus unum.*' Americans of this type are more inclined to make their homes in the cities of the interior, and it is there that one should go to feel oneself truly in the United States, and to study the strong, enterprising race, rejuvenated like a tree that has been pruned, which springs from the union of all these forces." Yet there are many well-dressed women on Broadway, and handsome ones, too, at least when the white glare of the electric lights does not beat upon them too crudely, giving them a corpse-like pallor. But, really, there are too many Negresses. One passes at every step a black face under a large hat trimmed with roses. The opulent shops, with their immense show-windows, remind one of our own boulevards; but the electricity which flows in rivers, and dominates everything, is a thousand times more aggressive than it is with us. Everything seems to vibrate, to crackle, under the influence of these innumerable currents which dispense power and light. One is himself electrified almost to the point of quivering under the stimulus.

But what a noisy place it is! There is no escaping the rumble of the trains of long cars, as, crowded with passengers, they speed furiously overhead on their trembling iron trestle, scattering sparks as they go. When I return from here, Paris will seem just a quiet, old-fashioned little town, with tiny, low houses; nor will any of its Fourteenth of July illuminations approach in brilliancy the phantasmagoric display that one may see in New York on any night of the year. Everywhere multicolored lights change and sparkle, forming letters, and then dissolving them again. They fall in cascades from top to bottom of the houses, or in the distance seem to stretch in banners across the streets. But it is up in the air that one chiefly gazes despite all the noise that goes on below; for up there, on the tops of the buildings, are signs that *move,* operated by ingenious mechanisms, visions that dance. Among these there is a Roman chariot-race, in which gigantic horses are furiously swinging their hoofs of fire; an umbrella-maker displays a little woman gesticulating with her open umbrella; a thread-manufacturer shows an enormous yellow cat unwinding a reel of red fire, and winding itself up in the cotton; farther up Broadway a tooth-brush-maker, the most grotesque of all, has a little devil with rolling eyes of fire, who capers about in the heavens with a tooth-brush forty feet long in each hand. The apparitions flash out, move, fade away, quickly, very quickly—so quickly, indeed, that the eye barely follows them. From time to time some enormous advertisement perched on top of a dark sky-scraper, almost invisible in the murky atmosphere, breaks out into red flame, like a constellation, hammers some name into your memory, and then as quickly vanishes. To my Oriental turn of mind it is all very strange and even a little diabolical; but it is so droll, so in-

however, at last reached Mrs. Bowse's boarding-house, and before Mr. Palford sat Mr. Temple Temple Barholm, a cheap young man in cheap clothes, and speaking New York slang with a nasal accent. Mr. Palford, feeling him appalling and absolutely without the pale, was still aware that he stood in the position of an important client of the firm of Palford & Grimby. There was a section of the offices at Lincoln's Inn devoted to documents representing a lifetime of attention to the affairs of the Temple Barholm estates. It was greatly to be hoped that the crass ignorance and commonness of this young outsider would not cause impossible complications.

"He knows nothing! He knows nothing!" Palford found himself forced to exclaim mentally not once, but a hundred times, in the course of their talk.

There was—this revealed itself as the interview proceeded—just one slight palliation of his impossible benightedness: he was not the kind of young man who, knowing nothing, huffily protects himself by pretending to know everything. He was of an unreserve concerning his ignorance which his solicitor felt sometimes almost struck one in the face. Now and then it quite made one jump. He was singularly free from any vestige of personal vanity. He was also singularly unready to take offense. To the head of the firm of Palford & Grimby, who was not accustomed to lightness of manner, and inclined to the view that a person who made a joke took rather a liberty with him, his tendency to be jocular, even about himself and the estate of Temple Barholm, was irritating and somewhat disrespectful. Mr. Palford did not easily comprehend jokes of any sort; especially was he annoyed by cryptic phraseology and mammoth exaggeration. For instance, he could not in the least compass Mr. Temple Barholm's meaning when he casually remarked that something or other was "all to the merry"; or again, quite as though he believed that he was using reasonable English figures of speech, "The old fellow thought he was the only pebble on the beach." In using the latter expression he had been referring to the late Mr. Temple Barholm; but what on earth was his connection with the sea-shore and pebbles? When confronted with these baffling absurdities, Mr. Palford either said, "I beg pardon," or stiffened and remained silent.

When Tembarom learned that he was the head of one of the oldest families in England, no aspect of the desirable dignity of his position reached him in the least.

"Well," he remarked, "there 's quite a lot of us can go back to Adam and Eve."

When he was told that he was lord of the manor of Temple Barholm, he did not know what a manor was.

"What 's a manor, and what happens if you 're lord of it?" he asked.

He had not heard of William the Conqueror, and did not appear moved to admiration of him, though he owned that he seemed to have "put it over."

"Why did n't he make a republic of it while he was about it?" he said. "But I guess that was n't his kind. He did n't do all that fighting for his health."

His interest was not alone totally dissevered from the events of past centuries; it was as dissevered from those of mere past years. The habits, customs, and points of view of five years before seemed to have been cast into a vast waste-paper basket as wholly unpractical in connection with present experiences.

"A man that 's going to keep up with the procession can't waste time thinking about yesterday. What he 's got to do is to keep his eye on what 's going to happen the week after next," he summed it up.

Rather to Mr. Palford's surprise, he did not speak lightly, but with a sort of inner seriousness. It suggested that he had not arrived at this conclusion without the aid of sharp experience. Now and then one saw a touch of this profound practical perception in him.

It was not to be denied that he was clear-headed enough where purely practical business detail was concerned. He was at first plainly rather stunned by the proportions presented to him, but his questions were direct and of a common-sense order not to be despised.

"I don't know anything about it yet," he said once. "It 's all Dutch to me. I can't calculate in half-crowns and pounds and half-pounds, but I 'm going to find out. I 've *got* to."

It was extraordinary and annoying to feel that one must explain everything; but this impossible fellow was not an actual

on all points, and he did not seem to
weakling. He might learn certain
s in time, and at all events one was
rther personally responsible for him
his impossibilities than the business
rns of his estate would oblige any
firm to be. Clients, whether highly
ible or otherwise, were no more than
s. They were not relatives whom
nust introduce to one's friends. Thus
Palford, who was not a specially hu-
or sympathetic person, mentally de-
. He saw no pathos in this raw
g man, who would presently find
lf floundering unaided in waters ut-
unknown to him. There was even
ch of bitter amusement in the solici-
mind as he glanced toward the fu-

explained with detail the necessity
their immediate departure for the
side of the Atlantic. Certain legal
alities which must at once be attended
manded their presence in England.
eeing this, on the day when he had
y felt himself secure as to the identity
s client he had taken the liberty of
ring optionally certain state-rooms
he *Adriana,* sailing the following
nesday.
ubject of course to your approval,"
lded politely. "But it is imperative
we should be on the spot as early as
ble." He did not mention that he
lf was abominably tired of his so-
on alien shores, and wanted to be
in London in his own chambers, with
vn club within easy reach.
mbarom's face changed its expres-
He had been looking rather weighted
and fatigued, and he lighted up to
ness.
ay," he exclaimed, "why could n't
on the *Transatlantic* on Saturday?"
t is one of the small, cheap boats,"
ted Palford. "The accommodation
d be most inferior."
mbarom leaned forward and touched
eeve in hasty, boyish appeal.
want to go on it," he said; "I want
steerage."
lford stared at him.
ou want to go on the *Transatlantic!*
age!" he ejaculated, quite aghast.
was a novel order of madness to re-
itself in the recent inheritor of a
fortune.

Tembarom's appeal grew franker; it took on the note of a too crude young fellow's misplaced confidence.

"You do this for me," he said. "I 'd give a farm to go on that boat. The Hutchinsons are sailing on it—Mr. and Miss Hutchinson, the ones you saw at the house last night."

"I—it is really impossible." Mr. Palford hesitated. "As to steerage, my dear Mr. Temple Barholm, you—you *can't.*"

Tembarom got up and stood with his hands thrust deep in his pockets. It seemed to be a sort of expression of his sudden hopeful excitement.

"Why not?" he said. "If I own about half of England and have money to burn, I guess I can buy a steerage passage on a nine-day steamer."

"You can buy anything you like," Palford answered stiffly. "It is not a matter of buying. But I should not be conducting myself properly toward you if I allowed it. It would not be—becoming."

"Becoming!" cried Tembarom, "Thunder! It 's not a spring hat. I tell you I want to go just that way."

Palford saw abnormal breakers ahead. He felt that he would be glad when he had landed his charge safely at Temple Barholm. Once there, his family solicitor was not called upon to live with him and hobnob with his extraordinary intimates.

"As to buying," he said, still with marked lack of enthusiasm, "instead of taking a steerage passage on the *Transatlantic* yourself, you might no doubt secure first-class state-rooms for Mr. and Miss Hutchinson on the *Adriana,* though I seriously advise against it."

Tembarom shook his head.

"You don't know them," he said. "They would n't let me. Hutchinson 's a queer old fellow and he 's had the hardest kind of luck, but he 's as proud as they make 'em. Me butt in and offer to pay their passage back, as if they were paupers, just because I 've suddenly struck it rich! Hully gee! I guess not. A fellow that 's been boosted up in the air all in a minute, as I have, has got to lie pretty low to keep folks from wanting to kick him, anyhow. Hutchinson 's a darned sight smarter fellow than I am, and he knows it—and he 's Lancashire, you bet." He stopped a minute and flushed. "As to Little Ann," he

said—"me make that sort of a break with *her!* Well, I should be a fool."

Palford was a cold-blooded and unimaginative person, but a long legal experience had built up within him a certain shrewdness of perception. He had naturally glanced once or twice at the girl sitting still at her mending, and he had observed that she said very little and had a singularly quiet, firm little voice.

"I beg pardon. You are probably right. I had very little conversation with either of them. Miss Hutchinson struck me as having an intelligent face."

"She 's a wonder," said Tembarom, devoutly. "She 's just a wonder."

"Under the circumstances," suggested Mr. Palford, "it might not be a bad idea to explain to her your idea of the steerage passage. An intelligent girl can often give excellent advice. You will probably have an opportunity of speaking to her to-night. Did you say they were sailing to-morrow?"

To-morrow! That brought it so near that it gave Tembarom a shock. He had known that they sailed on Saturday, and now Saturday had become to-morrow. Things began to surge through his mind —all sorts of things he had no time to think of clearly, though it was true they had darted vaguely about in the delirious excitement of the night, during which he had scarcely slept at all. His face changed again, and the appeal died out of it. He began to look anxious and restless.

"Yes, they 're going to-morrow," he answered.

"You see," argued Mr. Palford, with conviction, "how impossible it would be for us to make any arrangements in so few hours. You will excuse my saying," he added punctiliously, "that I could not make the voyage in the steerage."

Tembarom laughed. He thought he saw him doing it.

"That 's so," he said. Then, with renewed hope, he added, "Say, I 'm going to try and get them to wait till Wednesday."

"I do not think—" Mr. Palford began, and then felt it wiser to leave things as they were. "But I 'm not qualified to give an opinion. I do not know Miss Hutchinson at all."

But the statement was by no means frank. He had a private conviction that he did know her to a certain degree. And he did.

CHAPTER VIII

THERE was a slight awkwardness even to Tembarom in entering the dining-room that evening. He had not seen his fellow-boarders, as his restless night had made him sleep later than usual. But Mrs. Bowse had told him of the excitement he had caused.

"They just could n't eat," she said. "They could do nothing but talk and ask questions; and I had waffles, too, and they got stone-cold."

The babel of friendly outcry which broke out on his entry was made up of jokes, ejaculations, questions, and congratulatory outbursts from all sides.

"Good old T. T.!" "Give him a Harvard yell! Rah! Rah! Rah!" "Lend me fifty-five cents?" "Where 's your tiara?" "Darned glad of it!" "Make us a speech!"

"Say, people," said Tembarom, "don't you get me rattled or I can't tell you anything. I 'm rattled enough already."

"Well, is it true?" called out Mr. Striper.

"No," Tembarom answered back, sitting down. "It could n't be; that 's what I told Palford. I shall wake up in a minute or two and find myself in a hospital with a peacherino of a trained nurse smoothing 'me piller.' You can't fool *me* with a pipe-dream like this. Palford 's easier; he 's not a New Yorker. He says it *is* true, and I can't get out of it."

"Whew! Great Jakes!" A long breath was exhaled all round the table.

"What are you, anyhow?" cried Jim Bowles across the dishes.

Tembarom rested his elbow on the edge of the table and began to check off his points on his fingers.

"I 'm this," he said: "I 'm Temple Temple Barholm, Esquire, of Temple Barholm, Lancashire, England. At the time of the flood my folks knocked up a house just about where the ark landed, and I guess they 've held on to it ever

since. I don't know what business they went into, but they made money. Palford swears I 've got three hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year. I was n't going to call the man a liar; but I just missed it, by jings!"

He was trying to "bluff it out." Somehow he felt he had to. He felt it more than ever when a momentary silence fell upon those who sat about the table. It fell when he said "three hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year." No one could find voice to make any remark for a few seconds after that.

"Are you a lord—or a duke?" some one asked after breath had recovered itself.

"No, I 'm not," he replied with relief. "I just got out from under that; but the Lord knows how I did it."

"What are you going to do first?" said Jim Bowles.

"I 've got to go and 'take possession.' That 's what Palford calls it. I 've been a lost heir for nearly two years, and I 've got to show myself."

Hutchinson had not joined the clamor of greeting, but had grunted disapproval more than once. He felt that, as an Englishman, he had a certain dignity to maintain. He knew something about big estates and their owners. He was not like these common New York chaps, who regarded them as Arabian Nights tales to make jokes about. He had grown up as a village boy in proper awe of Temple Barholm. They were ignorant fools, this lot. He had no patience with them. He had left the village and gone to work in Manchester when he was a boy of twelve, but as long as he had remained in his mother's cottage it had been only decent good manners for him to touch his forehead respectfully when a Temple Barholm, or a Temple Barholm guest or carriage or pony phaëton,. passed him by. And this chap was Mr. Temple Temple Barholm himself! Lord save us!

Little Ann said nothing at all; but, then, she seldom said anything during meal-times. When the rest of the boarders laughed, she ate her dinner and smiled. Several times, despite her caution, Tembarom caught her eye, and somehow held it a second with his. She smiled at him when this happened; but there was something restless and eager in his look which made her wish to evade it. She knew what he felt, and she knew why he kept up his jokes and never once spoke seriously. She knew he was not comfortable, and did not enjoy talking about hundreds of thousands a year to people who worked hard for ten or twenty "per." To-morrow morning was very near, she kept thinking. To-morrow night she would be lying in her berth in the steerage, or more probably taking care of her father, who would be very uncomfortable.

"What will Galton do?" Mr. Striper asked.

"I don't know," Tembarom answered, and he looked troubled. Three hundred and

fifty thousand dollars a year might not be able to give aid to a wounded society page.

"What are you going to do with your Freak?" called out Julius Steinberger.

Tembarom actually started. As things had surged over him, he had had too much to think over. He had not had time to give to his strange responsibility; it had become one nevertheless.

"Are you going to leave him behind when you go to England?"

He leaned forward and put his chin on his hand.

"Why, say," he said, as though he were thinking it out, "he 's spoken about England two or three times. He 's said he must go there. By jings! I 'll take him with me, and see what 'll happen."

When Little Ann got up to leave the room he followed her and her father into the hall.

"May I come up and talk it over with you?" he appealed. "I 've got to talk to some one who knows something about it. I shall go dotty if I don't. It 's too much like a dream."

"Come on up when you 're ready," answered Hutchinson. "Ann and me can give you a tip or two."

"I 'm going to be putting the last things in the trunks," said Ann, "but I dare say you won't mind that. The express 'll be here by eight in the morning."

"O Lord!" groaned Tembarom.

When he went up to the fourth floor a little later, Hutchinson had fallen into a doze in his chair over his newspaper, and Ann was kneeling by a trunk in the hall, folding small articles tightly, and fitting them into corners. To Tembarom she looked even more than usual like a slight child thing one could snatch up in one's arms and carry about or set on one's knee without feeling her weight at all. An inferior gas-jet on the wall just above her was doing its best with the lot of soft, red hair, which would have been an untidy bundle if it had not been hers.

Tembarom sat down on the trunk next to her.

"O Little Ann!" he broke out under his breath, lest the sound of his voice might check Hutchinson's steady snoring. "O Little Ann!"

Ann leaned back, sitting upon her small heels, and looked up at him.

"You 're all upset, and it 's not to be wondered at, Mr. Temple Barholm," she said.

"Upset! You 're going away to-morrow morning! And, for the Lord's sake, don't call me that!" he protested.

"You 're going away yourself next Wednesday. And you *are* Mr. Temple Barholm. You 'll never be called anything else in England."

"How am I going to stand it?" he protested again. "How could a fellow like me stand it! To be yanked out of good old New York, and set down in a place like a museum, with Central Park round it, and called Mr. Temple Temple Barholm instead of just 'Tem' or 'T. T.'! It 's not natural."

"What you must do, Mr. Temple Barholm, is to keep your head clear, that 's all," she replied maturely.

"Lord! if I 'd got a head like yours!"

She seemed to take him in, with a benign appreciativeness, in his entirety.

"Well, you have n't," she admitted, though quite without disparagement, merely with slight reservation. "But you 've got one like your own. And it 's a good head—when you try to think steady. Yours is a man's head, and mine 's only a woman's."

"It 's Little Ann Hutchinson's, by gee!" said Tembarom, with feeling.

"Listen here, Mr. Tem—Temple Barholm," she went on, as nearly disturbed as he had ever seen her outwardly. "It 's a wonderful thing that 's happened to you. It 's like a novel. That splendid place, that splendid name! It seems so queer to think I should ever have talked to a Mr. Temple Barholm as I 've talked to you."

He leaned forward a little as though something drew him.

"But"—there was unsteady appeal in his voice—"you have liked me, have n't you, Little Ann?"

Her own voice seemed to drop into an extra quietness that made it remote. She looked down at her hands on her lap.

"Yes, I have liked you. I have told Father I liked you," she answered.

He got up, and made an impetuous rush at his goal.

"Then—say, I 'm going in there to wake up Mr. Hutchinson and ask him not to sail to-morrow morning."

"You 'd better not wake him up," she

ered, smiling; but he saw that her changed and flushed. "It 's not a time to ask Father anything when just been waked up. And we *have* . The express is coming at eight."
end it away again; tell 'em you 're going. Tell 'em any old thing. Litnn, what 's the matter with you? thing 's the matter. Have I made a ?"
had felt the remoteness in her even e he had heard it in her dropped . It had been vaguely there even he sat down on the trunk. Actually was a touch of reserve about her, as gh she was keeping her little place the self-respecting propriety of a speaking to a man not of her own d.
dare say I 've done some fool thing ut knowing it. I don't know where at, anyhow," he said woefully.
Don't look at me like that, Mr. Temarholm," she said—"as if I was un- I—I 'm *not.*"
ut you 're different," he implored. w it the minute I came up. I ran airs just crazy to talk to you, and were different. Why are you, if you t mad?"
en she rose and stood holding one of eatly rolled packages in her hand. eyes were soft and clear, and apd maternally to his reason.
ecause everything 's different. You think a bit," she answered.
stared at her a few seconds, and understanding of her dawned upon He made a human young dash at nd caught her arm.
What!" he cried out. "You mean Temple Barholm song and dance s things different? Not on your life! 're not the girl to work that on me, it was my fault. You 've got to hear peak my piece. Ann—you 've just !"
had begun to tremble a little, and erself was not steady; but she put a on his arm.
Don't say anything you 've not had to think about," she said.
've been thinking of pretty near ng else ever since I came here. Just n as I looked at you across the table first day I saw my finish, and every nade me surer. I 'd never had any comfort or taking care of,—I did n't know the first thing about it,—and it seemed as if all there was of it in the world was just in *you.*"

"Did you think that?" she asked falteringly.

"Did I? That 's how you looked to me, and it 's how you look now. The way you go about taking care of everybody and just handing out solid little chunks of good sense to every darned fool that needs them, why—" There was a break in his voice—"why, it just knocked me out the first round." He held her a little away from him, so that he could yearn over her, though he did not know he was yearning. "See, I 'd sworn I 'd never ask a girl to marry me until I could keep her. Well, you know how it was, Ann. I could n't have kept a goat, and I was n't such a fool that I did n't know it. I 've been pretty sick when I thought how it was; but I never worried you, did I?"

"No, you did n't."

"I just got busy. I worked like—well, I got busier than I ever was in my life. When I got the page *sure,* I let myself go a bit, sort of hoping. And then this Temple Barholm thing hits me."

"That 's the thing you 've got to think of now," said Little Ann. "I 'm going to talk sensible to you."

"Don't, Ann! Good Lord! *don't!*"

"I *must.*" She put her last tight roll into the trunk and tried to shut the lid. "Please lock this for me."

He locked it, and then she seated herself on the top of it, though it was rather high for her, and her small feet dangled. Her eyes looked large and moist like a baby's, and she took out a handkerchief and lightly touched them.

"You 've made me want to cry a bit," she said, "but I 'm not going to."

"Are you going to tell me you don't want me?" he asked, with anxious eyes.

"No, I 'm not."

"God bless you!" He was going to make a dash at her again, but pulled himself up because he must. "No, by jings!" he said. "I 'm not going to till you let me."

"You see, it 's true your head 's not like mine," she said reasonably. "Men's heads are mostly not like women's. They 're men, of course, and they 're superior to women, but they 're what I 'd call more

fluttery-like. Women must remind them of things."

"What—what kind of things?"

"This kind. You see, Grandmother lives near Temple Barholm, and I know what it 's like, and you don't. And I 've seen what seventy thousand pounds a year means, and you have n't. And you 've got to go and find out for yourself."

"What 's the matter with you coming along to help me?"

"I should n't help you; that 's it. I should hold you back. I 'm nothing but Ann Hutchinson, and I talk Manchester —and I drop my h's."

"I love to hear you drop your little h's all over the place," he burst forth impetuously. "I love it."

She shook her head.

"The girls that go to garden-parties at Temple Barholm look like those in the 'Ladies' Pictorial,' and they 've got names and titles same as those in novels."

He answered her in genuine anguish. He had never made any mistake about her character, and she was beginning to make him feel afraid of her in the midst of his adoration.

"What do I want with a girl out of a magazine?" he cried. "Where should I hang her up?"

She was not unfeeling, but unshaken, and she went on:

"I should look like a housemaid among them. How would you feel with a wife of that sort, when the other sort was about?"

"I should feel like a king, that 's what I should feel like," he replied indignantly.

"I should n't feel like a queen. I should feel *miserable.*"

She sat with her little feet dangling, and her hands folded in her lap. Her infantile blue eyes held him as the Ancient Mariner had been held. He could not get away from the clear directness of them. He did not want to exactly, but she frightened him more and more.

"I should be ashamed," she proceeded. "I should feel as if I had taken an advantage. What you 've got to do is to find out something no one else can find out for you, Mr. Temple Barholm."

"How can I find it out without you? It was you who put me on to the wedding-cake; you can put me on to other things."

"Because I 've lived in the place," she answered unswervingly, "I know how funny it is for any one to think of me being Mrs. Temple Barholm. You don't."

"You bet I don't," he answered; "but I 'll tell you what I do know, and that 's how funny it is that I should be Mr. Temple Barholm. I 've got on to that all right, all right. Have you?"

She looked at him with a reflection that said much. She took him in with a judicial summing up of which it must be owned an added respect was part. She had always believed he had more sense than most young men, and now she knew it.

"When a person 's clever enough to see things for himself, he 's generally clever enough to manage them," she replied.

He knelt down beside the trunk and took both her hands in his. He held them fast and rather hard.

"Are you throwing me down for good, Little Ann?" he said. "If you are, I can't stand it, I won't stand it."

"If you care about me like that, you 'll do what I tell you," she interrupted, and she slipped down from the top of her trunk. "I know what Mother would say. She 'd say, 'Ann, you give that young man a chance.' And I 'm going to give you one. I 've said all I 'm going to, Mr. Temple Barholm."

He took both her elbows and looked at her closely, feeling a somewhat awed conviction.

"I—believe—you have," he said.

And here the sound of Mr. Hutchinson's loud and stertorous breathing ceased, and he waked up, and came to the door to find out what Ann was doing.

"What are you two talking about?" he asked. "People think when they whisper it 's not going to disturb anybody, but it 's worse than shouting in a man's ear."

Tembarom walked into the room.

"I 've been asking Little Ann to marry me," he announced, "and she won't."

He sat down in a chair helplessly, and let his head fall into his hands.

"Eh!" exclaimed Hutchinson. He turned and looked at Ann disturbedly. "I thought a bit ago tha did n't deny but what tha 'd took to him?"

"I did n't, Father," she answered. "I don't change my mind that quick. I—

would have been willing to say 'Yes' when you would n't have been willing to let me. I did n't know he was Mr. Temple Barholm then."

Hutchinson rubbed the back of his head, reddening and rather bristling.

"Dost tha think th' Temple Barholms would look down on thee?"

"I should look down on myself if I took him up at his first words, when he 's all upset with excitement, and has n't had time to find out what things mean. I 'm —well, I 'm too fond of him, Father."

Hutchinson gave her a long, steady look.

"You are?" he said.

"Yes, I am."

Tembarom lifted his head, and looked at her, too.

"Are you?" he asked.

She put her hands behind her back, and returned his look with the calm of ages.

"I 'm not going to argue about it," she answered. "Arguing 's silly."

His involuntary rising and standing before her was a sort of unconscious tribute of respect.

"I know that," he owned. "I know you. That 's why I take it like this. But I want you to tell me one thing. If this had n't happened, if I 'd only had twenty dollars a week, would you have taken me?"

"If you 'd had fifteen, and Father could have spared me, I 'd have taken you. Fifteen dollars a week is three pounds two and sixpence, and I 've known curates' wives that had to bring up families on less. It would n't go as far in New York as it would in the country in England, but we could have made it do—until you got more. I know you, too, Mr. Temple Barholm."

He turned to her father, and saw in his florid countenance that which spurred him to bold disclosure.

"Say," he put it to him, as man to man, "she stands there and says a thing like that, and she expects a fellow not to jerk her into his arms and squeeze the life out of her! I dare n't do it, and I 'm not going to try; but—well, you said her mother was like her, and I guess you know what I 'm up against."

Hutchinson's grunting chuckle contained implications of exultant tenderness and gratified paternal pride.

"She 's th' very spit and image of her mother," he said, "and she had th' sense of ten women rolled into one, and th' love of twenty. You let her be, and you 're as safe as th' Rock of Ages."

"Do you think I don't know that?" answered Tembarom, his eyes shining almost to moisture. "But what hits me, by thunder! is that I 've lost the chance of seeing her work out that fifteen-dollar-a-week proposition, and it drives me crazy."

"I should have downright liked to try it," said Little Ann, with speculative reflection, and while she knitted her brows in lovely consideration of the attractive problem, several previously unknown dimples declared themselves about her mouth.

"Ann," Tembarom ventured, "if I go to Temple Barholm and try it a year and learn all about it—"

"It would take more than a year," said Ann.

"Don't make it two," Tembarom pleaded. "I 'll sit up at night with wet towels round my head to learn; I 'll spend fourteen hours a day with girls that look like the pictures in the 'Ladies' Pictorial,' or whatever it is in England; I 'll give them every chance in life, if you 'll let me off afterward. There must be another lost heir somewhere; let 's dig him up and then come back to little old New York and be happy. Gee! Ann,"—letting himself go and drawing nearer to her,—"how happy we could be in one of those little flats in Harlem!"

She was a warm little human thing, and a tender one, and when he came close to her, glowing with tempestuous boyish eagerness, her eyes grew bluer because they were suddenly wet, and she was obliged to move softly back.

"Yes," she said; "I know those little flats. Any one could—" She stopped herself, because she had been going to reveal what a home a woman could make in rooms like the compartments in a workbox. She knew and saw it all. She drew back a little again, but she put out a hand and laid it on his sleeve.

"When you 've had quite time enough to find out, and know what the other thing means, I 'll do whatever you want me to do," she said. "It won't matter what it is. I 'll do it."

"She means that," Hutchinson mumbled unsteadily, turning aside. "Same as

her mother would have meant it. And she means it in more ways than one."

And so she did. The promise included quite firmly the possibility of not unnatural changes in himself such as young ardor could not foresee, even the possibility of his new life withdrawing him entirely from the plane on which rapture could materialize on twenty dollars a week in a flat in Harlem.

CHAPTER IX

ATYPE as exotic as Tembarom was to his solicitor naturally suggested problems. Mr. Palford found his charge baffling because, according to ordinary rules, a young man so rudimentary should have presented no problems not perfectly easy to explain. It was herein that he was exotic. Mr. Palford, who was not given to subtle analysis of differences in character and temperament, argued privately that an English youth who had been brought up in the streets would have been one of two or three things. He would have been secretly terrified and resentful, roughly awkward and resentful, or boastfully delighted and given to a common youth's excitedly common swagger at finding himself suddenly a "swell."

This special kind of youth would most assuredly have constantly thought of himself as a "swell" and would have lost his head altogether, possibly with results in the matter of conduct in public which would have been either maddening or crushing to the spirit of a well-bred, mature-minded legal gentleman temporarily thrust into the position of bear-leader.

But Tembarom was none of these things. If he was terrified, he did not reveal his anguish. He was without doubt not resentful, but on the contrary interested and curious, though he could not be said to bear himself as one elated. He indulged in no frolics or extravagances. He saw the Hutchinsons off on their steamer, and supplied them with fruit and flowers and books with respectful moderation. He did not conduct himself as a benefactor bestowing unknown luxuries, but as a young man on whom unexpected luck had bestowed decent opportunities to express his friendship. In fact, Palford's taste approved of his attitude. He was evidently much under the spell of the slight girl with the Manchester accent and sober, blue eyes, but she was neither flighty nor meretricious, and would have sense enough to give no trouble even when he naturally forgot her in the revelations of his new life. Her father also was plainly a respectable working-man, with a blunt Lancashire pride which would keep him from intruding.

"You can't butt in and get fresh with a man like that," Tembarom said. "Money would n't help you. He 's too independent."

After the steamer had sailed away it was observable to his solicitor that Mr. Temple Barholm was apparently occupied every hour. He did not explain why he seemed to rush from one part of New York to another and why he seemed to be seeking interviews with persons it was plainly difficult to get at. He was evidently working hard to accomplish something or other before he left the United States, perhaps. He asked some astutely practical business questions; his intention seeming to be to gain a definite knowledge of what his future resources would be and of his freedom to use them as he chose.

Once or twice Mr. Palford was rather alarmed by the tendency of his questions. Had he actually some prodigious American scheme in view? He seemed too young and inexperienced in the handling of large sums for such a possibility. But youth and inexperience and suddenly inherited wealth not infrequently led to rash adventures. Something which Palford called "very handsome" was done for Mrs. Bowse and the boarding-house. Mrs. Bowse was evidently not proud enough to resent being made secure of a few years' rent. The extraordinary page was provided for after a large amount of effort and expenditure of energy.

"I could n't leave Galton high and dry," Tembarom explained when he came in after rushing about. "I think I know a man he might try, but I 've got to find him and put him on to things. Good Lord! nobody rushed about to find me and offer me the job. I hope this fellow wants it as bad as I did. He 'll be up in

the air." He discovered the whereabouts of the young man in question, and finding him, as the youngster almost tearfully declared, "about down and out," his proposition was met with the gratitude the relief from a prospect of something extremely like starvation would mentally produce. Tembarom took him to Galton after having talked him over in detail.

"He 's had an education, and you know how much I 'd had when I butted into the page," he said. "No one but you would have let me try it. You did it only because you saw—you saw—"

"Yes, I saw," answered Galton, who knew exactly what he had seen and who found his up-town social representative and his new situation as interesting as amusing and just touched with the pathetic element. Galton was a traveled man and knew England and several other countries well.

"You saw that a fellow that wanted the job as much as I did would be likely to put up a good fight to hold it down. I was scared out of my life when I started out that morning of the blizzard, but I could n't afford to be scared. I guess soldiers who are scared fight like that when they see bayonets coming at them. You have to."

"I wonder how often a man finds out that he does pretty big things when bayonets are coming at him," answered Galton, who was actually neglecting his work for a few minutes so that he might look at and talk to him, this New York descendant of Norman lords and Saxon kings.

"Joe Bennett had been trying to live off free-lunch counters for a week when I found him," Tembarom explained. "You don't know what that is. He 'll go at the page all right. I 'm going to take him up-town and introduce him to my friends there and get them to boost him along."

"You made friends," said Galton. "I knew you would."

"Some of the best ever. Good-natured and open-handed. Well, you bet! Only trouble was they wanted you to eat and drink everything in sight, and they did n't quite like it when you could n't get outside all the champagne they 'd offer you."

He broke into a big, pleased laugh.

"When I went in and told Munsberg he pretty near threw a fit. Of course he thought I was kidding. But when I made him believe it, he was as glad as if he 'd had luck himself. It was just fine the way people took it. Tell you what, it takes good luck, or bad luck, to show you how good-natured a lot of folks are. They 'll treat Bennett and the page all right; you 'll see."

"They 'll miss you," said Galton.

"I shall miss them," Tembarom answered in a voice with a rather depressed drop in it.

"I shall miss you," said Galton.

Tembarom's face reddened a little.

"I guess it 'd seem rather fresh for me to tell you how I shall miss you," he

said. "I said that first day that I did n't know how to tell you how I—well, how I felt about you giving a mutt like me that big chance. You never thought I did n't know how little I did know, did you?" he inquired almost anxiously.

"That was it—that you did know and that you had the backbone and the good spirits to go in and win," Galton replied. "I 'm a tired man, and good spirits and good temper seem to me about the biggest assets a man can bring into a thing. I should n't have dared do it when I was your age. You deserved the Victoria Cross," he added, chuckling.

"What 's the Victoria Cross?" asked Tembarom.

"You 'll find out when you go to England."

"Well, I 'm not supposing that you don't know about how many billion things I 'll have to find out when I go to England."

"There will be several thousand," replied Galton, moderately; "but you 'll learn about them as you go on."

"Say," said Tembarom, reflectively, "does n't it seem queer to think of a fellow having to keep up his spirits because he 's fallen into three hundred and fifty thousand a year? You would n't think he 'd have to, would you?"

"But you find he has?" queried Galton, interestedly.

Tembarom's lifted eyes were so honest that they were touching.

"I don't know where I 'm at," he said. "I 'm going to wake up in a new place—like people that die. If you knew what it was like, you would n't mind it so much; but you don't know a blamed thing. It 's not having seen a sample that rattles you."

"You 're fond of New York?"

"Good Lord! it 's all the place I know on earth, and it 's just about good enough for me, by gee! It 's kept me alive when it might have starved me to death. My! I 've had good times here," he added, flushing with emotion. "Good times—when I had n't a whole meal a day!"

"You 'd have good times anywhere," commented Galton, also with feeling. "You carry them over your shoulder, and you share them with a lot of other people."

He certainly shared some with Joe Bennett, whom he took up-town and introduced right and left to his friendly patrons, who, excited by the atmosphere of adventure and prosperity, received him with open arms. To have been the choice of T. Tembarom as a mere representative of the "Earth" would have been a great thing for Bennett, but to be the choice of the hero of a romance of wildest opulence was a tremendous send-off. He was accepted at once, and when Tembarom actually "stood for" a big farewell supper of his own in "The Hall," and nearly had his hand shaken off by congratulating acquaintances, the fact that he kept the new aspirant by his side, so that the waves of high popularity flowed over him until he sometimes lost his joyful breath, established him as a sort of hero himself.

Mr. Palford did not know of this festivity, as he also found he was not told of several other things. This he counted as a feature of his client's exoticism. His extraordinary lack of concealment of things vanity forbids many from confessing combined itself with a quite cheerful power to keep his own counsel when he was, for reasons of his own, so inclined.

"He can keep his mouth shut, that chap," Hutchinson had said once, and Mr. Palford remembered it. "Most of us can't. I 've got a notion I can; but I don't many 's the time when I should. There 's a lot more in him than you 'd think for. He 's naught but a lad, but he is na half such a fool as he looks."

He was not hesitant or timid, Mr. Palford observed. In an entirely unostentatious way he soon realized that his money gave things into his hands. He knew he could do most things he chose to do, and that the power to do them rested in these days with himself without the necessity of detailed explanation or appeal to others, as in the case, for instance, of this mysterious friend or protégé whose name was Strangeways. Of the history of his acquaintance with him Palford knew nothing, and that he should choose to burden himself with a half-witted invalid—in these terms the solicitor described him—was simply inexplainable. If he had asked for advice or by his manner left an opening for the offering of it, he would have been most strongly counseled to take him to a public asylum and leave him there; but advice on the subject seemed the last thing he desired or anticipated, and talk

: his friend was what he seemed least
' to indulge in. He made no secret
is intentions, but he frankly took
;e of them as his own special business,
eft the rest alone.
ay nothing and saw wood," Palford
ɔnce been a trifle puzzled by hearing
remark casually, and he remembered
:er, as he remembered the comments
ɔseph Hutchinson. Tembarom had
ined himself to Little Ann.
'ou 'll understand," he said. "It 's
his. I guess I feel like you do when a
ɔr a cat in big trouble just looks at you
you were all they had, and they know
ı don't stick by them they 'll be killed,
it just drives them crazy. It 's the
they look at you that you can't stand.
ieve something would burst in that
w's brain if I left him. When he
d out I was going to do it he 'd just
ut some awful kind of a yell I 'd re-
ber till I died. I dried right up al-
as soon as I spoke of him to Palford.
ould n't see anything but that he was
' and ought to be put in an asylum.
., he 's not. There 're times when he
to me almost sensible; only he 's al-
so awful low down in his mind you
fraid to let him go on. And he 's a
bit better than he was. It seems
r to get to like a man that 's sort of
', but I tell you, Ann, because you 'll
rstand—I 've got to sort of like him,
want to see if I can work it out for
somehow. England seems to sort of
in his mind. If I can't spend my
:y in living the way I want to live,—
ıg jewelry and clothes for the girl
like to see dressed like a queen,—I 'm
g to do this just to please myself. I 'm
g to take him to England and keep
quiet and see what 'll happen. Those
loctors ought to know about all there
know, and I can pay them any old
; they want. By jings! is n't it the
—to sit here and say that and know
true!"
:yond the explaining of necessary de-
to him and piloting him to England,
Palford did not hold himself many
:es responsible. His theory of cor-
conduct assumed no form of altruism.
had formulated it even before he
ıed middle age. One of his fixed
was to avoid the error of allowing
ıathy or sentiment to hamper him
with any unnecessary burden. Natural tendency of temperament had placed no obstacles in the way of his keeping this rule. To burden himself with the instruction or modification of this unfortunately hopeless young New Yorker would be unnecessary. Palford's summing up of him was that he was of a type with which nothing palliative could be done. There he was. As unavoidable circumstances forced one to take him,—commonness, slanginess, appalling ignorance, and all,—one could not leave him. Fortunately, no respectable legal firm need hold itself sponsor for a "next of kin" provided by fate and the wilds of America.

The Temple Barholm estate had never, in Mr. Palford's generation, been specially agreeable to deal with. The late Mr. Temple Temple Barholm had been a client of eccentric and abominable temper. Interviews with him had been avoided as much as possible. His domineering insolence of bearing had at times been on the verge of precipitating unheard-of actions, because it was almost more than gentlemanly legal flesh and blood could bear. And now appeared this young man.

He rushed about New York strenuously attending to business concerning himself and his extraordinary acquaintances, and on the day of the steamer's sailing he presented himself at the last moment in an obviously just purchased suit of horribly cut clothes. At all events, their cut was horrible in the eyes of Mr. Palford, who accepted no cut but that of a West End tailor. They were badly made things enough, because they were unconsidered garments that Tembarom had barely found time to snatch from a "ready-made" counter at the last moment. He had been too much "rushed" by other things to remember that he must have them until almost too late to get them at all. He bought them merely because they were clothes, and warm enough to make a voyage in. He possessed a monster ulster, in which, to Mr. Palford's mind, he looked like a flashy blackleg. He did not know it was flashy. His opportunities for cultivating a refined taste in the matter of wardrobe had been limited, and he had wasted no time in fastidious consideration or regrets. Palford did him some injustice in taking it for granted that his choice of costume was the result of deliberate

bad taste. It was really not choice at all. He neither liked his clothes nor disliked them. He had been told he needed warm garments, and he had accepted the advice of the first salesman who took charge of him when he dropped into the big department store he was most familiar with because it was the cheapest in town. Even when it was no longer necessary to be cheap, it was time-saving and easy to go into a place one knew.

The fact that he was as he was, and that they were the subjects of comment and objects of unabated interest throughout the voyage, that it was proper that they should be companions at table and on deck, filled Mr. Palford with annoyed unease.

Of course every one on board was familiar with the story of the discovery of the lost heir. The newspapers had reveled in it, and had woven romances about it which might well have caused the deceased Mr. Temple Barholm to turn in his grave. After the first day Tembarom had been picked out from among the less-exciting passengers, and when he walked the deck, books were lowered into laps or eyes followed him over their edges. His steamer-chair being placed in a prominent position next to that of a pretty, effusive Southern woman, the mother of three daughters whose eyes and eyelashes attracted attention at the distance of a deck's length, he was without undue delay provided with acquaintances who were prepared to fill his every moment with entertainment.

"The three Gazelles," as their mother playfully confided to Tembarom her daughters were called in Charlestown, were destructively lovely. They were swaying reeds of grace, and being in radiant spirits at the prospect of "going to Europe," were companions to lure a man to any desperate lengths. They laughed incessantly, as though they were chimes of silver bells; they had magnolia-petal skins which neither wind nor sun blemished; they had nice young manners, and soft moods in which their gazelle eyes melted and glowed and their long lashes drooped. They could dance, they played on guitars, and they sang. They were as adorable as they were lovely and gay.

"If a fellow was going to fall in love," Tembarom said to Palford, "there 'd be no way out of this for him unless he climbed the rigging and dragged his food up in a basket till he got to Liverpool. If he did n't go crazy about Irene, he 'd wake up raving about Honora; and if he got away from Honora, Adelia Louise would have him 'down on the mat.'" From which Mr. Palford argued that the impression made by the little Miss Hutchinson with the Manchester accent had not yet had time to obliterate itself.

The Gazelles were of generous Southern spirit, and did not surround their prize with any barrier of precautions against other young persons of charm. They introduced him to one girl after another, and in a day or two he was the center of animated circles whenever he appeared. The singular thing, however, was that he did not appear as often as the other men who were on board. He seemed to stay a great deal with Strangeways, who shared his suite of rooms and never came on deck. Sometimes the Gazelles prettily reproached him. Adelia Louise suggested to the others that his lack of advantages in the past had made him feel rather awkward and embarrassed; but Palford knew he was not embarrassed. He accepted his own limitations too simply to be disturbed by them. Palford would have been extremely bored by him if he had been of the type of young outsider who is anxious about himself and expansive in self-revelation and appeals for advice; but sometimes Tembarom's air of frankness, which was really the least expansive thing in the world and revealed nothing whatever, besides concealing everything it chose, made him feel himself almost irritatingly baffled. It would have been more natural if he had not been able to keep anything to himself and had really talked too much.

(To be continued)

TOPICS OF THE TIME

THE POLITICAL VIRTUES PRESIDENT WILSON WILL NEED

WHAT THE NATION HAS A RIGHT TO EXPECT

THE familiar "Behold, my son, with how little wisdom the world is governed" is typical of the comments of philosophers and historians, when in a cynical mood, upon the doings of statesmen. With many political critics to attribute to a ruler any highly superior intelligence or breadth of view, with a godlike reason looking before and after, goes much against the grain. But no one ever heard them carp at the essential virtues of a man in great office. They may belittle his ability, challenge his acumen, and deny that his policy is far-sighted; but if you show them that he has the fundamental qualities of a strong character, their sneers will die on their lips. The world may be governed with little wisdom, but it cannot be governed at all except by the exercise of certain moral energies.

In asking what ones President Wilson will most need in the peculiar and difficult situation confronting him after March 4, it can hardly be a mistake to put steadfastness and continuity of purpose in the first place. "Brag is a good dog, but Holdfast is a better one." And the holding fast that a new President has to do is concerned primarily with living up to his preëlection pledges. He must convince his countrymen that he is the same man in office that he was as a candidate. There has been in political history a traditional easy-going cynicism about this. We have had "a good enough Morgan till after the election," and we have had many another cool intimation by politicians that issues are raised to be abandoned, and promises made chiefly in order to be broken. The excuses are well known. Few statesmen have the hardihood of Disraeli, who could defend a course opposite to the one to which he was committed by alleging that "much water had since flowed under the mill." The commoner thing is to say that new occasions teach new duties. But they do not teach new morals. Consistency, honesty, and good faith are the same after election that they were before. A President, great as is his power, can do nothing without the respect and confidence of the people; and there is no surer way for him to gain and hold them than by resolutely maintaining in office the attitude he assumed before office was won. "Look out for that man," Mirabeau is reported to have said of a rising Frenchman, "for he means every word he says." Woodrow Wilson can follow no wiser course than to strive to prove in the Presidency that he meant every word he said during the campaign.

This can be done with entire frankness, yet without ostentation or bluster. Direct simplicity and quiet courage rank high among the virtues of a President. He does not need to shout from the housetops that he is faithful to his trust, but he can let the people see that he has neither forgotten what he undertook to do nor slackened in his determination to get the thing done, whether or not there be those who "howl." It was this dogged persistence, combined with iron industry and an inflexible resolution, that enabled Grover Cleveland so deeply to impress himself upon the country. He was a comparative novice on the national stage, he took office with a formidable array of critics ready to pounce upon his every mistake, the wits of the press were largely against him at the beginning; yet we remember what happened. His fellow-citizens soon became convinced that he was absolutely upright and wholly unafraid, and thereafter the shafts of malice and of ridicule fell harmless from the armor of his honest thought. President Wilson will similarly have a fine opportunity to show that Americans still say, as they did in *Hosea Biglow's* day,

"By time, I *du* like a feller that ain't afeard!"

For it is universally true that men will hold up the hand of a courageous man in office,

By bravery's simple gravitation drawn.

It is a pity that so much of a mystery is often made of statecraft. The name itself has come to have a suspicious meaning. Men emphasize the *craft*. But it really derives from *Kraft*, power, and power connotes something other than tricking devices. The straightforward manner, the manly qualities, the simple virtues—these are the things which enter into the fiber of the true statesman. If special gifts go with it, so much the better. Among these none stands higher than a vision prescient of the future. To lack this is, in a critical time, almost fatal. "He is a gentleman," said the Duke of Wellington of Sir Robert Peel, "who never sees the end of his campaign." There was too much truth in the reproach. Men with the greatest talents for public life are not without the prophetic soul brooding on things to come. But this cubit cannot be added to the stature of any statesman simply by his taking thought. If he is forever troubled by what may lie beyond the hill, he will be in danger of stumbling in the road plain to his feet. Foresight is oftenest developed by a clear vision of the duty next at hand. Seeing straight comes from acting straight.

By whatever door we go in, we come out at the same conviction. Government is not successful by means of "foolery," as John Selden phrased it in his "Table-Talk," but only through the application of the sane and standard qualities of human nature. The plain and simple things wear best in responsible office, as everywhere else. There will always be critics and always a body of the dissatisfied. *Gouverner c'est mécontenter*, is the French saying, and there is obvious point to it. President Wilson will not be able to please everybody. If he did, he would be a failure. But his friends can hope for him nothing better than the success of the long run and the sober second thought—the success which is sure to come to the President who does not seek to dazzle the land by grandiose policies or spectacular actions, but who displays in the nation's business the elemental virtues, holding his rudder true, come calm, come storm, and in times when the political tempest beats upon him, borrowing the motto of the Prince of Orangè, "Tranquillus saevis in undis" ("Calm amid the raging *waves*").

THE PANAMA TOLLS BLUNDER

THE VOICE OF THE COUNTRY FOR REPEAL

RECENT systematic efforts to ascertain the opinion of the country on the exemption of our coastwise shipping from Panama tolls have shown substantial unanimity in favor of its repeal. The action of Congress, taken in the oppressive and politically distracting days of August, when, as a distinguished senator has said, no one in Washington was able to judge the matter reasonably, is regarded everywhere, in the cool detachment of second thought, as a plain repudiation of our treaty contract with Great Britain that "tolls and conditions" shall be alike to all nations. When the consensus of these opinions shall have been published, it will be discovered to glow with indignation that the national honor should have been held so lightly. The repudiation has been repudiated. Not only the press, which from the beginning has been overwhelmingly on the right side, but presidents of universities and colleges, superintendents of schools, clergymen, chambers of commerce, publicists, lawyers, and many others have spoken in no uncertain voice on this question of supreme and urgent importance. When a matter is one of both right and policy, you insult the person to whom you appeal if you do not place the ethical consideration first. In this regard the record of the country is something to be proud of. Whoever may be confused, Americans at large see clearly that the main issue is the national honor.

To those who "cannot see" that any question of honor is involved, it may be pointed out that the undeniable injury to our prestige both abroad and at home is one which, counted merely in dollars, is beyond estimate. The exemption is excused as a measure of national defense: it is just the opposite, for there is nothing so powerful in national defense as national prestige, which not only gives us strength in peace, but support in war. In what plight should we be in any future war (which Heaven forfend!), or in any future diplomatic negotiations, if we alienate the friendship of the nations by an exhibition of Punic faith? In such matters honesty is not only the best policy, but the only policy.

We cannot believe that national legisla-

tors can long be blunt to the higher considerations involved or deaf to public opinion. No public man can successfully contend against the conscience of the country. We believe that the tide is turning in Congress, but every day's delay in the repeal is an aggravation of the first error.

If 't were done when 't is done 't were well 't were done quickly.

THE INCREASING HOPE OF CHURCH UNITY

CHANGED CONDITIONS WHICH MAKE IT MORE PROBABLE

THE two-hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of the ejection of the Nonconformists from the Church of England brings into clear light the presence then, and the absence now, of two important factors, the one political, the other psychological.

In the seventeenth century, and long after, the differences which resulted in the formation of separated churches were attacked with a vehemence which was largely due to political considerations. In this respect the opposition of the Church of England to the Puritans, and the opposition of the Puritans to the Baptists and the Quakers, differed little from the persecution of the early Christians by the Roman emperors. At the heart of all these contentions was a strong conviction of the essential importance of unity. The empire was menaced by the barbarians; the Massachusetts Commonwealth was in peril from the English Government and from the Indians; England was in terror of invasion from Rome. It was felt that the only protection against these perils was in a united people. The suppression of difference was a matter of public safety. The cruelties which accompanied this suppression were the inevitable cruelties of self-defense. Thus it was the good emperors who persecuted the Christians, the devout bishops who harried the Puritans, and the pious governors who banished the Quakers.

Under our present conditions of life in this country the political significance of religious dissent has mostly disappeared. It flames up out of the old ashes whenever Protestants suspect Roman Catholics of intending to use political power for ecclesiastical purposes, but with this exception the field is clear for the frank discussion of religious disagreements. The gain is great. The whole matter of church unity is set forward by our present ability to debate our differences on their own merits.

Under the stress of the political motive in the antagonism to the existence of difference, a method was employed which was psychologically futile. The attempt was made to change men's minds by violence. Under the conditions, no other procedure seemed possible. In the presence of great peril, the divisions in religion were dealt with like divisions in an army in a time of war. They were put down with a strong hand. But the effect of every attempt to coerce men against their conscience, or even against their prejudice, is to array against the aggressor not only the increased opposition of the dissenter, but also the sympathy of many who were previously indifferent. Thus they said in the old time, "The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church." Thus England was made Protestant not by Henry or Cranmer, but by the honest zeal with which Queen Mary burned the leaders of the Protestant reformation; and New England was made Puritan not by Governor Bradford or by Governor Winthrop, but by the conscientious activity of Archbishop Laud in evicting Puritan ministers. Thus it is that human nature works. The episcopal polity and the liturgical service, for example, were hated by Nonconformists not on their merits or demerits, but because they were forced upon them.

In this country this psychological situation no longer exists. Traces of it remain, indeed, in prejudices which are traditions from the days of strife, but in the main we are now ready to debate our differences on the basis of actual value. We are able to apply the pragmatic test. We are increasingly disposed to keep that which experience has found to work, and to dismiss or subordinate that which experience has shown to be ineffective. We are in a position to discuss our creeds and customs in a spirit of friendly equality. We are happily unable to prejudice our case by the argument of compulsion. The old notion of uniformity is perceived to be in contradiction to the everlasting facts of human nature. Not only tolerance, but difference is coming to be accepted as a

Christian virtue. This is a momentous change. It recalls church unity from the region of remote ideals, and makes it a practical possibility.

It is by reason of the disappearance of political and psychological hindrances that the anniversary of the ejection of the Nonconformists finds two promising proposals made for the amending of the ills which it represents. One is the Federation of Churches, the other is the Conference on Faith and Order. The federation is not only effecting a union of the religious forces for social betterment, but is bringing the separated churches into a clearer personal understanding: the church leaders know one another better than they did. Thus it is making preparations for the Conference, in which at last, we hope, the whole matter of division will be advanced toward settlement.

"AN ÉLITE OF THOUGHTFUL MEN"

THE NATIONAL NEED OF SUPER-COMMERCIALISM

THERE seems to be a recrudescence of nonsense about democracy—about the wisdom and power and functions of majorities. The rights of the majority as against the minority everybody recognizes and admits, and in the United States the submission to the majority, or even to the plurality, is prompt and willing. This is the chief virtue of our representative system and of those of other countries based upon it; and yet it is only a part of it. The authors of the Constitution—that greatest of political documents ever struck off at one time by the mind of man, as Gladstone said—recognized the peril of majority government, and established abundant safeguards for minorities. What are all the checks and balances, nay, the guaranteed rights of each individual, but the security of the minority against arbitrary power? And where arbitrary power has oppressed the people, sometimes the few, sometimes the many, it has been by putting on the armor and securing the quiescence of the majority. Had the people been alert and wise and active and honest, no such oppression could have existed for a twelvemonth. It is while they have slept that the enemy Greed has sowed *the tares.*

One difficulty in a democratic government is the failure to confess and frankly face what every one knows, that, though the people register their mandate, the actual control of events is, under God, in the hands of groups of leaders who actively assert their influence,—not by any means one group, or the same group. It is so in every part of the country, in every party, and in every public movement: a few lead, and many follow. History is only an epitome of individual power. Whether the world is better or worse for this,—and it seems to have advanced, as individuals do, as much by failures as by successes,—it is as well to make up our minds that this is the normal course of things. Though the wisdom of all may sometimes be better than the wisdom of a few, there seems to be no better way of obtaining just results than by following the "men of light and leading."

The important consideration, then, in a democracy, and its great advantage, is that it affords freedom of play for the best men in competition with the worst. There are no arbitrary distinctions to confuse the judgment. The need is that the people shall be true and alert; and in alertness at least we seem to be making progress. The fierce light that beats upon a throne is nothing to the fierce light that beats upon a President, and trying and often unjust as this may be to the President, it is, on the whole, aside from its cruelties and vulgarities, a wholesome operation of public opinion. But the question of how to bring the opinion of the many to act well upon the leaders is of vastly less importance than how to create leaders who shall act well upon the many. This is all the more necessary in our country because in the last fifty years we have had to contend with a new obstacle to public virtue in the entanglement of the people in the net of riches. Goldsmith, with a poet's penetration, well phrased our own danger:

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay.

The dangers of wealth to our democracy have long been common talk, but who is preaching the advantage of great men?

It is useful to a people to consider the impressions of foreigners,—even the passing impressions of a casual visitor,—par-

ticularly when they are those of a man who has thought deeply upon life. During his recent visit to America, M. Pierre Loti, a distinguished traveler of wide experience and of a flashing imagination, had this to say of our conditions:

> In the United States, which as a nation is very young, it is necessary to its growth that its feverish preoccupation with material affairs shall be counterbalanced by a great philosophic literature, which would penetrate more and more deeply among your people through the influence of an élite of thoughtful men.
>
> To think is itself a form of action, and in a sense a superior form of it. It is this discovery which America could make with supreme advantage to herself.

M. Loti does not mean that there should be formed any fixed group of men perpetually acting in unison to direct affairs,—an intellectual Committee of Safety,—but that every effort should be made to supply favorable conditions for the development of supercommercial influences, enlightening and conservative, having a sense of the just relation which literature and the arts bear to life and to the progress of a nation. As a Frenchman he speaks from the vantage-ground of a country—in spirit the most democratic in Europe—in which these professions have permanent respect as part of its great and enduring fame, and in which government does not have to be pleaded with to foster or even to give free play to the arts, since it regards them as among its highest assets.

Now, the question of the development of thinking men qualified to aid in the progress of the world is in one respect but little related to legislation. It is to the credit of the self-respect of literary men or artists that they have never gone to the halls of Congress *in forma pauperis*, to beg something for themselves. The day of patronage of literary men has long passed. When they asked for international copyright,—and they had to do so for fifty years,—it was for a measure of justice, primarily for foreigners, their competitors in the craft. So, when the artists pleaded for free art, it was that their own country might be unshackled by unshackling the artists of other lands. When they go to Congress it is to ask it to grant not appropriations or pensions, but freedom of play, unfettered opportunity. Everything has been done for trade, for commerce, for farmers and veterans, for a thousand "interests," while large enterprises of intellectual and artistic pith and moment have stood for years in the corridors of the Capitol, humiliated by having to beg for attention. Some of them are still there. The present Congress, by the repeal of the Tarsney Act, has turned its back on the architects of the country, a class who are contributing immensely to its glory. The beautiful Lincoln Memorial, upon which the art world is united, has now received the approval of the Senate, but still lags in the House of Representatives in competition with the futile project of a road to Gettysburg. The dignified request of the most distinguished body of men of arts and letters for national incorporation in order to further their important work awaits attention, its advocates being unwilling to lobby like the promoters of some measure of private greed. Other projects, some with promise of colossal benefit to the nation, linger in the limbo of neglected legislation. What food for laughter would be the proposal that the Senate and the House of Representatives should each establish a Committee on the Advancement of Literature and the Arts!

Not only in Congress, but elsewhere, there seems to be a veritable contempt for learning, so tersely satirized in Woodrow Wilson's title of one of his essays, "Mere Literature." Yet it is through the creative arts primarily that the standards of right thinking, of beauty, of harmony, are conveyed and sustained. More than this, they nourish the vital spark of enthusiasm. "Every great and commanding moment in the annals of the world," said Emerson, "is the triumph of some enthusiasm." "Nothing," said Governor Wilson recently,—"nothing can give a nation dignity but its thought." Mr. Newlands, the distinguished Senator from Nevada, who has made an unforgettable record as a champion of the arts, put the matter thus cogently, in pleading (happily with success) that the National Commission of Arts should be consulted about the esthetic bearings of the Panama Canal construction:

I am aware that many think that the arts hardly constitute a part of civilization; that has been the materialistic view which has prevailed; and I have seen smiles upon the faces of some of my friends in the Senate Chamber as I broached this subject. The arts not a part of civilization! Civilization consists mainly of literature and the arts, and art finds its highest work in uniting the beautiful with the useful in such a way as to make art the common heritage of all the people and not confine it to a privileged class.

In all the materialistic grapple and hurly-burly of our time, it is well to reflect that freedom and justice derive from the ideals of the best of those who have preceded us, and that these ideals are nourished and passed into the national life by a most valuable class of citizens, the farthest from aristocrats, the "élite of thoughtful men."

OPEN LETTERS

ON DIVORCE IN WAR AND WEDLOCK

My dear MacWhittlesey:

Yes, I 'll try, with pleasure, to explain the remark you "did n't quite understand." Perhaps the comparison will not seem so far-fetched as you think. The thing lies in my mind about like this:

While in the East the monogamists are driving the polygamists from the battle-field, in the West the polygamists are trying to drive the monogamists into the divorce court. It may sound, to you, rather like a vulgar joke to say that the psychology of marriage is like the psychology of war; but indeed there is a great deal of truth in vulgar jokes. And the fallacy that weakens the modern protest against marriage is very like that which also weakens the protest against militant patriotism. The point, I think, is this. There are a certain number of things which really do work better by constant sifting, rejection, and rapid exchange. We are all free-traders to that extent. If you want the biggest chucker-out in London for your music-hall, it is roughly true that you will be wise to see a large number of chuckers-out, and even to pass a happy day watching them chuck one another out, till you have found the perfect specimen. But this principle applies only to *material goods; it breaks* down if we attempt to extend it to things for which a frame of mind is necessary. Thus, it would not be the most practical way to obtain a strong, patriotic army if the defeated always deserted to the conquerors, as did the Italian mercenaries in the later Middle Ages. If a soldier kept on leaving less successful armies till he found the most successful army, well, so recruited, it would not be a successful army. He would not really have found the best kind of force, nor would the force have received the best kind of soldier. For it is a part of the psychology of fighting, to take the rough with the smooth, not to know when you are beaten, or not to care. The qualities that can reach victory include a readiness to risk defeat. Or, to put the matter another way, there are things, such as chuckers-out, which are best changed frequently; but there are other things that can be made successful only if our loyalty to them is thought of as ultimately unchangeable; and one of these is a native land.

This chivalry, which in the chucker-out is not businesslike, but in the soldier is vitally businesslike, indeed virtually indispensable, has a parallel in the more chivalric or idealistic view of marriage. There are things best managed by competition and sorting. If

r wants a hat that will exactly suit her, will please her family by its beauty ut ruining them by its expense, it is nsafe to say that she had better try on at many hats; nor does she commonly :t this duty. But she will fall into ophic error if she carries this theory : choice of hats into the question of the : of husbands, if she tries on a number sbands rapidly one after the other. the reason of this, don't you see, is 'ague sentiment, but is perfectly ra-. It will not make the hat a better iat she should swear to be faithful to ever; it might make the man a better

Fresh flowers will not grow all over at because she smiles at it; but the flowery virtues might blossom all over entleman. As there is a certain type leviation of the sorrows of war that ome only with a sense of fixed loyalty, ere is a certain kind of lightening of eal tragedies of sex which can come from a sense of complete confidence ermanent alliance. It is easier to walk g bullets with the final decision to die ngland than to walk among the same s with a half-formed decision to de-:o-morrow morning. And it is easier woman to face death in her fashion if parties recognize a compact which can ken for granted and walked about on firm floor.

: me elaborate a little. There is an- way in which the frame of mind fitted ır and marriage is useful. There is a n kind of candor which is possible only · the implication of fidelity. The good ıt generally does his best work by abus- is country. But he would not be tol- l in this, nor would he have any ef- except on the assumption of his being d patriot. I may sometimes do some and avert some wrong by saying, "I shamed to be an Englishman," but all the good result vanishes instantly if I add, "so I am going to be a Frenchman." When my house is raided by the police, my countrymen will forgive me for any number of anti-nationalist pamphlets or seditious printing-presses they may find there so long as they do not also find a Baedeker and some luggage-labels. If I praise the Boers for sticking to their flag, it is on the tacit understanding that I mean, in the last resort, to stick to mine. If we all wandered from one country to another, as from one hotel to another, we should criticize less, not more. We should do as we do in the case of the hotels: we should very often leave the one we did n't like without even mentioning why we did n't like it. We should not be rooted enough to make revolutions. We should not be domestic enough to destroy.

Exactly the same is true of marriage. One of the worst results I should anticipate from freer divorce would be a horrible increase of politeness. It would not be to any one's interest to thrash things out, to ask fundamental questions, to cure radical vices, to attempt to understand. Human life would consist of exquisite courtesy and a cab at the door. This would be worst of all for the woman; for whatever else may or may not be, there is no doubt that rudeness, within reason, is one of the rights of woman. If the situation were permanently insecure, then there really would appear all those cajoleries and affectations which the feminists are so bitter about, but which are much more often found among the free women than among the wedded ones, and among the loose women than among the moral. It is largely from a desire to hold back this desolating flood of refinement that I regret the demand for divorce.

Hoping that I have clarified my casual remark, I am, my dear MacWhittlesey,

Faithfully yours,

G. K. Chesterton.

ON BREAKING IN A HOBBY

From an Eager Amateur to the Daughter of a Gentleman Well-fitted to Become an Expert in the Art

Cordelia:

etter to tell you how delighted we all iat Cousin John is better must already reached you, but the postscript has lin- until now. I 've been thinking about you say of your father's restlessness e prospect of enforced leisure, which be inexpressibly irksome to so useful ctive a man, and I want to ask if he ny particular hobby; and especially to st, if, as I suspect, he has n't, that he mself one without delay.

You 'll reply, I suppose, inwardly at least, that a person who for years has been absorbed in federal law is not likely to acquire a sudden impassioned interest in chicken-skin fans. Of course the best hobbies usually are inherited,—to educate one properly you should begin not with its, but with your, great-grandfather—and it certainly is an advantage to become acquainted with one early in life. It always depresses me to see a healthy young craze for collecting something die for lack of encouragement.

The small, green heads which dart unexpectedly from Johnny's pocket, or the bits of jagged quartz, put carefully for safe-keeping inside the piano, are a part of nature's antidote against future boredom, and should be dealt with accordingly.

But there must be plenty of good, practical hobbies to be come upon later in life. How do our friends get them? Not the *Osmonds* or the *Mr. Edward Rosiers,* "whose bibelots were the best thing about them," but the busy, happy people with a fine zest for life—where are their fancies bred? One of the most industrious men I ever met rode three abreast—army uniforms, butterflies, and the habits of footmen; and if he is not still keeping them, perhaps it is because they are keeping him. Train your hobby patiently, and it will repay you in a dozen different ways. A multitude of hitherto-unregarded facts seem suddenly significant. A magazine article is an occasion; a new book, an event. And then there are the museums, those international hobby-shows. Have the courage of your Calverly and exclaim:

> "Let Parliament abolish churches and states and thrones:
> With reverent hand I 'll polish still, still my cherry-stones!"

Whatever it may be, sang-de-bœuf or city history, cherry-stones of royalty, free libraries, Japanese gardens, or hens, Indian songs, moonstones, yachts, Gipsy-patter, tulips, or "tushery," big game, coats of arms, or clocks, chows, church lace, coins, cromlechs, cryptology, crystal-gazing, cups, or cusps (your dictionary is an excellent Tattersall), each has its points, and can carry you far. You will lodge in strange inns, and encounter queer folk; rap at distant gates, and wake some glad morning to find yourself the greatest authority on door-knockers; live to see your stalled jade become in a twinkling a winged horse, pasturing among the stars. But you yourself must

> Bridle it and saddle it and send it out of town.

As Cousin John's pet author once remarked to his friend Mr. Southey, "It is sometimes revolting to be put in a track of feeling by other people."

However he comes by one, every well-intentioned man should stable a hobby, if only for the convenience of his friends. How gaily he will prick over the dullest dead-level of talk, safely bestriding his own or his neighbor's favorite topic! Conversational ditches no longer stagger. And those who seek at Christmas-time "an inexpensive gift for mother," or anything of *any* kind that father will notice, find their labors lightened by half if either parent professes a taste for Victorian biography, keeps bees, or conscientiously inherits Uncle Robert's book-plates or Aunt Jane's pewter. Timid relatives, newly returned from foreign parts, come to see you without a tremor, you show so fine a "fortitude under presents." "It 's never any trouble to choose a little souvenir for dear Belinda," they cry; "she 's quite mad about boxes. William Morris, you remember, had the same fancy." Or, "It 's always easy to think of something that Henry will appreciate. He *lives* for fire-irons. Oh, yes, a *large* collection. Mr. M—— has twice inquired about it. It must be delightful to know as much as Henry does about pokers!" It *is* delightful. And if at times Henry's delight becomes a bit insistent, his friends forgive him with the gentle tolerance that Mr. Pepys displayed when he visited John Evelyn's mezzotints, and "allowed a little for a little conceitedness, Mr. Evelyn being a man so far above others," especially if mounted on a hobby.

One admits that all hobbies are not equally engaging. Mr. H—— collects portraits of himself. Nor can even the most distinguished or popular breeds be always recommended, as, for example, grangerizing or poisoning. You may hear a man say, that it cost eight lives to pin a certain embroidered peacock against his dull-gold wall. Some likings are almost sure to run away with you,—they will caper like *Friar Tuck's* hobby at Bartholomew Fair—though I think Cousin John would be hard to throw. Some are overridden, and cast aside before they are fully grown. Some are trained expressly for jumping social hurdles, smart, showy performers, bred to catch the public eye. Some are wooden horses which whirl round and round with a great clatter and never get anywhere. Some are children's toys, on which we rock back and forth, pretending they are alive. Do you remember our Byzantine friend with the cult for mosaics? How she would seek

out some damp and inhospitable ruin, and while we picked honeysuckles in the warm sunshine outside, would sit and shiver and gaze upward at an oblique saint or a row of delapidated sheep, until we wondered, in our comfortable darkness, what on earth she thought she saw, and decided privately that she really enjoyed her broken apse about as much as a hillman of Luzon would enjoy the poems of Mr. William Yeats? Doubtless youth was undiscerning. At all events, your father does n't need to be warned against *that* kind of hobby.

On the whole, I believe a purely intellectual one would suit him best, or one with just a strain of the philanthropic—"strong and steady," as the dictionary puts it, "with an ambling gait" and an alert and waking eye. This variety is scarcest to find and hardest to train. It either seems too slow, like simplified spelling, or too speedy, like eugenics. It must take its own course, and is of the same temper as Mr. Gladstone's mare, "which went admirably as long as you kept off curb, spur, or whip. Show her one of them, and she would do nothing." I 'll trust Cousin John to pick out a well-bred, intelligent animal of more than average staying-powers, quick to feel and respond to a light rein and an easy seat.

And they will ride forth in good company, the best in history and out: great kings, and blithe beggars, and those who, like St. Francis and Charles Lamb and "R. L. S.," were bravely both at once.

> Papa con imperadori,
> Cardinali et gran Signori
> Giusti et santi et peccatori—

if it had n't been for their hobbies, wise or commonplace, quaint or pitiful or glorious, how many of them, we wonder, would ever have been able to keep in the race at all!

But, oh, but, oh, my hobby-horse is forgot! Do you still think of Paris for May? *Would* you just look in for me at our tiny shop in the rue du Bac, and see if M. Achille has anything new or nice in medieval stirrups? *Elsie Hill.*

AFTER-DINNER STORIES

BY JOHN B. QUACKENBOS

MARK TWAIN IN AN EMERGENCY

MR. ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE'S admirable biography of Mark Twain does not contain the anecdote of him which follows and which shows his preponderating sense of humor under very annoying circumstances. The incident took place shortly before Mr. Clemens's last visit to Italy, a trip which was undertaken on account of Mrs. Clemens's ill health. For this reason he had gone to great pains to obtain, through a friend in Florence, the lease of a villa which had been recommended to him. The family had all been congratulating themselves that the extensive and troublesome negotiations had finally been brought to a satisfactory conclusion, when one evening out of a clear sky came a cablegram, announcing that the other party in interest had thought better of his bargain and had refused to abide by the terms agreed upon. Mr. Clemens could hardly believe his ears when the cable was read, and after recovering from his astonishment and making sure that there was no error in the despatch, he gave rein to his anger.

"Damn 'em!" he said, "I wish—I wish—I wish li-i-ightning would stri-i-ike 'em."

"Oh, Father," said his daughter, "now really you don't mean that!"

"Well, no," drawled Mark—"no, I don't mean k-i-i-ill 'em; I only mean mai-ai-m 'em for li-i-ife."

THE NARROW ESCAPE OF BOBBY SAWYER

MRS. SAWYER and Mrs. Walker were neighbors in a little Western town. Mrs. Sawyer, who was the wife of a tanner, was a somewhat excitable woman of German extraction who took her domestic experiences very hard and was accustomed to run in for counsel to her serener neighbor.

One day, in a perturbation amounting to hysterics, she came into Mrs. Walker's and throwing up one hand as she wiped her eyes with her apron in the other, she broke out:

"O Mrs. Walker, Bobby! Bobby! Bobby!" and fell into a chair.

"Why, what is the matter with Bobby?" said Mrs. Walker.

"Oh, Bobby—tea-kettle—boiling water!" said Mrs. Sawyer between her sobs. And so it went on for some time, Mrs. Walker endeavoring to get details, and Mrs. Sawyer, in her excitement, being unable to supply them.

Finally she was able to say:

"You see, it was this way: I just put the tea-kettle on the stove, which was very hot, and I was thinking of something else, and—Oh, Bobby!" Here she broke down.

"O Mrs. Sawyer, Mrs. Sawyer, control yourself! What is the trouble?"

"Oh, tea-kettle—boil over!"

"Well, well, Mrs. Sawyer, was Bobby scalded?"

"Oh, no, no, Bobby was n't scalded."

"But what happened? where was Bobby?"

"Oh, Bobby was down at the tanyard, but I know if Bobby *had* been there he would 'a' been scalded. Oh, dear! Oh, dear!"

THE "WORKER" [1]

BY EDMUND VANCE COOKE

"SAY, Mister, gim me the price of a meal?
I 'm lonesome inside my shirt.
Oh, I know this sounds like a regular spiel,
But my stomach sure feels hurt,

"For nothin' has come our way to-day,
And I just struck town by freight.
Of course I could come it the hand-out way;
But I don't like the game so late,

"'Cause the women always get kind o' sore
When you strike 'em after dark,
And the man is at home to make a roar,
And he is n't so soft a mark.

"Will I eat with you? You win in a walk.
Any chuck-joint suits me, bo.
I can put down steak and put up talk
Best of any gink you know.

"It 's just four years since I hit the pike,
For I had n't no place to stay
When all of the gang went out on strike
When the nail-mills cut our pay.

"So I jumped the town, and here I am,
And here you are, with the price.
(Coffee for me and a half a ham,
With the eggs flopped over twice.)

"Don't I ever work? Why, sure I do.
I worked on a job last year.
And I work the guys like I 'm workin' you,
And I work the bars for beer.

"I had a job in a hashteraunt,
But the dish-washin' made me quit,
For the honestest bo must come to want
If he loses his horny mit.

"They handed me six for slingin' the rag,
And charged me five for chuck,
And that 's what you get for bein' a vag,
A tourist down on your luck.

"Will I quit some day? When I break a leg.
Say, why should I quit my beats?
I 'm a good, square bo, and I never yegg,
And I reckon I earns my eats.

"And I work my way. Ain't it worth the ride
When I freeze on the Pullman top?
Would the lazy lobsters ridin' inside
Be game for a steel-roof flop?

"When I ride the rods, with my board across,
Or the brake-beams, huggin' the wheels,
Is the millionaires' childern a-suffer'in' loss
Or the stock-holders missin' meals?

"Yep, I play the game, if I am a vag,
And I never put up much fight
When the brakey dumps me on to the slag,
For it 's his job right-all-right.

"What, pie? Say, bo, it 's hurtin' my heart
To be eatin' you down to the duds.
You 're a prince all right and you act the part;
Could you stand me a bucket of suds?"

[1] *Copyright by* Edmund Vance Cooke. All rights reserved, including that of recitation.

THE STORY OF SALOME

AN "HABITANT" VARIANT

BY E. B.

ONE Sunday M. le Curé announced in church that round dances were forbidden in the Canadian diocese where I live. As my "carter" drove me home in his old calash, I asked him what he thought of the interdict. He expressed himself in emphatic approval of it, and fortified his position by the following story, told in provincial French:

"In the olden time, long, long ago, when kings still reigned here, a certain king fell in love with a widow. She was beautiful, but she was not good, like madame, thinking only of her God and her children; no, indeed, she thought of her beauty and of getting all the things she wanted, and there were many things that she desired.

"She had a beautiful daughter, who

ed very well. The king was giving a
t feast, and to please him, she sent her
hter to dance before him and his
ds. The king, who had drunk much
, was delighted with her dancing, and
e her dance many times, until she could
e no more, she was so tired. Then the
said:

Because you have pleased me and
ied my guests, I will give you whatever
ask of me.'

Now, the daughter was a foolish little
ture and did not know what she wanted,
ie ran to her mother and said:

'The king is so pleased with my dancing
as promised to give me anything I want.
it shall I ask him for?'

Her mother was a wicked woman and
d her near neighbor, St. John the Bap-
because he had tried to make her good.
he said:

'Ask the king to give you the head of
John the Baptist on a silver platter.'

The girl returned to her stepfather, and
him that she wanted the head of St.
n the Baptist on a silver platter.

This made the king sad, for he liked St.
n the Baptist, who was a friend of his.
, he was a man of his word, and he just
:

'I wish you had asked for the half of
kingdom rather than for the head of
good man.'

"Then he sent a servant to cut off St. John's head and to bring it to the girl on a silver platter.

"She took it, and went back to her mother, who laughed with joy when she saw the saint's head on the platter.

"Seeing her mother so pleased, the girl begged permission to go and skate on the big river [the St. Lawrence]. As a rule she was not allowed to go, but her mother consented because she was glad.

"The girl put on her skates and skated far, far away.

"She did not come home to supper, and her mother began to be frightened, very frightened. Soon she could wait no longer, and she put on her skates and skated and skated, but she saw nothing of her daughter. Her heart grew cold with fear, still she skated on in the whiteness of the ice of the big river. Farther and farther she went until in the great distance she saw a tiny black speck. When she came up to it, behold it was the head of her daughter standing up from the ice, which had frozen in a ring about her neck just where the head of the good St. John had been cut from his body.

"It is all written in a book at the house of M. le Curé. Madame can go there and read it, if she wishes. I myself have seen the book.

"Now madame can easily understand why we do not wish our daughters to dance."

Drawn by J. R. Shaver

WILLIE: "DOES YOUR MUVVER MAKE YOU WEAR OLD CLOTHES WHEN YOU MAKE MUD-PIES?"

LIMERICK

TEXT AND PICTURE BY OLIVER HERFORD

THE MISAPPREHENDED GOOSE

One evening a goose, for a treat,
For the opera purchased a seat.
At the very first line
She exclaimed, "How divine!"
And for hissing was thrown in the street.

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THE ROMAN AMPHITHEATER AT POLA

PAINTED FOR THE CENTURY BY JULES GUÉRIN

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SKIRTING THE BALKAN PENINSULA

FROM TRIEST TO CONSTANTINOPLE

FIRST PAPER: PICTURESQUE DALMATIA

BY ROBERT HICHENS

Author of "The Spell of Egypt," "The Holy Land," "The Garden of Allah," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY JULES GUÉRIN AND PHOTOGRAPHS

MIRAMAR faded across the pale waters of the Adriatic, which lay like a dream at the foot of the hills where Triest seemed sleeping, all its activities stilled at the summons of peace. Beneath its tower the orange-colored sail of a fishing-boat caught the sunlight, and gleamed like some precious fabric, then faded, too, as the ship moved onward to the forgotten region of rocks and islands, of long, gray mountains, of little cities and ancient fortresses, of dim old churches, from whose campanile the medieval voices of bells ring out the angelus to a people still happily primitive, still unashamed to be picturesque. By the way of the sea we journeyed to a capital where no carriages roll through the narrow streets, where there is not a railway-station, where the citizens are content to go on foot about their business, and where three quarters of the blessings of civilization are blessedly unknown. We had still to touch at Pola, in whose great harbor the dull-green war-ships of Austria lay almost in the shadow of the vast Roman amphitheater which has lifted its white walls, touched here and there with gold, above the sea for some sixteen hundred years, curiously graceful despite its gigantic bulk, the home now of grasses and thistles, where twenty thousand spectators used to assemble to take their pleasure.

But when Pola was left behind, the ship soon entered the watery paradise. Miramar, Triest, were forgotten. Dalmatia is a land of forgetting, seems happily far away, cut off by the sea from many banalities, many active annoyances of modern life.

Places that are, or that seem to be, remote often hold a certain melancholy, a tristesse of "old, unhappy, far-off things." But Dalmatia has a serene atmosphere, a

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Drawn by Joseph Pennell

THE PYRAMIDAL TOWN OF SEBENICO

cheerful purity, a clean and a cozy gaiety which reach out hands to the traveler, and take him at once into intimacy and the breast of a home. Before entering it the ship coasts along a naked region, in which pale, almost flesh-colored hills are backed by mountains of a ghastly grayness. Flesh-color and steel are almost cruelly blended. No habitations were visible. The sea, protected on our right by lines of islands, was waveless. No birds flew above it; no boats moved on it. We seemed to be creeping down into the ultimate desolation.

But presently the waters widened out. At the foot of the hills appeared here and there white groups of houses. A greater warmth, like a breath of hope, stole into the air. White and yellow sails showed on the breast of the sea. Two sturdy men, wearing red caps, and standing to ply their oars, hailed us in the Slav dialect as they passed on their way to the islands. The huge, gray Velebit Mountains still bore us company on our voyage to the South, but they were losing their almost wicked look of dreariness. In the golden light of afternoon romance was descending upon them. And now a long spur of green land thrust itself far out, as if to bar our way onward. The islands closed in upon us again. A white town smiled on us far off at the edge of the happy, green land. It looked full of promises, a little city not to be passed without regretting. It was Zara, the capital without a railway-station of the forgotten country.

Zara, Trau, Spalato, Ragusa, Castelnuovo, Cattaro, Sebenico—these, with two other places, represent Dalmatia to the average traveler. Ragusa is, perhaps, the most popular and interesting; Spalato the most populous and energetic; Cattaro the most remarkable scenically. Trau leaves a haunting memory in the mind of him who sees it. Castelnuovo is a little paradise marred in some degree by the soldiers who infest it, and who seem strangely out of place in its tiny ways and its tree-shaded piazza on the hilltop. But Zara has a peculiar charm, half gay, half brightly tender. And nowhere else in all Dalmatia are such exquisite effects of light wedded to water to be seen as on Zara's Canale.

Zara, like other sirens, is deceptive. The city has a face which gives little indication of its soul. Along the shore lie tall and cheerful houses,—almost palaces they are,—solid and big, modern, with windows opening to the sea, and separated from it only by a broad walk, edged by a strip of pavement, from which might be taken a dive into the limpid water. And here, when the ship tied up, a well-dressed throng of joyous citizens was taking the air. Children were playing and laughing. Two or three rowboats slipped through the gold and silver which the sun, just setting behind the island of Ugljan opposite, showered toward the city. Music came from some place of entertainment. A simple liveliness suggested prosperous homes, the well-being of a community apart, which chose to live "out of the

world," away from railroads, motor-cars, and carriage traffic, but which knew how to be modern in its own quiet and decorous way.

Yet Zara had a great soaring campanile. It had been visible far off at sea, and tiny streets and old buildings, San Donato, the duomo, San Simeone, and five fountains,—the *cinque pozzi*,—and a Venetian tower,—the Torre di Buovo d'Antona,—and fortification gardens, and lion gateways. Where were all these? A sound of bells came from behind the palaces. And these bells seemed to be proclaiming the truth of Zara.

Bells ringing in hidden places behind the palaces, and bells calling across strange gardens lifted high on mighty walls; bells whispering among pines and murmuring across green depths of glass-like water, bells chiming above the yellowing vines on tiny islands! Who that remembers Zara remembers not Zara's bells?

Walk a few steps from the sea, passing between the big houses which front it into the Piazza delle Erbe, and you come at once into a busy strangeness of Croatia girdled about by Italy. Dalmatia has been possessed wholly or in part by Romans, Goths, Slavs, Hungarians, Turks, Venetians. Now smart Austrian soldiers make themselves at home in Zara, but Italy seems still to rule there, stretching hands out of the past. Italian may be heard on all sides, but the peasants who throng the *calle* and the market-place and the harbor speak a Slavonic dialect, and in the piazza on any morning, almost in the shadow of the Romanesque cathedral, and watched over by a griffin perched on a high Corinthian column hung with chains, which announce its old service as a pillory, you may hear their chatter and see the gay colors of costumes which to the untraveled might perhaps suggest comic opera.

There is a wildness of the near East in this medieval Italian town—a wildness which blooms and fades between tall houses of stone, facing each other so closely that friend might almost clasp hand with friend leaning from window to opposite window. Against the somber grays and browns of façades, set in the deep shadows of the paved alleys which are Zara's streets, move brilliant colors, scarlet and silver, blue and crimson and silver. Multitudes of coins and curious heavy ornaments glitter on the caps and the dresses of women. Enormous boys and great, striding men, brave in embroidered jackets, with bright-red caps too small for the head, silver buttons, red sashes stuck full of weapons and other impedimenta, gaiters, and pointed shoes, march hither and thither, calmly intent on some business which has brought them in from the outlying district. It varies, of course, with the changing seasons. In the latter part of October and beginning of November most of the male peasants were selling very large hares. Live cocks and hens were being disposed of by many of the women, and it is a common thing in Zara to see well-dressed people bearing about with them bunches of puffed-out and drearily blinking poultry which they have bought casually at some corner, by the great Venetian tower, or near the round, two-storied church of San Donato, founded on the spot where once stood a Roman forum, whose pavement still remains, or perhaps by San Simeone, close to the palace of the governor, where under the black eagles of Austria the sentry in blue and bright yellow stands drowsily in the sunshine before his black and yellow box.

Sometimes the peasants bring live stock to church. One morning, in a week day, I went into San Simeone, to which Queen Elizabeth of Hungary gave the superb arca of silver gilt which contains, it is said, the remains of the saint. I found there a number of peasants, men and women, all in characteristic costumes. Only peasants were there. Some were quietly sitting, some kneeling, some standing, with their market-baskets set down on the pavement beside them. In a hidden place behind the high altar, above which is raised the great, carved sarcophagus, priests were droning the office. A peasant in red, with a gesture, invited me to sit beside him. I did so, and he whispered in my ear some words I could not understand; but I gathered that something very important was about to take place. Every face was expectant. All eyes were earnestly fixed upon the sarcophagus. A woman came in, carrying in her arms a turkey, which looked anxious-minded, crossed herself, and waited with us, gazing. The droning voices ceased. A sort of carillon sounded brightly. We

THE RECTOR'S PALACE AND THE PUBLIC SQUARE AT RAGUSA

FROM A PAINTING MADE FOR THE CENTURY BY JULES GUÉRIN

Drawn by Joseph Pennell

THE PORTA DI TERRA FERMA, ZARA

all knelt, the woman with the turkey, too, as a priest in scarlet and white mounted the steps which divide the altar from the arca. There was a moment of deep silence. Then the great, glittering, and sloping lid, with its recumbent figure of the saint, slowly rose between the bronze-supporting figures. My peasant friend touched me, stood up, and led the way toward the altar. I followed him with the rest of the congregation, and we filed slowly up the steps, and one by one gazed down into the dim coffin. There I saw a skull and the vague brown remains of what had once been a human being lying in the midst of votive offerings. On the fingers of one hand, which looked as if made of tobacco leaf, were clusters of rings. The fat, bronze faces on each side seemed smiling. But the peasants stood in awe. And presently the great lid sank down. All made the sign of the cross. The market-baskets were picked up, and the turkey was restored to the sunlight.

Close to San Simeone are the cinque pozzi—five fountains in a row, with iron wheels above them. They are between four and five hundred years old, and lie almost at the foot of the Venetian tower, near a Corinthian column and the fragments of a Roman arch. Just behind them some steps lead up to one of the delicious shady places of Zara. Mount them, and you will have a happy surprise such as the little Dalmatian cities are always ready to give you.

You have been walking away from the sea, with your back to the harbor, and here is another, but minute, harbor resting under a great fortress wall above which, in a garden, some young soldiers are idly leaning and laughing under trees with leaves of gold and red-brown. Brightly painted vessels, closely packed together, lie on the blue-green water. Beyond them are the trees of Blažeković Park. And just beneath you, on your right, is the great, yellow stone Porta di Terra Ferma, with its winged lion of St. Mark. Beyond, over the narrow exit from the harbor, the landlocked Canale di Zara, which sometimes, especially at evening, reminded me of the Venice lagoons, lies glittering in the sun. And a Venetian fort on the peak of Ugljan shows like a strange and determined shadow against the blue of the sky.

The great white campanile which dominates Zara, and which from the sea looks light and graceful, is the campanile of the duomo, Sant' Anastasia, and was partly built by the Venetians, and completed not many years ago. From the narrow street which skirts the duomo this campanile, though majestic, looks heavy and almost overwhelming, too huge, too tremendously solid, for the little town in which it is set. And its blanched hue, beautiful from the sea, has a rather unpleasant effect against the deep, time-worn color of the church, the façade of which, with its two rose windows, one large, one small, its three beautiful, mellow-toned doorways, and its curi-

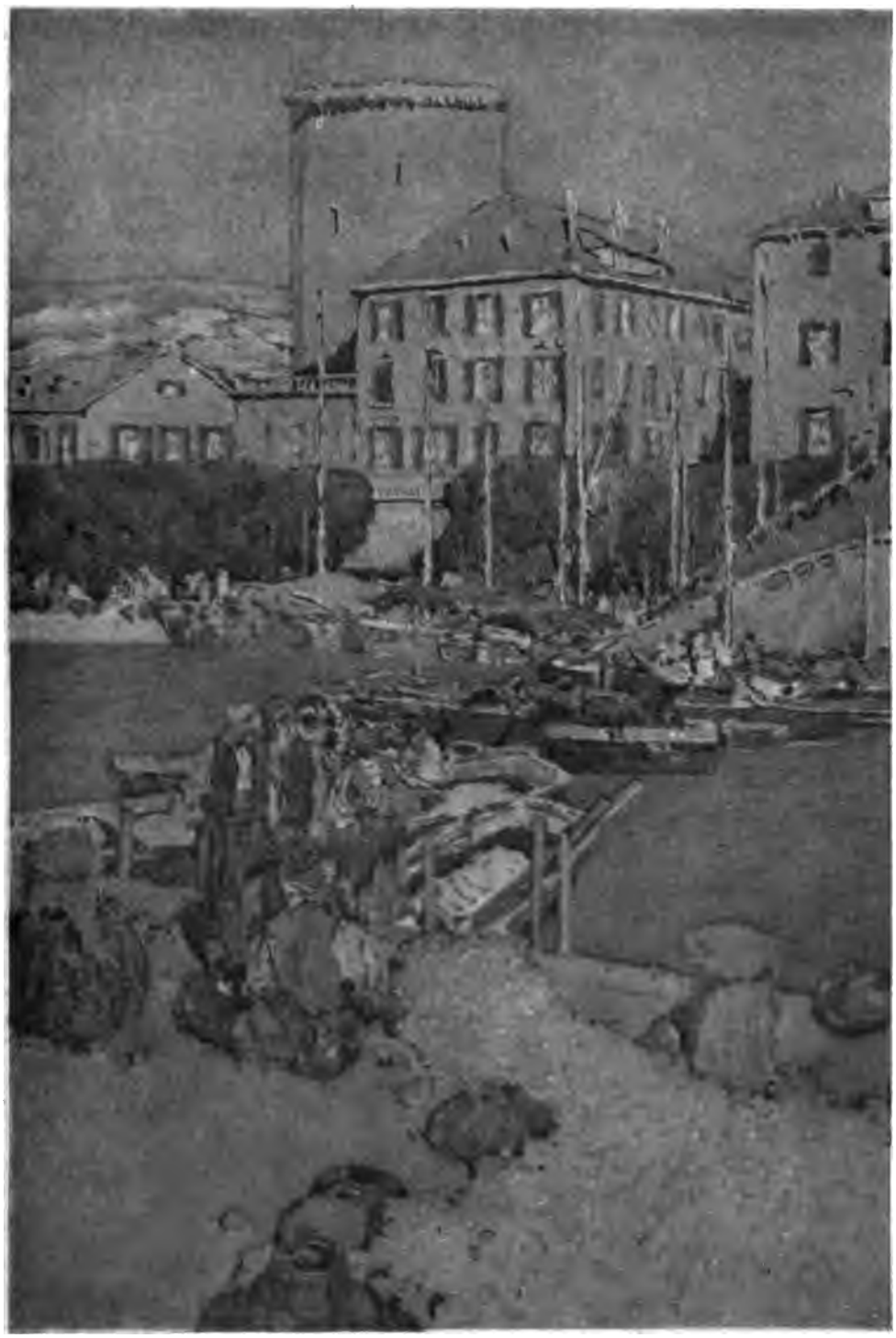
ous and somehow touching, though stolid, statues, is very fine. The interior, not specially interesting, contains some glorious Gothic stalls dating from the fifteenth century. They are of black wood, relieved with bosses and tiny statuettes of bright gold, and above each one is the half-length of a gilded and painted man, wearing a beard and holding a scroll. The Porta Marina, through which the chief harbor is gained, is remarkable for its carved, dark-gray lion, companioned by two white cherubs of stone brilliantly full of life despite their almost terrifying obesity. One of the most beautiful things in Zara is the delicate and lovely campanile of Santa Maria, over six hundred years old. St. Grisogono, the church of the city's patron saint, was in the hands of workmen and could not be visited when I was in Dalmatia.

Almost the whole of Zara is surrounded by water. On the great walls of the ancient fortifications are gardens, and from these gardens you look down on quiet inlets of the sea. Old buildings, old walls and gardens, tiny, medieval streets through which no carriage ever passes, fountains, lion gateways, painted boats lying on clear and apparently motionless waters shut in from the open sea by long lines of mountainous islands, pine-trees and olives and golden vineyards, and over all an ancient music of bells. It is difficult to say good-by to Zara, even though Spalato sends out a summons from the *riviera* of red and of gold, even though Ragusa calls from its leafy groves under the Fort Imperiale.

Bora, the wind of the dead, blew when our ship rounded the lighthouse of Spalato long after darkness had fallen. And the following day was the "*giorno dei morti.*" The strange cathedral, octagonal without, circular within, once the mausoleum of the Emperor Diocletian, was crowded with citizens and peasants devoutly praying. Incense rose between the dark, hoary walls, the columns of granite and porphyry, to the dome of brick. Outside in the wind the black hornblende sphinx kept watch on those who came and went, mourning for their departed. The sky was a heavy gray, and the temple was dark, and looked wrinkled and seared with age, and sad despite its pagan frieze showing the wild joys of the chase, despite the loveliness of its thirteenth-century pulpit of limestone and marble, raised high on wonderfully graceful columns with elaborately carved capitals.

Spalato is the biggest, most bustling town of Dalmatia. Much of it is built into the great palace of Diocletian, which lies over against the sea, huge, massive, powerful, once probably noble, but now disfigured by the paltry windows and the green shutters of modern dwellings, by a triviality of common commercial life, sparrows where eagles should be. When nature takes a ruin, she usually glorifies it, or touches it with a tenderness of romance. But when people in the wine trade lay hold upon it, hang out their washing in it, and establish their cafés and their bakeries and their butchers' shops in the midst of its rugged walls, its arches, and its columns, the ruin suffers, and the people in the wine trade seem to lose in value instead of gaining in importance.

Spalato is a strange confusion of old and new. It lacks the delicacy of Zara, the harmonious beauty of Ragusa. One era seems to fight with another within it. Here is a noble twelfth-century campanile, nearly a hundred and eighty feet high, there a common row of little shops full of cheap and uninviting articles. Turning a corner, one comes unexpectedly upon a Corinthian temple. It is the Battistero di San Giovanni, once perhaps the private temple of Diocletian. For the moment no one is near it, and despite the icy breath of Bora raging through the city and crying, "This is the day of the dead!" a calm of dead years infolds you as you enter the massive doorway and pass into the shadow beneath the stone wagon-roof. A few steps, and the smell of fish assails you, hundreds of strings of onions greet your eyes, and the heavy rolling of enormous barrels of wine over stone pavements breaks through the noise of the wind. You have come unexpectedly out through a gateway of the palace on to the quay to the south, and are in the midst of commercial activities. The contrasts are picturesque, but they are rough, and, when complicated by Bora, are confusing, almost distressing. Nevertheless, Spalato is well worth a visit. It contains a small, but remarkable, museum, specially interesting for its sarcophagi found at Salona and its collection of inscriptions. The sar-



THE MARKET-PLACE AT SPALATO

PAINTED FOR THE CENTURY BY JULES GUÉRIN

cophagus showing the passage of the Red Sea is very curious. Apart from the now disfigured palace, the Battistero, the very interesting and peculiar cathedral, with its vestibuled rotunda, and its Piazza of the Sphinx, like nothing else I have seen, the town is full of picturesque nooks and corners, and its fruit market at the foot of the massive octagonal Hrvoja Tower, which dates from 1481, is perhaps even more animated, more full of strangeness and color, than Zara's Piazza delle Erbe. Here may be seen turbans of crimson on the handsome heads of men, crimson elaborately embroidered jackets covering immense shoulders and chests, women dressed in blue and red, white silver, or with heads and busts draped in the most brilliant shade of orange color. When Bora blows, the men look like monks or Mephistopheles; for some—the greater number—wrap themselves from head to foot in long cloaks and hoods of brown, while others of a more lively temperament shroud themselves in red. They are a handsome people, rustic-looking, yet often noble, with kind yet bold faces, steady eyes, and a magnificent physique. Their gait is large and loose. There are giants in Dalmatia in our days. And many of the women are not only pretty, but have delightful expressions, open, pure, and gay. There seems to be nothing to fear in Dalmatia. I have driven through the wilds and over the flanks of the mountains both in Dalmatia and Herzegovina, in the dead of the night, and had no unpleasant experience. The peasants have a high reputation for honesty and general probity as well as for courage. And beggars are scarce, if they exist at all, in Dalmatia.

Trau has a unique charm. The riviera of the Sette Castelli stretches between it and Spalato, along the shore of an inlet of the sea which is exactly like a blue lake. And what a marvelous blue it is on a cloudless autumn day! Every one knows what is meant by a rapture of spring. Those who traverse that riviera at the end of October, or even in the opening days of November, will know what a rapture of autumn can be.

Miles upon miles of bright-golden and rose-red vineyards edge the startling blue of the sea. And the vines are not stunted and ugly, but large, leafy, growing with a rank luxuriance. Among them, with trunks caught as it were in the warm embraces of these troops of bacchantes, are thousands of silver-green olive-trees. And peasants in red, peasants in orange color, move waist-deep, sometimes shoulder-deep, through the glory, under the glory of the sun. Here and there in a grass-grown clearing, like a small islet in the ocean of vines, appears a hut of brushwood and woven grasses, and under the trees before it sit peasants eating the grapes they have just picked warm from the plants. Now and then a sportsman may be seen, in peasant costume, smoking a cigarette, his gun over his shoulder, passing slowly with his red-brown dog among the red-gold vines. Now and then a distant report rings out among the olives. Then the warm silence falls again over this rapture of autumn. And so, you come to Trau.

Trau is a tiny town set on a tiny island approached by bridges, medieval, sleepy, yet happy, almost drowsily joyous, in appearance, with that air of half-gentle, half-blithe satisfaction with self which makes so many Dalmatian places characteristic and almost touching. How odd to live in Trau! Yet might it not be a delicious experience to live in dear little Trau with the right person, separated from the world by the shining water,—for who comes over the bridges, when all is said?—guarded by the lion and the statue which crowns the gateway, cradled in peace and mellow fruitfulness?

The gateway passed, a narrow alley or two threaded, a corner turned, and, lo! a piazza, a loggia with fine old columns, a tiled roof and a clock-tower, a campanile and a cathedral with a great porch, and underneath the porch a marvel of a doorway! Can tiny Trau on its tiny island really possess all this?

The lion doorway of the duomo at Trau is certainly one of the finest things in Dalmatia. The duomo dates from the thirteenth century, but has been twice enlarged. It is not large now, but small and high, dim, full of the smell of stale incense, blackened by age, almost strangely silent, almost strangely secluded. In the choir is a deep well with an old well-head. There are many tombs in the pavement. The finely carved pulpit, with its little lion, and the fifteenth-century choir-stalls are well worth seeing, and the roof of the

chapel of St. Giovanni Orsini, which contains a great marble tomb, has been made wonderful by age, like an old face made wonderful by wrinkles. But Radovan's doorway is certainly the marvel of Trau. In color it is a rich, deep, dusty brown, and it is elaborately and splendidly carved with two big lions, with Adam on a lion and with Eve on a lioness. The lioness is grasping a lamb. There is a multiplicity of other detail. The two big lions, which stick out on each side of the round-arched doorway, as if about to step forth into the alleys of Trau, have a fine air of life, though they both look tame. Their mouths are open, but almost smiling.

When you leave the duomo, wander through the Venetian streets of this wonderful little island city, where Gothic windows and beautifully carved balconies look out to, bear forth to, the calm, blue waters, edged by the red and the gold of the vines. For this place is unique and has a unique charm. Peace dwells here, and beauty has found a quiet abiding-place, where it lingers, and will linger, I hope, for many centuries yet, girdled by olive-groves, by vineyards, by sun-kissed waters, guarded by the lions of Venice.

From Spalato I visited the white ruins of Salona, where the Emperor Diocletian was born, and near which, in his palace at Spalato, he spent the last eight years of his life, cultivating his garden and seeking after philosophy, and, let us hope, repenting of his bitter persecution of the Christians. From the hill, on the site of the Basilica Urbana, I saw one of those frigid and almost terrible lemon sunsets which come with the wind of the dead. I stayed till night despite the intense cold, till the fragments of the city, scattered far over the sloping ground above the riviera of the Sette Castelli, and creeping up to the solitary dwelling-house built by Professor Bulic of old Roman stones, took on sad and unnatural pallor in the darkness, till lonely columns stood up like watching specters, and fragments of wall were like specters crouching. For a long while the lemon hue persisted in the western sky, and the voice of the wind rose with the night, crying among the burial-places.

A few hours' voyage on a splendid ship, and you step ashore at Gravosa, the port for Ragusa, the most popular place in Dalmatia, and in many ways the most attractive. For it is embowered in woods and gardens, contains remarkable old buildings, is girdled about by tremendous fortress walls, and by forts perched on bastions of rock overlooking the sea and the isle of Lacroma, where Richard Cœur de Lion touched land and founded a monastery, is thoroughly and deliciously medieval, yet full of Slav and Austrian life, possesses a railway-station, many well-built villas, and a good hotel, and is surrounded by delightful country. Perhaps in all Dalmatia Ragusa is the best center from which to take long walks and make expeditions. It is cheery, cozy, and wonderful at the same time. The terrific walls of the fortress do not appal or overwhelm, for all about them cluster the gardens. Ivy climbs over the archways. In what was once a moat the grass grows thickly, the flowers bloom, and many trees give shade. This is a medieval paradise, and its inhabitants have reason to rejoice in it and to say there is no place like it.

Though small, it is intricate. At every moment one is surprised by some unexpected view, by some marvel of masonry, militant or ecclesiastical, by a fountain or a statue, an old doorway, a courtyard, a campanile, an exquisite façade, with arches and lovely columns, balconies and carved window-frames; by cloister, a strange alley ending in flights of steps which lead to a mountain from which a fort looks down, by a secret harbor or a secret garden or a little magical grove nestling beneath a protecting wall which dates from the Middle Ages, when Ragusa was a proud republic.

Was Burne-Jones ever in Ragusa? It is like one of the little enchanted towns he loved to paint in the background of his pictures. Was William Morris ever there? It is like a city in one of his poems. It is full of churches, and their towers are full of bells. Monks and priests pass perpetually through the narrow streets with smartly dressed Austrian soldiers. And military music, the triumph of bugles and trumpets, the beat or rattle of drums, joins with the drowsy sound of church organs and the old voices of clocks chiming the hours to make the symphony of Ragusa. Men and women from the Breno Valley, from Canali the golden, where oaks grow among the rocks, and the autumn vineyards are a wonder forever to

haunt the memory, from Melada and the Stag Islands, from the Ombla and Herzegovina, pass all day down "the Stradone," stroll in the Brsalje, a piazza with mulberry-trees overlooking the sea, talk by the Amerling fountain, or sit on the wall by Porta Pille under the statue of San Biagio, the patron saint of the town. And each one is in a picturesque, perhaps even a brilliant, costume. The men often wear long chains, and carry handsomely chased weapons and long, elaborate pipes. Some have sheepskins flung jauntily over their shoulders, and bright-red caps. The women wear golden ornaments, embroidered jackets, and marvelous aprons almost like prayer-rugs, handsome pins, pleated head-dresses, bright-colored handkerchiefs or tiny caps, coins hanging on chains over their thickly plaited hair.

The chief hotels, the villas, and the railway-station, where a row of victorias is drawn up,—for this is no Zara, but a city which believes that it "moves with the times,"—lie among roses, oleanders, single rhododendrons, trees, and masses of luxuriant vegetation outside Porta Pille. As soon as you have passed beneath San Biagio and descended the hill, you are in a bright, medieval world, in the heart of one of the most original and fascinating little cities that exist in Europe.

On the left of the Stradone, the chief street and the newest, between two and three hundred years old, at right angles to it, shadowed by tall and ancient houses, tiny alleys, ending in steep flights of steps, lead up toward the mountain. On the flat to its right is a happy maze of alleys, clean, strange, old, yet never sad. A delicious cheerfulness reigns in Ragusa. From the dimness of venerable doorways smiling faces look forth. They lean down from carved stone balconies. Gay voices chatter at the foot of frowning walls, huge bastions, mighty watch-towers, before the statue of Roland, near the Dogana which has a loggia and Gothic windows, by the fine and massive Onofrio fountain, which for over four hundred and seventy years has given water to the inhabitants, among the doves by Porta Place, which leads to the harbor. The wide, but intimate, Stradone toward noon and evening is thronged with cheerful and neatly dressed citizens strolling to and fro in the soft air between the delicious little shops full of fine rugs, weapons, chains, and filigree ornaments.

Opposite the fountain of Onofrio are the church, monastery, and cloisters of the Franciscans, with a courtyard and an old pharmacy containing some wonderful vases. At the east end of the Stradone, away to the right, are the church of San Biagio, the cathedral, and the Palazzo dei Rettori. On the other side of the street are the military hospital and the church of the Jesuits. Not far away is the Dominican monastery.

Of these the most remarkable is the rector's palace. But the cloisters of the Franciscans are beautiful and hold an extraordinary charm and peace. The rector's palace is a noble Renaissance building, with a courtyard containing a very handsome staircase, and with a really splendid fifteenth-century colonnade fronting the piazza. The carving of the capitals of the columns is wonderfully effective. Three are said to be inferior to the remaining four, which were the work of an architect of Naples, Onofrio. But all are remarkable. The little winged boys have a tenderness and liveliness, a softness and activity, which are quite exquisite. The windows of Venetian Gothic are beautiful, and the whole effect of this façade, with its carved doorway, the round arches, richly dark, with notes of white, the two tiers of stone seats raised one above the other, and the double rows of windows, square and arched, in the shadow of the colonnade, is absolutely noble.

The cathedral is not very interesting, and the "Assumption" over the high altar, though attributed to Titian, cannot be by him. Much more attractive is a copy of the Madonna della Sedia of Raphael. The treasury contains some remarkable jewels and silver and many relics.

In the Dominican church there is a genuine Titian, and there are some very curious and interesting pictures by Nicolo Ragusano, a painter of Ragusa who lived in the fifteenth century. The cloisters contain a white well-head, guarded by graceful columns, orange-trees, and flowers, above which peer the small windows of the monks. But if one had to be a monk in Ragusa, surely it would be wise to cast in your lot with the Franciscans at the other end of the street, whose Roman-

esque fourteenth-century cloisters with octagonal columns are quite beautiful and in excellent preservation. The capitals of the columns are carved with animals. Palms flourish there, and roses. Above a terrace, with a wonderful balustrade—a series of tiny arches resting on tiny columns, a sort of stone echo of the arches and columns below,—runs all round the court. The peace is profound, but not sad. As one lingers there one can understand, indeed one can scarcely help understanding, the very peculiar charm which must often attach to the monkish life.

Ragusa contains some nine thousand inhabitants. One of them remarked that eight hundred of these were ecclesiastics. And he was unsympathetic enough to add, "E molto troppo!" Perhaps his statement was untrue. But certainly the ways of Ragusa swarm with religious. Nevertheless,—one thinks of Rome, with its crowds of priests and its crowds of free-thinkers,—the inhabitants of Ragusa seem to be very devout. In almost all of the many churches, at all times of the day, people may be found praying, meditating, telling their beads, worshiping at shrines of the saints.

Around Ragusa there are many beautiful walks, on Lacroma, on Lapad by Gravosa, on Monte Sergio, on Monte Petka. A really superb drive is the expedition to Castelnuovo in the Bocche di Cattaro, along the Dalmatian riviera, which is as fine as almost any part of the French riviera, and which is still wild and natural, not yet turned into a vanity-box. Those who take this glorious drive will cross the frontier into Herzegovina, and, best of all, they will pass by the wonderful vineyards of Canali, which roll in waves of gold to the very feet of a chain of naked and savage mountains.

The voyage from Ragusa to Cattaro is one of the finest in Europe. The entrance into the bocche, the journey through them, and the arrival at Cattaro, hidden away, like some precious thing that must not be revealed to the dull gaze of the ordinary world, almost, but mercifully not quite, under the giant shadow of the Black Mountain, make for the voyager what comes to seem at length a deliberately planned, and triumphantly carried out, scenic crescendo, which closes in sheer magic.

The coast of Dalmatia is guarded by chains of islands and is pierced by many long and narrow inlets. During the voyage from Triest or Fiume to the extreme south of the country, the ship, often for many hours, seems to be traveling over a series of lakes. Rarely does she emerge into open water. But between Gravosa and the bocche there is open sea. Nature has not neglected to make her preparations. She gives you the stretch of open sea as a contrast to what is coming. And just when you are beginning to feel its monotony, the prow of the vessel veers to the left, seems to be sensitively searching for some unseen opening in the rugged coast. She finds that opening between Punta d'Ostro and Punta d'Arza, leaving the little isle of Rondoni, with its round, yellow fort, on the right and the open sea behind.

The mountains which guard the bocche are nearly six thousand feet high, bare, cruelly precipitous, in color a peculiar, almost ashy, gray. When you are at a long distance from them they seem to descend sheer into the water; but as you draw nearer over the waveless sea, you find that along their bases runs a strip of beautiful fertile country, green, thickly wooded in many places, with gay little villages set among radiant gardens, with a white highroad, along which peasants are passing. There is Castelnuovo on its hill among leafy groves, with its old, narrow fortress on the rock fought for by Turks and Venetians; near by is Zelenika; and there another large fortress, with the Austrian flag above it. The sensitive prow of the ship veers again, this time to the southeast, where the ash-gray precipices surely hold the sea forever in check. But the ship knows better. The Canale di Kumbur shows itself, leading to the splendid Bay of Teodo surreptitiously observed from afar by the mountains of Montenegro. If you held your breath and listened, might you not hear the boom of guns by the lake of Scutari? All sense of being at sea fades from you as the ship penetrates ever more deeply into the secret recesses of the mountains. This is like superb lake scenery, austere, grand, almost terrible, and yet radiant. Nature is even coquettish on this perfect morning of autumn, for in these remoter regions she has cast a swathe of the lightest and whitest possible mist, like one of those scarfs of Tunis, over the culti-

vated land which edges the precipices. As the ship draws near, the mist seems to disperse in a sparkle of gold, revealing intimate beauties, full of charming detail: a little Byzantine church with a pale-green cupola, a priest in a sunny garden leaning over a creeper-covered wall, white horses trotting briskly along a curly, white road, soldiers marching through a village with a faint beat of drums, children perhaps going to school through a riot of green. But the mist is ever there in the distance, part of the spirit of autumn.

Do not miss the tiny twin islands with their two little churches. One of them, Santa Maria dello Scalpello, is a place of pilgrimage. Old, gray, minute, yet dignified, with its few tall cypresses about it, it so completely covers the island that you see only a church with cypresses apparently floating upon the water. Now there is a scatter of ivory-white birds on the steel-colored surface, a glint of powder-blue on the ridges made by the ship. Marvelous harmonies of pearl color, gray, and blue, with here and there faint dashes of primrose-yellow, make magic in the distance before you. This is really an enchanted place, home of a peace that seems touched with eternity. And the ship creeps on, as if fearing perhaps to disturb it, farther and farther into places more secret still, and of a peace even more profound, till the pearl color and the gray, with their hints of yellow and blue, begin to give way to another dominion. The last bay has been gained. The secret of Cattaro is to be at length revealed. Through the wondrous delicacies of the now rather suggested than actually seen mist, and above them, dawns a marvelous pageant of autumn, which bears a curiously exact resemblance to one of Turner's superb visions.

It is like a dream, but a dream of ardor and power, in which browns, reds, russets, greens, and many shades of gold and of yellow march together from the circle of the waters through climbing valleys to the mountains, which here at last give pause to the sea. And bells are ringing in this great, this triumphant dream. And now surely faint outlines are becoming visible, as of turrets and cupolas striving to break in glory through the mist. The fires of autumn glow more fiercely, like a furnace fanned. Trails of smoke show here and there. Mist, smoke, and fire—it is like a grand conflagration. The turrets reveal themselves as great groups of trees. But the smoke rises from household fires. The cupolas are cupolas of churches, and the bells are the bells of Cattaro, calling from this vale of enchantment to the cannon which are thundering before Scutari beyond the mountains of Montenegro.

(To be continued)

Drawn by Joseph Pennell

CASTELNUOVO

T. TEMBAROM

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

Author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's," "The Shuttle," etc

WITH DECORATIVE PICTURES BY CHARLES S. CHAPMAN

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

T. TEMBAROM, son of a discontented immigrant Englishman and a little seamstress, is left in New York, when both die, a lad of ten, the world spreading itself before him as a place to explore in search of one meal a day at least.

By the time he is twenty-two he has fought his way up to the office of the Sunday "Earth." A turn of luck gives him a vague chance of becoming an "up-town society" reporter.

In Mrs. Bowse's boarding-house, where he lives, he meets "Little Ann" Hutchinson, daughter of a disgruntled Manchester inventor. She is an unsentimental, practical little person of much quiet resource. Tembarom can gather material, but cannot write. Little Ann labors with him in the elimination of floridity of style. Late one night, returning from Harlem, Tembarom meets with a weird adventure. He finds in a vacant lot a man who has lost all memory of his identity, and who clings to him desperately, and finally begs him to keep for him a roll of money. The hour being late and the night stormy, Tembarom takes him home and shares his room with him.

On the night when Galton, Tembarom's editor, is to decide whether the aspirant society reporter has "made good," there is to be an oyster-stew supper in the Hutchinson rooms to celebrate his increase in salary, and also as a farewell to the Hutchinsons, who are returning in despair to England. It is interrupted by the arrival of a stiff, chill-mannered old solicitor, a Mr. Palford of the firm of Palford & Grimby, Lincoln's Inn, who comes to make a singular revelation. Tembarom says it "sounds like a turn in a vaudeville." Out of a clear sky comes the bolt—the news that the name Tembarom is an evolution from a more stately one, and that through his father's long-ignored distant relationship he has inherited the estate of Temple Barholm in Lancashire.

The solicitor explains the necessity of the immediate departure of the lord of the manor for the other side. Tem decides to take "Strangeways" with him, but cannot persuade "Little Ann" to defer the Hutchinsons' sailing and cross in the same steamer with him. He asks her to marry him but she, being a practical little person and knowing something of the life his change of fortune will involve him in, refuses to listen until he has "found out for himself what no one else can find out for him" and is sure that she is the kind of girl he really needs. Every one on Tem's steamer is familiar with the story of the "lost heir," but Tem keeps a good deal to his stateroom with Strangeways.

CHAPTER X

THE necessary business in London having been transacted, Tembarom went north to take possession of the home of his forefathers. It had rained for two days before he left London, and it rained steadily all the way to Lancashire, and was raining steadily when he reached Temple Barholm. He had never seen such rain before. It was the quiet, unmoved persistence of it which amazed him. As he sat in the railroad carriage and watched the slanting lines of its unabating downpour, he felt that Mr. Palford must inevitably make some remark upon it. But Mr. Palford continued to read his newspapers undisturbedly, as though the condition of atmosphere surrounding him were entirely accustomed and natural. It was of course necessary and proper that he should accompany his client to his destination, but the circumstances of the case made the whole situation quite abnormal. Throughout the centuries each Temple Barholm had succeeded to his estate in a natural and conventional manner. He had either been welcomed or resented by his neighbors, his tenants, and his family, and proper and fitting ceremonies had been observed. But here was an heir whom nobody knew, whose very existence nobody had even suspected, a young man who had been an outcast in the streets of the huge American city of which lurid descriptions are given. Even in New York he could have produced no circle other than Mrs. Bowse's boarding-house and the objects of interest to the up-town page, so he brought no one with him; for Strangeways seemed to have been mysteriously disposed of after their arrival in London.

Never had Palford & Grimby on their hands a client who seemed so entirely alone. What, Mr. Palford asked himself, would he do in the enormity of Temple Barholm, which always struck one as being a place almost without limit. But that, after all, was neither here nor there. There he was. You cannot undertake to provide a man with relatives if he has none, or with acquaintances if people do not want to know him. His past having been so extraordinary, the neighborhood would naturally be rather shy of him. At first, through mere force of custom and respect for an old name, punctilious, if somewhat alarmed, politeness would be shown by most people; but after the first calls all would depend upon how much people could stand of the man himself.

The aspect of the country on a wet winter's day was not enlivening. The leafless and dripping hedges looked like bundles of sticks; the huge trees, which in June would be majestic bowers of greenery, now held out great skeleton arms, which seemed to menace both earth and sky. Heavy-faced laborers tramped along muddy lanes; cottages with soaked bits of dead gardens looked like hovels; big, melancholy cart-horses, dragging jolting carts along the country roads, hung their heads as they splashed through the mire.

As Tembarom had known few persons who had ever been out of America, he had not heard that England was beautiful, and he saw nothing which led him to suspect its charms. London had impressed him as gloomy, dirty, and behind the times despite its pretensions; the country struck him as "the limit." Hully gee! was he going to be expected to spend his life in this! Should he be obliged to spend his life in it? He 'd find that out pretty quick, and then, if there was no hard-and-fast law against it, him for little old New York again, if he had to give up the whole thing and live on ten per. If he had been a certain kind of youth, his discontent would have got the better of him, and he might have talked a good deal to Mr. Palford and said many disparaging things.

"But the man was born here," he reflected. "I guess he does n't know anything else, and thinks it 's all right. I 've heard of English fellows who did n't like New York. He looks like that kind."

He had supplied himself with newspapers and tried to read them. Their contents were as unexciting as the rain-sodden landscape. There were no head-lines likely to arrest any man's attention. There was a lot about Parliament and the Court, and one of them had a column or two about what lords and ladies were doing, a sort of English up-town or down-town page.

He knew the stuff, but there was no snap in it, and there were no photographs or descriptions of dresses. Galton would

have turned it down. He could never have made good if he had done no better than that. He grinned to himself when he read that the king had taken a drive and that a baby prince had the measles.

"I wonder what they 'd think of the Sunday 'Earth,' " he mentally inquired.

He would have been much at sea if he had discovered what they really would have thought of it. They passed through smoke-vomiting manufacturing towns, where he saw many legs seemingly bearing about umbrellas, but few entire people; they whizzed smoothly past drenched suburbs, wet woodlands, and endless-looking, brown moors, covered with dead bracken and bare and prickly gorse. He thought these last great desolate stretches worse than all the rest.

But the railroad carriage was luxuriously upholstered and comfortable, though one could not walk about and stretch his legs. In the afternoon Mr. Palford ordered in tea, and plainly expected him to drink two cups and eat thin bread and butter. He felt inclined to laugh, though the tea was all right, and so was the bread and butter, and he did not fail his companion in any respect. The inclination to laugh was aroused by the thought of what Jim Bowles and Julius would say if they could see old T. T. with nothing to do at 4:30 but put in cream and sugar, as though he were at a tea-party on Fifth Avenue.

But, gee! this rain did give him the Willies. If he was going to be sorry for himself, he might begin right now. But he was n't. He was going to see this thing through.

The train had been continuing its smooth whir through fields, wooded lands, and queer, dead-and-alive little villages for some time before it drew up at last at a small station. Bereft by the season of its garden bloom and green creepers, it looked a bare and uninviting little place. On the two benches against the wall of the platform a number of women sat huddled together in the dampness. Several of them held children in their laps, and all stared very hard, nudging one another as he descended from the train. A number of rustics stood about the platform, giving it a somewhat crowded air. It struck Tembarom that, for an out-of-the-way place, there seemed to be a good many travelers, and he wondered if they could all be going away. He did not know that they were the curious element among such as lived in the immediate neighborhood of the station and had come out merely to see him on his first appearance. Several of them touched their hats as he went by, and he supposed they knew Palford and were saluting him. Each of them was curious, but no one was in a particularly welcoming mood. There was, indeed, no reason for anticipating enthusiasm. It was, however, but human nature that the bucolic mind should bestir itself a little in the desire to obtain a view of a Temple Barholm who had earned his living by blacking boots and selling newspapers, unknowing that he was "one o' th' gentry."

When he stepped from his first-class carriage, Tembarom found himself confronted by a very straight, clean-faced, and well-built young man, who wore a long, fawn-colored livery coat with claret facings and silver buttons. He touched his cockaded hat, and at once took up the Gladstone bags. Tembarom knew that he was a footman because he had seen something like him outside restaurants, theaters, and shops in New York, but he was not sure whether he ought to touch his own hat or not. He slightly lifted it from his head to show there was no ill feeling, and then followed him and Mr. Palford to the carriage waiting for them. It was a severe but sumptuous equipage, and the coachman was as well dressed and well built as the footman. Tembarom took his place in it with many mental reservations.

"What are the illustrations on the doors?" he inquired.

"The Temple Barholm coat of arms," Mr. Palford answered. "The people at the station are your tenants. Members of the family of the stout man with the broad hat have lived as yeoman farmers on your land for three hundred years."

They went on their way, with more rain, more rain, more dripping hedges, more soaked fields, and more bare, huge-armed trees. *Clop, clop, clop,* sounded the horse's hoofs along the road, and from his corner of the carriage Mr. Palford tried to make polite conversation. Faces peered out of the windows of the cottages, sometimes a whole family group of faces, all crowded together, eager to look, from the

r with a baby in her arms to the old
ır woman, plainly grandfather or
nother—sharp, childishly round, or
l old eyes, all excited and anxious
h glimpses.
ıey are very curious to see you,"
Ir. Palford. "Those two laborers
ıching their hats to you. It will be
l to recognize their salute."
a number of the cottage doors the
stood upon the threshold and
d foreheads or curtsied. Tembarom
l again and again, and more than
ıis friendly grin showed itself. It
him feel queer to drive along, turn-
ım side to side to acknowledge obei-
as he had seen a well-known mili-
ero acknowledge them as he drove
Broadway.
: chief street of the village of Tem-
arholm wandered almost within
; distance of the great entrance to
rk. The gates were supported by
e pillars, on which crouched huge
griffins. Tembarom felt that they
savagely over his head as he was
toward them as for inspection, and
lainful silence allowed to pass be-
them as they stood on guard, appar-
with the haughtiest mental reserva-

: park through which the long ave-
ılled concealed its beauty to the un-
ɔmed eye, showing only more bare
nd sodden stretches of brown grass.
ouse itself, as it loomed up out of the
ıing rain-mist, appalled Tembarom
size and gloomily gray massiveness.
: it was spread a broad terrace of
guarded by more griffins of even
disdainful aspect than those watch-
er the gates. The stone noses held
:lves rigidly in the air as the re-
of the up-town society page passed
Mr. Palford up a flight of steps
enough to make him feel as though
re going to church. Footmen with
red heads received him at the car-
door, seemed to assist him to move,
one foot before the other for him,
nd in rows as though they were a
ry guard ready to take him into cus-

:n he was inside, standing in an
ous hall filled with furnishings such
had never seen or heard of before.
d oak, suits of armor, stone urns,

portraits, another flight of church steps mounting upward to surrounding galleries, stained-glass windows, tigers' and lions' heads, horns of tremendous size, strange and beautiful weapons, suggested to him that the dream he had been living in for weeks had never before been so much a dream. He had walked about as in a vision, but among familiar surroundings. Mrs. Bowse's boarders and his hall bedroom had helped him to retain some hold over actual existence. But here the reverently saluting villages staring at him through windows as though he were General Grant, the huge, stone entrance, the drive of what seemed to be ten miles through the park, the gloomy mass of architecture looming up, the regiment of liveried men-servants, with respectfully lowered but excitedly curious eyes, the dark and solemn richness inclosing and claiming him—all this created an atmosphere wholly unreal. As he had not known books, its parallel had not been suggested to him by literature. He had literally not heard that such things existed. Selling newspapers and giving every moment to the struggle for life or living, one did not come within the range of splendors. He had indeed awakened in that other world of which he had spoken. And though he had heard that there was another world, he had had neither time nor opportunity to make mental pictures of it. His life so far had expressed itself in another language of figures. The fact that he had in his veins the blood of the Norman lords and Saxon kings may or may not have had something to do with the fact that he was not abashed, but bewildered. The same factor may or may not have aided him to preserve a certain stoic, outward composure. Who knows what remote influences express themselves in common acts of modern common life? As Cassivellaunus observed his surroundings as he followed in captive chains his conqueror's triumphal car through the streets of Rome, so the keen-eyed product of New York pavement life "took in" all about him. Existence had forced upon him the habit of sharp observance. The fundamental working law of things had expressed itself in the simple colloquialism, "Keep your eye skinned, and don't give yourself away." In what phrases the parallel of this concise advice formulated

itself in 55 B.C. no classic has yet exactly informed us, but doubtless something like it was said in ancient Rome. Tembarom did not give himself away, and he took rapid, if uncertain, inventory of people and things. He remarked, for instance, that Palford's manner of speaking to a servant was totally different from the manner he used in addressing himself. It was courteous, but remote, as though he spoke across an accepted chasm to beings of another race. There was no hint of incivility in it, but also no hint of any possibility that it could occur to the person addressed to hesitate or resent. It was a subtle thing, and Tembarom wondered how he did it.

They were shown into a room the walls of which seemed built of books; the furniture was rich and grave and luxuriously comfortable. A fire blazed as well as glowed in a fine chimney, and a table near it was set with a glitter of splendid silver urn and equipage for tea.

"Mrs. Butterworth was afraid you might not have been able to get tea, sir," said the man-servant, who did not wear livery, but whose butler's air of established authority was more impressive than any fawn color and claret enriched with silver could have encompassed.

Tea again? Perhaps one was obliged to drink it at regular intervals. Tembarom for a moment did not awaken to the fact that the man was speaking to him, as the master from whom orders came. He glanced at Mr. Palford.

"Mr. Temple Barholm had tea after we left Crowly," Mr. Palford said. "He will no doubt wish to go to his room at once, Burrill."

"Yes, sir," said Burrill, with that note of entire absence of comment with which Tembarom later became familiar. "Pearson is waiting."

It was not unnatural to wonder who Pearson was and why he was waiting, but Tembarom knew he would find out. There was a slight relief on realizing that tea was not imperative. He and Mr. Palford were led through the hall again. The carriage had rolled away, and two footmen, who were talking confidentially together, at once stood at attention. The staircase was more imposing as one mounted it than it appeared as one looked at it from below. Its breadth made Tembarom wish to lay a hand on a balustrade, which seemed a mile away. He had never particularly wished to touch balustrades before. At the head of the first flight hung an enormous piece of tapestry, its forest and hunters and falconers awakening Tembarom's curiosity, as it looked wholly unlike any picture he had ever seen in a shop-window. There were pictures everywhere, and none of them looked like chromos. Most of the people in the portraits were in fancy dress. Rumors of a New York millionaire ball had given him some vague idea of fancy dress. A lot of them looked like freaks. He caught glimpses of corridors lighted by curious, high, deep windows with leaded panes. It struck him that there was no end to the place, and that there must be rooms enough in it for a hotel.

"The tapestry chamber, of course, Burrill," he heard Mr. Palford say in a low tone.

"Yes, sir. Mr. Temple Barholm always used it."

A few yards farther on a door stood open, revealing an immense room, rich and gloomy with tapestry-covered walls and dark oak furniture. A bed which looked to Tembarom incredibly big, with its carved oak canopy and massive posts, had a presiding personality of its own. It was mounted by steps, and its hangings and coverlid were of embossed velvet, time-softened to the perfection of purples and blues. A fire enriched the color of everything, and did its best to drive the shadows away. Deep windows opened either into the leafless boughs of close-growing trees or upon outspread spaces of heavily timbered park, where gaunt, though magnificent, bare branches menaced and defied. A slim, neat young man, with a rather pale face and a touch of anxiety in his expression, came forward at once.

"This is Pearson, who will valet you," exclaimed Mr. Palford.

"Thank you, sir," said Pearson in a low, respectful voice. His manner was correctness itself.

There seemed to Mr. Palford to be really nothing else to say. He wanted, in fact, to get to his own apartment and have a hot bath and a rest before dinner.

"Where am I, Burrill?" he inquired as he turned to go down the corridor.

"The crimson room, sir," answered

Burrill, and he closed the door of the tapestry chamber and shut Tembarom in alone with Pearson.

CHAPTER XI

FOR a few moments the two young men looked at each other, Pearson's gaze being one of respectfulness which hoped to propitiate, if propitiation was necessary, though Pearson greatly trusted it was not. Tembarom's was the gaze of hasty investigation and inquiry. He suddenly thought that it would have been "all to the merry" if somebody had "put him on to" a sort of idea of what was done to a fellow when he was "valeted." A valet, he had of course gathered, waited on one somehow and looked after one's clothes. But were there by chance other things he expected to do,—manicure one's nails or cut one's hair,—and how often did he do it, and was this the day? He was evidently there to do something, or he would n't have been waiting behind the door to pounce out the minute he appeared, and when the other two went away, Burrill would n't have closed the door as solemnly as though he shut the pair of them in together to get through some sort of performance.

"Here 's where T. T. begins to feel like a fool," he thought. "And here 's where there 's no way out of looking like one. I don't know a thing."

But personal vanity was not so strong in him as healthy and normal good temper. Despite the fact that the neat correctness of Pearson's style and the finished expression of his neat face suggested that he was of a class which knew with the most finished exactness all that custom and propriety demanded on any occasion on which "valeting" in its most occult branches might be done, he was only "another fellow," after all, and must be human. So Tembarom smiled at him.

"Hello, Pearson," he said. "How are you?"

Pearson slightly started. It was the tiniest possible start, quite involuntary, from which he recovered instantly, to reply in a tone of respectful gratefulness:

"Thank you, sir, very well; thank you, sir."

"That 's all right," answered Tembarom, a sense of relief because he 'd "got started" increasing the friendliness of his smile. "I see you got my trunk open," he said, glancing at some articles of clothing neatly arranged upon the bed.

Pearson was slightly alarmed. It occurred to him suddenly that perhaps it was not the custom in America to open a gentleman's box and lay out his clothes for him. For special reasons he was desperately anxious to keep his place, and above all things he felt he must avoid giving offense by doing things which, by being too English, might seem to cast shades of doubt on the entire correctness of the customs of America. He had known ill feeling to arise between "gentlemen's gentlemen" in the servants' hall in the case of slight differences in customs, contested with a bitterness of feeling which had made them almost an international question. There had naturally been a great deal of talk about the new Mr. Temple Barholm and what might be expected of him. When a gentleman was *not* a gentleman,—this was the form of expression in "the hall," —the Lord only knew what would happen. And this one, who had, for all one knew, been born in a workhouse, and had been a boot-black kicked about in

American streets,—they did not know Tembarom,—and nearly starved to death, and found at last in a low lodging-house, what could he know about decent living? And ten to one he 'd be American enough to swagger and bluster and pretend he knew everything better than any one else, and lose his temper frightfully when he made mistakes, and try to make other people seem to blame. Set a beggar on horseback, and who did n't know what he was? There were chances enough and to spare that not one of them would be able to stand it, and that in a month's time they would all be looking for new places.

So while Tembarom was rather afraid of Pearson and moved about in an awful state of uncertainty, Pearson was horribly afraid of Tembarom, and was, in fact, in such a condition of nervous anxiety that he was obliged more than once furtively to apply to his damp, pale young forehead his exceedingly fresh and spotless pocket-handkerchief.

In the first place, there was the wardrobe. What *could* he do? How could he approach the subject with sufficient delicacy? Mr. Temple Barholm had brought with him only a steamer trunk and a Gladstone bag, the latter evidently bought in London, to be stuffed with hastily purchased handkerchiefs and shirts, worn as they came out of the shop, and as evidently bought without the slightest idea of the kind of linen a gentleman should own. What most terrified Pearson, who was of a timid and most delicate-minded nature, was that having the workhouse and the boot-blacking as a background, the new Mr. Temple Barholm *could n't* know, as all this had come upon him so suddenly. And was it to be Pearson's calamitous duty to explain to him that he had *nothing*, that he apparently *knew* nothing, and that as he had no friends who knew, a mere common servant must educate him, if he did not wish to see him derided and looked down upon and actually "cut" by gentlemen that *were* gentlemen? All this to say nothing of Pearson's own well-earned reputation for knowledge of custom, intelligence, and deftness in turning out the objects of his care in such form as to be a reference in themselves when a new place was wanted. Of course sometimes there were even real gentlemen who were most careless and indifferent to appearance, and who, if left to themselves, would buy garments which made the blood run cold when one realized that his own character and hopes for the future often depended upon his latest employer's outward aspect. But the ulster in which Mr. Temple Barholm had presented himself was of a cut and material such as Pearson's most discouraged moments had never forced him to contemplate. The limited wardrobe in the steamer trunk was all new and all equally bad. There was no evening dress, no proper linen,—not what Pearson called "proper,"—no proper toilet appurtenances. What was Pearson called upon by duty to do? If he had only had the initiative to anticipate this, he might have asked permission to consult in darkest secrecy with Mr. Palford. But he had never dreamed of such a situation, and apparently he would be obliged to send his new charge down to his first dinner in the majestically decorous dining-room, "before all the servants," in a sort of speckled tweed cutaway, with a brown necktie.

Tembarom, realizing without delay that Pearson did not expect to be talked to and being cheered by the sight of the fire, sat down before it in an easy-chair the like of which for luxurious comfort he had never known. He was, in fact, waiting for developments. Pearson would say or do something shortly which would give him a chance to "catch on," or perhaps he 'd go out of the room and leave him to himself, which would be a thing to thank God for. Then he could wash his face and hands, brush his hair, and wait till the dinner-bell rang. They 'd be likely to have one. They 'd have to in a place like this.

But Pearson did not go out of the room. He moved about behind him for a short time with footfall so almost entirely soundless that Tembarom became aware that, if it went on long, he should be nervous; in fact, he was nervous already. He wanted to know what he was doing. He could scarcely resist the temptation to turn his head and look; but he did not want to give himself away more entirely than was unavoidable, and, besides, instinct told him that he might frighten Pearson, who looked frightened enough, in a neat and well-mannered way, already. Hully gee! how he wished he would go out of the room!

But he did not. There were gently gliding footsteps of Pearson behind him, quiet movements which would have seemed stealthy if they had been a burglar's, soft removals of articles from one part of the room to another, delicate brushings, and almost noiseless foldings. Now Pearson was near the bed, now he had opened a wardrobe, now he was looking into the steamer trunk, now he had stopped somewhere behind him, within a few yards of his chair. Why had he ceased moving? What was he looking at? What kept him quiet?

Tembarom expected him to begin stirring mysteriously again; but he did not. Why did he not? There reigned in the room entire silence; no soft footfalls, no brushing, no folding. Was he doing nothing? Had he got hold of something which had given him a fit? There had been no sound of a fall; but perhaps even if an English valet had a fit, he 'd have it so quietly and respectfully that one would n't hear it. Tembarom felt that he must be looking at the back of his head, and he wondered what was the matter with it. Was his hair cut in a way so un-English that it had paralyzed him? The back of his head began to creep under an investigation so prolonged. No sound at all, no movement. Tembarom stealthily took out his watch—good old Waterbury he was n't going to part with—and began to watch the minute-hand. If nothing happened in three minutes he was going to turn round. One—two—three—and the silence made it seem fifteen. He returned his Waterbury to his pocket and turned round.

Pearson was not dead. He was standing quite still and resigned, waiting. It was his business to wait, not to intrude or disturb, and having put everything in order and done all he could do, he was waiting for further commands—in some suspense, it must be admitted.

"Hello!" exclaimed Tembarom, involuntarily.

"Shall I get your bath ready, sir?" inquired Pearson. "Do you like it hot or cold, sir?"

Tembarom drew a relieved breath. He had n't dropped dead and he had n't had a fit, and here was one of the things a man did when he valeted you—he got your bath ready. A hasty recollection of the much-used, paint-smeared tin bath on the fourth floor of Mrs. Bowse's boarding-house sprang up before him. Everybody had to use it in turn, and you waited hours for the chance to make a dash into it. No one stood still and waited fifteen minutes until you got good and ready to tell him he could go and turn on the water. Gee whizz!

Being relieved himself, he relieved Pearson by telling him he might "fix it" for him, and that he would have hot water.

"Very good, sir. Thank you, sir," said Pearson, and silently left the room.

Then Tembarom got up from his chair and began to walk about rather restlessly. A new alarm seized him. Did Pearson expect to *wash* him or to stand round and hand him soap and towels and things while he washed himself?

If it was supposed that you had n't the strength to turn the faucets yourself, it might be supposed you did n't have the energy to use a flesh-brush and towels. Did valeting include a kind of shampoo all over?

"I could n't stand for that," he said. "I 'd have to tell him there 'd been no Turkish baths in mine, and I 'm not trained up to them. When I 've got on to this kind of thing a bit more, I 'll make him understand what I 'm *not* in for; but I don't want to scare the life out of him right off. He looks like a good little fellow."

But Pearson's duties as valet did not apparently include giving him his bath by sheer physical force. He was deft, calm, amenable. He led Tembarom down the corridor to the bath-room, revealed to him stores of sumptuous bath-robes and towels, hot- and cold-water faucets, sprays, and tonic essences. He forgot nothing, and, having prepared all, mutely vanished, and returned to the bedroom to wait—and gaze in troubled wonder at the speckled tweed cutaway. There was an appalling possibility—he was aware that he was entirely ignorant of American customs—that tweed was the fashionable home evening wear in the States. Tembarom, returning from his bath much refreshed after a warm plunge and a cold shower, evidently felt that as a costume it was all that could be desired.

"Will you wear—these, sir,—this evening?" Pearson suggested.

It was suggestive of more than actual inquiry. If he had dared to hope that his manner might suggest a number of things! For instance, that in England gentlemen really did n't wear tweed in the evening even in private. That through some unforeseen circumstance his employer's evening-dress suit had been delayed, but would of course arrive to-morrow!

But Tembarom, physically stimulated by hot and cold water, and relief at being left alone, was beginning to recover his natural buoyancy.

"Yes, I 'll wear 'em," he answered, snatching at his hair-brush and beginning to brush his damp hair. It was a wooden-backed brush that Pearson had found in his Gladstone bag and shudderingly laid in readiness on the dressing-table. "I guess they 're all right, ain't they?"

"Oh, quite right, sir, quite," Pearson ventured—"for morning wear."

"Morning?" said Tembarom, brushing vigorously. "Not night?"

"Black, sir," most delicately hinted Pearson, "is—more usual—in the evening—in England." After which he added, "So to speak," with a vague hope that the mollifying phrase might counteract the effect of any apparently implied aspersion on colors preferred in America.

Tembarom ceased brushing his hair, and looked at him in good-natured desire for information.

"Frock-coats or claw-hammer?" he asked. Despite his natural anxiety, and in the midst of it, Pearson could not but admit that he had an uncondemnatory voice and a sort of young way with him which gave one courage. But he was not quite sure of "claw-hammer."

"Frock-coats for morning dress and afternoon wear, sir," he ventured. "The evening cut, as you know, is—"

"Claw-hammer. Swallow-tail, I guess you say here," Tembarom ended for him, quite without hint of rancor, he was rejoiced to see.

"Yes, sir," said Pearson.

The ceremony of dressing proved a fearsome thing as it went on. Pearson moved about deftly and essayed to do things for the new Mr. Temple Barholm which the new Mr. Temple Barholm had never heard of a man not doing for himself. He reached for things Pearson was about to hand to him or hold for him. He unceremoniously achieved services for himself which it was part of Pearson's manifest duty to perform. They got into each other's way; there was even danger sometimes of their seeming to snatch things from each other, to Pearson's unbounded horror. Mr. Temple Barholm did not express any irritation whatsoever misunderstandings took place, but he held his mouth rather close-shut, and Pearson, not aware that he did this as a precaution against open grinning or shouts of laughter as he found himself unable to adjust himself to his attendant's movements, thought it possible that he was secretly annoyed and regarded the whole matter with disfavor. But when the dressing was at an end and he stood ready to go down in all his innocent ignoring of speckled tweed and brown necktie, he looked neither flurried nor out of humor, and he asked a question in a voice which was actually friendly. It was a question dealing with an incident which had aroused much interest in the servants' hall as suggesting a touch of mystery.

"Mr. Strangeways came yesterday all right, did n't he?" he inquired.

"Yes, sir," Pearson answered. "Mr. Hutchinson and his daughter came with him. They call her 'Little Ann Hutchinson.' She 's a sensible little thing, sir, and she seemed to know exactly what you 'd want done to make him comfortable. Mrs. Butterworth put him in the west room, sir, and I valeted him. He was not very well when he came, but he seems better to-day, sir, only he 's very anxious to see you."

"That 's all right," said Tembarom. "You show me his room. I 'll go and see him now."

And being led by Pearson, he went without delay.

CHAPTER XII

THE chief objection to Temple Barholm in Tembarom's mind was that it was too big for any human use. That at least was how it struck him. The entrance was too big, the stairs were too wide, the rooms were too broad and too

long and too high to allow of eyes accustomed to hall bedrooms adjusting their vision without discomfort. The dining-room in which the new owner took his first meal in company with Mr. Palford, and attended by the large, serious man who wore no livery and three tall footmen who did, was of a size and stateliness which made him feel homesick for Mrs. Bowse's dining-room, with its two hurried, incompetent, and often-changed waitresses and its prevailing friendly custom of pushing things across the table to save time. Meals were quickly disposed of at Mrs. Bowse's. Everybody was due up-town or down-town, and regarded food as an unavoidable, because necessary, interference with more urgent business. At Temple Barholm one sat half the night—this was the impression made upon Tembarom—watching things being brought in and taken out of the room, carved on a huge buffet, and passed from one man to another; and when they were brought solemnly to you, if you turned them down, it seemed that the whole ceremony had to be gone through with again. All sorts of silver knives, forks, and spoons were given to one and taken away, and half a dozen sorts of glasses stood by your plate; and if you made a move to do anything for yourself, the man out of livery stopped you as though you were too big a fool to be trusted. The food was all right, but when you knew what anything was, and were inclined to welcome it as an old friend, it was given to you in some way that made you get rattled. With all the swell dishes, you had no butter-plate, and ice seemed scarce, and the dead, still way the servants moved about gave you a sort of feeling that you were at a funeral and that it was n't decent to talk so long as the remains were in the room. The head-man and the footmen seemed to get on by signs, though Tembarom never saw them making any; and their faces never changed for a moment. Once or twice he tried a joke, addressing it to Mr. Palford, to see what would happen. But as Mr. Palford did not seem to see the humor of it, and gave him the "glassy eye," and neither the head-man nor the footmen seemed to hear it, he thought that perhaps they did not know it was a joke; and if they did n't, and they thought anything at all, they must think he was dippy. The dinner was a deadly, though sumptuous, meal, and long drawn out, when measured by meals at Mrs. Bowse's. He did not know, as Mr. Palford did, that it was perfect, and served with a finished dexterity that was also perfection.

Mr. Palford, however, was himself relieved when it was at an end. He had sat at dinner with the late Mr. Temple Barholm in his day, and had seen him also served by the owners of impassive countenances; but he had been aware that whatsoever of secret dislike and resentment was concealed by them, there lay behind their

immovability an acceptance of the fact that he represented, even in his most objectionable humors, centuries of accustomedness to respectful service and of knowledge of his right and power to claim it. The solicitor was keenly aware of the silent comments being made upon the tweed suit and brown necktie and on the manner in which their wearer boldly chose the wrong fork or erroneously made use of a knife or spoon. Later in the evening, in the servants' hall, the comment would not be silent, and there could be no doubt of what its character would be. There would be laughter and the relating of incidents. Housemaids and still-room maids would giggle, and kitchen-maids and boot-boys would grin and whisper in servile tribute to the witticisms of the superior servants.

After dinner the rest of the evening could at least be spent in talk about business matters. There still remained details to be enlarged upon before Palford himself returned to Lincoln's Inn and left Mr. Temple Barholm to the care of the steward of his estate. It was not difficult to talk to him when the sole subject of conversation was of a business nature.

Before they parted for the night the mystery of the arrangements made for Strangeways had been cleared. In fact, Mr. Temple Barholm made no mystery of them. He did not seem ignorant of the fact that what he had chosen to do was unusual, but he did not appear hampered or embarrassed by the knowledge. His remarks on the subject were entirely civil and were far from actually suggesting that his singular conduct was purely his own business and none of his solicitor's; but for a moment or so Mr. Palford was privately just a trifle annoyed. The Hutchinsons had traveled from London with Strangeways in their care the day before. He would have been unhappy and disturbed if he had been obliged to travel with Mr. Palford, who was a stranger to him, and Miss Hutchinson had a soothing effect on him. Strangeways was for the present comfortably installed as a guest of the house, Miss Hutchinson having talked to the housekeeper, Mrs. Butterworth, and to Pearson. What the future held for him Mr. Temple Barholm did not seem to feel the necessity of going into. He left him behind as a subject, and went on talking cheerfully of other things almost as if he had forgotten him.

They had their coffee in the library, and afterward sat at the writing-table and looked over documents and talked until Mr. Palford felt that he could quite decorously retire to his bedroom. He was glad to be relieved of his duties, and Tembarom was amiably resigned to parting with him.

Tembarom did not go up-stairs at once himself. He sat by the fire and smoked several pipes of tobacco and thought things over. There were a lot of things to think over, and several decisions to make, and he thought it would be a good idea to pass them in review. The quiet of the dead surrounded him. In a house the size of this the servants were probably half a mile away. They 'd need trolleys to get to one, he thought, if you rang for them in a hurry. If an armed burglar made a quiet entry without your knowing it, he could get in some pretty rough work before any of the seventy-five footmen could come to lend a hand. He was not aware that there were two of them standing in waiting in the hall, their powdered heads close together, so that their whispers and chuckles could not be heard. A sound of movement in the library would have brought them up standing to a decorous attitude of attention conveying to the uninitiated the impression that they had not moved for hours.

Sometimes, as he sat in the big morocco chair, T. Tembarom looked grave enough; sometimes he looked as though he was confronting problems which needed puzzling out and with which he was not making much headway; sometimes he looked as though he was thinking of little Ann Hutchinson, and not infrequently he grinned. Here he was up to the neck in it, and he was darned if he knew what he was going to do. He did n't know a soul, and nobody knew him. He did n't know a thing he ought to know, and he did n't know any one who could tell him. Even the Hutchinsons had never been inside a place like Temple Barholm, and they were going back to Manchester after a few weeks' stay at the grandmother's cottage.

Before he had left New York he had seen Hadman and some other fellows and got things started, so that there was an even chance that the invention would be

its feet. He had worked hard and
s own power to control money in
ıre as a lever which had proved to
tly what was needed.
nan had been spurred and a little
when he realized the magnitude
really could be done, and saw also
is slangy, moneyed youth was not
an enthusiastic fool, but saw into
schemes pretty sharply and was
ıost determined readiness. With
wer ranging itself on the side of
nson and his invention, it was good
to begin to move, if one did not
run a chance of being left out in
l.
hinson had gone to Manchester,
re had been barely time for a brief
ıracteristic interview between him
mbarom, when he rushed back to
ı. Tembarom felt rather excited
e remembered it, recalling what he
lt in confronting the struggles
emotion in the blunt-featured, red
ıe breaks in the rough voice, the
g up and down the room like a curi-
lated bull in a china shop, and the
ırt to restrain relief and gratitude
ree of which might seem to under-
ıe merits of the invention itself.
: or twice when he looked serious,
rom was thinking this over, and
ce or twice when he grinned. Re-
l gratitude notwithstanding, Hutch-
ad kept him in his place, and had
de unbounded efforts to conceal his
f the incongruity of his position as
troller of fortunes and the lord of
: Barholm, which was still vaguely
l with indignation.
n he had finished his last pipe,
rom rose and knocked the ashes out

w for Pearson," he said.
ıad made up his mind to have a talk
earson, and there was no use wast-
e. If things did n't suit you, the
ng was to see what you could do
them right away—if it was n't
the law. He went out into the
ıd seeing the two footmen standing
, he spoke to them.
, I did n't know you fellows were
he said. "Are you waiting up for
Vell, you can go to bed, the sooner
:ker. Good night." And he went
's whistling.

The glow and richness and ceremonial order of preparation in his bedroom struck him as soon as he opened the door. Everything which could possibly have been made ready for his most luxurious comfort had been made ready. He did not, it is true, care much for the huge bed with its carved oak canopy and massive pillars.

"But the lying-down part looks about all right, all right," he said to himself.

The fine linen, the big, soft pillows, the downy blankets, would have allured even a man who was not tired. The covering had been neatly turned back and the snowy whiteness opened. That was English, he supposed. They had n't got on to that at Mrs. Bowse's.

"But I guess a plain little old New York sleep will do," he said. "Temple Barholm or no Temple Barholm, I guess they can't change that."

Then there sounded a quiet knock at the door. He knew who it would turn out to be, and he was not mistaken. Pearson stood in the corridor, wearing his slightly anxious expression, but ready for orders.

Mr. Temple Barholm looked down at him with a friendly, if unusual, air.

"Say, Pearson," he announced, "if you 've come to wash my face and put my hair up in crimping-pins, you need n't do it, because I 'm not used to it. But come on in."

If he had told Pearson to enter and climb the chimney, it cannot be said that the order would have been obeyed upon the spot, but Pearson would certainly have hesitated and explained with respectful delicacy the fact that the task was not "his place." He came into the room.

"I came to see, sir, if I could do anything further and—" making a courageous onslaught upon the situation for which he had been preparing himself for hours —"and also—if it is not too late—to venture to trouble you with regard to your wardrobe." He coughed a low, embarrassed cough. "In unpacking, sir, I found —I did not find—"

"You did n't find much, did you?" Tembarom assisted him.

"Of course, sir," Pearson apologized, "leaving New York so hurriedly, your—your man evidently had not time to—er—"

Tembarom looked at him a few seconds

longer, as if making up his mind to something. Then he threw himself easily into the big chair by the fire, and leaned back in it with the frankest and best-natured smile possible.

"I had n't any man," he said. "Say, Pearson," waving his hand to another chair near by, "suppose you take a seat."

Long and careful training came to Pearson's aid and supported him, but he was afraid that he looked nervous, and certainly there was a lack of entire calm in his voice.

"I—thank you, sir,—I think I 'd better stand, sir."

"Why?" inquired Tembarom, taking his tobacco-pouch out of his pocket and preparing to fill another pipe.

"You 're most kind, sir, but—but"—in impassioned embarrassment—"I should really *prefer* to stand, sir, if you don't mind. I should feel more—more at 'ome, sir," he added, dropping an h in his agitation.

"Well, if you 'd like it better, that 's all right," yielded Mr. Temple Barholm, stuffing tobacco into the pipe. Pearson darted to a table, produced a match, struck it, and gave it to him.

"Thank you," said Tembarom, still good-naturedly. "But there are a few things I 've *got* to say to you *right* now."

Pearson had really done his best, but he was terrified because of the certain circumstances once before referred to.

"I beg pardon, sir," he appealed, "but I am most anxious to give satisfaction in every respect." He was a poor young man, horribly anxious. "To-day being only the first day, I dare say I have not been all I should have been. I have never valeted an American gentleman before, but I 'm sure I shall become accustomed to everything *quite* soon—almost immediately."

"Say," broke in Tembarom, "you 're 'way off. I 'm not complaining. You 're all right."

The easy good temper of his manner was so singularly assuring that Pearson, unexplainable as he found him in every other respect, knew that this at least was to be depended upon, and he drew an almost palpable breath of relief. Something actually allured him into approaching what he had never felt it safe to approach before under like circumstances—a confidential disclosure.

"Thank you, sir. I am most grateful. The—the fact is, I hoped especially to be able to settle in place just now. I—I 'm hoping to save up enough to get married, sir."

"You are?" Tembarom exclaimed. "Good business! So was I before all this" —he glanced about him—"fell on top of me."

"I 've been saving for three years, sir, and if I can know I 'm a permanency—if I can keep this place—"

"You 're going to keep it all right," Tembarom cheered him up with. "If you 've got an idea you 're going to be fired, just you forget it. Cut it right out."

"Is—I beg your pardon, sir," Pearson asked with timorous joy, "but is that the American for saying you 'll be good enough to keep me on?"

Mr. Temple Barholm thought a second.

"Is 'keep me on' the English for 'let me stay'?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then we 're all right. Let 's start from there. I 'm going to have a heart-to-heart talk with you, Pearson."

"Thank you, sir," said Pearson in a deferential murmur. But if he was not dissatisfied, what was going to happen?

"It 'll save us both trouble, and me most. I 'm not one of those clever Clarences that can keep up a bluff, making out I know things I don't know. I could n't deceive a setting hen or a Berlin wool antimacassar."

Pearson swallowed something with effort.

"You see, I fell into this thing *kerchunk,* and I 'm just *rattled*—I 'm rattled." As Pearson slightly coughed again, he translated for him, "That 's American for 'I don't know where I 'm at.' "

"Those American jokes, sir, are very funny indeed," answered Pearson, appreciatively.

"Funny!" the new Mr. Temple Barholm exclaimed even aggrievedly. "If you think this lay-out is an American joke to me, Pearson, there 's where you 're 'way off. Do you think it a merry jest for a fellow like me to sit up in a high chair in a dining-room like a cathedral and not know whether he ought to bite his own bread or not? And not dare to stir till things are handed to him by five husky

footmen? I thought that plain-clothes man was going to cut up my meat, and slap me on the back if I choked."

Pearson's sense of humor was perhaps not inordinate, but unseemly mirth, which he had swallowed at the reference to the setting hen and the Berlin wool antimacassar, momentarily got the better of him, despite his efforts to cough it down, and broke forth in a hoarse, ill-repressed sound.

"I beg pardon, sir," he said with a laudable endeavor to recover his professional bearing. "It 's your—American way of expressing it which makes me forget myself. I beg pardon."

Tembarom laughed outright boyishly.

"Oh, cut that out," he said. "Say, how old are you?"

"Twenty-five, sir."

"So am I. If you 'd met me three months ago, beating the streets of New York for a living with holes in my shoes and a celluloid collar on, you 'd have looked down on me."

"Oh, no, sir," most falsely insisted Pearson.

"Oh, yes you would," protested Tembarom, cheerfully. "You 'd have said I talked through my nose, and I should have laughed at you for dropping your h's. Now you 're all rattled because I 'm Mr. Temple Temple Barholm; but you 're not half as rattled as I am."

"You 'll get over it, sir, almost immediately," Pearson assured him, hopefully.

"Of course I shall," said Tembarom, with much courage. "But to start right I 've got to get over *you.*"

"Me, sir?" Pearson breathed anxiously.

"Yes. That 's what I want to get off my chest. Now, first off, you came in here to try to explain to me that, owing to my New York valet having left my New York wardrobe behind, I 've not got anything to wear, and so I shall have to buy some clothes."

"I failed to find any dress-shirts, sir," began Pearson, hesitatingly.

Mr. Temple Barholm grinned.

"I always failed to find them myself. I never had a dress-shirt. I never owned a suit of glad rags in my life."

"Gl—glad rags, sir?" stammered Pearson, uncertainly.

"I knew you did n't catch on when I said that to you before dinner. I mean claw-hammer and dress-suit things. Don't you be frightened, Pearson. I never had six good shirts at once, or two pair of shoes, or more than four ten-cent handkerchiefs at a time since I was born. And when Mr. Palford yanked me away from New York, he did n't suspect a fellow could be in such a state. And I did n't know I was in a state, anyhow. I was too busy to hunt up people to tell me, because I was rushing something important right through, and I could n't stop. I just bought the first things I set eyes on and crammed them into my trunk. There, I guess you know the most of this, but you did n't know I knew you knew it. Now you do, and you need n't be afraid to hurt my feelings by telling me I have n't a darned thing I ought to have. You can go straight ahead."

As he leaned back, puffing away at his pipe, he had thrown a leg over the arm of his chair for greater comfort, and it really struck his valet that he had never seen a gentleman more at his ease, even one who *was* one. His casual candidness produced such a relief from sense of strain and uncertainty that Pearson felt the color returning to his face. An opening had been given him, and it was possible for him to do his duty.

"If you wish, sir, I will make a list," he ventured further, "and the proper firms will send persons to bring things down from London on appro."

"What 's 'appro' the English for?"

"Approval, sir."

"Good business! Good old Pearson!"

"Thank you, sir. Shall I attend to it to-night, to be ready for the morning post?"

"In five minutes you shall. But you threw me off the track a bit. The thing I was really going to say was more important than the clothes business."

There was something else, then, thought Pearson, some other unexpected point of view.

"What have you to do for me, anyhow?"

"Valet you, sir."

"That 's English for washing my face and combing my hair and putting my socks on, ain't it?"

"Well, sir, it means doing all you require, and being always in attendance when you change."

"How much do you get for it?"

"Thirty shillings a week, sir."

"Say, Pearson," said Tembarom, with honest feeling, "I 'll give you sixty shillings a week *not* to do it."

Calmed though he had felt a few moments ago, it cannot be denied that Pearson was aghast. How could one be prepared for developments of such an order?

"Not to do it, sir!" he faltered. "But what would the servants think if you had no one to valet you?"

"That 's so. What would they think?" But he evidently was not dismayed, for he smiled widely. "I guess the plain-clothes man would throw a fit."

But Pearson's view was more serious and involved a knowledge of not improbable complications. He knew "the hall" and its points of view.

"I could n't draw my wages, sir," he protested. "There 'd be the greatest dissatisfaction among the other servants, sir, if I did n't do my duties. There 's always a—a slight jealousy—of valets and ladies'-maids. The general idea is that they do very little to earn their salaries. I 've seen them fair hated."

"Is that so? Well, I 'll be darned!" remarked Mr. Temple Barholm. He gave a moment to reflection, and then cheered up immensely.

"I 'll tell you how we 'll fix it. You come up into my room and bring your tatting or read a newspaper while I dress." He openly chuckled. "Holy Smoke! I 've *got* to put on my shirt and swear at my collar-buttons myself. If I 'm in for having a trained nurse do it for me, it 'll give me the Willies. When you danced around me before dinner—"

Pearson's horror forced him to commit the indiscretion of interrupting.

"I hope I did n't *dance*, sir," he implored. "I tried to be extremely quiet."

"That was it," said Tembarom. "I should n't have said danced; I meant crept. I kept thinking I should tread on you, and I got so nervous toward the end I thought I should just break down and sob on your bosom and beg to be taken back to home and mother."

"I 'm extremely sorry, sir, I am, indeed," apologized Pearson, doing his best not to give way to hysterical giggling. How was a man to keep a decently straight face, and if one did n't, where would it end? One thing after another.

"It was not your fault. It was mine. I have n't a thing against you. You 're a first-rate little chap."

"I will try to be more satisfactory tomorrow."

There must be no laughing aloud, even if one burst a blood-vessel. It would not do. Pearson hastily confronted a vision of a young footman or Mr. Burrill himself passing through the corridors on some errand and hearing master and valet shouting together in unseemly and wholly incomprehensible mirth. And the next remark was worse than ever.

"No, you won't, Pearson," Mr. Temple Barholm asserted. "There 's where you 're wrong. I 've got no more use for a valet than I have for a pair of straight-front corsets."

This contained a sobering suggestion.

"But you said, sir, that—"

"Oh, I 'm not going to fire you," said Tembarom, genially. "I 'll 'keep you on,' but little Willie is going to put on his own socks. If the servants have to be pacified, you come up to my room and do anything you like. Lie on the bed if you want to; get a jews'-harp and play on it—any old thing to pass the time. And I 'll raise your wages. What do you say? Is it fixed?"

"I 'm here, sir, to do anything you require," Pearson answered distressedly; "but I 'm afraid—"

Tembarom's face changed. A sudden thought had struck him.

"I 'll tell you one thing you can do," he said; "you can valet that friend of mine."

"Mr. Strangeways, sir?"

"Yes. I 've got a notion he would n't mind it." He was not joking now. He was in fact rather suddenly thoughtful. "Say, Pearson, what do you think of him?"

"Well, sir, I 've not seen much of him, and he says very little, but I should think he was a *gentleman*, sir."

Mr. Temple Barholm seemed to think it over.

"That 's queer," he said as though to himself. "That 's what Ann said." Then aloud, "Would you say he was an American?"

In his unavoidable interest in a matter much talked over below stairs and productive of great curiosity Pearson was be-

trayed. He could not explain to himself, after he had spoken, how he could have been such a fool as to forget; but forget himself and the birthplace of the new Mr. Temple Barholm he did.

"Oh, no, sir," he exclaimed hastily; "he 's *quite* the gentleman, sir, even though he *is* queer in his mind." The next instant he caught himself and turned cold. An American or a Frenchman or an Italian, in fact, a native of any country on earth so slighted with an unconsciousness so natural, if he had been a man of hot temper, might have thrown something at him or kicked him out of the room; but Mr. Temple Barholm took his pipe out of his mouth and looked at him with a slow, broadening smile.

"Would you call me a gentleman, Pearson?" he asked.

Of course there was no retrieving such a blunder, Pearson felt, but—

"Certainly, sir," he stammered. "Most —most *certainly*, sir."

"Pearson," said Tembarom, shaking his head slowly, with a grin so good-natured that even the frankness of his words was friendly humor itself—"Pearson, you 're a liar. But that does n't jolt me a bit. I dare say I 'm not one, anyhow. We might put an 'ad' in one of your papers and find out."

"I—I beg your pardon, sir," murmured Pearson in actual anguish of mind.

Mr. Temple Barholm laughed outright.

"Oh, I 've not got it in for you. How could you help it?" he said. Then he stopped joking again. "If you want to please *me*," he added with deliberation, "you look after Mr. Strangeways, and don't let anything disturb him. Don't bother him, but just find out what he wants. When he gets restless, come and tell me. If I 'm out, tell him I 'm coming back. Don't let him worry. You understand—don't let him worry."

"I 'll do my very best—my very best, sir," Pearson answered devoutly. "I 've been nervous and excited this first day because I am so anxious to please—everything seems to depend on it just now," he added, daring another confidential outburst. "But you 'll see I do know how to keep my wits about me in general, and I 've got a good memory, and I have learned my duties, sir. I 'll attend to Mr. Strangeways most particular'."

As Tembarom listened, and watched his neat, blond countenance, and noted the undertone of quite desperate appeal in his low voice, he was thinking of a number of things. Chiefly he was thinking of little Ann Hutchinson and the Harlem flat which might have been "run" on fifteen dollars a week.

"I want to know I have some one in this museum of a place who 'll *understand*," he said—"some one who 'll do just exactly what I say and ask no fool questions and keep his mouth shut. I believe you could do it."

"I 'll swear I could, sir. Trust me," was Pearson's astonishingly emotional and hasty answer.

"I 'm going to," returned Mr. Temple Barholm. "I 've set my mind on putting something through in my own way. It 's a queer thing, and most people would say I was a fool for trying it. Mr. Hutchinson does, but Miss Hutchinson does n't."

There was a note in his tone of saying "Miss Hutchinson does n't" which opened up vistas to Pearson—strange vistas when one thought of old Mrs. Hutchinson's cottage and the estate of Temple Barholm.

"We 're just about the same age," his employer continued, "and in a sort of way we 're in just about the same fix."

Their eyes looked into each other a second; but it was not for Pearson to presume to make any comment whatsoever upon the possible nature of "the fix." Two or three more puffs, and Mr. Temple Barholm spoke again.

"Say, Pearson, I don't want to butt in, but what about that little bunch of calico of yours—the one you 're saving up for?"

"Calico, sir?" said Pearson, at sea, but hopeful. Whatsoever the new Mr. Temple Barholm meant, one began to realize that it was not likely to be unfriendly.

"That 's American for *her*, Pearson. 'Her' stands for the same thing both in English and American, I guess. What 's her name and where is she? Don't you say a word if you don't want to."

Pearson drew a step nearer. There was an extraordinary human atmosphere in the room which caused things to begin to go on in his breast. He had had a harder life than Tembarom because he had been more timid and less buoyant and less self-conscious. He had been beaten by a drunken mother and kicked by a drunken father.

He had gone hungry and faint to the board school and had been punished as a dull boy. After he had struggled into a place as page, he had been bullied by footmen and had had his ears boxed by cooks and butlers. Ladies'-maids and smart housemaids had sneered at him, and made him feel himself a hopeless, vulgar little worm who never would "get on." But he had got on, in a measure, because he had worked like a slave and openly resented nothing. A place like this had been his fevered hope and dream from his page days, though of course his imagination had not encompassed attendance on a gentleman who had never owned a dress-shirt in his life. Yet gentleman or no gentleman, he was a Temple Barholm of Temple Barholm, and there was something about him, something human in his young voice and grin and queer, unheard-of New York jokes, which Pearson had never encountered, and which had the effect of making him feel somehow more of a man than his timorous nature had ever allowed of his feeling before. It suggested that they were both, valet and master, merely masculine human creatures of like kind. The way he had said "Miss Hutchinson" and the twinkle in his eyes when he 'd made that American joke about the "little bunch of calico"! The curious fact was that thin, neat, white-blooded-looking Pearson was passionately in love. So he took the step nearer and grew hot and spoke low.

"Her name is Rose Merrick, sir, and she 's in place in London. She 's lady's-maid to a lady of title, and it is n't an easy place. Her lady has a high temper, and she 's economical with her servants. Her maid has to sew early and late, and turn out as much as if she was a whole dress-making establishment. She 's clever with her needle, and it would be easier if she felt it was appreciated. But she 's treated haughty and severe, though she tries her very best. She has to wait up half the night after balls, and I 'm afraid it 's breaking her spirit and her health. That 's why,—I beg your pardon, sir," he added, his voice shaking—"that 's why I 'd bear anything on earth if I could give her a little home of her own."

"Gee whizz!" ejaculated Mr. Temple Barholm, with feeling. "I guess you would!"

"And that 's not all, sir," said Pearson. "She 's a beautiful girl, sir, with a figure, and service is sometimes not easy for a young woman like that. His lordship—the master of the house, sir,—is much too attentive. He 's a man with bad habits; the last lady's-maid was sent away in disgrace. Her ladyship would n't believe she had n't been forward when she saw things she did n't like, though every one in the hall knew the girl hated his bold ways with her, and her mother nearly broke her heart. He 's begun with Rose, and it just drives me mad, sir, it does!"

He choked, and wiped his forehead with his clean handkerchief. It was damp, and his young eyes had fire in them.

"I 'm taking a liberty talking to you like this, sir," he said. "I 'm behaving as if I did n't know my place, sir."

"Your place is behind that fellow, kicking him till he 'll never sit down again except on eider-down cushions three deep," remarked Mr. Temple Barholm, with fire in his eyes also. "That 's where your place is. It 's where mine would be if I was in the same house with him and caught him making a goat of himself. I bet nine Englishmen out of ten would break his darned neck for him if they got on to his little ways, even if they were lordships themselves."

"The decent ones won't know," Pearson said. "That 's not what happens, sir. He can laugh and chaff it off with her ladyship and coax her round. But a girl that 's discharged like that, Rose says, that 's the worst of it: she says she 's got a character fastened on to her for life that no respectable man ought to marry her with."

Mr. Temple Barholm removed his leg from the arm of his chair and got up. Long-legged, sinewy, but somewhat slouchy in his badly made tweed suit, sharp New York face and awful American style notwithstanding, he still looked rather nice as he laid his hand on his valet's shoulder and gave him a friendly push.

"See here," he said. "What you 've got to say to Rose is that she 's just got to cut that sort of thing out—cut it right out. Talking to a man that 's in love with her as if he was likely to throw her down because lies were told. Tell her to forget it—forget it quick. Why, what does she suppose a man 's *for*, by jinks? What 's he *for*?"

"I 've told her that, sir, though of course not in American. I 've just sworn it on my knees in Hyde Park one night when she got out for an hour. But she laid her poor head on the back of the bench and cried and would n't listen. She says she cares for me too much to—"

Tembarom's hand clutched his shoulder. His face lighted and glowed suddenly.

"Cares for you too much," he asked. "Did she say that? God bless her!"

"That 's what I said," broke in Pearson.

"I heard another girl say that—just before I left New York—a girl that 's just a wonder," said his master. "A girl can be a wonder, can't she?"

"Rose is, sir," protested Pearson. "She is, indeed, sir. And her eyes are that blue—"

"Blue, are they?" interrupted Tembarom. "I know the kind. I 'm on to the whole thing. And what 's more, I 'm going to fix it. You tell Rose—and tell her from me—that she 's going to leave that place, and you 're going to stay in this one, and—well, presently things 'll begin to happen. They 're going to be all right—*all right.*" he went on, with immensely convincing emphasis. "She 's going to have that little home of her own." He paused a moment for reflection, and then a sudden thought presented itself to him. "Why, darn it!" he exclaimed, "there must be a whole raft of little homes that belong to me in one place or another. Why could n't I fix you both up in one of them?"

"Oh, sir!" Pearson broke forth in some slight alarm. He went so fast and so far all in a moment. And Pearson really possessed a neat, well-ordered conscience, and, moreover, "knew his place." "I hope I did n't seem to be expecting you to trouble yourself about me, sir. I must n't presume on your kindness."

"It 's not kindness; it 's—well, it 's just human. I 'm going to think this thing over. You just keep your hair on, and let me do my own valeting, and you 'll see I 'll fix it for you somehow."

What he thought of doing, how he thought of doing it, and what Pearson was to expect, the agitated young man did not know. The situation was of course abnormal, judged by all respectable, long-established custom. A man's valet and his valet's "young woman" were not usually of intimate interest. Gentlemen were sometimes "kind" to you—gave you half a sovereign or even a sovereign, and perhaps asked after your mother if you were supporting one; but—

"I never dreamed of going so far, sir," he said. "I forgot myself, I 'm afraid."

"Good thing you did. It 's made me feel as if we were brothers." He laughed again, enjoying the thought of the little thing who cared for Pearson "too much" and had eyes that were "that blue." "Say, I 've just thought of something else. Have you bought her an engagement-ring yet?"

"No, sir. In our class of life jewelry is beyond the means."

"I just wondered," Mr. Temple Barholm said. He seemed to be thinking of something that pleased him as he fumbled for his pocket-book and took a clean bank-note out of it. "I 'm not on to what the value of this thing is in real money, but you go and buy her a ring with it, and I bet she 'll be so pleased you 'll have the time of your life."

Pearson taking it, and recognizing its value in *un*real money, was embarrassed by feeling the necessity of explanation.

"This is a five-pound note, sir. It 's too much, sir, it is indeed. This would *furnish the front parlor.*" He said it almost solemnly.

Mr. Temple Barholm looked at the note interestedly.

"Would it? By jinks!" and his laugh had a certain softness of recollection. "I guess that 's just what Ann would say. She 'd know what it would furnish, you bet your life!"

"I 'm most grateful, sir," protested Pearson, "but I ought n't to take it. Being an American gentleman and not accustomed to English money, you don't realize that—"

"I 'm not accustomed to any kind of money," said his master. "I 'm scared to be left alone in the room with it. That 's what 's the matter. If I don't give some away, I shall never know I 've got it. Cheer up, Pearson. You take that and buy the ring, and when you start furnishing, I 'll see you don't get left."

"I don't know what to say, sir," Pearson faltered emotionally. "I don't indeed."

"Don't say a darned thing," replied

Mr. Temple Barholm. And just here his face changed as Mr. Palford had seen it change before, and as Pearson often saw it change later. His New York jocular irreverence dropped from him, and he looked mature and oddly serious.

"I 've tried to sort of put you wise to the way I 've lived and the things I *have n't* had ever since I was born," he said, "but I guess you don't really know a thing about it. I 've got more money coming in every year than a thousand of me would ever expect to see in their lives, according to my calculation. And I don't know how to do any of the things a fellow who was what you call 'a gentleman' would know how to do. I mean in the way of spending it. Now, I 've got to get some fun out of it. I should be a mutt if I did n't, so I 'm going to spend it my own way. I may make about seventy-five different kinds of a fool of myself, but I guess I sha'n't do any particular harm."

"You 'll do good, sir,—to every one."

"Shall I?" said Tembarom, speculatively. "Well, I 'm not exactly setting out with that in my mind. I 'm no Young Man's Christian Association, but I 'm not in for doing harm, anyway. You take your five-pound note—come to think of it, Palford said it came to about twenty-five dollars, real money. Hully gee! I never thought I 'd have twenty-five dollars to *give away!* It makes me feel like I was Morgan."

"Thank you, sir; thank you," said Pearson, putting the note into his pocket with rapt gratitude in his neat face. "You —you do not wish me to remain—to do anything for you?"

"Not a thing. But just go and find out if Mr. Strangeways is asleep. If he is n't and seems restless, I 'll come and have a talk with him."

"Yes, sir," said Pearson, and went at once.

(To be continued)

CHARMS

BY WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

I HOLD to a cup my mother gave me
Of tears, bright tears, glad tears to save me,
Shed at my birth and ofttimes after—
Tears of pain and tears of laughter.
I lift against the shadowing years
The brilliance of her cup of tears.

Around my neck I wear forever
A chain no mortal hand may sever.
The links are pride, with honor's clasping
That mocks each tempter's evil grasping,
Against all fear enheartening me,
My father's bright integrity.

Last is this scroll my true-love proffered
When all the love her deep heart offered
Was sealed therein, its seal commanding
All truth, all trust, all understanding.
Bound fast forever on my brows
Is this phylactery of our vows.

DEEP-WATER SONG

BY JOHN REED

THE bounding deck beneath me,
The rocking sky o'erhead,
White, flying spume that whips her boom,
And all her canvas spread.

Her topmast rakes the zenith,
Where planets shoal and spawn,
And to her stride God opens wide
The storm-red gates of dawn.

Then walk her down to Rio,
Roll her 'cross the line;
Chinee Joe 's a-tendin' door
Down to Number Nine.
Deep they lie in every sea,
Land's End to the Horn,
For every sailorman that dies
A sailorman is born.

Along the battered sea-wall,
Our women in the rain
Full wearily have scanned the sea
That brings us not again.

Oh, I 'll come home, my dearie;
Aye, one day I 'll come home,
With heaped-up hold of Spanish gold
And opals of spun foam.

Then walk her down to Frisco,
Lay her for Hong-Kong,
Reeling down the water-front
Seven hundred strong.
Deep they lie in every sea, etc.

Tall, languid palms that glimmer,
Blossoms beyond belief,
Sea-gods at play in shouting spray
On sun-splashed coral reef.

O falling star at twilight,
O questing sail unfurled,
Through unknown seas I follow these
Down-hill across the world.

Then walk her down to Sydney,
Through to Singapore,
Dutch Marie and Ysabel
W'aitin' on the shore.
Deep they lie in every sea, etc.

Decoration by R. C. Hallowell

THE ASSASSIN

BY HORACE HAZELTINE

WITH PICTURES BY W. M. BERGER

LIKE a blind man in a labyrinth, the cumbrous old liner was feeling her way foot by foot across the fog-wrapped Banks; and in the smoking-room, where after-dinner cigars made a murk scarcely less thick than the dripping vapor without, four of us, snugly grouped in a corner, discussed reform in customs regulations and the prevailing attitude of rebellion against an excessive tariff.

"There 's an odd form of smuggling among the French peasantry." It was Raynor who spoke now—Raynor, the young corporation lawyer, slight, smooth-shaven, sun-browned, with high, jutting brow and keenly alert, yet profoundly intellectual, eyes. "Give the peasant half a chance," he went on, "and to evade the duty of military service for his male offspring he will smuggle the boy on the government birth-register as a girl. Thus it has come that the authorities put little or no faith in the parental declaration; just as our customs people regard dubiously our own declarations of dutiable articles purchased abroad. Nowadays when a child is born in France the law requires not only that the birth be immediately reported, but, in order to guard against misrepresentation of sex, that official verification shall directly follow. And so the percentage of Jeans that have got upon the rolls of the republic as Maries is not nearly so large as it once was."

A consideration of the relative respect for law in monarchies and republics ensued. O'Shaughnessy held that under government by the people the code is more lightly regarded and less rigidly enforced than in countries where generations-old loyalty to kings and king-made statutes holds sway.

Some one of us—I think it was Pascoe—appealed eventually to Raynor. He wished to know whether this much-traveled lawyer considered law, as a rule, well administered in France. The inquiry provoked a story in illustration; and in a little while all three of us were hanging rapt on Raynor's words.

"Generally considered," he had begun, in that slow, deliberate manner of his when starting to address a jury, "I am hardly in a position to answer. But, as it is always more or less safe to argue from the concrete to the abstract, you may draw your own conclusions from an incident—I was about to say adventure—which came within my experience less than a

month ago in the Département du Nord." He paused to put match to a fresh cigar, and O'Shaughnessy beckoned a steward to replenish our liqueur-glasses.

"A goodly part of my summer abroad this year," Raynor ran on, "was spent a-wheel. Fond of poking about in odd, out-of-the-way corners at my own sweet will, free from the hints and urgings of fellow-tourists, I much prefer the bicycle to the motor-car; and thus mounted and unaccompanied, I had been joyfully dawdling for two months and more in Holland and Belgium.

"I crossed the French frontier not far from the little Belgian manufacturing community of Péruwelz in the afternoon of about as wretched a day as had marred my journeying. An early autumn rain, wind-driven, turned what otherwise would have been a fair country-side into a dreary, dripping, disheartening landscape, and made wheeling much more of a labor than a pleasure. My aim was to reach Valenciennes for dinner. By the most direct route the distance is not over fifteen miles; but by some mischance I evidently took more than one wrong turning, and nightfall found me tired, hungry, dispirited, and quite at sea as to my whereabouts, save that I had stumbled into a coal-mining district, with here and there the grimy outbuildings of a colliery rising drear and black against the leaden sky. These and the squalid huts of the miners prevailed for miles. Vainly I hoped for a town or village. For a time I followed a line of railroad without sight of a railway-station. Each colliery had its siding, and that was all.

"I was pretty close to despair, I think, when there loomed suddenly and sullenly just before me on my right a broad stone structure which, by comparison with anything I had seen for hours at least, appeared like some feudal castle. You can fancy my relief, on drawing nearer, to discover that, whatever it may once have been, it now bore every indication of being an inn. A lantern, smoky and dimly burning, marked the high, wide entrance to its stone-paved courtyard, into which I turned with as hearty a sigh of thanksgiving as ever found expression.

"Another lantern, flickering from a break in its glass, hung over a closed doorway to the left; and, having dismounted, and rested my wheel against the wall, I turned the rude knob of this door and entered. It was a large, bare room into which I came, but dimly lit by a pair of candles on a ledge above a big, empty fireplace. I have never seen more wicked-looking human creatures than the two men seated on each side of the cold hearth. Nor did it require either a close or careful scrutiny to gather this impression. Startled apparently by my sudden entrance, they both looked toward me, and for an instant I stood transfixed by the arrant evil in their glower. Both were big men, bulky and brawny, almost as dark as Negroes, with small, shifty eyes beneath heavy, black brows. They were nearly enough alike to be twins, and I concluded at once that they were brothers.

"There was one other occupant of the room, a woman approaching middle age, who wore a dark-blue blouse such as is common among French workmen, and who appeared oddly misshapen. She was of small stature, yet abnormally broad of hip. Despite this, however, her movements, as I soon discovered, were startlingly swift and agile. There was, indeed, something feline in her visage, and in her action as well, the effect of which was distinctly repellent and disquieting.

"All three received me in a sort of hostile, questioning silence, and for a moment a dread seized me that I had been deceived in the character of the place—that it was not an inn, after all, and that, tired and hungry as I was, I should again have to face the night and the storm. It was only for a moment, though, for instantly the thought succeeded that I might now be within easy distance of a town and a less forbidding lodging-place. My first question, therefore, addressed to the woman, was to that purpose.

" 'It is fifteen kilometers to St.-Amandles-Eaux,' she told me in a voice that grated like slate on slate. 'To Valenciennes it is twenty-five; but the roads are better.'

"In my present plight, even the lesser distance was prohibitive. I had already covered close upon a hundred miles that day, and was, as the phrase goes, 'all in.' A mile or two I might have ventured; but eight or more miles was out of the question.

" 'It is impossible,' I said; 'I shall not

"'THE SENSE OF SOMETHING SINISTER IN THE ATMOSPHERE OF THE PLACE GREW UPON ME'"

be able to go on. You will, I am sure, supply me with some supper and a bed.'

"Something between a low rumble of distant thunder and the growl of a wild beast came from the nearer of the two men. It was followed by a volley of voluble protest so rapid in fire and so jargon-like that I could gather little more than its spirit, which was evidently one of violent objection.

" 'But surely,' I protested, a vision of the long road and the wind-driven rain vividly before me, 'this is an *auberge*. A bite is all I ask, and as for sleeping, the floor and a blanket will serve me well enough if the inn be full.'

"For a little, however, my words went without apparent heed. The men and the woman chattered together in a lowered tone in that same strange dialect of the region, scarcely a word of which reached my understanding. And when they finished, and the misshapen, cat-like creature turned to me with an outspread gesture of lowered hands—fat, pawlike hands, with long hook nails like claws—indicating that I might remain, I scarcely knew whether to be glad or sorry.

"In the half-hour while I sat at table waiting and eating, the sense of something sinister in the atmosphere of the place grew upon me. Neither of the men spoke a word, but deeper and deeper grew the impression that something villainous was brewing. Fear that I might in some way interfere with their nefarious purpose, I argued, had given rise to the stormy protest against my staying. And how had it been settled? I was certain that the project, whatever it was, had not been given over. I was equally certain that care would be taken to circumvent any obstructive measures on my part.

"A candle had been placed on the table before me, and by its light I secured, when the woman set down my food, the first clear view of her features. Her eyes were like the eyes of a cat. The pupils were vertically linear. She could, I made no question, see as well in the dark as in the light."

At this point of the narrative O'Shaughnessy stirred in his place, and I fancied he was about to question this freak of nature; but if he had such a thought, he relinquished it. He simply twisted a large, red hand into an inside pocket for his cigar-case, and Raynor, unheeding, continued:

"It was far from a sumptuous meal she served me. Even if it had been, I doubt that, in the circumstances, I should have eaten with much relish. As it was, I ate and drank mechanically of the coarse meat, the half-boiled potatoes, and the thin, sour beer, glancing furtively the while at the silent, brutal-looking pair seated before the fireplace.

"So ill lighted was the place that until, my hunger satisfied and the woman leading me through a door at the back, I was brought to pass close to the more vicious-looking of the two, I had really got little beyond a general impression of the fellow, and so I had missed that which gave the most baleful touch to a countenance already grossly malign. Diagonally across his brow ran a long, blood-red scar. And as my short yet monstrous guide, candle in hand, preceded me through one long, drear, stone-floored passage after another, up a short flight of steps here, and down a longer flight there, only to turn a corner and ascend again, that horrid face, with its ugly red seam, leered ever beside me from out the shadows.

"The room into which I was finally conducted was quite as large as, and even more bare than, the one I had left. Save for a great, high bed, placed almost directly in the middle of it, it was unfurnished. Without so much as a word, the woman placed the candle on the floor just inside the door, and withdrew, and for a while I could think of nothing else than of her retracing those long, tortuous passages and steep stairways, through the inky blackness, yet clearly seeing her way, no doubt, with her expanded pupils, her supersensitive cat eyes.

"I have never been accused of cowardice, and I am not of nervous temperament, but I freely confess that from the moment I entered that dismal French inn, with its strangely saturnine people, on the night of that melancholy day, I was obsessed by an apprehension of evil such as I never before experienced. The woman had left the door of the room ajar when she went out, and my first action was to close it. To my dismay, however, I found it so old and warped that it no longer fitted the casing. It would not latch even, much less lock. There was no piece of furniture to move against it, since the bedstead, a massive, carved affair, evidently a relic of the time when the great house had had a lordly master, was as firmly fixed in place as though riveted to the floor.

"There were three great windows on the far side of the room, and these I made haste to examine. Two of them I found

"'AS MY . . . GUIDE . . . PRECEDED ME'"

as immovable as the bedstead, but the third I was able to open; and it was with a measure of relief that I discovered it looked down into the courtyard, the pavement of which was not more than eighteen or twenty feet below the sill. I was also a trifle comforted at sight of my wheel leaning against the wall, just as I had left it, beside the entrance across the yard. In the event of sudden alarm, I should have only to drop from the window, mount my own vehicle, and ride away. But would there be a sudden alarm? I questioned it, remembering the woman's feline tread and her ability to see in the dark. Indeed, I think that from the first she had filled me with more terror than had the men; and her strange hands, like padded paws, with their claw-like nails, had specially chilled my blood with an uncanny sense of menace.

"I did not undress, except to remove my leather jacket. I loosened my collar and some of the lacings of my shoes; but though my trousers were rain-soaked, I lay down in them, preferring to chance rheumatism rather than a danger which seemed to me more imminent. And I left my candle burning at the bedside.

"To sleep was not my intention. A little rest away from the storm, and at earliest daylight—should I not be forced to flee before—I would be up and away to Valenciennes.

"The thoughts that busied me as I lay there, trepid and alert, had to do of course with the possible dangers that lurked beyond that unguarded and unlatched door, and I remember that the wild and barren country through which I had come to this halting-place, the rough hovels of the miners, and the rougher looks of the people whom I had encountered not only in this inn, but whom I had met or overtaken on my journey, held no small place in my pondering. In such a community, I told myself, the law must be held lightly enough. Police supervision was probably little more than a name. What, for example, would those hulking beasts in the room below care for a far from adequate *gendarmerie?* Such as they were a law only to themselves. I tried to fancy how the scoundrel had come by his fresh scar, and shuddered at the thought of his vengeance.

"And always I listened. Yet few sounds reached me except the play of the gale with the casements and the splash of the rain on the panes. These were incessant, and so, in their sort of ceaseless rhythm, they proved lulling. Without consciousness of being drowsy, I slept."

Raynor paused to drain his *petit verre* of chartreuse, and each of us changed in some way his position. Pascoe, for instance, moved farther back in his chair and recrossed his long legs. Yet no one dared to break the thread of the story with a word.

"My next realization was of sitting, all a-tremble, on the edge of the bed, a cold sweat on my brow and hands, while one piercing scream after another echoed along those stone passages from some far part of the inn. And the voice was a woman's.

"I make, as you see, no claim to heroism. The hero, no doubt, would have rushed blindly to the rescue; but in my own case terror held me immovable. I sat as one paralyzed, my only movement the quivering of startled, shaken nerves. It seemed to me that I sat, shaking thus, for an eternity, while the screams were succeeded by agonized groans, punctuated by curses, and more than once by the grim cry of *'Assassin!'*

"This, then, was what I had foreseen.

"'MY NEXT REALIZATION WAS OF SITTING, ALL A-TREMBLE, ON THE EDGE OF THE BED'"

"'THE QUICK, SHARP TONES OF AUTHORITY OF TWO MOUNTED *GENDARMES*'"

It was for this that the shambles had been prepared, with the butchers in waiting. The silence which followed the dread uproar was scarcely less harrowing than the cries. In it lay for me the ghastly realism of that abused phrase, 'the silence of death.' It held me as the screams had held me, shivering there alone in the dark. Every moment now I expected to catch the soft patter of feet approaching my unlatched door. I should be the next victim. After what I had just heard, it was beyond reason to think I might be permitted to leave the place alive and so give information. Except for a good-sized jackknife, I was unarmed.

"To escape by the window and flee on my wheel, as I had optimistically planned, appeared now absolutely impracticable. Probably a watch was being kept on that window from the other side of the courtyard. It was their sense of my perfect security that delayed their action. In the nervous tension of my ordeal minutes had stretched for me beyond all sane possibility, and the excited voices and loud clatter outside came when my wretched consternation verged upon despair.

"I have no recollection of rising from the edge of the bed, but I remember kneeling on the floor and peering over the sill of the window to see two dusky figures, silhouetted against the pale light of the open doorway, fling themselves into the saddles of two restive horses and dash madly through the broad archway to the open road, leaving a double trail of sparks behind, as iron-shod hoofs struck fire from flint pavement. Only for the barest instant I saw them in the dimmest of lights, yet by their shape and bulk I knew them as the pair of ruffians upon whom I had unwelcomely intruded. I knew now that both were assassins.

"I remember this, I say; but another blank followed it. It may have been the reaction, or it may have been the result of sheer nerve exhaustion from a night of

excitement following a day of strain; but whatever it was, it caused me then and there to lose consciousness. It was broad daylight when I staggered affrightedly to my feet, aroused this time, as I soon discovered, by more hoof-beats in the courtyard and by the quick, sharp tones of authority of two mounted *gendarmes*.

"In my plight it was natural, I suppose, for me to prefigure in their coming a danger to myself rather than a means of rescue. I felt sure that they would search the inn, and, finding me here in hiding, would in all likelihood accuse me of the crime which I had heard committed. At best I should be detained and put to no end of annoyance. Indeed, since the monstrous feline creature was evidently in league with the perpetrators of the deed, might she not glory in making me the scapegoat?

"You may fancy my great relief, therefore, when, in something less than ten minutes, I saw the *gendarmes* remount and gallop away. The rain had ceased, the sun was slanting into the courtyard, and I felt that now at length the perils of the night had passed. Nevertheless, the shadow of the murder was still upon my spirits, and my one impulse was to get away from the inn as quickly as possible. I rearranged my collar and tie, relaced my shoes, and got into my leather coat.

"I found the retracing of my way to the main room of the inn on the ground floor a less perplexing proceeding than I had expected. I was still doubtful, however, as to what sort of reception to expect on my reappearance; and so it was with some trepidation that I turned the latch and entered. I think I was rather surprised to find the room untenanted; but that which most surprised me was to see the table set from which I had eaten the night before, and indications, in the way of plates and a cup and saucer, that I —at least I assumed it was I—was expected to breakfast there.

"The invitation of my footsteps was responded to by a slim, fair-haired young woman of surprisingly neat appearance, who greeted me with an equally surprisingly cheerful, *'Bonjour, M'sieu'.'* The combination, so utterly out of keeping with my conception of a fitting atmosphere for the place of tragedy that I knew the inn to be, amazed and puzzled me. Was it possible, I asked myself, that they fancied I had slept through the horror of the night, and would go away without so much as an inkling of what had happened? Or was this maid herself in ignorance of the tragic event that preceded the dawn? I argued, however, that the visit of the *gendarmes* at least must be known to her, so that she must certainly be cognizant of something amiss having taken place.

"'SHE STARTED AND LOST COLOR'"

"Her personality and demeanor, nevertheless, were such as to take from me all apprehension of personal danger; and to this an avid curiosity succeeded. I fancy, though, that a reflection of the agony of fear that I had suffered made my tone seem unduly alarming when at last I spoke to her.

" 'Tell me, my girl,' I said, 'what you know of the thing that was done here last night?'

"She started and lost color, but it was difficult to tell from her expression whether she knew less or more than she wished to convey.

" 'Done here, *M'sieu'?*' she questioned with what I took to be an assumption of innocence. 'What is it you mean?'

" 'I mean that I know a murder was committed. I heard the cries of the victim, I saw the assassins escape, I saw the *gendarmes* leave here not ten minutes ago.'

"Her expression now was more perplexing than ever. I thought for a brief moment that she was about to become hysterical. She seemed torn between grief and mirth, and then precipitately, without a word, she fled from me—fled from the room, and left me standing open-mouthed in a fresh accession of perplexity and dread.

"Foolishly I had been too rash. I had refused to let well enough alone, and now, after all, probably an effort would be made to detain me. I plunged my hand into my pocket, picked out a *louis*, and having flung it down on the table among the breakfast things, crossed to the door. But when my hand was on the knob, the voice of the girl, bright, cheery, and reassuring once again, arrested me.

" *'M'sieu'!'* she called. She was coming toward me with an odd-looking, round bundle in her arms, done up in some gray woolen stuff—a bit of shawl or petticoat. I turned and took a step or two to meet her, and she held the thing out toward me, turning the covering back at one end.

" *'Voilà l'assassin!'* she cried, smiling.

"And from the midst of voluminous, soft wrappings a tiny, red, and wrinkled face, contorted into the semblance of a Chinese mask by its first colic, told me something of how at least one of the laws of France is nowadays respected and enforced."

WHERE AM I WHILE I SLEEP?

BY GRACE DENIO LITCHFIELD

WHERE am I while I sleep? When I lie down,
Heavy with grief for one who sleeps so well
My bitterest cry may no more waken her,
I say, "Let me sleep quickly, that perchance
God send me dream of her, to ease my woe
With sweet deceit of seeing her again."
And so I lie as they lie who are dead,
My hands like folded flowers on either side,
My sad eyes closed o'er all their frozen tears,
And sleep for hope of that which sleep may bring.
Where am I, then, through all the unhistoried night?
Down what dim aisles, unreckoned of by day,
Doth my dumb soul its trackless path pursue?
By what far shore find gracious harborage?
Oh, can it be that those who only sleep
And those who die together wait in heaven
The dawning of the day, soul welcoming soul
And claiming kinship in a wondrous world
Closed to our waking vision? Can it be
That thus on night's invisible borderland
Our spirits meet beyond earth's cognizance,
Communing still in some strange, heavenly sense
That leaves its impress on returning souls,
Some touch of infinite beatitude
Beyond life's gift, some strengthening peace that lends
Endurance for the day? Oh, this alone,
Though neither memory nor dream thereof
Remain to soothe our waking—this were cause
To long for night's enfranchisement, to cry
For slumber as for heaven, and wake at last,
Reclothed in calm, with new-won hope that death,
Even as sleep, may give what day denies.

AMERICANS AND THE EUROPEAN POINT OF VIEW

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN

American Minister to Denmark; author of "Everybody's St. Francis," etc.

IT is a commonplace to say that our country is still but slightly understood by Europeans, and that in turn we have very little conception of the Continental point of view of us. On our side we maintain that we have no prejudices, or that, if we have prejudices, they are founded on principles, or, more briefly, that our prejudices are principles. On the other side it is held that our civilization is new and unformed, our art, literature, and music are crude or exotic, and that the one and only vital thing we have is money. As a place where one may be forced to seek a wife or a fortune the United States has value. Beyond that it is interesting for its wonders, its roughnesses, its terrors. It is great, as unexplored Russia is great, because of its possibilities, the horror of its lynchings, and the monstrosity of its sky-scrapers.

It is a settled view with most Americans that, in dealing with Europe, the outward appearance of things should not count—unless we want it to count. Unaccustomed to ceremony, we insist that the absence of ceremony on our part is proof of our superior intelligence. On the other hand, the European has the prejudice of tradition. He moves in a groove so clearly cut and carefully polished by the usage of the ages that its limitations are unperceived by him. What seem trifles to the American, who knows the interior life of the Continent merely through novels and newspapers, are very important indeed to people brought up in the atmosphere of conventions which may be ameliorated, but very seldom changed. They are as immutable as their conception of family solidarity, which is founded on the assumption that the grandmothers and grandfathers, though dead, are still an essential part of the family.

The other night at the Royal Opera in Copenhagen, during the performance of "The Daughter of the Regiment," which included a theme and a variation from Auber's "Diamonds of the Crown," I was very much amused by laughter excited in the audience at the exaggerated curtseying of the high, well-born baronesses in the drawing-room scene. The laughter was not at the curtseying itself, but at its exaggeration. To most Americans all obeisances seem unnecessary and affected; it is probable that a cry of imperialism would at once be raised if an American woman should curtsey to the wife of the President at a White House reception. But in Europe, especially Teutonic Europe, the curtsey of a younger woman to an older woman, or of an unmarried woman to a married one, is an ordinary convention. To omit it would be almost as bad as to deprive the ranking person in a salon of his or her prerogative to the right-hand corner of the sofa! It has sometimes seemed strange to my republican eyes to observe that American ladies who even made graceful "cheeses" to a visiting royal duke —does any one remember the receptions to the Grand Duke Alexis or the Prince of Turin?—should hesitate to do honor to the representative character of the President by curtseying to his wife.

In writing this paper I am not making an appeal for more ceremony in American life, as more ceremony in our life would probably grow from the surface and not from the inner consciousness of the people; this would simply mean more artificiality. Ceremony in European life is not in any way against simplicity. It is rather the flower of simplicity. In Denmark, in Sweden, even in Norway, where ceremonies are not held in special favor, it requires a great deal of simplicity for young people to kiss their parents on both cheeks after dinner and to thank them for "a good meal." The careful bow of the young Frenchman or the young German to the members of his family on special occasions is as much a part of his training as what are called by us his "table manners."

The question of precedence is as easily answered in Europe as any other ordinary

question that regulates the routine of daily life. In England and Ireland it is not easily answered at once. But, when answered, it does not cause heartburning. A man who has no court rank or important decorations does not consider himself slighted if he sits at dinner much below the man who has qualifications, whether they be considered advantageous or not. Owing to the fact that lowness of rank does not entail loss of self-respect, there seems to be little snobbishness in Europe. The quality exists to a greater extent in England and Ireland and in Germany than in any other foreign country. The French seem to hold themselves above the very thought of this defect of character. Thackeray's hatred of it was perhaps all the more intense because it was ingrained in the life of his own class, and great strength of mind was required for him to avoid it.

Since fixed places of rank do not exist in our country, although some Americans would be pleased to settle the lines indelibly, if it could be done, it is hard to find terms of comparison. It is even harder for a Continental to understand that an ex-President or an ex-ambassador has no official rank. To treat an ex-President as anything less than a Serene, or perhaps a Royal, Highness, seems barbarous.

That money counts in all European countries there is no question; but rank, and especially official rank, counts more. On the Continent, since the decline of the respect in which the army was held, and since the Radical Democrat seems to be on the way of forcing the last vestiges of feudalism to disappear by breaking up the large estates, social rank comes second. To be bourgeois in any country of Europe is no longer a reproach. The old lady who cherishes a rooted sorrow because her son or daughter has married into trade is found only in the more conservative moving-pictures, made for the populace, who still respect the aristocracy in a Pickwickian manner, while they hate the bourgeoisie.

Money talks in all languages, but a representative of our Government in any Continental capital might engage the most splendid mansion in the city of his residence with a view of impressing the country to which he is accredited with the importance of his own Government, and fail. The people of the country will be dazzled by the splendor of his establishment, but think of the great residence as *his* palace, not the *official* palace of the United States.

"Ah," people say, "the representative of the Argentine Republic [or Brazil, or the United States] is undoubtedly wealthy. It is oil or steel or sugar or stocks. We will get from him the reliable market-quotations. He has made money, and has come to our paradise to spend it." It is he who lives in this golden glow, it is his house, which at its best is only one of many splendid unofficial houses.. A modest house owned by a Government is more impressive than the most magnificent mansion rented by the representative.

"Your Government is much poorer than its people," said a Spanish grandee, "since it cannot afford to do what it obliges its representatives to do."

"The White House is much smaller than many of the houses of unofficial American gentlemen, but it is the White House," I answered.

"I understand that;" he said, "but it seems that your Government, so far as its representatives are concerned, has not learned that the official stamp is what makes the house important."

The English know this well, and have made great use of it. In countries where dress is a symbol and not a thing of show or ostentation, houses are symbolical, too, and often merely symbolical. If one attempts to live in certain old palaces, one easily discovers that the outer appearance is more than the thing within.

Recently I was asked by a Danish count, a member of one of the best families in Denmark, whether we had a conscription in America. I answered:

"Not unless urgent circumstances in time of war require it."

He said that he could not then ask me a question that he had intended asking, which was whether our men of the best class would sleep in the same barrack-room with their servants. "When I served my time in the army," he explained, "my scullion had a bed not very far from me, and the son of my father's butler slept next to me. The German nobles tell me that they would not tolerate this." He wished to know whether the German point of view would be taken in the army of the United States.

I told him that I was quite sure that class prejudices disappeared when the mi-

litia was called out, and all are forced to sleep in great barracks; that social distinctions, though felt in our country, were not openly acknowledged, though we were socially much less democratic than his country.

There is much more politeness in Europe between master and servant than there is in America. In Continental hotels I have never heard anybody but an American or an Englishman find fault audibly with the waiters or servants. Whether the American point of view is changing or not, or whether American extravagance in Europe was ever as great as represented or not, I cannot say; but I am informed by hotel proprietors, who occasionally confide in me, that the most parsimonious and exacting of persons in European hotels are at present Americans, and apparently those of the better class. German tourists are proverbial for their closeness in money matters, but the great swarm of German tourists in Europe is frankly determined to save money. It is different with Americans; I think that Norwegians, especially, prefer Germans to us. I gather from the opinions of the class who not only stand, but wait, that it is hard enough to endure the artless censure of certain people who come abroad to complete an education that was never begun at home when this is accompanied by a generous tip; but when the tip does not appear, the criticism, which was formerly an amusing witticism, is considered a deadly insult.

The Continental is almost as much repelled as the Englishman by the effusiveness of some Americans. Steeped in family solidarity, he does not in the least understand why one should do this or that for him unless something is wanted in return. The type of our countrymen abroad who will row for fifteen minutes over what he considers a too expensive mutton-chop will invite the first chance acquaintance he meets in a railway carriage to take a drink or to lunch with him. The European, and especially the Teutonic European, who has been accustomed to paying for his own luncheon and his own drink among his own friends, and sometimes even in his own family, naturally wonders what the hospitable American will expect in return. The American of course expects nothing in return except the advantage of having some one to talk to. When the luncheon is over or the drink gone, the obligation has disappeared; but a memory runs in the mind of the guest that the American effusiveness was not altogether altruistic.

This disappears in proportion to the sympathetic temperament of the guest, and pleasant acquaintances and lasting friendships have been made by this very effusiveness; but as a rule the European does not understand why he should be given something for nothing. He is not accustomed to receiving dinners for the mere pleasure of his company. Meals in Europe are too serious to be a mere pleasure; they are even sacramental. Not long ago, being in Germany and in a sentimental mood, I saw a middle-aged man lightly and enthusiastically run up the steps of a solid-looking house. There was a cordial smile on his face.

"How happy he seems to be," I said to the Prussian officer who was showing me the sights. "How glad he is to get home to his family!"

The officer turned a lack-luster and reproving look upon me.

"It 's dinner-time," he said, "and nothing more."

I think I understood. To consider the joy of dinner-time, which all over Europe is the most important moment of the day, as having second place even in one's affections is almost a sacrilege!

The English, as we know, never forgive our effusiveness, though they despise us less for it than they used to do. They have discovered that it is pure selfishness on our part, since its object is to make things pleasant for ourselves, as the expert seaman pours oil over waters that may growl, and they naturally respect selfishness more than futile good nature. This it was that in Dickens turned sour the natural milk of human kindness, and hurt Matthew Arnold's exaggerated sentiment of self-respect. It still makes the provincial Englishman look on us as a nation to be despised only less than the Irish,—outside of Ulster,—but among Continental Europeans, when it takes the form of paying for things, it is considered a trait that is as inexplicable as it is pleasant. The Continental is not desirous of making new acquaintances unless they are to be valuable to him. If you happen to have begun to

know a language, and desire to try it on a chance acquaintance, you will find yourself blocked at once, for if the stranger has learned only a dozen words of your language, he will bend all his energies to the task of getting a lesson from you. An English lesson may cost three marks; an hour in the train with an English-speaking person costs nothing.

It is a fixed opinion among Continentals that in the United States nothing counts except money. They say:

"You have no rank, no bureaucracy, no great families either of the nobility or of the *haute bourgeoisie* who have been rooted among you for centuries. You have no time for the arts and music. You admit that you are too busy for all this. Oh, yes, your women are interested in art and music; but, then, what are women without men? They count for nothing. Thank Heaven! we are not feminists!"

Some of our people have unwisely retorted that Continental marriages have been for money.

"Why not?" is the reply. "Great rank must be supported, and a woman without family who wants great rank must have a great dot. Why not?"

There is no question that what are considered the real facts of life are extremely evident to the eyes of the Continentals. Coarseness is one thing, and it is very largely a matter of convention; indecency is another. But indecency may be so veiled with conventional politeness as to have something of a neutral quality. No matter what may be said about our elemental rawness, we view certain facts of life much more conventionally than our European brothers. The relations of the sexes, for instance, are frankly considered in the most polite European circles. What would seem to be coarse if said in America, in plain English, except in the newspapers, becomes an every-day statement when uttered in a European atmosphere, and in very plain Danish or German or French. A young girl of position may not flirt openly in Europe, for the simple reason that the relations between a young man and a young woman are supposed to be either one thing or the other, legitimate or illegitimate; there is no neutral ground, as with us, no romantic Platonism. The question of marriage is faced more openly than in our country, just as the whole sex question and the relation of the sexes to children is faced more frankly. A young girl who is engaged is not expected to believe that marriage means only a closer friendship. The suggestion that she may be a mother is not a matter either for smiles or for unnecessary blushes. She accepts the hope of the future naturally, and any false modesty on the subject would be looked on as prudish. A married woman who expects to have a child will give receptions and dinners and go out into society without any apology. The lady you take in to dinner on an important occasion may say of her neighbor just opposite: "I 'm sure it 's going to be a boy, because she still retains her beauty. Girls, when they are coming, always take away their mother's good looks." One of the discords between the point of view of the European man and the American woman, which sometimes leads in the beginning to unhappiness in international marriages, is that the American woman considers the man and his family coarse when, following their traditions and conventions, they are only reasonably natural.

The more one sees of home life among Continental people, the more one is impressed by its frankness, simplicity, and naturalness, especially among the people who are accounted rich. There is no ostentation and very little luxury, and the tone of morality in the European family is very high; but, as in society, the natural facts of life are spoken of with a frankness that astonishes the American, brought up in what may be called an atmosphere of suppression. There is much latitude, as we may euphemistically call it, in conversation. The plain tales are very plain indeed. Yet this does not imply any pruriency, but rather the lack of it. The American woman traveling in Europe with her daughters thinks she and "the girls" are mystically protected by the shadow of a husband and father in the background, even if this background is oversea; but there is a type of European, no matter how polite he may be, who when he clicks his heels and kisses the lady's hand wonders whether there really *is* a husband and a father in the background, and often concludes that independent ladies and their daughters are traveling in Europe not altogether for improvement, but with a view to what are rather

paradoxically called *"bonnes aventures."* The American lady, whose conscience has been thoroughly embalmed and preserved in her native atmosphere, cannot imagine this state of mind (as a rule, being a bird of passage, she does not discover it); but the point of view of the male brought up in Continental traditions is that a married lady who spends her time away from her husband for from three to six months at a time is either a widow or wants to be. "I have just discovered," a middle-aged gentleman said the other day, "that the married American women mean nothing when they smile at you and treat you with a frankness which our ladies would consider improper. They do not think of one's sex at all; they simply mean to be friendly. But if one of our own ladies acted that way, we should consider that she expected us to have intentions, either honorable or otherwise, as the case might be." The gentleman simply stated with artless truthfulness an almost general Continental opinion.

It is always odious, and never very instructive, to make comparisons. Without attempting to compile statistics of comparative morality, an impossible task, it is evident that the Continental regards certain vagaries of the youthful male with much more tolerance than is the case in the United States, or even in England, where the old Puritanism is rapidly disappearing, and where hypocrisy has ceased to be a virtue. These vagaries, however, must be confined to the classes beyond that in which the young man moves. The European standard of what is called virtue among men is so different from that applied to women, and so fixed, that no sensible person is ever supposed to question its justice; for when a thing is fixed, outside of those circles supposed to be peopled by Socialists or Social Democrats, it becomes a part of the atmosphere of everyday life. To assume for a moment that the standard of continence should be the same for a young man and a young woman would be looked on as worse than the preaching of monastic asceticism as the rule of life in general. As a first lesson, a young girl in society is taught that she must rely on her mother or chaperon for protection. Deserted by these, her attempts to protect herself would be merely looked upon as provocative. But this point of view does not exist among relatives. The family solidarity is a protection in itself. If the father or mother or chaperon of a young girl should leave her alone for half an hour in an opera-box in company with a young man, it would be understood that the party of the first part would marry the party of the second part, or there would be a "queer feeling" in regard to her. What we call "emancipation" in the United States becomes license, especially in northern Europe.

Nowadays marriages with Americans are not looked on with distaste even by the old aunts, in ancient and dull country-houses, immersed in prejudices and embroidery.

"Hans will marry an American," cries the family.

"At least she will be *chic*," the neighborhood says; "for all American women that one marries in America are *chic*."

It is unfortunate that Hans should be so poor that he is obliged to seek a wife outside of his own country, or at least outside of Europe; nevertheless, an American is preferable. She has no quarterings, it is true; she cannot "rank"; she is not "born," and therefore in the beginning—only in the beginning—she may be patronized. But all over Europe the power to buy things, especially land and stocks, supplies a force which no heraldic expert can withstand. It is, as I have said, only in the beginning that she is patronized. It is not so much that she adapts herself to the opinions and even to the prejudices of her new relatives; it is that she quickly discovers their strong point, which is their love for simplicity in everyday life. She has tact enough to work on their good qualities and to ignore their weaknesses, and if she is often more like the princess of the petty-kingdom novels than the real thing, it is because she cannot altogether rid herself of the impression that rank is romantic and wholly a privilege, whereas it is really often a burden, and one which those who possess it often desire to forget.

TOSCANINI AT THE BATON

THE DISTINGUISHED CONDUCTOR OF OPERA, HIS PRODIGIOUS MEMORY, AND THE METHODS BY WHICH HE HAS ACHIEVED HIS REMARKABLE SUCCESS

BY MAX SMITH

WITH PICTURES OF THE OPERA BY ARTHUR I. KELLER

NO man or woman of sensitive feelings, coming into the musical presence of Arturo Toscanini, can fail to recognize the dominant power of the Italian conductor whose inspiring baton, happily enlisted for the last few years in the service of the Metropolitan Opera Company, has exerted a revolutionary influence on lyric drama in New York.

To the eye alone, without the musical sensibilities as a stimulant, he presents in action a picture strangely attractive and fascinating. While you look upon his slender figure—slender almost to the point of frailty, yet charged with electric vitality; while you follow his searching eyes as they sweep the stage or fasten on some musician in the orchestra, enjoining, beseeching, encouraging, reproaching; while you watch the commanding beat of his right arm, rhythmically exact, precise, imperious, yet wonderfully supple, elastic, and graceful, or marvel at the expressiveness of his left hand, lifted over the instrumental surge, to soothe or quicken, to appease or incite, you fall under the spell of his personality as completely as the artists who answer his will.

How often the writer has seen him giving every ounce of his vitality to the one absorbing purpose of his life! Standing as straight as an arrow, with stick pointing low for attention; leaning forward for more intimate communion with his men; with hands extended in quiet appeal; with arms darting out to compel obedience; in extreme repose; in the stress of the utmost exertion—in his attitude, Toscanini expresses the forces of his destiny.

"I do not compose," Toscanini once said, "because I know that whatever I composed would fall below the standard I set for myself." How simple a statement, yet how significant! Toscanini does not compose because nature planned otherwise, because nature made him an inspired spokesman, a genius to interpret the genius of others, focusing all his energies, all his physical and spiritual powers, on one mission. Impossible to swerve from the straight path beaten out for him by centuries of evolution, impossible to turn into byways where his energies would be wasted! No halting, no hesitating, no turning, no vacillating, but one steady, onward march, one course, one aim!

"When Toscanini leaves his house, he knows exactly where he is going," one of his admirers remarked in discussing the conductor's ways, "and he proceeds in that direction as eagerly as a hound on a trail. That is something you rarely find among musicians, most of whom wander about with their heads in the clouds."

HIS PRODIGIOUS ABILITY

THE same clearness of vision, impulsiveness, and determination govern Toscanini's artistic career. Invariably he understands exactly what he wants down to the smallest detail, and no obstacle is big enough to stop his onward movement, to throw him off his line of progress by so much as an inch.

Strange how nature combined in the fragile frame of a single man so many extraordinary qualities, how it ingrafted in one human being talents that might have been scattered among many, giving at the same time the will, the energy, the ambition, the force, the vitality, to curb those talents and guide them, to make them perfect servants of a superior imagination! But that is why Toscanini is regarded by many as the foremost orchestral conductor of his day and generation. It is not because his personality, fascinating though it be, appeals to hero-worshiping minds; not because he wins the applause of the

masses; not because an extraordinary financial value is set on his services, but because of the prodigious ability that enables him to achieve the loftiest results.

HIS VALUE DUE TO RESULTS HE ACHIEVES

PRIMARILY, Toscanini's reputation rests on the beauty of the musical structures he builds, on their carefully chiseled perfection, on their symmetry and balance, on their completeness in outline and detail. Whatever of gold there is in a work he brings to the surface, whatever of dross he conceals from the ear.

It is frequently asserted that, measured in dollars and cents, a conductor's value is less than a singer's, because he has little attraction for the general public. Superficially considered, of course that is true. In opera, at least, the conductor is hardly a box-office magnet. But though his influence may not be recognized consciously by the average opera-goer, who fancies that the artists on the other side of the footlights are responsible for all the sensations he receives, it is none the less real. It may encourage or depress the singer; it may sap the life from the music on which his voice is floated or kindle the vital spark that is wanting.

Audiences are not given to analyzing their sensations, to finding the true sources of their pleasures or pains; but they are quick to feel. That is why a man like Toscanini is worth more than any one "star" even in financial terms. That is why the Italian conductor's services are now in demand in every musical center of the world, enabling him to earn in a year almost twice as much as the President of the United States.

TOSCANINI'S PHENOMENAL MEMORY

FROM a popular point of view, Toscanini's memory is his most phenomenal endowment. As a matter of fact, his capacity to absorb and fasten in his mind an apparently unlimited number of scores down to the most minute detail is quite without precedent.

His retentive powers naturally have been sharpened by practice and experience; yet they were highly developed even in his youth. In the conservatory his teachers were astonished at the boy's memory. A few readings of any piece of music seemed to be all that was necessary to imprint it indelibly on his brain. When he had mastered his special instrument, the cello, and became a member of an orchestra,—a "professore," as they say in Italy,—he seldom paid any heed to the musical page, giving all his attention to the conductor. It was that which led to his first sensational appearance as a conductor.

DÉBUT IN RIO DE JANEIRO

TOSCANINI was in Rio de Janeiro, doing double duty in the opera-house as first cellist and assistant chorus-master. The season had gone badly from the beginning. One conductor had been rejected, and matters reached a crisis when an indignant audience, assembled to hear "Aïda," refused to accept the services of an incompetent substitute, compelling him by main force to leave the orchestra, amid jeers, hisses, and catcalls, before the unfortunate man had lifted his baton.

The impresario was in a quandary, when a delegation of influential subscribers insisted that he should not abandon the performance; they were ready, they said, to accept as leader any musician in the orchestra rather than the man dismissed.

Some one suggested Toscanini, who beat a retreat to the stage, where he was found trying to hide in the wings. His efforts to escape were futile. No excuse was accepted. Forced into the claw-hammer coat worn by the costumer of the theater, he was dragged into the pit and lifted bodily to the conductor's stand, while the crowd roared its approval.

The youthful maestro seized the baton, and suddenly the noise was quelled. He held at once the undivided attention not only of the orchestra, but of the mob. Every one could see that he was conducting from memory. Even then, making his first appearance as a leader, he was independent of the score, and so an evening that began with tumultuous protests ended with boisterous demonstrations of enthusiasm, insuring the cellist's employment as conductor to the end of the season. Brute force had launched him on his brilliant career. The news of his sensational début was flashed across the ocean, and thereafter the doors of every opera-house in Italy were open to him.

Drawn by Arthur I. Keller. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

THE "GALLERY GODS" ON AN EVENING WHEN TOSCANINI IS CONDUCTING

EARLY TRIUMPHS IN ITALY

HE conducted the première of "Pagliacci" in the Dal Verme Theater of Milan, when Victor Maurel, creating the rôle of *Tonio,* sang the prologue which Leoncavallo had written at his special request. He conducted in Genoa the first performance of "Cristofero Colombo," taking Mancinelli's place at short notice, and learning Franchetti's score by heart within a few days. For years he was musical director in La Scala, where he became the associate of Giulio Gatti-Casazza, leaving that post suddenly when the public of Milan insisted on encores, a demand which he resisted with characteristic fidelity to his ideals and with characteristic courage and determination.

TOSCANINI COMES TO AMERICA

FINALLY he answered the call from New York, but not in the manner of some of his distinguished predecessors—of Mottl, for example, who was willing to debase his art before American audiences for the sake of his salary by assuming the responsibility for performances which he knew were improperly prepared. He came only when he had a guaranty that he would be able to carry out successfully his artistic principles; when he was assured he would have so experienced, tactful, trustworthy, and wise a mate as Signor Gatti-Casazza, and the coöperation of men so expert in their craft, so familiar with his ways, so devoted to their leader, as the chorus-master Giulio Setti, the assistant conductor Francesco Romei, and the prompter Marchese, who is known by many as Toscanini's shadow.

Unquestionably the handsome remuneration offered by the directors of the Metropolitan Opera Company acted as an inducement, though Toscanini's earnings in Buenos Aires, during a far shorter season than he spends in New York every year,

reached a much higher figure. But in his mind artistic considerations have always overshadowed financial ones. He came to New York as a reformer, and collaborating with Gatti-Casazza, he carried out his reforms with an iron hand, lifting the standard of operatic performances in a few years to a level they had never before attained in the United States.

ACTIVITIES OF A MEMORABLE WEEK IN NEW YORK

WITHIN the compass of one week last year Toscanini conducted from memory "The Girl of the Golden West," "Tristan und Isolde," "Orfeo ed Euridice," and "Le Donne Curiose." And almost every morning on the days of the performances he was rehearsing Dukas's "Ariane et Barbe-Bleue," with the French composer's complicated score lying on his desk for reference only in case any member of the orchestra should question his word.

Think what it means to have every note, every rhythm, every pause, every tempo, every metrical modification, every tonal value, every accent—all the thousand and one musical symbols and minute indications printed on the pages of a score—so sharply stenciled on the brain that the conscious mind, through the sensitive medium of the ear, seizes the slightest variation from the effects prescribed by the composer and set down by him with the minutest care and precision! Think what it would mean only to beat every measure correctly in the fluctuating instrumental tide of "Tristan," even without the elasticity of movement, the exquisite modulations, the incessant play of light and shade which distinguish Toscanini's reading of that immortal drama in music!

THE EXTRAORDINARY REPERTORY HE CONDUCTS BY HEART

IN New York, Toscanini has conducted twenty-two operas. The number of pages in the full scores of those works, as, thanks to Lionel Mapleson, librarian of the Metropolitan Opera Company, I have ascertained, is approximately ten thousand. Yet that does not nearly represent the prodigious amount of material that he has filed away in his mind, ready for immediate use. In countries outside of the United States he has conducted by heart not only seventy other operas, thus bringing the number of operatic scores he has committed to memory to the stupendous figure of ninety-two, but has also produced various oratorios, symphonies, and tone-poems.

In his youth Toscanini transcribed accurately from memory a quartet by Bolzoni, and later in Buenos Aires he surprised a few of his friends by jotting down in the same way several pages of Strauss's "Salome," the score of which had been in his possession only a short time.[1]

[1] The operas Toscanini had conducted in New York at the time of writing were Verdi's "Aida," "Falstaff," and "Otello"; Wagner's "Götterdämmerung," "Tristan und Isolde," and "Die Meistersinger"; Puccini's "Villi," "Manon Lescaut," "La Bohème," "Tosca," "Madama Butterfly," and "La Fanciulla del West"; Gluck's "Orfeo ed Euridice" and "Armide"; Bizet's "Carmen"; Catalani's "La Wally"; Ponchielli's "Gioconda"; Massenet's "Manon"; Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana"; Wolf-Ferrari's "Le Donne Curiose"; Franchetti's "Germania," and Dukas's "Ariane et Barbe-Bleue." He has also conducted in the Metropolitan Opera House, Verdi's "Requiem."

Other opera scores which he has produced are Verdi's "Lombardi," "Luisa Miller," "La Forza del Destino," "Un Ballo in Maschera," "Traviata," "Trovatore," and "Rigoletto"; Wagner's "Fliegende Holländer," "Tannhäuser," "Lohengrin," "Walküre," and "Siegfried"; Donizetti's "Linda di Chamounix," "Lucrezia Borgia," "Lucia di Lammermoor," "La Favorita," "L'Elisire d'Amore," and "Don Pasquale"; Rossini's "Guglielmo Tell" and "Barbiere di Siviglia"; Paer's "Maestro di Capella"; Bellini's "Norma"; Thomas's "Hamlet" and "Mignon"; Gounod's "Faust"; Meyerbeer's "Les Huguenots" and "Dinorah"; Saint-Saëns's "Samson et Dalila"; Ponchielli's "Marion Delorme" and "I Lituani"; Mozart's "Don Giovanni" and "Le Nozze di Figaro"; Weber's "Der Freischütz" and "Euryanthe"; Massenet's "Roi de Lahore" and "Werther"; Berlioz's "La Damnation de Faust"; Goldmark's "Königin von Saba"; Boito's "Mefistofele"; Mascagni's "Maschere," "Amico Fritz," and "Iris"; Leoncavallo's "Pagliacci" and "Zaza"; Franchetti's "Asrael," "Cristofero Colombo," and "Figlio di Jorio"; Catalani's "Loreley" and "Edmea"; Tschaikowsky's "Eugen Onegin"; De Lara's "Messalina"; Galeotti's "Anton"; Smareglia's "Oceana"; Buzzi-Peccia's "Forza d'Amore"; Cagnoni's "Francesca da Rimini"; Gomez's "Salvator Rosa" and "Guarani"; Guarga's "Gualtiero Swarten"; Mazetti's "Vindice"; Deleva's "La Camargo"; Cilea's "Gloria"; Giordano's "Andrea Chenier"; Cantri's "Sawitri"; Richard Strauss's "Salome"; Gnecchi's "Cassandra"; Humperdinck's "Hänsel und Gretel" and "Königskinder"; Charpentier's "Louise"; and Debussy's "Pelleas et Mélisande." He has also conducted the third act of "Parsifal" in concert form and soon he will have added to his list Moussorgski's "Boris Godounov."

The choral works in Toscanini's repertory include, among many others, Peresi's "Risurezzione di Lazzaro" and "Mose," and Verdi's "Mass"; the symphonic works, all of Beethoven's and Brahms's symphonies, many of Haydn's and Mozart's, and tone-poems by Liszt and Strauss. Apparently the conductor's memory sweeps all the important literature of music, operatic, symphonic, choral.

Drawn by Arthur I. Keller

Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

CARUSO AND GERALDINE FARRAR AT A REHEARSAL OF MASSENET'S "MANON"

The prompter in his box at the footlights is directly in front of Toscanini's stand in the orchestra pit.

HOW HE PHOTOGRAPHS SCORES ON HIS MIND

TOSCANINI'S method of study is as follows: first, he sits down at the piano and plays the score carefully, with his extremely short-sighted eyes held close to the page. In this way he supplements and sharpens his photographic vision through his keenly retentive ear. Subsequently he studies the score apart from the piano, only now and then calling upon the instrument for assistance. Stretched at ease in bed or relaxing comfortably in a chair, he pores over his volumes for hours at a time, spending occasionally a whole night at work. But once he has completed his task, every symbol etched by the composer on high-towering staffs, every line and dot inscribed laboriously for the instruction of each musician and singer, every word of the text, has been clearly projected on his mind.

Extraordinary is the rapidity with which the conductor accomplishes feats that to the ordinary intelligence are incomprehensible. Wolf-Ferrari's "Le Donne Curiose," for example, he learned by heart last year within a week, and much of his time in those seven days was occupied in preparing and conducting other works.

Only when he has made every detail of a score a living reality in his mind is Toscanini ready for rehearsal, only when he understands exactly what he himself wants and can give undivided attention to teaching others how to carry out his will.

No wonder the men and women who take the conductor's suggestions feel his compelling authority. They realize that he is fortified with an armor of knowledge which has no breaks. They know he has mastered their parts, each and all, more completely than they have themselves. Skeptical though they may have been before they came into close contact with him, —as many singers in the Metropolitan Opera House, particularly among the Germans, actually were until Toscanini pointed out errors that had passed unnoticed even in Bayreuth—experience has shown that his mind is as infallible as the printed score.

HIS RETENTIVE POWERS BELITTLED IN NEW YORK

THERE has been a tendency in certain quarters to belittle Toscanini's phenomenal memory. Because it was the sort of thing that would appeal to the imagination of the masses quite apart from its purely artistic significance; because it offered extraordinary opportunities for exciting the interest of the ignorant, some persons were, and apparently are still, of the opinion that it ought to be guarded carefully as a secret. When he made his first appearance in the Metropolitan Opera House, only one or two newspapers in New York mentioned the fact that he conducted without score, and even now the subject seems to be tabooed by many chroniclers. The public has discovered Toscanini's talents with little material aid from purveyors of news.

It is a mistake, however, to undervalue the faculty of conducting by heart. In itself, of course, without the coöperation of other superior powers, it would not have established Toscanini where he now is. A man might possess an abnormal gift of memory, and yet not understand the meaning of what he absorbed. He might even grasp the full significance of the impressions received, and yet not be able to convey it to others.

Yet how could Toscanini be Toscanini without this special attribute? How could he manipulate the orchestra as though every instrument were a key under his fingers; how could he make the multitudinous forces under his command perfect agents of his intentions, molding and shaping them incessantly to conform to his will; how could he have his extraordinary freedom and exert his unintermitting sway; how could he concentrate all his powers, psychical and physical, on his interpretation, if he had to glance at the music for information, if he had to interrupt the ceaseless play of his left hand by turning the pages!

It would be equally unreasonable, however, to lay too much stress on his memory. For though it is the most curious and mystifying element in the artistic composition of the man, it represents only one among his many cardinal qualities.

STRIKING COMBINATION OF THE IDEAL AND PRACTICAL

BROADLY speaking, Toscanini, as an artist, may be described as a very unusual combination of the ideal and the practical.

His aim is always directed toward the highest goal, his fancy scales the loftiest pinnacles; yet he never overtops what he can actually accomplish, he never permits his emotions to befog and unsettle his sense of reality. While his mind soars in regions beyond the reach of most men, his feet are planted on firm ground. He seizes the impalpable, but always translates it into concrete and intelligible terms. The towering projects of his imagination are held in perfect balance by his prodigious ability. No matter how tall, massive, and elaborate an edifice he has planned, he invariably succeeds in carrying out his design. A great architect, he is also a great builder, and he constructs his castles with extraordinary care, precision, and patience. Spurred on by an energy that never flags, curbed by a conscientiousness that never weakens, abominating mediocrity, recoiling from the perfunctory, Toscanini is as strict with himself as with his collaborators, applying himself to his work with an almost religious fervor.

A CARICATURE OF TOSCANINI
DRAWN BY ENRICO CARUSO

HOW HE PREPARES PRODUCTIONS

In preparing a production he first takes his musicians in hand, putting them through their paces in an up-stairs room reserved for that purpose. The orchestra he has in New York is an excellent body of players, made up of expert and intelligent men who can read easily at sight and grasp quickly. But he never takes any chances. Not until he is absolutely sure that every member of the orchestra knows his part fully, not until every detail has been worked out and polished, does he take his disciples down-stairs, there to test them under proper acoustic conditions.

Concurrently with the purely orchestral practice, the other departments of the performance are in preparation, all converging toward the final general rehearsal. The conductor has his assistants, of course, —proficient coaches to train the singers, experts like Setti to drill the chorus,—but Toscanini gives personal attention to each of the principals, sometimes going to their homes and playing their accompaniments himself, before he meets them for a combined rehearsal.

It is interesting to watch him at that stage, sitting at some distance from the piano, which is manipulated by an assistant conductor, clapping his hands in rhythmical command, often singing in unison with his pupils, shouting his directions, giving this order or that, criticizing, encouraging, blaming, approving, and all without referring to the score.

The next step in the elaborate building-up of a new production is the rehearsal on the stage to the accompaniment of a piano. On such an occasion you will see stage-managers and assistant conductors scurrying about among the singers, hinting, helping, suggesting. You will see the prompter sitting in a chair, placed immediately in front of the box which conceals him during public performances, following the vocal score and reading aloud the first words of every line in the text. The conductor, you will observe, is also on hand, not only to keep his artists within the rhythmical limitations defined by him, but to coöperate with those whose immediate duty it is to map out the dramatic scheme of the play, to tell the actors where they must stand, what positions and poses they must assume, how they must move about, with what gestures they must express their feelings.

By that time, of course, every participant must have a firm grasp on his music and know the special demands of the conductor. But the process of learning how to accompany the singing with appropriate actions is not an easy one, and even in that phase of rehearsing Toscanini is fertile with illuminating ideas. At times, indeed, he will act a whole scene to convey his intentions graphically, much in the manner of David Belasco. Even more enlightening is his verbal comment and criticism, inspired by a penetrating knowledge of the interlocking artistic values, dramatic, poetic, and musical.

Drawn by Arthur I. Keller. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

CARUSO AND AMATO IN "PAGLIACCI"—VIEWED FROM BEHIND THE SCENES

REHEARSALS ARE LIKE PERFORMANCES

WHEN the stage rehearsals are finished, Toscanini is ready to call his forces together. Up to that point he has proceeded along usual lines, but with a thoroughness, an insistence on perfection, a patience and zeal, which few conductors command.

With most musical directors, even with those who hold high rank, the first general rehearsal has many interruptions. Singers stand inactive while the orchestra practises a part of the score which did not go quite as it should. Musicians grow fidgety waiting for some stage tangle to be settled. The strain upon all of pauses, discussions, and repetitions is at times intolerable.

When Toscanini marshals his forces this is not the case. The previous preparations under his direction have been measured with so fine a line, have been carried out with so elaborate a care, with so indomitable a perseverance, that when the parts are finally assembled every piece of the complicated operatic machinery fits perfectly into its particular place. Even under Toscanini, to be sure, there may be occasional halts and repetitions, and woe to him who has to shoulder the responsibility! But these are the exceptions, not the rule. Indeed, occasions could be mentioned when, save for the appearance of the singers in street clothes instead of in costume, first rehearsals prepared and conducted by Toscanini have been to all intents and purposes smooth, fluent, and complete performances.

Whenever Toscanini conducts in the Metropolitan Opera House, a little group of admirers collects behind the rail at the extreme left of the parquet. From that vantage-point one can plainly see his face, illuminated by the light reflected from his desk, and can observe the movements of his arms as easily as the men who obey his orders. Spick and span in appearance, apparently as careful of his clothes as of the music he interprets, Toscanini does not conform to the traditional type of absent-minded musician. Neatness, order, punctiliousness, nicety, are characteristic of the man as well as of the artist. And yet within that well-groomed exterior slumbers a volcanic temperament ready to be called on at any moment, but always controlled, even in the most impassioned outbursts, by fine intelligence and taste.

In the physical manifestations of his power as well as in the results he obtains from his orchestra, the most salient characteristics of the conductor, perhaps, are his combined vigor and elegance. Usually his baton is poised lightly between his thumb and the tips of his fingers and at an obtuse angle from his body; occasionally he grasps it tightly in his hand. The movements of his right arm, though subtly varied and elastic, are at once broad, incisive, and sharply defined. Unlike certain other conductors,—Nikisch, Strauss, Mahler, and Mottl,—the Italian master is never satisfied with giving vague indications. While painting his colors he marks every important beat distinctly with his stick. Not always does he punctuate the musical entrances of the singers with signals. He expects his pupils to be so thoroughly grounded in their music that they can find their own way through it, assisted only by the prompter. But if he observes any faltering, he comes quickly to their aid.

Remarkable in Toscanini is the independence of the left arm, which the average conductor uses generally in rhythmical unison with the right. Now and then, compelled by exigencies to use every energy at his command in preserving the equilibrium of his forces, he will beat time with both arms. But usually his left hand, extended lightly over the orchestra, with thumb and fingers widely separated, or lifted high with palm toward the stage, is employed solely to convey more delicate shades of meaning, though occasionally it will flash a swift command to some distant player. There is something peculiarly expressive in his hand—now outspread like a fan, now with fingers curling inward—as it swims over the heads of the attentive and responsive musicians. That animate member, so closely in touch with the conductor's innermost feelings, is one of his most vital organs of interpretation.

Already it has been made clear what finished results Toscanini achieves in every production over which he assumes control; for technically considered, the performances conducted by him are not only models of clarity, precision, and symmetry, perfectly balanced, perfectly adjusted, perfectly knit, but they are glorified by an unceasing ebb and flow of ravishing melody.

It now remains to point out briefly the more abstract characteristics of his art.

Drawn by Arthur I. Keller. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

CHARACTERISTIC POSES OF TOSCANINI WHILE CONDUCTING

Toscanini approaches his task objectively rather than subjectively, and that explains why he succeeds so well with music of various schools and epochs, why he is able to come as close to Wagner as to Verdi, to Debussy as to Wagner, to Gluck as to Debussy. He has no sympathy with the trend of modern conducting, as exemplified by Nikisch, who not only shapes his readings to suit his individual taste, but actually presumes to change the orchestration set down by the composer. His all-absorbing ambition is to reproduce music in a way absolutely true not only to the letter, but to the spirit of the creating mind, and he succeeds in accomplishing his design through the extraordinary sense he has of the composer's fundamental intentions, through the imaginative gift he has of entering into the composer's soul. While one of his hands, so to speak, exacts strict obedience to the text, the other rests gently on the author's heart, exquisitely susceptible to every pulsation.

It is a difficult, perhaps an impossible, task to define in concrete terms the elements which make Toscanini's reading glow with sustained inspiration. In listening to performances informed by his genius, we are aware of the conductor's imaginative grasp of the movements best suited to express the emotional import of the score. His feeling for tempo, indeed, is one of Toscanini's most extraordinary gifts; for under his sway the metrical ebb and flow, springing spontaneously into life from the very marrow of the music, sweeping in waves now broad and placid, now light and fluent, now wildly propulsive and turbulent, creates the impression of something inevitable.

His rhythm is always articulate. It is measured as truly in expansive undulations as in closely serried and swift-rolling ripples of sound. Even the fluctuating and irregular pulsations of what is technically known as "rubato"—and what a master of rubato Toscanini is!—rise and fall on a heaving ground-swell of rhythm.

The unity and cohesion of Toscanini's musical perspectives, the perfect adjustment of one part to another, is striking. Shaped and modeled by his hands, the most clashing contrasts are dovetailed into a seamless and homogeneous whole. His crescendos are models of dynamic ascension, set at exactly the right angle from the outset, no matter how distant the summit, and beautifully graduated from start to finish; his accelerandos are as accurately calculated as though they were impelled by the force of gravity.

In the most delicately interlaced network of tones, woven by the conductor's master hand, no meshes hang loose. Every filament in the moving tapestry is as closely related to those that are not yet disclosed as it is to the threads that are already spun. And as the impressions roll by, vitalized by a temperament that spans the whole gamut of human feelings, as one measure merges into another, forging onward to the end, one realizes that Toscanini has not been revealing merely a rapid succession of pictures, separated by fleeting periods of time, but a single gigantic canvas projected on the memory through the wide-angled lens of his mind.

One could go on indefinitely enlarging on the peculiar genius of this man, elaborating in greater detail the all-encompassing range of his art. As quiet and majestic in his repose as he is tense in emotional outbursts; as light and graceful in his humor as he is forceful and compelling in his seriousness; as tender and sympathetic in his pathos as he is vehement in climaxes of passion, there is apparently nothing in music that is beyond his powers.

Strange it seems, in a way, that one appointed by nature to render service to the world should shrink violently from the concerted tributes of admiration which his genius invites; but Toscanini's peculiar abhorrence of applause, manifested frequently in the Metropolitan Opera House, is not an affectation, as some observers have suspected. "I cannot give the exact reasons," he explained; "but noisy demonstrations of approval always have given me an acute sensation of pain. It is not timidity, I know. It is an instinct. I had the feeling as a boy when I played the cello for the first time in public. As soon as the hand-clapping began I could not resist the impulse to rush into hiding."

Clearly Toscanini's fire is kindled solely by the music he interprets. He invariably gives his best, even when he has no audience. Perhaps the most impressive performance of "Tristan und Isolde" he ever conducted in New York was at a rehearsal, and only one listener sat in the shadows of the darkened auditorium.

OUR GREATEST VICTORY OF PEACE

INTRODUCTION

By the arbitration of the claims growing out of the fire and pillage by Confederate cruisers, Great Britain and the United States cemented a peace which at that time had lasted for fifty-five years, and is now approaching its centenary. It is easy to believe that the reference to a tribunal controlled by the appointees of foreign rulers of that most dangerous controversy, which involved tremendous national loss and keen national pride, is the most important political event to English-speaking peoples since the signing of Magna Charta, six hundred and fifty years earlier. In fact, the Treaty of Washington, which provided for the Geneva Tribunal, was a Charter of Peace which, by comparison, may be called the Maxima Charta.

Arbitration as a substitute for the shedding of blood is not so modern as the importance recently given to it would seem to imply. During the Middle Ages many national grievances were adjudicated by the popes, who were in a position to claim jurisdiction as vicars on earth of the Prince of Peace; and later the emperors of the Holy Roman Empire were often able to impose their authority in the interest of peace; but it was left to the nineteenth century to establish the principle that peace is the first interest of civilization, and as such is entitled to the protection of all nations having enough force and intelligence to accept the principle of international law. Of the hundred and thirty or forty important arbitrations of the last century, twelve of the greatest were the resort of Great Britain and the United States, and the settlement of the "Alabama Claims" ranks as the most important that ever blessed two great countries by thwarting the demons of war.

In 1897 the two countries negotiated an Anglo-American Arbitration Treaty which the United States Senate has neglected to ratify. If that treaty had been in force in 1912, Congress would probably have weighed the Panama tolls question in the scales of justice instead of the palm of self-interest; and, our legislators having taken that attitude, Great Britain's claim that the measure infringes the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty would have been disposed of automatically by arbitration, which, perhaps, is what the Senate, with its tender sense of prerogative, was determined to prevent.

In Colonel Church's paper the ten-year controversy with Great Britain is frankly seen from the American point of view. Much might be said to justify in human nature and national usage the British sentiments and acts, which, after the triumph of the North, bore the aspect of official responsibility. The series of cartoons from London "Punch" here published, by permission, all bear the signature of John Tenniel, and convey, with his usual penetration, the average sentiment of the British people. Both nations may be proud of the Geneva arbitration, since it is a monument to the strength and moderation of each, and a bond of federation for national fellowship.—THE EDITOR.

THE ARBITRATION OF THE "ALABAMA CLAIMS"

WITH A SERIES OF CARTOONS FROM LONDON "PUNCH" REPRODUCED BY SPECIAL PERMISSION

BY COLONEL WILLIAM CONANT CHURCH

Editor of "The Army and Navy Journal"

THE inhabitants of Geneva, Switzerland, are proud of their hôtel de ville, or town hall, a venerable building associated with the history of the city and canton for nearly five hundred years. In the Tour Boudet there is a remarkable collection of archives, including a signed copy of the conclusions of the Tribunal of Arbitration whose "decision and award" of September 14, 1872, settled matters in dispute between England and the United States which for years had made cordial relations between the two countries impossible and had seriously threatened war. The deliberations of that tribunal were held in a room of handsome proportions in the hôtel de ville, now known as the "Salle de l'Alabama."

Thus the ancient city of Geneva was the scene of one of the most notable victories in history—a victory not of war, but of peace, yet accomplished by the most distinguished soldier of his day, judged by the only standard which war permits, the standard of success. The tribunal consisted of five members, chosen severally by Queen Victoria, President Grant, the King of Italy, the President of Switzerland, and the Emperor of Brazil. The question referred to the tribunal was the settlement of what were known under the generic title of the "Alabama Claims," which grew out of the depredations upon American commerce during the Civil War made by Confederate cruisers built in England, armed with English guns, and to some extent manned by Englishmen.

When in 1861 the fears of Daniel Webster were realized, and the States of the American Union became "dissevered, discordant, belligerent," few men at home or abroad recognized the process of evolution transforming a loose federation of States into a homogeneous republic of imperial possibilities, and, as recent history shows, of imperial necessities. The States remaining in the Union after the establishment of the Southern Confederacy were at first controlled by a blind instinct of self-preservation rather than by any clear comprehension of the end to which they were tending. To a foreign observer like Thomas Carlyle the American conflict appeared to be simply the burning out of a smoky chimney. The people of the late united States were divided into two sections each of them seeming to the unsympathetic foreign observer to be possessed of nothing better than an insane desire to destroy the other.

ENGLISH SYMPATHY WITH THE SOUTH

IN those days educated Americans were almost morbidly sensitive to foreign opinion, especially to that of England, for we had not yet emancipated ourselves from intellectual vassalage to the mother country. It was an enormous shock, therefore, to find England promptly turning against the Union at the moment when her friendship was most needed, the most influential classes in England being almost unanimously critical or hostile. The French, or at least the French government, were not less so, but they saved our feelings by expressing their opinions in a language few of us understood, while the English were brutally frank in the mother tongue.

Grievous was the Northern sense of wrong when within four months of the organization of the Confederate States secession was asserted in England to be not only a right, but an accomplished fact. Endless corruption in every public department of the Northern States was assumed. Mr. Roebuck, M. P., announced that we

were not only unfit for the government of ourselves, "but unfit for the courtesies and the community of the civilized world." Mr. Gladstone declared that our war was not "waged for any adequate or worthy object on the part of the North." His platform speeches were still more offensive. Lords Salisbury and Palmerston questioned the interpretation of the domestic law of the United States by President Lincoln and his Secretary of State Mr. Seward, both of them able lawyers. Salisbury went so far as to declare that the decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States were rendered, under the pressure of bayonets, to suit the designs of Lincoln.

The British press was even more insulting. Northern society and the Northern army were described as the scum of the earth. The London "Times" urged the Orleans princes, who were serving as aides on the staff of General McClellan, to leave the Union service on the ground that they were disgracing themselves by associating with Federal officers. While these denunciations were an expression of the general sentiment of the ruling classes, it should not be forgotten that the North had in England warm friends and champions in such men as John Bright, Richard Cobden, and John Stuart Mill. These, with many in private station, recognized that in battling with slavery and aristocratic rule the North was fighting their battles as well as its own.

This cartoon, which followed Grant's repulse before Petersburg, and Sherman's repulse before Atlanta, pictures Premier Palmerston as intimating the probable recognition of the Confederacy.

PIRACY AND RETALIATION

THE attack upon Fort Sumter in the harbor of Charleston, April 12, 1861, was the call to battle for the Northern States. Within one week following this attack Jefferson Davis, President of the Southern Confederacy, issued a proclamation inviting applications for letters of marque and reprisal, conveying authority to roam the high seas and prey upon the commerce of the United States. Two days later, President Lincoln issued a counter-proclamation, in which he said: "I hereby proclaim and declare that if any person under the pretended authority of the said States, or under any other pretense, shall molest a vessel of the United States, or the persons or cargo on board her, such person will be held amenable to the laws of the United States for the prevention and punishment of piracy."

The opportunity soon came to test the efficacy of this threatening proclamation. A Confederate privateer, the *Savannah*, was captured; her captain and fourteen of the crew, eight of whom were foreigners, were tried for piracy, the jury disagreeing in their cases. The captain and crew of another captured vessel, the *Jefferson Davis*, were subsequently found guilty of piracy, and one of the crew named Smith was condemned to death and held for execution. Thereupon the Confederates set aside one of their prisoners, Colonel Michael Corcoran of the 69th New York Militia, who was wounded and captured at the first battle of Bull Run, and informed our Government that he would be hanged if Smith was. Corcoran had been selected by lot, as were thirteen other Federal prisoners held as hostages for the captain and the other members of the crew of the *Jefferson Davis*. But the officials at Washington reconsidered their intentions

toward the Confederates afloat, and the hostages reverted to their position as ordinary prisoners of war.

One of those Union hostages was a native of Switzerland who afterward became president of the Swiss republic. Another was Colonel Orlando B. Willcox,—later a major-general,—an officer of the regular army, who commanded a brigade at the first Bull Run, and was also wounded and captured in that battle. One day shortly after the close of the war, at my dinner-table some reference was made to hanging. Willcox, who was present, thereupon said:

"I suppose I am one of the few men still living who has had the sensation of being sentenced to be hanged. I was held as a hostage for a rebel privateersman and informed that I should be strung up on the gallows I could see them erecting in the yard of the jail as soon as report was received of the execution of the man for whose security I was held. If the program was carried out, it would probably be the next morning. I was locked in the condemned cell in the Charleston jail and furnished with a Bible and a pack of cards. After entertaining myself as well as I could for some time, I fell asleep and had a vivid dream which required no Joseph to interpret. I seemed to be walking in a graveyard and examining the tombstones one by one. Finally I came upon a tombstone bearing this inscription, 'Orlando B. Willcox, Died 1878.'"

As the date of this dream was 1861, Willcox awoke with the full assurance that he would not be hanged, and he was not. He lived to render distinguished service as a general officer, and died in 1907 at the age of eighty-four. Thus it would appear that dreams do not always go by contraries or prove to be exact as to dates.

THE THREATENING NOTICE.

This cartoon, picturing Lincoln as advising "Uncle Sam" not to abrogate the treaties on Canadian questions, intimates that a counter-stroke by Great Britain might be recognition of the Confederacy, then in its last days.

The prompt action of the Confederates in reprisal having ended the attempt of the Federals to place the Confederate privateers in the pirate class, vessels having Davis's letters of marque were left free to prey upon Northern commerce without fear of any fate, in the event of capture, worse than that accorded to ordinary prisoners of war. Having no port into which to carry their captured vessels for condemnation by a prize court, in accordance with the ordinary usages of war, the Confederate captains burned them at sea, first stripping them of such portable articles as were of value. Officers and crew were transferred to captured vessels, which were bonded and released. In some cases they were sent adrift in the ship's boats, to find their way to the shore as best they could, after enduring great hardships. Frequently officers, or both officers and crew, were put in irons from no other motive than retaliation. Even vessels carrying cargoes belonging to English merchants were not spared.

THE DUEL BETWEEN THE *ALABAMA* AND THE *KEARSARGE*

THE *Alabama* sailed from England in August, 1862. So long as the swift cruiser could show a clean pair of heels to the Union cruisers, her captain, Raphael Semmes, was able to pursue his career as a rover of the sea without hindrance and to lengthen the bill for damages which

THE DISPUTED ACCOUNT.

was ultimately to be presented to his friends and allies of the British Isles. Misled by the ease with which he had compassed the destruction of unarmed merchantmen, Semmes finally allowed himself to be shamed by his foreign admirers into challenging the United States cruiser *Kearsarge*, Captain John A. Winslow, who had cornered the *Alabama* in Cherbourg Harbor and was waiting for her when she emerged on Sunday, June 19, 1864, just as the ship's bell was tolling for religious service. With prayer-book in hand, it being the captain's duty to read the service, Winslow gave orders to clear for action, the interrupted worship being concluded at one o'clock by a service of thanksgiving for victory. The *Kearsarge* held her fire until the *Alabama* had fired three rounds in approaching to a distance of nine hundred yards. Then the vessels circled about each other seven times, the *Alabama* firing rapidly, and expending 370 shots so ineffectively that only twenty-eight hit her antagonist, doing little damage. The fire of the *Kearsarge* was deliberate, and of her 173 shots nearly all struck the *Alabama*, finally sending her down by the stern into the depths of the ocean with such of her booty as she had aboard, including a bag containing the flags of captured vessels preserved as trophies. The *Kearsarge* had three men wounded, one of whom died. Between thirty and forty men of the *Alabama* were killed or drowned; some were rescued by the boats of the *Kearsarge*, and forty-two, including Semmes, were picked up by the English yacht *Deerhound*, and taken to England, much to the discontent of Captain Winslow, who held that they should have been turned over to him as prisoners.

In October, 1864, another cruiser, the *Shenandoah*, sailed from England to Melbourne, Australia, taking a few prizes on the way. At Melbourne she was permitted to coal ship, and proceeded direct to the Bering Sea, where she played havoc with the large fleet of Northern whalers, capturing and burning thirty-six. The *Shenandoah* kept at this work until June 28, 1865, nearly three months after Lee's surrender. On her return to Liverpool, more than six months after the war was over, and inquiring as to the progress of the war, her captain was subjected to the sarcasm of "Punch," which represented him as asking, when he came ashore, whether Queen Anne was dead. Before her sailing from England the *Shenandoah* was officially registered as a British vessel. She was finally surrendered by her captain to the British authorities, who delivered her to the United States. The last Confederate flag flew from the masthead of the *Shenandoah*.

Four years of war upon American commerce were summarized by an Englishman, Mr. William Forster, in saying: "So completely was the American flag driven from the ocean that the Confederate cruiser *Georgia*, on her second cruise, did not meet a single American vessel where in a six weeks' cruise she had seen no less than seventy vessels in a few days." The carrying trade of the United States had been transferred to British merchantmen. The sum total of Northern loss on this account was estimated at $110,000,000, and this was only one item in a bill of consequential damages in which Senator Charles Sumner proposed to include one half of the Northern expenditure of $4,000,000,000 on the war, as this had been doubled in length by the action of England, who should be required to take its flag off the American continent and islands as a preliminary to negotiation.

The work of building and equipping

the swift cruisers designed to prey upon Northern commerce furnished profitable occupation for the English shipyards and armories, and this work was permitted to proceed despite the constant and vehement protests of the United States Minister to England, Mr. Charles Francis Adams. These vessels, whose peculiar build and threatening port-holes proclaimed their character, took their crews on board from England, but beyond the three-mile limit. They then proceeded to some nominally neutral port, and there shipped their guns, carried in a freight-vessel from England, and sailed for a Southern harbor, flying the British flag until they reached American waters. But the *Alabama* never saw a Confederate port; she was English-built, her armament was English, and nearly all her crew were Englishmen, some of them being members of the British Naval Reserve. The case of one of the cruisers built at Liverpool, the *Florida,* was carried into court; but, under the ruling of the Lord Chief-Justice of England, the jury decided that this vessel had not violated the English foreign enlistment act, a decision followed promptly by the building at Laird's Shipyard of two ironclads for the Confederate navy. This passed the limit of diplomatic reserve, and, after a long series of vain protests, Mr. Adams said in the language of solemn warning, "It would be superfluous in me to point out to your Lordship that this is war." Thereupon the British government ended the controversy by buying the two vessels and adding them to its navy.

ENFORCING THE BLOCKADE OF SOUTHERN PORTS

ANOTHER cause of serious complaint against the British government was that the neglect to observe its obligations as a neutral encouraged its subjects to make systematic attempts to run the blockade of Southern ports with vessels carrying cargoes of cotton to England, and returning to Southern ports with munitions of war and other supplies for the Confederates. In his proclamation of April 19, President Lincoln had declared a blockade of Confederate ports "in pursuance of the laws of the United States and the laws of nations."

At the time it was declared, the blockade could not be much more than a paper blockade, which is not recognized by international law. To institute a blockade over 3649 miles of coast, with two hundred places where anchors could be dropped and cargoes landed, our Navy Department had at hand at the outbreak of the rebellion just three ships of war. The total showing for the navy was ninety vessels, fifty of them being old-type sailing-vessels; sixteen were tugs or unserviceable vessels; and twenty-four steamers were scattered over the ocean.

A blockade by sailing-vessels against steamers was impossible. An increase of the Federal steam fleet was imperative. Every available war-steamer received rush orders for home, and every vessel afloat that could be used for war purposes, and was to be had for money, was added to the Union fleet. The result was the gathering together of the most nondescript navy ever seen upon the ocean.

Most of the purchased vessels were from 100 to 800 tons' burden, some of them being even less than 100 tons. With these purchased vessels, and all our shipyards working overtime, a fleet of 312 steamers, manned by 51,500 men, was mustered by the end of the war. Merchant ships, fresh from the tropics and "redolent with spices," had their bulwarks

"HOITY-TOITY!!!"

pierced for guns and became improvised men-of-war. Farmer lads, mechanics, and longshoremen shipped as sailors, and before they could be transformed into fighting men nearly exhausted the patience of their officers, many of whom were themselves new to the service. Officers were in command of steamers who had never served on steamers before, and who were more afraid of their boilers than they were of the enemy. Many vessels were also purchased or chartered for use as transports or supply-vessels.

As it was my fortune to accompany the joint navy and army expedition leaving Hampton Roads, October 29, 1861, for the capture of Port Royal, South Carolina, I had an opportunity of learning by personal observation something of the character of our fleets in those early days of the Civil War. Dupont's fleet consisted of fifty vessels, including transports, which had been assembled at Annapolis, and twenty-five colliers. It was astonishing to see harbor tugs and double-ended ferry-boats rounding Cape Hatteras in heavy weather. The sailing-vessels were in tow of steamers, to their common discomfort and peril, as I learned when the *Baltic*, one of the crack steamers of the Collins line of early fame, on which I sailed, stuck fast for a few minutes on the outer Hatteras Shoal. The steamer barely escaped the impact of the sailing-vessel rushing down upon her as she brought up all standing on the shoal, and above the noise of the rude concert of the winds and waves came the roar from her skipper's trumpet, announcing that he had "lost forty-five fathoms of chain cable and knocked hell out of my windlass."

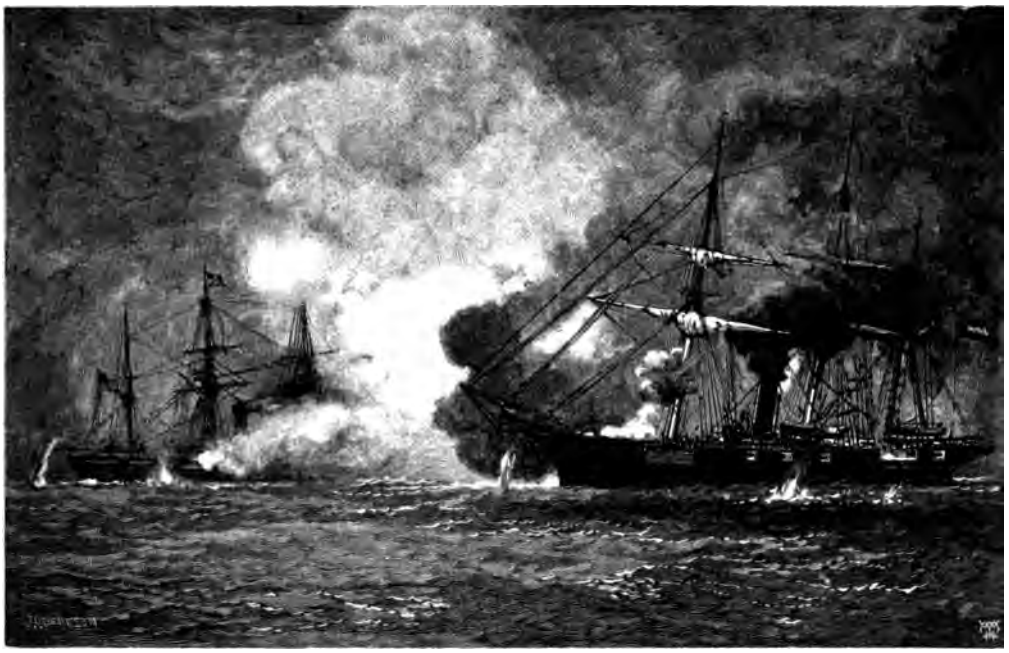
By December, 1861, seventy-nine steamers and fifty-eight sailing-vessels had been purchased for our navy. To these there continued to be added, besides purchased vessels, others built expressly for the peculiar service required of the navy—ironclads, "tin-clads," double-enders,—built to run up and down narrow streams without turning,—and vessels whose light draft gave point to Lincoln's remark that his "web-feet" could go wherever the ground was a little moist.

Gradually, as the number of Union naval vessels increased and the skill of their officers and sailors improved, Europeans ceased to sneer about a paper blockade and began to recognize the fact that the navy was placing the Confederacy in the position of a man who is having his wind choked off by one antagonist while he is fighting for his life with another. The extent of the blockading traffic is indicated by the fact that the navy captured 1149 vessels, besides destroying 358 others. The total value of these ships and their cargoes was $31,000,000. One of the most important of the blockade-runners captured during the war was taken off Havana by a New York Fulton ferry-boat transformed into a man-of-war. The Cuban harbor was a favorite resort of this class of vessels. Bermuda was another, but the chief business was done from the British harbor of Nassau in the Bahamas.

AMERICAN GRIEVANCES AGAINST GREAT BRITAIN

ONE grievance against Great Britain presented at Geneva was that the colonial authorities of Nassau accommodated their shipping rules to the necessities of vessels carrying contraband of war, permitting them to bring their cargoes from England, to tranship them at Nassau in small, swift steamers especially designed for blockade-running. The profits of blockade-running were so enormous, and brought so much money to the coffers of Englishmen, that the island authorities were disposed to shut both eyes to the plain violations of the queen's proclamation of neutrality. Of such violations Minister Adams made unceasing and unavailing complaint. The risks were great, but the profits were such that a ship-owner could afford to lose a vessel and cargo after two successful voyages, and this despite the enormous expenses incurred, with the captain's pay for the voyage at $5000, that of the chief engineer half as much, with $750 for the pilot, and $250 for each of the crew and the firemen. These wages were paid in gold, for the fluctuating currency of the Confederacy was not accepted at sea or in purchases abroad.

But freights were from $300 to $1000 a ton, and cotton, bought in Wilmington for fourpence a pound, readily sold in England for twenty-four pence. Then there was the return cargo of government supplies, and the articles of comfort and luxury that were sold at auction for high



Drawn by J. O. Davidson

THE *KEARSAGE* AND THE *ALABAMA* FIGHTING IN A CIRCLE, OFF CHERBOURG, FRANCE, JUNE 19, 1864

The *Alabama*, at the right, after an hour and forty minutes of fighting.

prices as soon as landed and under eager competition. Cargoes of cotton could readily be sold for from a quarter of a million to a million dollars. The profits of single voyages were often $150,000, and the combined love of lucre and adventure led officers of the British navy to secure leave of absence and serve under assumed names as captains of blockade-runners.

Companies were formed in England to engage in the blockade-running business. Captain John Wilkinson, a former officer of the American navy, ran the blockade twenty-one times in ten months. It was the boast of the officers of the Confederate navy, to which Wilkinson then belonged, that no blockade-runner commanded by one of them was ever captured. They would take any risk to save their vessels, while the foreign captains would surrender at the first crack of a Yankee gun.

The foreign harbors near the American coast were neutral ground, where pursuer and pursued met when ashore, but were on anything but a friendly footing. Encounters were only prevented by the restraint put upon navy men by discipline. Sometimes their patience was tested beyond control, as when the leader of a company of blockade-runners, seated at a table in a Havana restaurant, proceeded to an adjoining table, where sat a company of Federal officers, and deliberately spat at one of them. A glass of wine was promptly thrown into his face, and he was knocked down with the handle of the officer's sword.

In the presentation of the American case before the Alabama Tribunal, it was held that England was primarily responsible for the damage suffered from the Confederate cruisers and blockade-runners. The original grievance was based on the issue by England of a proclamation conferring belligerent rights upon the Confederacy even before Minister Adams, representing the new administration of Mr. Lincoln, had presented his case at the Court of St. James's. Mr. Adams, who reached London May 13, 1861, read the queen's proclamation of that date, in the papers of the following morning. In this haste, and the attending circumstances,

were found evidence of a hostile disposition England continued to display until the end of the war, and it explains the American determination to obtain redress.

This hostility was shown not merely in specific acts, such as have been here described, but in the tone of the parliamentary debates, in speeches of public men, and in the virulent misrepresentation and abuse of the United States heretofore referred to. Lord Robert Cecil, afterward the Marquis of Salisbury and premier of England, an aristocrat by birth and conviction, was frank enough to say in Parliament, speaking of the United States and England:

We both aspire to the government of the seas; we are both manufacturing peoples, and in every port, as well as at every court, we are rivals to each other. . . . With respect to the Southern States, the case is entirely reversed. The population are an agricultural people. They furnish the raw material of our industry, and they consume the products which we manufacture from it. With them, therefore, every interest must lead us to cultivate friendly relations, and we have seen that when the war began they at once recurred to England as their natural ally.

This was a sufficiently plain statement that England envied American prosperity *and rejoiced in* American adversity.

The complaint of the United States against England was not so much that she was guilty of an act as of an omission. If she did not equip and send out cruisers herself, she still neglected the duty of one friendly power toward another by failing to avail herself of the authority given by British law to hinder their equipment and departure.

England, like France, had done her best to aid secession without assuming the responsibility that recognition of the Confederacy would have involved. Both countries were anxious to extend this recognition, but they let "I would" wait upon "I dare not" until it was too late.

Drawn by W. Taber from a sketch lent by John T. Mason

THE CONFEDERATE CRUISER *SHENANDOAH* IN BERING SEA

The ships burning are captured whalers, and the whale-boats in tow are filled with prisoners.

THE PERIOD OF STRAINED RELATIONS

At the end of the Civil War, many were in favor of marching Grant's veteran legions across the frontier into Canada and holding that province as security for the settlement of privateer claims. More pacific counsel prevailed, and in the end the Geneva Tribunal of Arbitration declared that "each and every one of the said claims, whether the same may or may not have been presented to the notice of, or made, preferred, or laid before the Tribunal, shall henceforth be considered and treated as finally settled, barred and inadmissible." No serious dispute with England has since arisen, and we are about to observe the

This cartoon appeared after the American Minister, Reverdy Johnson (holding the mistletoe), had consented to a treaty which the United States rejected.

conclusion of a period of peace with that country extending over a century.

No higher evidence of the pacific disposition of the American Republic was possible than that given at this time, when the world was expecting that war would transform us into a militant power. The irritation against England, as has been shown, was extreme, and the Southern States as well as the Northern had their grievance against her. The country was filled with the seasoned soldiers of both regions, ready to march together at the tap of the drum. And the United States Navy was then superior to any afloat in the character of its officers and men, trained in the school of war. In such circumstances no one could suspect the American nation of being controlled by unmanly fears when the olive-branch was extended to the cousins across the water.

Previous negotiations for a settlement with England had failed because Reverdy Johnson, the minister who succeeded Charles Francis Adams at the Court of St. James's, so misrepresented the spirit and purposes of his countrymen that the Senate followed the extraordinary, if not unprecedented, course of rejecting, with only a single vote in its favor, the treaty he had negotiated with Lord Clarendon. The unfriendly and irritating discussion of American affairs in Parliament ceased with Appomattox, and the change of tone in the English press showed how true it is that

> One thing is forever good;
> That one thing is Success.

The treaty consented to by Reverdy Johnson was regarded in the United States as a complete surrender of the American case. Mr. Seward, who as Secretary of State was the immediate superior of the American minister, had insisted that our negotiations with England must be predicated upon the admission of her responsibility for the Confederate cruiser *Alabama*, whose depredations upon our commerce were, as has been shown, the most tangible cause of offense.

A period of unpleasant correspondence between England and the United States succeeded the rejection of the Johnson-Clarendon treaty. This tended still further to alienate the two countries and increase the difficulty of negotiating a settlement of their differences. The United States might have been content with what

This cartoon strengthened the American feeling that the United States Minister, Reverdy Johnson, had yielded to social blandishments.

the lawyers call a "confession and avoidance," but England refused to admit any responsibility for the active part she had taken in ruining American commerce and the less calculable injury done in misrepresenting the character of the sectional contest and throwing the great weight of her influence against the republic not only with alacrity, but with what, to the excited American feeling of the day, seemed like fiendish joy.

Meanwhile Grant, the soldier, had, as President, succeeded Andrew Johnson, the politician. The attitude of Grant, fresh from the field of battle, toward the difficulties with England was not to be misunderstood. In common with the great body of his countrymen he believed that the American claims were just. He sought to avoid war, but he did not fear war, and would not consent to obtain peace by the surrender of national interests. The British premier, Lord John Russell, was equally certain that the honor of England would not permit the restitution we asked for.

This cartoon pictures the British Secretary for Foreign Affairs, Lord Clarendon, as disposing of the pretentions of the American Secretary of State.

In his annual message of 1870, President Grant set forth the opposing views, which appeared to be irreconcilable. He suggested the policy of patient waiting, and recommended that the Federal government should purchase the claims of American citizens, so that it might be relieved of the disturbing importunities of those who had suffered losses, and then wait in patience for the day of reckoning. This accorded with the earlier suggestion of Sir Vernon Harcourt to his countrymen, that "the time would come when England would have a war on her hands, *and Americans* will be neutrals." "Whenever," said the President in this message, "Her Majesty's government shall entertain a desire for a full and friendly adjustment of these claims, the United States will enter upon their consideration with an earnest desire for a conclusion consistent with the honor and dignity of the nation.

ARRANGING FOR THE JOINT HIGH COMMISSION

THIS day of reckoning came sooner than might have been expected. In the shifting kaleidoscope of change always affecting international relations, England was brought face to face with the suggestion of war with Russia, resulting from the contest of 1870–71 between Germany and France. In case of war, the application to herself of the principle of neutrality established by England for her guidance during our great war would light the horizon of every sea with the flames of burning British merchantmen. This prospect was alarming, and stimulated the anxiety to settle with the United States.

The situation was an awkward one for British diplomacy. How was Her Majesty's government with becoming dignity to ask for the opening of the door of negotiation which she had slammed in American faces? She first ascertained through private sources that the United States was still disposed to negotiate. In the summer of 1869, Sir John Rose of Canada, acting under an understanding with the British Foreign Office, visited Washington ostensibly on commercial business, but really to seek privately for a basis of negotiation. He was well received, but formal negotiations had to wait on a more favorable opportunity.

Finally, on January 26, 1871, Sir Edward Thornton, the British Minister, proposed a Joint High Commission to treat and discuss the mode of settling the different questions which had arisen out of the Canadian fisheries, as well as those affecting "the relations of the United States toward Her Majesty's possessions in North America." January 30, Secretary Fish replied, "fully recognizing the friendly spirit which has prompted the proposal," but suggesting that it was essential to a good understanding that the "Alabama Claims" should be included in this settlement. On February 1, Sir Edward reported that Her Majesty's government had accepted the views of our Government "as to the disposition to be made of the so-called 'Alabama Claims.'" To this Hamilton Fish made an appropriate response on February 3, and on February 9, President Grant sent the names of the American commissioners to the Senate for confirmation.

From a photograph by Brady

HAMILTON FISH, SECRETARY OF STATE TO PRESIDENT GRANT

THE TREATY OF WASHINGTON

THE American commissioners were Justice Nelson of the Supreme Court; Hamilton Fish, Secretary of State; ex-Senator George H. Williams of Oregon; General Robert C. Schenck, the newly appointed Minister to England; and Ebenezer R. Hoar, formerly Attorney-General of the United States. The British commissioners were the Earl of Grey and Ripon, President of the Queen's Council; Sir Stafford Northcote, late Chancellor of the Exchequer; Sir Edward Thornton, British Minister at Washington; Sir John A. Macdonald, Premier of Canada; and Mountague Bernard, Oxford professor of international law.

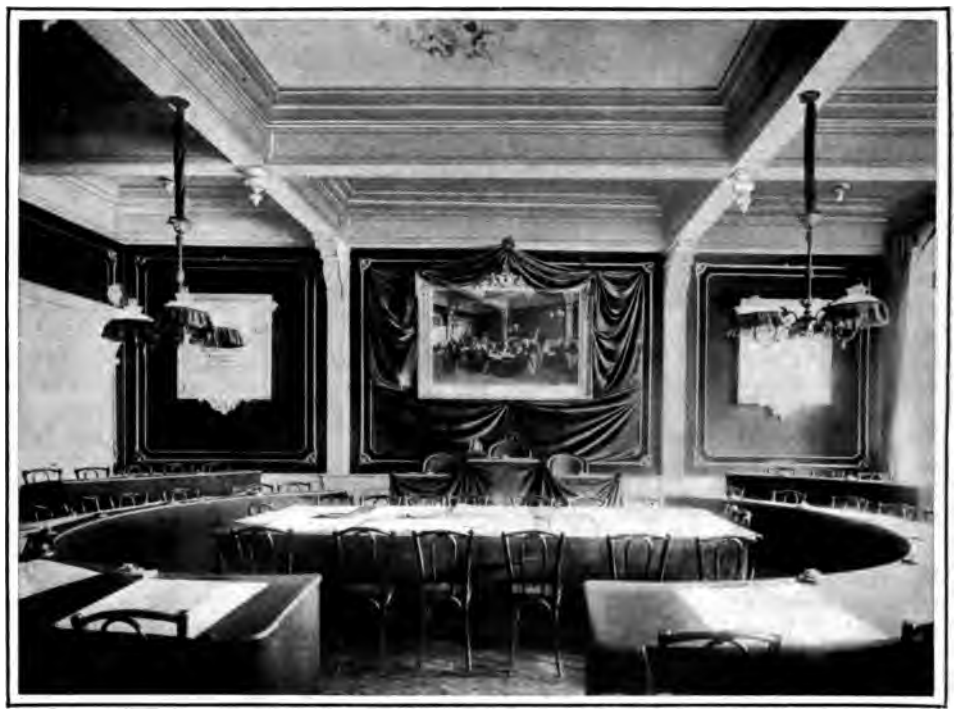
March 4, 1871, the commissioners began their work, and the "Treaty of Washington," providing for the court of arbitration, was signed May 8, 1871. It was confirmed by the Senate by a majority of only six votes, all of the Democrats voting against it; and on June 17 ratifications were exchanged at London by General Schenck and Lord Granville.

There was a sharp contest of wits between the joint high commissioners during the ten weeks the treaty was under discussion. The Britons sought to include in the arbitration damages claimed by Canada for Fenian raids. They asked that reciprocity be established between Canada and the United States, that our coasting trade be opened to Canada, that free trade be established between the two countries. None of these proposals was accepted by the American commissioners, who on their part asked for and received an expression of the regret felt by Her Majesty's government for the escape "under whatever circumstances" of the *Alabama* and other vessels from British ports, and for the depredations committed by these vessels. The Americans also secured in advance a retroactive declaration of principles that should govern a neutral government, and these put Great Britain in the wrong as to her past action, but were greatly to her advantage in the restraint they put upon neutrals for the future.

The conference closed with an exchange of courteous statements concerning the fair and friendly spirit displayed on both

sides. The British commissioners throughout showed an earnest desire to settle the differences.

The Treaty of Washington provided not only for the settlement of the *Alabama* claims, but of other less serious disputes. The controversy as to the Northwestern boundary, known as the San Juan Question, was referred to the German Emperor, and settled in favor of the United States. This secured to the States the important archipelago of islands lying between the mainland and Vancouver Island. They also secured the right to navigate the St. Lawrence; and by the payment of $7,426,819, awarded by a subsequent commission provided for in the treaty, the determination of the rights of American fishermen in British waters. A commission to settle disputed claims and counter-claims of the citizens of the two countries was also provided for.



THE "SALLE DE L' ALABAMA" IN THE HÔTEL DE VILLE, GENEVA

In this hall the court of arbitration held its sessions, and here the award was signed on September 14, 1872.

ARBITRATION ENDANGERED BY THE INDIRECT CLAIMS

But the main issue concerned the *Alabama* claims. The first question determined by the Geneva Tribunal was whether the arbitrators should consider claims for incidental damages submitted in deference to the extreme views of Senator Sumner. These claims were in the nature of the charge made by a hotel landlord against a guest who had celebrated in a riotous manner his sudden acquisition of wealth. After enumerating the bottles of champagne the guest had used for his bath and his other extravagances, there was added the all-inclusive item, "To raising hell generally."

The specific claims of the United States amounted to $19,500,000, and were enumerated in an octavo volume in which each claim appeared in a condensed statement of ten or a dozen lines. The "incidental damages," as the organ of John Bright stated, were startling and vaguely enormous. London "Punch" made sport of them and "The Times" said they were "portentous," amounting to £422,000,000 ($2,110,000,000). They included pretty much everything that could be charged to

England's account on the assumption that her unfriendly action had prolonged our contest. This vague claim brought the British lion to the limit of his patience; he inferred that his tail was being twisted, and his angry roars echoed across the ocean.

In a "Memorandum for Mr. Fish," offered on January 17, 1871, Charles Sumner said: "The withdrawal of the British flag cannot be abandoned as a condition or preliminary of such a settlement as is now proposed. To make the settlement complete, the withdrawal should be from this hemisphere, including provinces and islands." Sumner's insistence upon presenting this extreme demand against Great Britain seriously embarrassed the negotiations for peace. Mr. Sumner, as chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs, was an essential factor in the negotiations; but he was so bitterly opposed to the policy of the administration in this matter that he was not on speaking terms with President Grant or Secretary of State Fish. Grant had none of the tact in dealing with the senator that Lincoln, master of men, had shown in his intercourse with that sensitive statesman. Sumner, who occupied roomy quarters in an old-fashioned house diagonally across Jackson Square from the White House, prided himself on making the best tea in Washington. When Lincoln had a point to gain, he would saunter across the square and ask Sumner to make him a cup of "that delicious tea." The two would gossip over their tea like two "guid wives," and not until the President rose to go did he refer to the subject on his mind. Then he would say, "Sumner, such and such a bill is coming up in the Senate to-morrow, and I count upon your support for it."

From a photograph by Brady

CALEB CUSHING

Had he introduced the matter directly, the natural disposition of the senator to differ might have resulted in persuading him into opposition to a measure concerning which he had no determined opinions. Sumner was theoretical rather than practical, disposed to assert his theories without regard to consequences, imperiously intolerant of differences of opinion, mistaking his prejudices for principles. With such a man it was impossible for President Grant to work in harmony, and the difference between the two men imperiled the peace they were both striving for, each in his own way.

At the same time there was some reason in the contention in favor of the justice of indirect damages made by Senator Sumner, whose opinions were shared by his friend Motley, our minister at the Court of St. James's. But to the mind of a trained soldier like Grant, it was evident that the senator's demands would be conceded only by a conquered foe at the end of a war. The suggestion that the indirect claims were to be urged at the Geneva Conference halted its proceedings. It would have made further progress impossible but for the unanimous determination of the arbitrators, the American included, not to consider such claims. When this conclusion was reached and the representatives of the British government announced their willingness to proceed, J. C. Bancroft Davis, Assistant Secretary of State, and agent of the United States before the tribunal, telegraphed:

Geneva, June 27, 1872.

British argument filed. Arbitration goes on.

DAVIS.

This despatch was handed to the President in Boston at a peace jubilee in cele-

bration of the restoration of the Union. General Grant read it, and for a moment stood silent, with tears moistening his eyes.

No man ever did greater violence to his natural instinct to pursue the career fate had marked out for him than General

JACOB STAEMPFLI (ABOVE)
Appointed by the Swiss President.

BARON D'ITAJUBA
Appointed by the Emperor of Brazil.

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS
Appointed by President Grant.

COUNT FEDERIGO SCLOPIS (ABOVE)
Chairman, appointed by the King of Italy.

SIR ALEXANDER COCKBURN
Appointed by Queen Victoria.

THE GENEVA COURT OF ARBITRATION
From "Harper's Weekly," June 1, 1872.

The Treaty of Washington was saved, and the principle of arbitration for which the President had contended now seemed destined to bring to mankind blessings for *many* years to come.

Grant. He waged war only for the sake of peace. He disliked the pomp and circumstance of war, he grew faint at the sight of blood, and his heart was scarcely less tender than that of Lincoln, though

possibly more under the control of his head. This is the testimony of his intimate friends. Grant wielded the sword as the surgeon wields the scalpel, with no purpose except to save.

THE TRIBUNAL IN SESSION

For the Geneva Tribunal the King of Italy named Count Federigo Sclopis (who was made chairman); the Emperor of Brazil, Baron d'Itajuba; the President of Switzerland, Jacob Stæmpfli; Queen Victoria, Sir Alexander Cockburn; and President Grant, Charles Francis Adams.

To the new rules defining the obligations of a neutral formulated in advance by the Treaty of Washington for the guidance of the arbitrators, the British government had consented most unwillingly and only under the compulsion of circumstances. Indeed, the Treaty of Washington was by no means popular with Englishmen, as was shown by the claim of the English press that President Grant and his Secretary of State were being urged on by a howling mob of excited people, and were adopting all sorts of disgraceful dodges to accomplish their fell purpose. This was quite contrary to the fact, for the American case against England, after having been urged in season and out of season, had reached a stage where calm confidence had succeeded excitement.

The American counsel at Geneva were Caleb Cushing; Morrison R. Waite, afterward Chief-Justice of the United States; and William M. Evarts. Mr. Evarts is well described as "a remarkably clear-minded man, a stiff, sharp logician, a lawyer of extraordinary ability." His appearance suggested the idea of disembodied intellect, his frail form seeming hardly competent to keep his active mind within the limitations of time and space. That it was not altogether subject to the limitations of time was indicated by the fact that his argument before the Geneva Tribunal occupied two days. But it should be remembered that, afterward, the charge to the jury by Sir Alexander himself in the famous case of the Tichborne claimant consumed eighteen days.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—FEBRUARY 24, 1872.
SMOKING THE "CALUMET."
Jo-ha-than (The Downy Bird). "COME, MY COUSIN! LET US SMOKE THE PEACE-PIPE!"
Wil-yum-ew-art (The Cheerful Bird). "THAT IS NO PEACE-PIPE! THY COUSIN CANNOT SMOKE THAT!"
Boo-ti-toot (The Wise Buffalo). "HATH NOT OUR COUSIN 'THE DOWNY BIRD' BEEN AT THE FIRE-WATER OF THE PALE FACES?"

In this cartoon the crafty Indian, "Uncle Sam," is pictured as inviting Premier Gladstone to accept a pipe, the smoke of which involves £200,000,000 (the indirect claims named by Senator Sumner). "The Wise Buffalo" is "Mr. Punch."

Our counsel had the advantage of being good talkers on their feet, and in addition General Cushing made his argument in fluent French, which three of the arbitrators understood, although they could only read English. He also replied in Italian to an inquiry addressed to him in that language by Count Sclopis. Cockburn objecting, Cushing replied that while he understood that French was the official language of the tribunal, he was willing that and agreeable manners, resembling a bishop, with his "countenance pure and benignant, almost seraphic." His serenity was quite in contrast to the manner of Sir Alexander Cockburn, who, as an arbitrator, was wholly out of place. Laying aside his judicial character, he presented a written argument distinguished by its heat. Forgetting the courtesies of the occasion, he charged the American counsel, all men of the highest reputation both as men and

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—June 1, 1872.
INDIRECT CLAIMS
"SCRATCHED!"
Mr. Punch. "YOU DON'T MEAN TO SAY, JONATHAN, YOU THOUGHT TO WIN WITH THAT! WHY, HE HASN'T A LEG TO STAND ON!"
Jonathan. "WIN!!! WA—AL, MR. PUNCH, SIR, I CALCULATE YEW KNOW AS WELL AS I DEW WE NEVER MEANT EVER TO RUN HIM!"

This cartoon pictures "Brother Jonathan" as putting forward a broken-down contestant, "Indirect Claims," with insincere purpose.

the argument should be continued in any language the Lord Chief-Justice might select, not excepting Chinese. This was not an idle boast, for General Cushing was the commissioner who negotiated our first treaty with China, and he had an extraordinary facility in acquiring languages. As Sir Alexander's mother was a native of France, he was entirely at home in French.

The counsel for Great Britain was one of England's great lawyers, Sir Roundell Palmer, who was assisted by Mountague Bernard, professor of international law at Oxford. Sir Roundell was a high-bred, cultivated, English gentleman of simple as lawyers, with "strange misrepresentations," with "assertions without a shadow of foundation," and with "ignorance both of law and history." "Their imagination," he said, "must have been lively while their consciences slept"; and he declared that they were guilty of an attempt to practise upon the supposed credulity or ignorance of the august arbitrators. Sir Alexander further said that the case of the United States "pours forth the pent-up venom of national and personal hatred." He continued in this attitude and refused to concur in the final "Decision and Award" signed by the other four arbitrators in this order: Charles

This cartoon followed the award of $15,500,000 to the United States.

Francis Adams, Federigo Sclopis, Stæmpfli, Baron d'Itajuba.

In 1887, a quarter of a century after the event, the Chief-Justice of England, Lord Coleridge, in an address at Exeter said: "There was a time when, in the great American Civil War, the sympathies of the English upper classes went with slavery, and when the North had scant justice and no mercy at their hands. I have myself seen that most distinguished man, Charles Francis Adams, subjected in society to treatment which, if he had resented it, might have seriously imperiled the relations of the two countries, and which nothing but the wonderful self-command of a very strong man, and his resolute determination to stifle all personal feeling and to consider himself only as the minister of a great country, enabled him to treat, as he did, with mute disdain.

Considering this impartial statement, we can realize how great must have been the provocation given by Sir Alexander Cockburn when, in response to one of his insulting remarks, "Quick as a flash, Mr. Adams, rising to his feet at the other end of the bench, and turning around so as to face the Lord Chief-Justice, exclaimed in a voice quivering with emotion, 'I will not sit here on this tribunal and hear my country traduced.' "

The situation was saved by a prompt apology from Sir Alexander, who had also indulged in reflections upon his fellow-members of the tribunal, which had called forth a dignified rebuke from its president, Count Sclopis.

THE AWARD TO THE UNITED STATES

WITH the exception of these outbursts of the British commissioner, the Tribunal of Arbitration proceeded harmoniously. Its conclusions were that England was responsible for the depredations of the Confederate cruisers *Alabama* and *Florida,* with their four tenders, and partly responsible for those of the *Shenandoah.* The indemnity was fixed at $15,500,000. Congress delayed so long in taking action for the distribution of this award that by the addition of interest at five per cent. the amount increased, after it had been paid into the Treasury of the United States, to $20,000,000. A court was finally organized to distribute this sum among the claimants, with the addition of four per cent. annual interest. England was acquitted of responsibility for the *Georgia, Retribution, Sumter, Nashville, Tennessee,* and *Chickamauga.* Five other vessels were excluded from consideration

for lack of evidence. In all, England was held responsible for seven of the eighteen vessels of which the United States had made complaint. The discussion turned mainly on the measure of "due diligence" to be exercised by a neutral to prevent unlawful expeditions from its shores against a friendly power. As to this, the tribunal adopted the American view.

There were a dozen other privateers whose acts were not submitted to the tribunal.

GENERAL GRANT'S GRANDEUR AS A SEEKER OF PEACE

VIEWING the circumstances in the calm of retrospect, England's course during the American Civil War is not difficult to explain. The action of the Buchanan administration in its closing days, from November, 1860, to March 4, 1861, was such as not only to encourage those who sought to dismember the Union, but to encourage Europe in the belief that secession was an accomplished fact and that foreign nations were at liberty to act with sole regard to their own interest, now that the banner of the once proud republic lay trailing in the dust. To England the opportunity seemed offered to secure cotton at a lower price and to establish free trade with the South. It was a saying of the time that "Cotton was King," and the South counted, not without reason, upon its sovereign power to compel the active support of England in the establishment of an independent government.

The "bursting of the bubble republic" was referred to in England with open exultation, and, disregarding their obligations to a government with which they had sustained friendly relations for more than half a century, the British authorities, in calm defiance of the law of international courtesy, conducted clandestine negotiations to our disadvantage with a quasi-government not recognized by any other nation. England availed itself of the unrestricted hospitality shown to her ships in Northern ports and harbors, but refused to allow United States vessels to take from the island of Nassau even the coal actually belonging to Northerners and stored there.

The man to whom his country is chiefly indebted for securing peace with honor in the difficult circumstances was Grant, the triumphant soldier, with a nation trained to war at his command, and fearless of the world in arms. The man whose insistence upon reducing impracticable theories to action did the most to imperil peace was Sumner, the Massachusetts statesman whose notable address, "The True Grandeur of Nations," delivered July 4, 1845, when war with Mexico threatened, is still one of the text-books of those who assume a love of peace beyond that of their fellows. But when has there been a distinguished American soldier who was other than an advocate of peace?

HENRY WARD BEECHER AT EXETER HALL

ON appearing at Exeter Hall, London, in 1863, Henry Ward Beecher, the great Brooklyn preacher and orator, was nearly mobbed before he could secure a hearing in his attempt to advocate the cause of his country. When he appeared in that same hall on August 19, 1886, to deliver a lecture, it was several minutes before he could get a hearing because of the applause and cheers with which he was greeted by a standing audience. Referring to this, Mr. Beecher said:

> The noise very vividly recalls twenty-three years ago, although it is a very different kind from what it was then. Twenty-three years in a man's life corrects a great many hasty impressions, gives more solidity and more sagacity of judgment. When I look back upon all the things that happened at and before the time I was here, I can scarcely reproach the English people for their misjudgment of the meaning of that great issue which God was trying by the arbitrament of the sword. It is not strange. At that time the thought, the feeling, the institutions, the tendency, the genius of the American people, were very little known abroad; they are now better understood; and notwithstanding the temporary and not unnatural irritation which prevailed when England was neutral, to say the least, with the passing away of that cloud a better feeling prevails everywhere.
>
> Some write their wrongs in marble; he more just
> Stooped down and wrote them in the dust.

Did not Mr. Beecher in this truthfully represent the spirit of his countrymen?

PORTRAIT OF ANNIE TRAQUAIR LANG

FROM THE PAINTING BY WILLIAM M. CHASE

(THE CENTURY'S AMERICAN ARTISTS SERIES)

The Mystery of McGinniss
As Related by Finerty

by Charles D. Stewart

Author of "The Fugitive Blacksmith," "Finerty on Presidents," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY REGINALD BIRCH

A CONSUL, ye undtherstand, is far more than a ship-captain; f'r a consul begins where a captain l'aves off, an' he goes far beyant him. If ye l'ave yer counthry on a ship, th' captain runs th' gover'mint over ye whilst ye are on th' high seas; f'r th' prisidints an' kings have to l'ave it to him, temporary-like, bechune th' counthries. An' he is th' supreme authawr-r-rity. But wanst th' ship sthrikes dry land, th' power drops from him. Then if he wants to get justice ag'inst ye, he has got to go to th' consul th' same as anny wan ilse; f'r now he is no more than ye are. An' a consul is th' United Shtates all by himsilf.

Well, this Perkins that had th' job av consul at Shanghai was wan av thim kind av fellies. He ruled over sailors an' missionaries an' th' floatin' population av his counthry. He c'u'd put ye in irons an' he c'u'd take ye out av irons. He c'u'd arrist ye an' thry ye an' convict ye an' put ye in jail. An' he had to ask advice av no man. Only his wife.

Th' consul's wife was wan av th' finest United Shtates girls, an' she was rale eddicated. She had been all through Misther Smith's College, an' she knew as much as th' bist av thim. But wid all av it she was that young an' tendther-hearted she did not have it in her to be rale sthrict wid annybody that her an' th' consul ruled over. An' she was a rale good felly, too; f'r she was sociable-like an' knew how to take anny wan.

"I' was th' quare job they had. Wheriver a consul lives, th' land inside av his fince is a part av th' United Shtates. So whiniver him an' his wife wint out av th' gate they were in China; an' whin they come home they were in th' United Shtates. F'r 't is consecrated ground. An' there th' two av thim kept house an' enforced th' laws; an' they had th' United Shtates sign on th' dure an' th' Shtars an' Sthripes floatin' at th' masthead av th' parlor. "I' was awful' important f'r thim to be there an' protict people; an' th' consul was a whole gover'mint in

from Prisidint down to jailer. An' he was captain av *all* th' captains.

So now ye see that if ye left yer counthry on a ship 't was th' captain that had ye. But if ye iver landed at Shanghai, 't was thim two that had ye. An' 't was thim two that got th' crew av th' *Great Mogul.*

I 'll tell ye how it happened.

Wanst upon a time there was a three-masted ship lyin' in Boston Harbor an' loadin' up wid a cargo f'r th' Orient. 'T was th' *Great Mogul,* wid three decks an' no bottom; f'r 't was that th' sailors called her that knew her. F'r she was that old an' rotten that she was a disgrace to anny ocean, an' anny sailor that had been on her wanst was glad to get off av her. But ould Captain Rand w'u'd sign up a new crew ivery time an' kape a-goin'; f'r th' captain was wan av thim tight-fisted Yankees that is lookin' f'r th' last cint. An' whin he was lookin' f'r it, 't was little he thought av th' lives av himsilf an' others. So whin th' cargo was stowed, he signed up a new crew, an' out they put.

They had not gone but a few thousand miles whin thim sailors had found out what kind av an ould hulk she was. She was always lookin' f'r a chance to shpring a leak. Wid all that, they brought her along all right till she was sthruck by a Chinese shtorm called a typhoon, an' av coorse she opened up her seams; an' from that time on ye 'd think th' crew had signed papers on a hand-car to poomp their way around th' world. F'r 't was nothin' but man th' poomps, ail th' time.

Now a crew signs f'r th' rayturn thrip, an' whin they do, they must bring a ship back to th' same counthry where they got her. An' if ye quit a ship afther ye have signed on her, 't is a crime ag'inst th' United Shtates. An' 't is against th' laws av anny counthry. An' ye had betther look out how ye go on a sthrike on a ship, or they will call it mutiny on ye. So they daycided that they w'u'd not sthrike on th' ship, but they w'u'd go ashore an' sthrike. Whin they come to China they w'u'd all get off an' look f'r another job. They did not want to break th' law av nations; but they were not goin' to come back on that boat because they would n't.

They got together in th' forecastle an' talked it over, th' wan wid th' other, an' *they med up their* minds. There was McGinniss an' th' Swede an' Jim Linn an' th' rist av thim, an' whin they looked into it, they saw that wanst they wint ashore an' rayfused to come back th' law w'u'd be ag'inst thim. So they daycided they w'u'd all shtick together. Linn shwore all th' oaths he knew an' brought his fisht down, an' that settled it f'r him. F'r he was a reckless sort av a felly. Th' Swede, that was a Christian, read a little in his New Tistamint an' med up his mind which way his juty called; an' he daycided that th' Lord did not expict him to sail in that ship. Th' Swede was cheerful and innocint-like about his work, an' a divil av a good sailor, an' ye w'u'd think there was no harm in him. But whin thim two blue eyes av his got together on a subject, an' both saw their juty, th' law av nations c'u'd not change th' consequences. An' McGinniss was th' b'y that w'u'd shtick wid th' rist av th' b'ys if 't was only f'r th' shport av it. So it was wid all av thim, each man in his own way; an' be th' time they put in at Shanghai they were all solid together.

At th' first opporchunity they wint ashore an' shtayed; an' whin they were wanted to take th' ship out t' sea they rayfused. An' wid that th' captain took th' case to th' consul. Misther Perkins hailed thim befure him in his house, an' whin he had heard both sides an' examined th' papers an' th' ividince, he found that he w'u'd have to sintince thim to go back to work. An' they had to all march down to th' sea an' get into a rowboat f'r to be puttin' off f'r th' ship. F'r 't is th' law.

But whin they were all in th' boat they w'u'd not row. Not wan av thim w'u'd lift a hand to an oar. F'r 't was ag'inst th' rules av th' mutiny f'r anny wan to work. An' wid that th' captain got some Chinese coolies at th' oars an' had thim rowed out; f'r he was bound to get thim undther him ag'in.

Whin they were back on th' ship ag'in they all wint up be th' forecastle an' sat down. An' then th' captain took his position av authawr-r-rity an' threw out his chist an' gev th' commands.

"All hands on deck!" says he. But nothin' kem av it ixcipt that all hands sat there an' chewed their tobacky a little harder. All but th' Swede, that was a Christian an' did not chew, an' he just

sat there wid his two blue eyes a-lookin' sthraight ahead av him. An' they w'u'd not move a fut to go to th' capstan or weigh anchor or do annything that was called off.

Whin th' captain saw that none av his commands worked, he shtood there in complate astonishmint. Th' crew just sat there an' chewed their tobacky, an' 't was as quiet as Soonda'-shcool. So then th' captain thried some commands that w'u'd be callin' thim out wan at a time. Jim Linn was th' regular foreman av th' front masht, an' th' captain gev a command that meant him as plain as if he had shpoke his name. But Jim niver listened. An' 't was th' same wid th' rist av thim whether he took thim separate or together.

Well, then ould Captain Rand *was* mad. He walked up an' down an' ripped an' cussed an' shwore. He was wan av thim ould divils that did not mind anny kind av a shtorm, an' his Yankee face looked like 't w'u'd cut anny shtorm in two; but he did not have it in him to weather a calm. An' here he was becalmed in a way that no wind av heaven c'u'd hilp him. So he wint off into all kinds av shwearin'. He said 't was mutiny an' lawlessness an' mob-rule, an' he w'u'd have th' Constitution on thim. But he c'u'd not put thim into irons or annything, f'r, ye see, there was no wan but him to do th' puttin'. An' whin he saw that he had come to th' ind av himsilf, a mean kind av a look come over him, an' he shtepped forward wid a Yankee shmile:

"Ye think ye have disobeyed me. But ye have not. 'T is th' consul ye have defied. Yer shtarted yer lawless wid me, but 't is now th' sicond stage av it. An' 't is th' Ship av State ye are mutineerin' on now. All hands into th' long-boat."

Well, they were willin' enough to obey that, f'r all they wanted to do was to l'ave th' ship. Th' captain got into th' long-boat wid thim, an' all hands laid their strin'th to th' oars. An' soon they were ashore ag'in.

"All hands to th' consul's," says he. An' he marched all hands off to Misther Perkins's house ag'in.

Misther Perkins wint to work an' listened to thim in his little office an' he considered th' further dayvilopmints av it. 'T was th' law f'r thim to go back to work an' they had disobeyed. An' now whin he asked thim if they w'u'd be willin' to go back an' take another thry at it, they all said no. There was nothin' left f'r him to do but enforce th' law, an' wid that he sintinced thim to six months in jail. An' th' captain wint off to pick up another crew.

"Shtep right across th' hall into that room," says th' consul; "th' jail is in there." An' they all obeyed him.

Th' jail was a down-shtairs room wid ironwork on th' windies, f'r th' consul an' his wife lived up-shtairs intirely. So they all wint in there an' sat around wid their caps in their hands till they w'u'd be invited to hang thim up. Afther a while th' consul kem in to look around, an' whin he saw how they were sittin' there, he tould thim to lay aside their caps an' spind th' time as bist they c'u'd, f'r they were now in jail f'r th' winther. So they hung up their caps an' they sat around talkin' to each other till supper was sint down to thim. An' be th' time they had had wan meal there an' picked out their bunks an' got up in th' marnin' an' done up their housework, they were used to th' gineral run av things. An' pretty soon 't was home to thim.

Well, av coorse, wid thim livin' down-shtairs an' th' consul an' his wife livin' up-shtairs, they kept on gettin' betther an' betther acquainted. As I was tellin' ye, Mrs. Perkins was a rale eddicated an' sociable-like sort av a girl. An' now I must be tellin' ye that th' sailor-b'ys were a kind av a relief to her from thravelin' people an' missionaries. So afther she had picked out av thim th' histhory av their lives an' found th' kind they were, she w'u'd bring her sewin' down an' sit by th' dure av th' little hall, an' whilst she w'u'd do her fancy-work or darn th' consul's socks, th' sailor-b'ys w'u'd get out their mendin', an' they w'u'd visit together. An' wid talkin' an' shtory-tellin' they w'u'd spind a rale pl'isint afthernoon.

Av all av thim she seemed first to be intherested in th' Swede that was a Christian. An' she liked him mostly because he had served four years in th' American navy an' had been on th' ould *Monocacy,* that proticted thim in China.

"An' to think," says she, kind av sympathizin' wid him, "that wan av our own sailors should be servin' a sintince here in jail!" An' whin she w'u'd spake like that

th' Swede w'u'd blush. F'r 't was then he felt th' disgrace av it.

But whilst she liked th' Swede because he was good, she liked Jim Linn because he was bad. An' as f'r McGinniss, ye c'u'd daypind on him to get acquainted. An' so 't was wid all av thim in their different ways; f'r, annyway, sailors are all tarred wid th' same shtick, an' 't was well she knew it.

Th' consul himsilf c'u'd not make so fri'ndly wid thim. F'r 't w'u'd not do. He was nayther wan way nor another wid thim; an' a person c'u'd get no clue to what he might be thinkin'. But wid all that he was rale polite an' considerate wid thim, an' he let thim have afthernoons out. An' he w'u'd make up rules f'r thim wan at a time as they might be needin' it.

There were a lot av rules he had to make up f'r thim as they wint along. They knew so little about livin' in a house that on th' first avenin' they were there they did not have enough sinse to know that they ought to go to bed an' be quiet, an' they sat up till all hours shmokin' their pipes an' talkin' how they had got th' besht av it. An' all th' time they were kapin' th' Perkinses awake. So th' consul had to get up an' tell thim th' hour that him an' Mrs. Perkins were in th' habit av raytirin'. An' they w'u'd be ixpicted to put out their light an' raytire at th' same time; f'r 't was goin' to be wan av th' rules. So they all paid attintion, an' afther that he w'u'd tell thim another rule now an' then as they w'u'd be needin' it.

They kept doin' betther all th' time, an' be th' ind av th' first week they were gettin' used to th' ways av th' place. 'T was a Monda' whin they got into jail, an' 't was th' nixt Soonda' that they had th' last rule learnt—'t was th' rule about plum-puddin'. On that Soonda' marnin' th' Swede, that was a Christian, took out his New Tistamint to be havin' a little services. An' Mrs. Perkins an' th' consul kem down to attind thim. Well, th' Swede was used to attindin' sailor missions, where he w'u'd git up an' witness to th' Word; so he now shtood up an' began th' way he always shtarted. "I have been eight years American, an' three years Christian," says he, "an' I tell you it has done me good." An' he wint on to tell *all th'* Gospel had done f'r him. An' then he opened to th' text av, *"I was hungry, an' ye took me in,"* an' he preached on it. An' he told thim how thankful they ought to be that th' Lord preserved thim through all their dangers an' then give thim this fine comforthable home f'r th' winther. "F'r th' right is always raywarded in th' ind, an' th' Lord will provide," says he. An' he offered up th' prayer an' sat down.

Wid that th' consul shtood up as if he was goin' to witness to th' Word, too. But 't was only to give thim a rule that had now come up. Dinner w'u'd soon be sint down to thim, says he; an' accordin' to custom, there w'u'd be plum-puddin'. An' 't w'u'd be a rule that ivery man that behaved himsilf all week, an' wint to bed on time, an' come back prompt whin he had an afthernoon out, w'u'd get plum-puddin' on Soonda'. An' thim as did n't, w'u'd not.

Well, that turned out to be th' main rule av th' jail, f'r afther that first week th' winther wint along mainly wid th' idea av who was goin' to get plum-puddin'. An' they w'u'd kape thrack av th' wans that were goin' to get left.

An', bedad! th' first wan to miss out was th' Swede himsilf. Wid all his goodness. F'r wan avenin' he got to showin' th' rist av thim th' Swedish movemints in dancin', an' afther he got shtarted, he wint away beyant that, an' showed thim th' Norwegian movemints; an' 't is in thim that ye shquat down an' dance awhile, an' then joomp up an' kick th' rafters. Th' consul's bedroom was right over th' jail, an' av coorse they c'u'd not slape wid th' Swede down there lammin' away on th' ceilin'. Whin th' consul kem in at th' dure to spake to thim, th' Swede had been up again, an' was just comin' down; an' whin he saw th' consul he lost his balance intirely, an' landed anny way at all. An' wid that th' rist av thim put out th' light quick, an' all joomped into bed. Whin th' consul saw 't was all over, he wint up-shtairs ag'in widout sayin' annything. An' th' Swede was that morthified that he said his prayers at wanst an' wint to bed. An' on th' nixt Soonda' he did not get anny plum-puddin'.

Th' nixt wan to lose out was Jim Linn himsilf. Ye see 't was wan av th' rules that whin a man had an afthernoon out he had to get back in time to be locked in. But this time Jim got so intherested in

Drawn by Reginald Birch

"'IT TOOK TH' STARCH CLANE OUT AV HIM'"

goin' up Chinese back alleys that he forgot all about th' rules av goin' to bed. Whin he got back 't was afther closin' time, an' they had locked up an' left him out. Whin Jim thried th' dure an' c'u'd not get in, he was rale put out about it. He shcolded a while, an' then wint round an' round th' place a-shakin' at th' windies. An' afther a while they heard him outside av th' dure ag'in talkin' to himsilf an' complainin' about how he was an American prisoner that was bein' robbed av his rights; an' how, if he done what he ought to do, he w'u'd wake thim all up an' *demand* to get in.

Well, it so happened that on this night Mrs. Perkins had locked th' dure hersilf, f'r th' consul had to go away an' shtay out late. Befure this she niver felt safe in th' house widout him, but now that she had th' crew av th' *Great Mogul* 't was diffetent; an' so she had told th' consul to go an' shtay as long as was nicissary. So he did it. An' whin it was time to be closin' up, she wint down an' locked th' dure an' took th' big key away to bed wid her. An' then she c'u'd not go to slape f'r thinkin' av Linn bein' out.

She lay there worryin' about it an' listenin' f'r him. An' then whin he come home, an' she heard him wantin' to get in, she daycided to l'ave him out awhile f'r punishmint. She let him grumble an' complain awhile, an' then she raised th' windy, an' called down, an' had a talk wid him.

Whin Linn found out who he was dealin' wid, he changed his tune intirely, f'r he did not know befure th' consul was away. It took th' starch clane out av him; an' he gev her his solemn promise that if she w'u'd overlook it this wanst, he w'u'd niver do it ag'in. An' he w'u'd niver have let it happen if he had known befurehand that 't was her that was runnin' th' jail.

"Well, James Linn," says she, "I will let ye in this wanst. But if ye iver let it happen ag'in, I shall punish you severely."

Wid that she dropped th' key down to him, an' Jim let himsilf in an' wint to

bed. An' on th' nixt Soonda' he did not have anny plum-puddin'.

Well, th' nixt wan to miss out was McGinniss. He wint out an' shtayed late, an' whin he come home he was that full av jigs an' hornpipes they c'u'd hardly get him to bed. An' he not only lost his rights to plum-puddin', but he lost iverything there was to ate; f'r th' consul put him on a diet av hardtack an' wather.

'T was then th' quare thing happened.

On th' sicond day av his punishmint, Mrs. Perkins got to thinkin' av poor McGinniss wid nothin' to ate. So she wint an' got him a big piece av bread an' butther. She cut it good an' thick and slantin' av th' loaf, an' she shpread it heavy wid rale butther. An' she wint an' took it to him whin th' consul had gone out f'r awhile.

She had no more than got up-shtairs ag'in whin th' consul kem back. An' as it so happened, whin he was passin' th' dure into th' front hall he shtopped an' looked into th' jail. An' there, shtandin' in th' middle av th' room, was McGinniss wid a big piece av bread an' butther in his hand. An' he just was gettin' his mouth open be way av shtartin' on it.

Th' consul shtepped in at wanst, kapin' his eye on him. But there was about wan second whin th' view av McGinniss was shut off; f'r there was wan av thim Chinese screens sittin' be th' dure so that visitors w'u'd not be seein' into th' jail. 'T was only a shtep it took to pass it, an' whin he had come out in sight ag'in, th' bread an' butther was gone. Whilst ye c'u'd snap yer fingers it had disappeared intirely. An' there was McGinniss shtandin' there. An' th' rist av thim were sittin' round th' wall shmokin' an' r'adin'.

Th' consul kem to a shtop an' took in iverything wid wan glance av his eye. An' then, bedad! he searched ivery stitch av McGinniss from head to fut, an' whilst he was doin' it he kept watch on th' rist av thim. But he had no bread an' butther on his person. An' he w'u'd not *admit* that he iver had anny bread an' butther.

Wid that th' consul called wan man to him at a time an' searched him an' passed him out av th' room. F'r ye see he thought mabby McGinniss had tossed it quick to wan av th' others, an' he had caught it. But divil a wan av thim had it on him. Nor c'u'd tell him annything about a piece av bread an' butther.

"McGinniss," says he whin all th' others had been passed out into th' office, "what did ye do wid that piece av bread an' butther?"

McGinniss looked him sthraight in th' eye an' he says:

"*Whut* bread an' butther?"

"Shtand right where ye are," says th' consul, lookin' shtern. An' he wint to work to find it. Th' consul said he c'u'd overlook some things; but there were some things he c'u'd not overlook, an' this was wan av thim. So he set to work an' he searched ivery crack an' cranny av th' place. An' th' more he searched an' looked into it an' thought it over, th' more th' mysthery grew. F'r there was not a grease shpot av it to be found. Wanst in a while he w'u'd come to a shtop in th' middle av th' flure an' think it over; but 't was no use.

Thim consuls are awful shmart min; f'r they have some pretty hard nuts to crack. An' Perkins did not give up aisy. But afther a while he wint away wid a kind av a puzzled look, an' th' rist av thim were let in ag'in.

In about an hour he kem back an' shtood there silent an' thought awhile an' wint away. An' in th' afthernoon he did it ag'in. An' ye c'u'd see he was thryin' to shtudy it out.

"Mabby we ought to tell him," says th' Swede.

"*What!*" says McGinniss. "Tell on Mrs. Perkins? What kind av a man are ye? I *had* no bread an' butther."

"Niver!" said Jim Linn, bringin' his fisht down on it.

"What can ye be thinkin' av?" said McGinniss to th' Swede. "F'r if Mrs. Perkins iver did th' likes av that, she w'u'd be goin' ag'inst th' orders av th' consul. An' 't w'u'd be breakin' th' United Shtates law."

"Mrs. Perkins niver did annything av th' kind," says Linn.

"An' if she *did* give me anny bread an' butther," says McGinniss, "she did it out av th' goodness av her heart, an' I w'u'd not tell on her, annyway. Is there a man among ye that w'u'd tell on her?"

"N-o-o-o," says all hands at wanst.

"I w'u'd go through hell first," says

Linn. An' that was th' ind av it. F'r th' crew av thim shtuck together th' same as they did on th' *Great Mogul.*

'T was a little hard f'r th' Swede on account av his bein' a Christian. But whilst ye c'u'd not daypind on him to tell a lie, he was that shtubborn that he c'u'd get along by rayfusin' to say annything. An' so he did. An' it all passed over. But wanst in a while whin the consul kem in he would shtop a moment an' look around at the walls in that puzzled way, an' th' sailors c'u'd see that he w'u'd niver get it off his mind intirely.

"Mabby we ought to tell him."

Drawn by Reginald Birch

"'SHTAND RIGHT WHERE YE ARE,' SAYS TH' CONSUL, LOOKIN' SHTERN'

'T was th' Swede that said it. All hands sat an' stared at him.

"Tell him?" said McGinniss. "Are ye in yer right sinses?"

"But he is still workin' on it," says th' Swede. "How can he stop thinkin' about it?"

"Let him think he never saw th' bread an' butther," says Linn.

"Yes, but he *did* see it," says th' Swede. "An' so he can't think he did n't."

"Let him think 't was a miracle, then," says Linn. "All he has got to do is to think it."

"He *can't* think it," says th' Swede.

"He can if he thries," says Linn. "Ain't y' always tellin' th' rest av us we can belave in thim if we thry?"

"Phwhat is th' *use,*" says McGinniss, "av goin' off into that kind av talk? 'T is perfe'tly simple. All ye have got to do is to tell a lie an' then shtick to it. I niver *had* anny bread an' butther."

So that settled it f'r good. 'T was th' consul that had got himsilf into throuble. An' he c'u'd get out av it annyway he plazed.

Afther they had got used to th' place, 't was sildom that all av thim did not get th' full Soonda' dinner, an' that way th' winther wint along like 't was an aisy voyage from fall till shpring. F'r whilst they were in jail they had only taken passage over th' winther, an' first-class passage it was. An' so th' wakes kept slidin' by, an' 't was not long till th' ind av their sintince began showin' its head. An' whin th' last few days had come, Mrs. Perkins brought her fancy-work down oftener to th' dure av th' little hall, an' th' sailor-b'ys hauled out their sea-bags an' shtarted to get into repair f'r th' comin' season.

'T was on a Monda' that their sintince was to come to an ind. They had got into jail in th' afthernoon at a quarther-pasht two, an' at th' same hour be th' clock they w'u'd be free min wanst more.

On that day at dinner they had plum-puddin', as if 't was Soonda right over ag'in; an' Mrs. Perkins took an intherest an' made it even betther. Afther dinner they all sat down to wait th' ind. At two o'clock th' consul kem down an' med a few raymarks an' gev thim good advice that w'u'd prepare thim f'r th' future. An' whin th' hand was at th' minute he pranounced thim free min. An' wid that Mrs. Perkins kem in an' took her place beside her husband to shake hands an' bid thim all good-by. So they shook hands all round, an' each man med a little speech to her an' to th' consul, thankin' thim f'r their kindness; an' she med some fine ray-*marks to thim.* An' then th' sailor-b'ys took up their sea-bags an' all filed out av th' dure, wid her tellin' thim to give her love to th' United Shtates, an' thim tellin' her to be sure an' come back to America ag'in. An' bring th' consul along. An' then, bedad! th' Swede, that was awful affectionate-like, broke down an' cried till th' tears were rowlin' out av his two blue eyes. An' wid that McGinniss himsilf shtarted to shpring a leak, an' he had to wipe his eye on th' back av his hand. An' even Linn, that was hard as cast-iron from bein' kicked round be th' ocean all his life, looked as if he was a b'y just l'avin' home.

Th' consul an' Mrs. Perkins followed thim out av th' dure. An' then they stood side be side on th' steps watchin' thim off. Th' sun was out bright, an' 't was a fresh shpring day, an' th' Shtars an' Sthripes up above thim were standin' out in th' breeze. An' all hands looked back an' took off their caps ag'in as they shtarted down the path.

But they had only gone a shtep or two whin th' consul called afther thim.

"B'ys!" says he. An' they all kem to a shtop an' turned round. "Now that our official relations are at an ind, there is wan question that I w'u'd like to ask ye. What did ye do wid th' bread an' butther?"

They all looked at wan another. An' then all hands turned an' stared at McGinniss. An' McGinniss stood there an' looked first at th' consul an' then at Mrs. Perkins. McGinniss hardly knew what to say. An' then he took a shtep forward.

"Yer Honor," says he, "there is wan question I w'u'd like to ask ye. An' I w'u'd like a thrue answer to it. *If* I had anny bread an' butther, w'u'd ye have anny idea where I got th' bread an' butther?"

"Well," says th' consul, "I rather suspect that Mrs. Perkins gave it to ye. In fact, Mrs. Perkins has given me good reason to think so."

"In that case," says McGinniss, "—f'r we w'u'd niver have rayfused to tell ye so far as *we* were concerned,—I do not think we w'u'd be actin' shquare to go away an' deny yer last requesht. F'r 't is only a shmall thing. An' as far as *we* were concerned we were always willin' to do as we plazed an' take th' consequences. An' so I will tell ye. I *did* have a piece av bread an' butther. An' I was just puttin' it to

Drawn by Reginald Birch

"'WHAT DID YE DO WID TH' BREAD AN' BUTTHER?'"

me mouth to take th' first bite out av it. But whin I saw ye come in th' dure an' pass th' screen, I reached out quick an' slapped it up against th' bottom av th' table. An' there it shtuck. F'r th' wan that prisinted it to me had put plenty av butther on it. An' afther ye had gone away an' gev it up, I took it off an' ate it."

Wid that McGinniss was kind av doubtful, an' looked at Mrs. Perkins.

" 'T was ag'inst orders, yer Honor," says he; "but I don't think Mrs. Perkins meant anny ha-a-a-arm by it."

Wid that th' consul an' her turned round av a sudden an' wint into th' dure an' closed it afther thim.

A MAN AND HIS DOG

BY HUGH JOHNSON

Author of "The Minstrel People," "Levant," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY E. M. ASHE

Why did I do it? 'Cause Murf 's my dawg and more to me than any bunky. He ain't got no t'ought for nuttin' but me an' fleas; the fleas was n't goin' to help him none. —*Private Barret's explanation to his colonel.*

PEOPLE are prone to picture the Philippines as a low, jungly country, checkered with rice-fields, where Jappy-looking little men in white clothes toil and drive carabao. This is not accurate. The northern end of Luzon is a jumble of mountain-peaks. Pine-trees grow there, and the soil is like that of Georgia. The hill people are a sturdily built folk, who, despite the cold, wear almost no clothing. They eat dogs and, when opportunity offers, chop off one another's heads. With the dog-eating the Government has no concern, but the fiat against head-hunting went forth, and Lieutenant James Frisbee of the Seventeenth Cavalry was sent to Lontoc to see that the ancient custom ceased.

Frisbee was a dapper sort of man who, under the most difficult conditions of field service, managed to keep his linen immaculate and his trousers creased. His *bêtes noires* were slovenly soldiers, and the regiment called him Prim Jim. One of the detachment was sent home, and Private Micky Barret of "B" Troop and his dog Murf came to replace him.

When Frisbee looked up from his desk at Barret's knock he writhed.

There was nothing vicious about Barret, but somehow into his twisted perspective had crept an ideal. Private Micky wished to be known as a tough. His cockatoo's crest of tow hair and an irrepressible twinkle in his clear, round, blue eyes handicapped him; but there he stood, hat tilted over one eye, one shoulder aggressively forward, corner of his mouth drawn down, and chin thrust forward. And behind him, tongue lolling, mouth grinning, brown eyes expectant, was Murf.

Poor, loyal, loving little Murf! His escutcheon might have been a great heart, gules, with a gridiron imposed, bars sinister by the tens. His stump of a tail, like the stern staff of a battle-ship, stuck aggressively abaft a body that suggested dachshund. His legs were squatty and bowed, and an accident of lines and markings contrived to give him the caricatured countenance of a sad Irishman.

The detachment had received Micky uproariously, and then turned their attention to Murf.

"But what 's that follerin' ye?" asked one. "It looks like a bug."

"There ain't nawthin' follerin' Micky," drawled a sergeant. "If you 'd let *bino* alone and stick to beer, you would n't see them pink visions with horns and things."

Barret made a flicking gesture from stiffened wrists and thrust forth his jaw.

"Say, youse," he scowled, "let 's all git off here right in step. Dis is my mutt, see —mine. If youse don't like his shape, I

do. Youse can chew de fat at *me* till yer teef drops out, but de next gink dat butts in wid a ballyhoo about dis mutt 's goin' to see de lights flicker."

Micky wore the regimental middleweight trophy, but "de next gink" was unfortunately Prim Jim. After his knock, Barret had breezed unceremoniously into the lieutenant's presence, scowled, saluted, and said with a swagger:

"Say, de colonel told me to report to youse."

Frisbee pressed his thin lips between his teeth, removed his shining pince-nez with delicate fingers, and polished the glasses on a crisp, clean handkerchief.

"Is dere anyt'ing special?"

Prim Jim bit off four sharp words:

"Remove that hideous dog."

This Micky, with a shocked and quizzical expression, did.

"Anyt'ing else, sir?"

"Yes. Square your shoulders, straighten your hat, wipe off that scowl, stand erect, jaw in, don't make gestures, turn out your toes, and cut out that Avenue A *argot.*"

Micky straightened.

"Yes, sir."

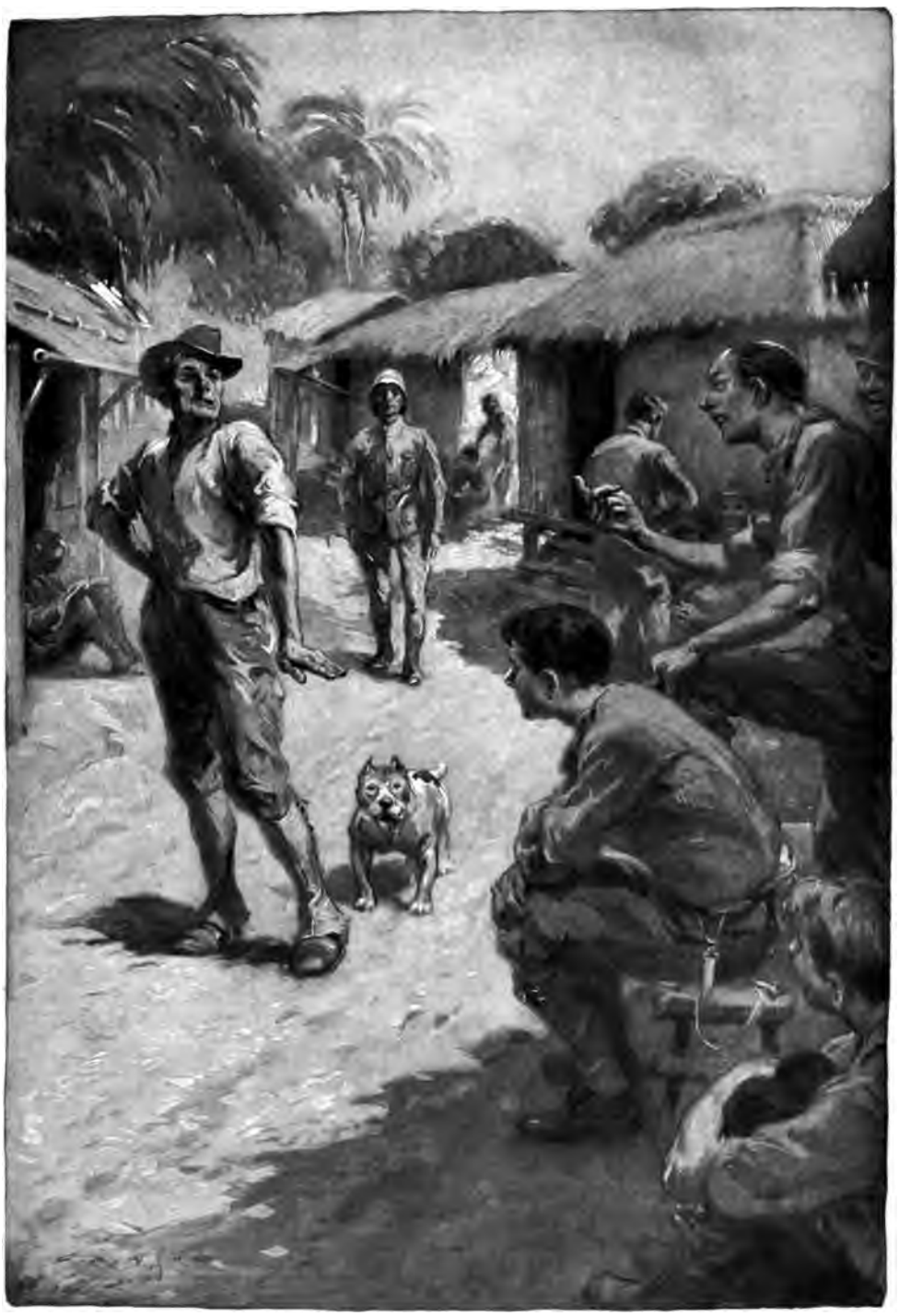
"Then go to quarters, shave, clean your nails, polish your shoes, comb that tuft of hair down, and keep that dog out of my sight. That 's all."

LIFE at Lontoc moved in no even groove of ease for Private Barret and his dog. In the first place, for Micky, there was his officer to dodge. Prim Jim had troubles of his own, but he could contrive to spot a slovenly soldier as far as he could see, and Barret had a reputation to sustain. The huts of the village were stilted boxes, foursquare and thatch-covered. The soldiers were quartered in two of these, with natives close on every side.

"You 'd best look out for Murf," cautioned the sergeant. "The Igorrotes will eat him."

"Dat 's bunk," said Micky, "dat dog-eatin' stuff." But the very next day on the down-hill trail he stopped short at a sound that seemed to come from a heavy copse in his front. It was an insistent, whining, humming sound, such as a distant sawmill, biting into a knotty log, might make. Little Murf ran three yards ahead and stopped, growling. Out of the copse stalked two women. They wore head-bands from which depended heavily loaded baskets at their backs. Their hair was straggling, black, and uncombed. Across their swart bodies were draped nondescript garments of broad-striped cloth, knee-length, and they were barefoot. They looked industriously straight to the front as they passed Micky, and each beat her open palm with a piece of split bamboo. There resulted the whining sound, and this, Micky learned, kept away the bad spirits intimately connected with him in particular and his race in general. He stared so busily that he failed for minutes to see that he was watching only the advance-guard of the caravan to follow.

Into sight trudged five little men, naked save for twisted loin-cloths. They were rugged, brown, deep-chested, heavily muscled. At their belts dangled bright axes, the blades suggestively incurved. They were climbing by the aid of alpenstocks, the upper ends of which mounted broad, sharp spear-blades. Each man was tugging at a rope, and each rope was fastened to a light yoke laid over the necks of five resisting, whining, pitifully frightened



Drawn by E. M. Ashe. Half-tone plate engraved H. C. Merrill

"'SAY, YOUSE, . . . IF YOUSE DON'T LIKE HIS SHAPE, I DO'"

curs, pariah dogs from the lowlands, poor, gaunt creatures, so hollow of flank and face, so evidently starved, sick, and unkempt, that Micky gasped and tightened his fists. The five men did not look industriously to the front. They stopped and regarded not Micky, but fat-sided little Murf with the hungry, appraising eyes of beggar boys at a bake-shop window. Murf, hackles a-bristle, body trembling, cowered, whined, and crowded against his master's legs. Micky remembered his sergeant's warning. He shuffled uneasily on his feet. The men were talking eagerly, and one of them pointed. Micky possessed himself of two smooth, round stones. He advanced a step. One of the men laughed, and Micky spoke:

"Scat you dirty dog-eaters! Beat it!"

They seemed to consider this. They had no English, and something more than fear impelled them. They moved on.

That night Micky heard a growl and then piteous whining from Murf's snuggery beneath the barrack. He was out of his blankets in an instant. Two men were crouching over Murf's leash, and upon them descended embodied wrath in the person of Micky Barret.

"I whipped an uppercut to one's peepers," was Micky's story, "an' he tuk de count. Den I bounced a brick on de udder's bean, an' him for de mat."

The sergeant was horror-stricken.

"The lootenant," he said, "he 'll have you shot."

"For beatin' up a bunch of nigs? Guess again."

"Nigs! Nigs! It 's his sore spot. It 's his orders." And the sergeant rummaged his locker for the Lontoc garrison's special order.

" 'While it is the Government's intention,' he read, 'that the taking of heads shall cease, it is thought that this can be accomplished by the exercise of *kindness, firmness,* and *tact*. You are cautioned that violence will be permitted only in the event of imminent danger to life. It is not desired to stir up tribal wars, and you will be held responsible for the observance of this order.' And now you 've gone and done it."

"And de lootenant stands fer dat?"

"It 's his orders, ain't it? When we come here, we had these people bluffed. But because we did n't hang one of 'em every marnin' before breakfast, they think we 're bluffed. They 're gettin' ready to hunt heads right now. That 's what bothers Prim Jim and makes him grouchy. You 'll catch it."

Prim Jim was unusually restrained in reprimanding Micky.

"I can't call your business of bouncing bricks on the beans of these people an exercise of kindness, firmness, and tact," he said ruefully. "We 'll overlook it this time. See that it does n't happen again."

THE sergeant had guessed some of Frisbee's difficulties. The man who had penned the Lontoc orders had used craft. If war must follow the Government's head-hunting order, it would come. There would be a hue and cry in the States' papers, and Lieutenant Prim Jim Frisbee would be blamed.

"He had his orders to avert violence. He was too young and hot-headed for the job."

Prim Jim might then explain and excuse himself until he grew purple. Excuse has no place in the army system of responsibility. Men would forever say, in clubs and offices:

"Jim Frisbee? Oh, yes, he 's the fellow that balled up that Igorrote business and started the hill wars."

Frisbee was keenly aware of all this. He remembered Doubleday, who had taken the blame for the Moro uprising, and Glint, scapegoat for the Pulajanes. He had watched every move his charges made, and he knew that affairs were approaching a crisis. The strain had worn his nerves down. Among his own soldiers and five thousand tribesmen, he was pitifully alone, for there was no one with whom he could converse chummily.

He had been too busy to analyze Micky or to know him well. He saw only a slouchy soldier who wore his uniform as it might have been worn by a Bowery tough, who was not over-clean, who was possessed of an amazing number of unsoldierly mannerisms and an unseemly dog. The pair were not in the good books of Lieutenant Prim Jim. Frisbee was, above all things, a fair man, but it was almost beyond his power to resist an obsession—an obsession of persecution.

"I must n't get twisted on this idea," he said many times; "but, oh, how I 'd

love to shake that man and kick that dog!"

Considering that he had power that amounted almost to "life and death" in the Lontoc district, his repression was not to be sneered at. But there came a time when he lost for one angry moment the control of himself that was his pride.

Frisbee knew that trouble was in the air. Two weeks before, a party of young men had left the village without his permission. They had returned, and still the head-man was silent. The village was astir with a quiet hum of preparation. Hurrying, naked little men, hair bound back Apache-fashion, straw pill-box caps set jauntily on their heads, passed Frisbee on the streets. Not uncomely women, with turbans like twisted bath-towels, striped jackets, and short skirts, pattered barefoot about their mysterious business. The head-man was nervous with ill-suppressed excitement. Frisbee was nearly certain that all this meant head-hunting, and that the concealed fact was about to be flaunted in his face. In the afternoon the head-man approached him, grinning.

"We give Canyow—much dance—much eat—many dog'. Very old tribal custom."

"Very well," said Frisbee, who was now warned. The giving of the dance was a defiance, but there was worse to come. The head-man twisted a bare leg about his spear-shaft, embraced the ferrule with a prehensile great toe, and spat.

"Much eat—mebbes some young men much drink—too much."

"That 's their lookout," said Frisbee, at pains to conceal his wrath.

"Mebbe they get wild—mebbe so not safe for white officer be there." Then suddenly, in a tone that said "Do you dare?", the man launched his insult, "You come?"

Frisbee dared. He looked the savage square between the eyes.

"I 'll be there," he said coolly. The man drew in breath to speak, thought better, and departed. Frisbee was choked by a sense of utter helplessness. He had done his best. He had always thought that a properly determined man could do anything. He thought so no longer. He had never had a chance. Failure was written from the first, and the man who had sent him there knew it, provided for it by the *violence* order.

"The damned sycophant!" said Frisbee. "And he 'll *laugh* when he hears it—kindness, firmness, and tact. And all we needed was a little show of force!"

There was no one to whom he could fulminate, and there was no appeal. He mounted his pony and rode out toward the Blood River Cañon. He hoped exercise might calm him, and he knew that he needed every faculty of coolness for the crucial evening before him. He was so deep in his mood that he failed to watch his pony. They were approaching a bend in the road, and the little horse shied vigorously. Prim Jim saved himself from the ditch by an uncouth effort. Then he looked up, and saw Private Micky Barret, loose-limbed and shambling, his dog at his side, standing in the middle of the road, grinning in good humor. Poor little Murf, ears and tail erect, was grinning, too. Frisbee's voice trembled.

"Come here, Barret."

Unsuspecting, Micky was particularly loquacious.

"Purty near skidded youse dat time, Lieutenant," he said.

Something within Frisbee seemed to snap. He rose in his stirrups and drew a long breath. There is an element of savage cruelty in every man that, given leash and opportunity, shames demons. It is perhaps a hark-back. Frisbee's mood was too devilishly cunning to bluster. He spoke in nasty, biting sarcasm and threat, beneath which Private Barret might have been seen to slump, shrink, and wither, like a pin-pricked toy balloon. Murf understood no words, but he knew tones and faces. His tail drooped, his head went down, and he crowded Micky's steps when the latter, dejection in every drooping line, slouched blindly away.

"You 're a disgrace to the regiment," Frisbee finished. "There is n't another man in uniform on the Island of Luzon who would own that dog. Look at him! Take him away! Get him out of my sight! I warned you before. If I ever see that dog again, Private Barret, he 'll be shot by the sergeant, and you 'll suffer. Get out!"

Frisbee resumed his ride. It took him out on a spur of the mountain that sloped from the big rift, like a cathedral buttress. A sudden cooling breeze freshened his cheek, bringing a breath from the pines,

clean and resinous. At his feet the tops of the spruces terraced the hillside to the line of darker green of a denser vegetation, that darkened again to the dead mystery of the jungle, and the white line of the Blood River, like a tiny, twisted thread of platinum among its rocks and rapids, three thousand feet below. A sense of the immensity of the hills came to Frisbee. The purple shadows of twilight came welling up from the depth, though the sunlight was still golden on the spur.

"Rotten thing to say," mused Frisbee, who had forgotten his Igorrotes—"perfectly rotten. I 'll find Barret and tell him so."

He would have found Barret two miles away in a hidden little cove among the pines, looking down at Murf, who, leashed to a sapling, was jumping against his rope in frantic efforts to reach his master.

"Dere, little Murf dog—dere. We 'll git him a box, an' we 'll cut a hole in it, an' it 'll be a house fit fer a king. An' I 'll git youse every day. Dey 've got it in fer us, little dog. Dey 'd like to have me pass it to youse. Pipe me doin' it, little dog—just pipe me. Dere, dere, now. Well, we got to git his supper for him, ain't we? Well, don't howl like dat, den. De Igorrotes 'll be makin' chop-suey out-a youse. Well, den, don't holler, see?"

Micky squatted beside his dog in a final caress, and moved quickly toward the barracks. Some duty held him until nine o'clock, then he hurried toward the woods with a basket of scraps from the kitchen.

Two men were sitting beneath the squad-room lamp when Micky returned. His hat was gone, his face was white, he was gasping for breath in great gulps. The men got to their feet in alarm. A chair rattled to the floor.

"Wot 's the matter, Micky? Well, why don't you speak? The Igorrotes—they *ain't* killed the lieutenant?"

"Killed hell!" gasped Micky, "they 've got—*my dog.*"

A THRUMMING of tom-toms informed Frisbee of the Canyow at the first gloom of darkness. He rose, took his automatic, then pushed it thoughtfully aside. After all, in the event of trouble it would be useless. He walked slowly to the door.

The town was built on the sloping flank of the mountain, but below it there was a flat-floored little niche. Here an enormous brush-fire was brightly burning, and against the red flame Frisbee could see black figures passing. A circle of thirty feet had been beaten about the fire, but when Frisbee reached it, he could see only the huddled figures of blanketed women bending above the drums, and, as though it were the last act and aim of life, gravely, solemnly beating them in a weird double time, slow-cadenced, *tum-tum, tum-tum, tum-tum,* swaying their hooded figures forward and back with each measure.

The head-man appeared from beyond the fire, and silently conducted Frisbee to a seat, squatting beside him, to stare moodily into the flames. There was a long, green-sapling spit on which were fixed what might have been the dressed carcasses of little fawns. Frisbee knew better. From a wattled screen came barks, groans, whines, and yelps that told him of a stocked larder. Beside the women and the head-man, the circle seemed deserted. Frisbee wondered.

From the women about the drums a low, murmuring, quavering moan, just audible, arose. Its cadences lifted and fell with the thrumming. Its prototype was plain—wind in the pine-tops. The swaying became more pronounced, and then Frisbee was aware of swaying all about him in the outside darkness. He peered into it. Squatted upon haunches, so close that each doubled pair of knees rested against a bare, bowed back in front, and thus completed a crowded circle, was the whole number of the young men of the Lontoc village.

The whining rose, the moan became an exultant cry, and the cry an uncadenced song. The drums grew wildly clamorous, and at some signal there leaped into the ring of light a whooping, yelling, pandemonium of savages, gyrating and posturing in a frenzy of effort—then absolute silence. The circle cleared as though by magic, leaving, facing each other across the fire, the head-man, who bore shield, spear, and fiber-net, and a beautifully built young man similarly armed save that an ax replaced the net. Both crouched, watching each other with cat-like intensity. Frisbee's mind, instinctively analytic, saw in the opening of the Canyow the setting of a stage—a dark day under the pines, a

storm sweeping up the gorge. The Canyow is the most logical, the most informing, of all tribal dances. The dancers were circling cautiously, shields advanced, spears balanced. Suddenly they clashed. The spears played about them like lightning-flashes. It was fencing, skilled and nimble. The head-man retreated. His opponent sprang forward, ax upraised. The dance *was* telling a story—the story of the taking of a head. Frisbee realized this, and an angry flush came to his cheek. Again at a signal the ring filled. Similitude was once more plain. The curtain was down, the general dancing was an intermezzo.

There were three of these periods, and at other times the duel progressed with wonderful fidelity, the audience dividing their attention between it and a cluster of great earthen jars filled with an insidious rice-wine.

It became evident who was to win the mimic fight. The head-man's spear flicked out beneath his opponent's shield, and the man dropped to one knee. After that, limpingly, haltingly, though really untouched, the young man fought thus, dragging his seemingly wounded leg behind him. The head-man had discarded spear for net, and was warily circling his victim, making feints with the close-held net. The drama was drawing to an end. The period before the last came. The dancing had grown wild beyond restraint. The liquor, the crafty whetting of savage instinct, by an enactment of fierce, final, deadly struggle, whatever the defiant secret with which the head-man had baited Frisbee, had lashed up every primal wolfish impulse in the little cannibals. Civilized audiences must passively sit to the miming of actors on a stage. These people were themselves in the plot, were living every emotion of their play. The fire had burned low to embers. Its lurid glow fell across muscles writhing with frenzied energy, limned faces swart and frantic, toiling in the passion and hysteria of a tigerish age which Frisbee's race had forgotten. His interest carried him past the period of transition, and now fear seized and chilled him. To this moment the dancers had ignored his presence.

The supposedly wounded contender was fighting feebly. At an unguarded moment, the head-man's net flew out and the man lay floundering and helpless on the ground, the head-man above him flourishing a bright ax, his voice rising in a scream of triumph.

The ring filled. In the forefront of the dancers stood six young men holding aloft their trophies, *freshly taken human heads!* They advanced on Frisbee, each brandishing a spear. They flaunted their prizes in his face; they circled him in an ecstasy of physical effort. A head ax whirred before his eyes; a grinning young guerrilla stood over him with poised spear, and retreated, laughing, chuckling, growling. Frisbee closed his eyes. He thought never to open them, and he had a moment to regret the manner of his taking off—he who of right belonged ten thousand miles away in a peaceful Maine village that had known not battle, murder, nor sudden death. He saw the elms of a quiet street, a church spire, his mother's cottage; he choked and looked again. The men had danced away; the whole rabble of savages were crowding about the spits, tearing and eating in debased gluttony. Frisbee made a motion to rise, but a hand pressed him down, and a spear-shaft brushed his cheek. The naked men looked over their shoulders, and shrieked in glee. The head-man swaggered over and leaned close. Frisbee drew back.

"You sit—bimeby we kill you—take head—you sit."

The wattled screen went down. A young man ran out, dragging behind him three dogs. Frisbee suddenly straightened to pained attention. There, cowering to the earth, panting with fear and exertion, trembling pitifully from ear to tail, was little Murf. Another savage raised a spear, and stood for a moment in statuesque poise. Then he rolled in the dust like a tenpin. In his place stood Private Micky Barret, his face a mask of unleashed anger. The men at the fire turned, saw, and advanced. Frisbee caught a fragmentary picture of Barret, wielding a heavy shield as though it had been a bludgeon, towering above a yapping circle of attacking tribesmen. Barret hacked through that circle with a scyther's sweep. It closed again, and Micky seemed to enjoy his task. Frisbee's hand searched the earth for a weapon, and found a five-foot section of young pine. The pride of race and the call of kin were upon him.

He, too, was a caveman with a studded club. The Igorrotes reeled back. They had believed these mild Americans to be fear-stricken. A sense of all his injustices came over Frisbee, and he hazed the retreating ruck across the fire.

"Kindness," he panted heavily as he swung his club, "firmness," he grunted, and a head broke, "and tact." Then he stood in an uncontested circle and faced Private Barret. The boy had a cut over one eye from which blood flowed. His face was smudged, and his clothes were torn. Murf was cuddling between his legs. The white men were leaning on their weapons like tired berserkers. To their feet the head-man crawled tremblingly.

"Misters—misters—there is mistake—"

"Take him aside—and kick him—for me, Micky," panted Frisbee. "It 's not becoming—the dignity—of an officer."

Peace reigns in the Lontoc hills. Sometimes Canyows are held for the edification of American teachers at Baguio, admission, *un medio peso,* but heads are safe. There was no war, and Frisbee or the colonel managed to get an Asiatic permit for little Murf when the regiment came home. He may now be seen at Fort Caswell, fat, sleek, and sleepy, for he has passed into the Pantheon of regimental gods.

NOT YET

BY KATHARINE LEE BATES

NOT yet hath Nature, lovely colorist,
Bestirred her from creative dream to fling
Soft flame upon the woods; nay, not to dip
One pleading maple-tip
In carmine: all the waiting world is whist,
Alert to hear the first faint flutes of spring.

Not yet the tingling flood of blue and gold
Is poured through heaven; but o'er the misty pond,
Quiet as patterned silk, flushed saplings lean,
And the auspicious green
Through the deep woods and on the unpathed wold
Brightens in patient moss and wistful frond.

Not yet cascades of melody invoke
The holy dawn; but all the air perceives,
By some fine thrill, the rushing northward flight
Of myriad wings, despite
The nonchalances of this crookback oak,
Still clinging to its russet shreds of leaves.

Not yet the laughing hid-folk of the earth
Thrust up white helm and golden coronet,
Sweet elfin host armored in gossamer;
But gentle tremors stir
The conscious mold; new beauty comes to birth
Under the snow's fast-melting coverlet.

Not yet, not yet the yearly miracle
Is wrought; but ecstasy is on the wing,
And her divine, irrevocable flight
Is swift as all delight.
The heart is hushed as for the sacring-bell,
Awe-smitten by expectancy of spring.

GROVER CLEVELAND AND HIS CABINET AT WORK

BY HILARY A. HERBERT

SECRETARY OF THE NAVY, 1893–97

OF Grover Cleveland it may be said as truly as of Abraham Lincoln that the years as they go by add nothing but increasing luster to his name. The two were alike in singleness of purpose, in fidelity to the great trust the people had imposed in them. In other respects they were unlike. Lincoln was the more remarkable for long-suffering patience and the tactfulness with which he encountered his opponents. Cleveland was the more notable for the unflinching tenacity with which he held to his beliefs, displaying a courage which his adversaries called obstinacy. With this trait that was so prominent in his character, the public is familiar, as it is more or less with many of his apt and forceful sayings that inculcated the civic virtues. In his public utterances Mr. Cleveland could not help preaching. It was bred in the bone, it came to him from generations of preachers, from and beyond the fourth generation.

How Mr. Cleveland acted day in and day out upon the precepts he so eloquently taught, how he did business with the members of his cabinet, individually and collectively, is the purpose of this paper to tell.

To his cabinet officers Mr. Cleveland was never a preacher, he was a doer. One of his sayings to them was that he did not mean to "do public business on the sidewalk." Nor did he, as some officials have done, take newspaper correspondents into habitual favor that they might manipulate public opinion and laud his policies beforehand. He preferred that his acts should speak for themselves. Whether wisely or not, it was the people in whom he confided, and whose ultimate sound judgment he trusted.

> He held his faith,
> Unfaltering in man's true-heartedness,
> And in the final judgment of free men.

The business that ordinarily pertained to a department he left largely to the head of that department. To illustrate this by a single example: the details of naval officers are to them a matter of much moment, and the outside influences, political and social, that are brought to bear on the Secretary of the Navy, who, under the President, controls these matters, would, if generally known, astonish the public. During the four years, 1893–97, Mr. Cleveland said nothing to his Secretary of the Navy about the details of officers, save in two instances. In one case, where the mission upon which the officer was to be sent was of unusual moment, after advising with the Secretary as to the ability of available admirals, he indicated the detail of the officer who was commended as the ablest for it. In the other case the President simply requested, without saying why, the detail of an officer to a place for which he was admirably fitted.

Each head of a department, according to his best judgment, carried on the business that was legitimately his. When matters came up in which two coördinate departments were, or might be, interested, the two heads consulted. As an instance, the Secretaries of State and of the Navy sometimes advised with each other about instructions to consuls and naval commanders, as also about reports from them in cases where these officials were acting in concert for the protection of the persons and property of American citizens abroad.

And each head of a department, now and then, carried over to the White House some budget of business, about which, as being specially important, or as having a bearing on national policies, he desired the opinion of the President, personally. These consultations were as informal as possible, and the writer never had an intimation from Mr. Cleveland that he came too often, or not often enough.

Mr. Cleveland's intense love of justice and his sense of personal responsibility were strikingly shown by his painstaking care in the court-martial cases that went

over to him, as an appellate tribunal from the Navy Department. No matter whether the rights of a commodore, then the highest rank in the navy, or of a subaltern were involved, his decisions invariably demonstrated that he had mastered the case thoroughly; and those decisions were always written with his own hand—many of them after midnight.

Cabinet days were Tuesdays and Fridays. The meetings, during Mr. Cleveland's last administration, were held in the room, on the second floor of the White House, that looks south and adjoins the large room on the southeast corner, then usually occupied by the President for business purposes.

Ordinarily, but not always, at cabinet meetings members were seated in the regular order of precedence before the President arrived. As he came in all rose and greeted him respectfully, but quite informally. The precedence of cabinet officials, after the Secretary of State, Secretary of the Treasury, and Attorney-General, is regulated by the dates when their respective departments were established.

With his official family gathered around the cabinet table, all Mr. Cleveland's habitual reserve disappeared. Very often, and indeed as a rule, the first thing in order was a free-and-easy chat, beginning perhaps about the news of the day and usually running off into story-telling; and the President was an apt raconteur and a good listener. Every member of the cabinet had his own sense of humor and now and then his good story to tell. All participated on equal terms. Nobody was watching or feeling his way in those conversations. All were friends, and their friendships were constant. Nor was there any autocrat at those breakfast-table talks, before taking up the business of the day. If some unseen phonograph had recorded those chats, no reader of the record could have told, if names happened not to be mentioned, who of that party was the ranking official.

One day, when it was a question whether we should decide at once a matter that was before us or postpone for further investigation, Mr. Cleveland related the following incident. He was one of a coterie of Buffalo lawyers who, in their club, were enjoying an afternoon chat when they were interrupted by a brother lawyer who wanted to know at once the law on a certain point. Mr. Cleveland said to him: "There 's a statute that covers it fully." "Yes," said his friend, "but I 'm in a hurry, my client is waiting, and I *practise by ear and not by note.*"

Instead of calling the body to order formally, the President usually began business by simply stating what he wished us to consider. If he had nothing himself it was, "Well, Mr. Secretary of State, have you anything for us to-day?" And so the call went regularly along down the line to each member. Quite frequently, however, the President brought up for consideration matters previously agreed upon between himself and some member; but it was always permissible for a member who was not likely to be reached, to interrupt the regular call and mention that, if other business permitted, he had something which ought to be considered.

Members did not rise from their seats to speak, and no formal votes were taken. Mr. Cleveland's cabinet officers were his helpers and advisers, and, save in the rare instances in which he had made up his mind for himself, he took their advice freely on great questions, sometimes individually and sometimes collectively. This advice he weighed carefully. He never called for opinions from members in order to place a share of the responsibility on others. Nor did he in cabinet meetings formally put questions to a vote, although he quite often asked every one to give his view. He listened and decided for himself, either during the session or later. Discussion sometimes changed his opinion, but when after careful deliberation he had reached a conclusion, he clung to it with a tenacity that the world called obstinacy. Responsibility for every act that had been considered in cabinet he took upon his own shoulders, and he was always disposed to stand by his department officials.

In 1895 the President and Secretary Olney were summering in Massachusetts when Mr. Olney's remarkable Venezuelan letter to Lord Salisbury was prepared. At Mr. Cleveland's request, Mr. Olney brought down and read this letter to the members of the cabinet, then in Washington. He also read the letter to Mr. Carlisle, Secretary of the Treasury, Judge Harmon, Attorney-General, Mr. Lamont, Secretary of War (the "Colonel," as Mr.

Cleveland, harking back to their service in Albany, always called him), and the writer. We all considered it carefully, and finally gave the document our warm approval, but not without at first some misgivings as to its startling boldness. The letter thus agreed upon was the foundation of the famous Venezuelan message sent to Congress by Mr. Cleveland on December 17, 1895. The contents of the despatch to Lord Salisbury had been kept a secret for four months, and when that message, in Mr. Cleveland's own nervous language, was published, it amazed the public and demoralized the stock-markets of the world. To many war seemed inevitable. In no part of the British dominions was the excitement produced by the message more profound, and certainly, not even in Downing Street, was the effect produced more durable, than in Canada. To Canada, stretched out along our northern borders, the thought of war with her powerful neighbor was frightful. To this day the Canadians have not forgotten the bold, bad words of our reckless President, —as they deemed him. But Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Olney meant peace and not war. Our British cousins were not ready to go to war with us for the protection of unscrupulous British adventurers who were overrunning Venezuelan frontiers. Mr. Cleveland's firm assertion of the Monroe Doctrine put a sudden stop to British encroachments in Venezuela. The message did more: it struck a chord in the hearts of Congressmen from the North and the South that caused them to stand together for their country as one man. Thus it was not, as is often said, the noble policy of Mr. McKinley at the outset of the Spanish-American War that first brought the South and the North together in Congress after their fratricidal strife; it was Grover Cleveland's Venezuelan message. It was his fidelity, with the fidelity to trust of many ex-Confederates appointed to office during his first administration, that completely buried the "bloody shirt" issue before Mr. McKinley came in.

To one who remembers the pleasant relations between President Cleveland and his cabinet, and the demeanor of all the members of that cabinet to one another from 1893 to 1897, nothing can be more pathetic than the story told in Gideon *Welles's* "*Diary*" of the troubles Abraham Lincoln had with his advisers: his Secretary of State, Seward, assuming the airs and presuming to exercise the authority of a British premier until Mr. Lincoln's friends in Congress revolted and demanded the dismissal of the Secretary; Mr. Lincoln placating the Congressmen and retaining Seward; Seward and Secretary Stanton conspiring to obtain control; Secretary of the Treasury Chase counterplotting; Secretary Stanton giving or withholding from the President army news and plans at his own will and pleasure; Chase and Stanton each habitually taking President Lincoln into a corner of the room to whisper to him while the other members sat waiting around the cabinet table; Chase and Seward both candidates for the Presidency against Mr. Lincoln, and Mr. Lincoln retaining them both in office, although he well knew that each of them was using the patronage of his office to further his own ambitions.

To all this Abraham Lincoln felt compelled to submit because he believed the services of these three men were essential to the cause of his country. "Exitus acta probat." No one now questions the wisdom, any more than he can deny the patience or the patriotism in all this, of that great President; and all the world sympathizes with him in his troubles. What a contrast between the conditions in Lincoln's and Cleveland's cabinets!

Mr. Cleveland had his full share of perplexities, but they came from without—the terrible money panic inherited from the preceding administration, and which politicians succeeded in making many weak-minded people believe Mr. Cleveland was responsible for; the silver craze aggravated by the panic; the Herculean tasks of securing the repeal of the Sherman silver-purchase law, of saving sound money to the country, and of extending Civil Service Reform, as Mr. Cleveland did; the defection of Democrats in the Senate when the Wilson tariff bill was before it; the strain of keeping peace with Spain when confronted with the tremendous pressure in favor of intervention in Cuba! It was a trying time, but on all these questions the cabinet stood by their chief as one man. So delightful were the relations between the members of his official family that among their most pleasant memories are those that bring back the

HOKE SMITH
Of Georgia, Secretary of the Interior.

HILARY A. HERBERT
Of Alabama, Secretary of the Navy.

WILSON S. BISSELL
Of New York, Postmaster-General.

J. STERLING MORTON
Of Nebraska, Secretary of Agriculture.

DANIEL S. LAMONT
Of New York, Secretary of War.

WALTER Q. GRESHAM
Of Illinois, Secretary of State.

GROVER CLEVELAND

JOHN G. CARLISLE
Of Kentucky, Secretary of the Treasury.

RICHARD OLNEY
Of Massachusetts, Attorney-General.

From a photograph, copyright, by G. Prince

days when they enjoyed the confidence of their leader, while his wit, humor, and good fellowship were lightening their labors.

With Grover Cleveland intimacy did not disenchant. From week to week and from year to year he grew upon us all as new lights fell upon him, just as he has continued to grow upon all Americans.

The one thing about Mr. Cleveland's manner that most impressed his intimates was that he never posed, never sought to magnify himself. It was perhaps his naturalness that made him so fond of children. And this suggests a story that he told on himself. At one time, when he and his good friend the late Richard Watson Gilder were neighbors, Mr. Gilder's little son George was a frequent visitor, and was warmly attached to Mrs. Cleveland. Mr. Cleveland, as an experiment, sought to win the child away from Mrs. Cleveland, and after a week's petting he said to the boy one day at dinner, "George, which do you love better, Mrs. Cleveland or me?" The boy answered, "I love Mrs. Cleveland the best, but you are the prettiest."

The relations between Mrs. Cleveland and the cabinet ladies were as delightful as those between the President and his staff, and none of us admired Mr. Cleveland more than we did the First Lady of the Land. Sometimes, however, Mrs. Cleveland thought that members of the cabinet were encroaching upon her prerogatives. One bright afternoon I was sitting with the President going over some business. The hour for his usual afternoon drive had arrived. Mrs. Cleveland came in dressed for the ride, gauntlets in hand. "Well," she said, addressing herself to the President, "it 's time for you to go." "I can't go this evening," was the reply, "Secretary Herbert has some business he wants to talk over with me." "Yes," she said, tapping him at the same time playfully on the knee with one of her gauntlets, "that 's always the way. You prefer your Secretaries to me," and then turning to me she said, "I hate every one of you cabinet officers. You are always taking him when you know that he needs his drive." But the business went on.

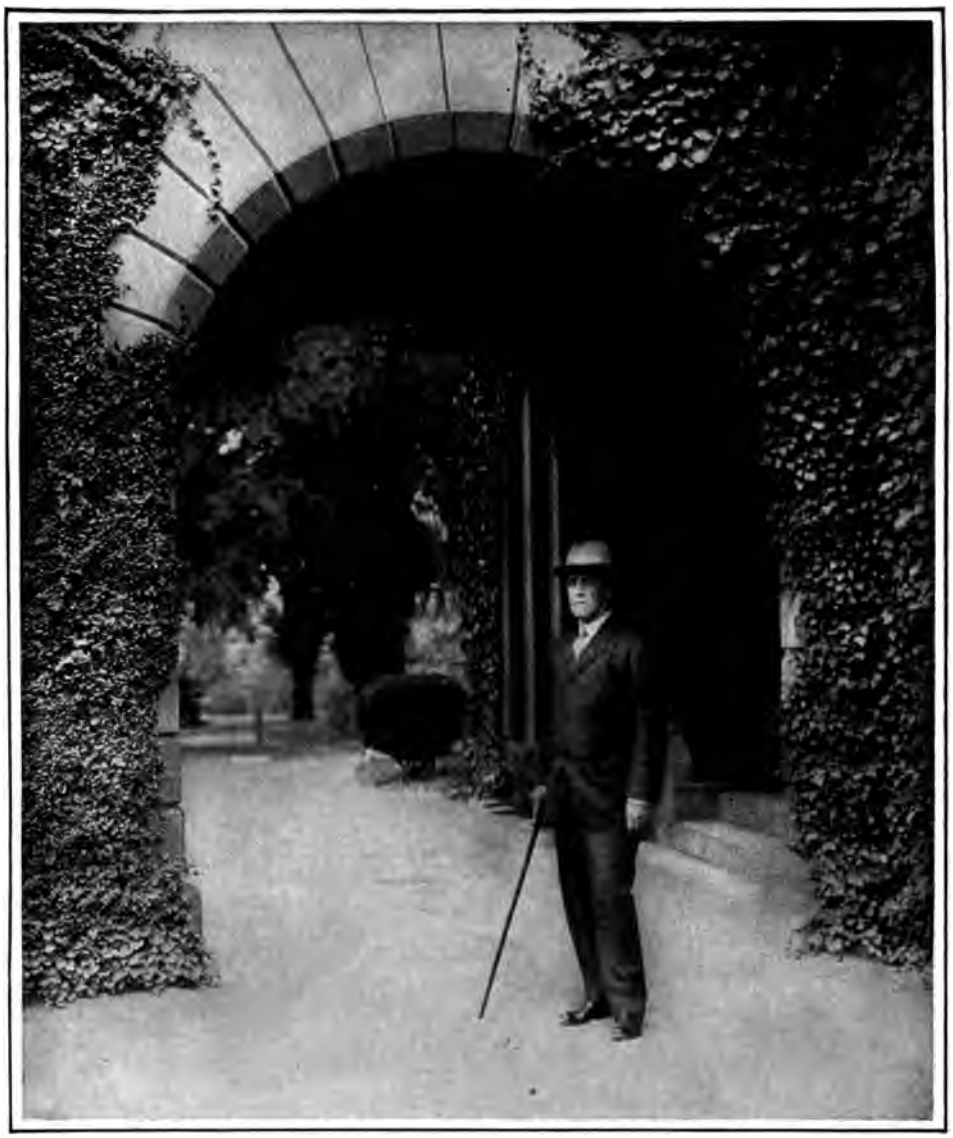
THE KIND OF MAN WOODROW WILSON IS

BY W. G. McADOO

Vice-chairman of the Democratic National Committee of 1912.

A MAN who has observed the world shrewdly said: "Woodrow Wilson is a handsome man, but he made himself so. Nature set out to make him ugly." Whatever the judgment as to Mr. Wilson's pulchritude, it is certainly true that he has made his own face. The handsome, gray-blue eyes and the long jaw were given him by nature, but the firm mouth, the strong lines of the face, the keen but kindly look of the eyes, the thoughtful but untroubled brow—all these Mr. Wilson has put into his own face by long years of self-mastery and mastery of difficult and arduous tasks.

Those who have known him for many years know that his mind, his character, and even his physique are largely self-produced. When a young man he was rather nervous and easily tired. In the first years of his teaching, a lecture to a small class would so exhaust him that he would sometimes have to lie down and rest. So it was at thirty; but at fifty-six he can speak most of the day and far into the night, sleep on a railway-train, and do the same thing the next day and the next through weeks of political campaigning. At thirty he was almost delicate in health, but at fifty-six he is absolutely sound and well.



WOODROW WILSON WHEN PRESIDENT OF PRINCETON, 1902 TO 1910
He was photographed standing near the carriage porch of "Prospect," his official residence.

His mental growth has been of much the same orderly and progressive sort. Thirty years ago only the most discerning would have suspected genius in him. A few did, but to most people he appeared as a man of unusual ability, but with nothing flashy or precocious. He talked well; all his ideas were clear and some were profound, but there was nothing of the impetuosity and second sight which we associate with genius. He schooled himself, against his temperament, to work systematically and not wait for the inspiration. He knew that for the best literary work inspiration is necessary, but he found that he could compel, or at least invite, the inspiration by settling himself at his desk and beginning to work. After many years of this sort of discipline, he was heard to say laughingly that he had tamed himself to be a regular mill-horse.

Acquaintances have fancied that they

could see the orderly habits of his mind reflected in the orderly desk at which he worked. No clutter and confusion of notes, manuscripts, books, and loose papers there, but instead everything as neatly and methodically arranged as a surgeon's instruments. He would take a book from the shelf, consult it, get what he wanted, and then carefully return the book. And when the morning's work was ended, in ample time to prepare for luncheon, he would open the drawer of a desk, take out a piece of chamois-skin, carefully wipe his pen, return the cloth to the drawer, cover the ink-bottle, take off his spectacles, put them in the case, put on his eye-glasses, and rise deliberately from his chair, nothing hurried, nothing confused.

It is said that Charles Dickens could not write unless stationery and pen were of a certain sort, and one of Mr. Wilson's few fastidious indulgences has been writing-paper, even for his temporary notes, of excellent quality. The neat handwriting, now familiar, always so legible that he might have become a bookkeeper on the strength of it, has the same indication of method and self-control.

These are the trifles that marked his literary work; but this orderliness in everything has marked all the processes by which he has approached the large problems with which he has had to deal in his career as college president and practical statesman. It has been said that he expresses sudden and radical opinions, but those who have known him long know that his views had their germs in thoughts and ideals of early manhood. Only the methods were novel.

Thus fully six or seven years before he became president of Princeton he was heard to say that, if he could have his way, he would do three things for Princeton: first, revise and correlate the courses in a systematic curriculum; second, provide young teachers, or "preceptors," who, by personal conference with the students, would supplement the impersonal instruction of the lecture-room, direct their reading, and, by close association with them, get the confidence of the students, find out their individual difficulties, and help them to overcome them; and, third, break the college into small residence groups, where representatives of the four classes would *live together* and in companionship with the younger members of the faculty. The years passed, and he became president. In the first year of his office he, in conference with faculty committees, established an organic curriculum. Three years later he persuaded the trustees to embody his second idea in the now famous "preceptorial" system. Two years after that the college was rent by dissensions over his proposal to put the third plan into practice. There was nothing sudden about this; it was merely the attempt to do what he had thought ought to be done many years before, and when he had no expectation of being president of the college.

The whole thing was in its origin nothing but an educational measure. It turned into a fight for democracy only when he found what it was that was opposing his plan, the organized clubs. He had no quarrel with the clubs except in so far as they stood in the way of what he was convinced was a more efficient arrangement for getting the best educational results. He made no charges that Princeton was less democratic than other American colleges; that accusation was put in his mouth by opponents of his plan. He did not believe that the condition of Princeton was worse than other colleges; he wanted to make it better than other colleges, to set a pace for other colleges, to improve American education as a whole by setting up at Princeton a standard of education which would compel the other colleges to follow. For, in his conception, a sound educational scheme should involve the whole life of the student, not merely the few hours that he is in the class-room; should involve all his mental contacts and enrich him by association with minds slightly more mature than his own, as in the companionship of freshmen with seniors, of seniors with young instructors. For Mr. Wilson knew that age and professorial dignity usually set the mature professor aloof from the undergraduate.

In English universities this plan is described as the "quadrangle" system. In the discussions at Princeton it was called, for short, the "quad" system. Mr. Wilson once humorously said, in referring to his failure to secure its adoption, that he had not gotten the "quad" but he had gotten the "wrangle."

This purely educational plan was op-

From a photograph, taken for THE CENTURY, by E. D. Coleman

WOODROW WILSON'S PRIVATE RESIDENCE AT PRINCETON, WHILE GOVERNOR OF NEW JERSEY

From a photograph, taken for THE CENTURY, copyright by E. D. Coleman

A CORNER OF THE LIVING-ROOM IN GOVERNOR WILSON'S HOME AT PRINCETON

Over Governor Wilson's desk hangs an oil landscape by Mrs. Wilson.

posed in a way that made Mr. Wilson feel that he was waging a fight with privilege and vested interests; for it was the clubs, particularly the wealthy alumni members of the clubs, that most violently opposed him. Then it was that all the inherent democracy of the man flamed up, and he began to feel that what had been only an inconvenience threatened to become a menace, and this is what the "war" at Princeton raged mostly about.

That unified view which he took of education is characteristic of the man and his mental processes. He sees things whole, and is not interested in temporary palliatives. Much that Mr. Roosevelt advocated in the late campaign Mr. Wilson believes in, but it seemed to Mr. Wilson that Mr. Roosevelt was recommending plasters and tonics when only an operation could cure the patient. It seemed to him futile to offer various secondary remedies for social and economic evils, and leave intact the protective tariff, with its unjust discriminations. It seemed to him to be a superficial view that one could regulate trusts, distinguish between "good" and "bad" trusts, and leave the principle of monopoly untouched.

He is impatient of palliatives and equally impatient of political abstractions. He has learned more from Edmund Burke than from any other political philosopher, and he is as impatient as Burke himself of a wiredrawn abstraction. His mind deals with the concrete, but with the underlying principle in the concrete. Thus, when he *has got hold of the* principle, he finds the problems simple, and luminous simplicity of statement is his most marked characteristic as a political speaker.

Those who know him only slightly wondered what would happen when he left the college to take the stump. Some thought that all college professors were pedantic. Those who knew that Woodrow Wilson was not pedantic feared, however, that his long career of speaking to educated audiences would make him "talk over the heads" of the populace. What really happened was a tribute to his adaptability and also to the seriousness and intelligence of the American public. In the New Jersey campaign in 1910 he captivated his audiences with the most luminous discussion of the fundamentals of politics in language so simple and a manner so frank and winning that everybody could

WOODROW WILSON IN 1883

This portrait, from an unpublished photograph, was taken during the single year in which he practised law.

understand him and everybody was attracted to him. He never descended to any trick of cheap oratory. He told stories and occasionally permitted himself a little flow of natural eloquence; but for the most part he expounded in simplest language the basic principles of self-government and appealed to the enlightened self-interest and sense of justice of his audience. His vocabulary is extraordinarily large, but the bulk of it is simple and unaffected. He seldom employs outré words in the manner of the stylists. He is without doubt the most effective public speaker in America to-day.

WOODROW WILSON IN 1890
This portrait is from a photograph taken while he was a professor at Princeton.

And yet his first campaign speech was a failure. It was delivered in Jersey City, and was the opening gun in his contest for the governorship. It was heard by some who had long been familiar with his oratory, who had heard his chaste, fluent eloquence, and who therefore winced when they heard him floundering; heard him do what they thought impossible—wander away from his argument and fail to make his points; heard him in evident embarrassment lug in a "story" by the ears—a story which had no bearing on his point. It was probably the only time in his career when he has so offended—he whose stories are generally as apt as those that Lincoln used to tell. But the last sentence saved the occasion. Stepping forward on the platform he said, "Ladies and Gentlemen, I have made my first political speech." There was something so natural in his tone, so almost boyishly engaging in his attitude, so obviously sincere in his manner, that his audience responded with the first hearty and encouraging cheers of the evening. He had won his audience in the simplest, least calculated way. Their response probably gave him just the confidence that he needed, for thirty minutes later he was speaking in a second hall, and he was like another man, totally at ease, totally in command of himself and his audience. And after that there were no more failures,—rather success piled on success,—until all over the country it was being noised about that this greatest campaigner since Lincoln was "stumping" New Jersey.

He is singularly felicitous as a speaker and uses apt stories with great effect. He has an inexhaustible fund of anecdote and an exceptional sense of refined humor. More than two years ago, and within a

month after he had been elected Governor of New Jersey, he was introduced at a dinner of the New York Southern Society as "a future President of the United States." He replied as follows:

"Mr. President, Ladies, and Gentlemen: The very kind introduction I have just heard destroys my sense of identity. I am told by psychologists that our memories are the seat of our sense of identity, and that if I did not remember who I was yesterday, I could not for the life of me tell you who I am to-day. In view of the confused and unexpected happenings of the recent past, I find it difficult to remember who I was yesterday. I find myself in one respect (I hope in only one respect), resembling certain persons I heard of in a story that was repeated to me the other day. A friend of mine was in Canada with a fishing-party, and one member of the party was imprudent enough to sample some whisky that was called 'Squirrel' whisky. It was understood that it was called 'Squirrel' whisky because it made those who drank it inclined to climb a tree. This gentleman imbibed too much of this dangerous liquid, and the consequence was that when he went to the train to go with the rest of the company, he took a train bound south instead of a train bound north. Wishing to recover him, his companions telegraphed the conductor of the south-bound train: 'Send short man named Johnson back for the north-bound train. He is intoxicated.' Presently they got a reply from the conductor: 'Further particulars needed. There are thirteen men on the train who don't know either their name or their destination.'

"Now, I am sure that I know my name, but I am not so sure as your presiding officer that I know my destination."

His methods are so quiet, as compared with Mr. Roosevelt's, that it is only after they have become really acquainted with him that his audiences realize that he is as indomitable a fighter as the Colonel himself. But he is more grown up than the

From a photograph, taken for THE CENTURY, by E. D. Coleman

"PROSPECT," THE OFFICIAL RESIDENCE OF THE PRESIDENT OF PRINCETON, THE HOME OF WOODROW WILSON WHILE HEAD OF THE UNIVERSITY

Colonel, and is more interested in the object of the fight, less interested in the mere excitement of fighting. Possibly it is the Irish in him that gives him zest for a fight and the Scotch in him that gives him fixity of purpose in his fighting and a willingness to desist when the battle has been won. He once said, in admitting the charge that he had some Irish in his composition, that "there is something in me that takes the strain off my Scotch conscience occasionally and gives me delightful irresponsible moments."

And possibly it is the Irish in him which gives him his strong sense of fun. His intimates have been much amused by some of the published accounts which represent him as a cold, solemn man, incapable of play. If these writers could see him in a romp with his daughters, they would probably be astonished. Sometimes it is very clever romping, with an accompaniment of brilliant jesting, and sometimes it is buffoonery and the incorrigible nonsense of an over-vitalized boy. At such times he seems fifty-six years old *minus* fifty. He has a child's delight in repetition of jokes, an unwearied pleasure in reciting over and over again his favorite nonsense-verses and limericks, in reading over and over again particular essays of "Mr. Dooley," in telling over and over again certain anecdotes which have pleased him, especially if they are darky stories. And the stories which specially delight him are those that reveal the real personality of the Negro, his naïveté and disinclination to admit that he does n't understand "big words," as, for instance, the story of the Richmond cab-driver. A man got in a cab at the Richmond railway-station and said:

"Drive me to a haberdasher's."

"Yaas, suh," said the driver, whipped up his horse, and drove a block; then, leaning over to address his passenger, said, " 'Scuse me, Boss, but whar d' you say you wanter go?"

"To a haberdasher's."

"Yaas, suh, yaas, suh." After another block, there was the same performance: " 'Scuse me, Boss, but whar d' you say you wanter go?"

"To a haberdasher's," was the somewhat impatient reply.

Then came the final appeal:

"Now, look a-here, Boss, I be'n drivin' in dis town twenty year', an' I ain't never give nobody away yit. Now you jes tell dis Nigger whar 't is you wanter go."

And it always gives him keen pleasure to tell Polk Miller's famous story of the darky and the mule. An old Negro went into a drug store in Richmond and said:

"Boss, will you please, suh, call de colonel on de telephone?"

"Yes," and he called the colonel. The old darky said:

"Colonel, dat ar mule done stall right in de main street right out here in front of de store.

"Yaas, suh, I done tied strings round his ears, but he did n't budge.

"What 's dat? What 's dat? Yaas, suh, I build a fire under him, but it did n't do nuthin' but scorch de harness.

"Yaas, suh, yaas, suh, I took de things out, but he would n't budge.

"Yaas, suh, yaas, suh; what 's dat? No, suh, no, suh, Colonel, I did n't twist his tail.

"Yaas, suh, yaas, suh, another gemman twist' his tail; he look' like a Northern gemman.

"What 's dat, Colonel? Yaas, suh, dey done tuk him to de hospital.

"No, suh, no, suh; I ain't heard yet."

Mr. Wilson has the same unwearied delight in rereading his favorite authors, the speeches of Burke, the essays of Bagehot, Augustine Birrell, Gilbert K. Chesterton, poems of Wordsworth and Browning, and passages from his favorite Shaksperian play, "Henry the Fifth."

That last item suggests the quality that especially pleases him in literature—manliness. His favorite novelist is Walter Scott, but his favorite novel is "Lorna Doone." His Biblical heroes are the essentially manly men of the Bible, Nehemiah, St. Paul, and the centurion of the Gospel.

Of course the manly man is always a gentle man toward helplessness and pain, and the gentleness of Woodrow Wilson is a very striking quality in combination with his firm strength and abhorrence of the maudlin sentimental. He is pitiless in his judgments of people who commit frauds and hypocrisies, but he is merciful in his judgments of those who are merely stupid. A rather striking example of that was his comment when he heard of a particularly outrageous attack

on him made by ——, a professional politician, "Poor ——!" he said, with vast commiseration in his tone, as though his only concern was that the man should so stupidly injure himself.

Those who have watched him closely in the crises of his career have been led to believe that it is his very tenderness which has given him the reputation for inflexibility. When his convictions lead him to a position where he has to oppose and wound old friends, his own feelings are so deeply wounded that he cannot afford to yield to sentiment, lest it unnerve him. Convinced that what he has determined on must be done, he stiffens himself for the shock to his own sympathies, and seems inflexible with others because he is being inflexible with himself. For the paramount claim on Woodrow Wilson is the claim of duty. He must deny all claims which conflict with that. This may illuminate the understanding of that school of politicians which considers "ingratitude" the public man's most heinous offense. Mr. Wilson believes that public office is a sacred trust. He will not pay personal or political debts with public office. He does not believe that mere political service, or the size of campaign contributions, necessarily constitutes eligibility. The sole test with him is fitness and the general good.

The steadiness and poise of the man are of course the result of character. He is able to confront all accidents and contingencies because he is clear about his own purposes and motives. He is not a fatalist, and is not very patient with fatalists. One recalls the relief he expressed when some reading he had been doing convinced him that Stonewall Jackson was not a fatalist. Like all Southern men, he had a profound admiration for General Jackson, and the admiration increased when he discovered that the popular idea that Jackson was a fatalist was a fallacy. Mr. Wilson believes that the most important thing in human affairs is the human will, but he is too good a Presbyterian to doubt that in some mysterious way the human will is subject to the divine will. And so, when he became a candidate for the Presidency, it was with the resolution to work for the office by all honorable means, and, if elected, to do all he could for the welfare of the country in certain specific ways. But all his striving was with the tacit proviso that he would be President if the Power that controls the destiny of nations should consent. This made his task a very simple one—to do what he could by hard work and honorable methods, and leave the result to a Power not himself. And when he was told at one stage of the Baltimore Convention that his chances had vanished, he said very quietly, "It is God's will." Men have broken their hearts when they have failed to get the Presidency, but Woodrow Wilson would never have broken his heart. There is too much outside the Presidency for an able man to do for any one to break his heart because he cannot be President.

A friend has recalled Mr. Wilson's appearance on a ship which seemed for a little while to be in imminent danger of sinking after collision with an iceberg. At that time he was only a professor in Princeton; but he knew his own superior abilities, knew that the greatest part of his life-work was unperformed, and these thoughts must have mingled with thoughts of his family. But his face betrayed neither anxiety nor regret. There was no calmer person on the ship. He told stories, and chaffed some of his fellow-passengers, and when one remarked on his calmness, he said, "Oh, it is n't hard to be resigned."

A man can express in his life only what is in him, and the strength of Woodrow Wilson is the strength of tranquillity. He is by nature a man of very strong passions, but in his long career of self-mastery he has learned to control his passions. When a passionate man has conquered himself, he is not going to find any other tasks too difficult or too terrifying. The strength of Mr. Wilson is not bluster and noise. It is the serene strength of a man whose inner life is poised in peace. It is not strange that one of his favorite poets should be Wordsworth, whose poetry expresses the strength of serenity. It is a privilege to hear Mr. Wilson read from Wordsworth's poetry in his even tones and musical voice, uttering the poet's thoughts as though they were his own, when he reads "The Character of the Happy Warrior," "The Ode to Duty," or one of the lighter lyrics.

This reference to his reading recalls the fact that a part of the heavy price he has to pay for being a public man is a reduc-

tion to a minimum of his chief source of pleasure—quiet evenings at home with his family and books. In other quieter days it was his custom to spend the evenings reading aloud to his wife and daughters and such friends as dropped in. Neither he nor Mrs. Wilson has been specially fond of society spelled with a capital S. Though his own conversational powers are exceptionally brilliant, and though, like all good talkers, he enjoys verbal fence with worthy rivals, he has chosen to spend few social evenings away from home, preferring rather to invite a few friends to his own table and his own cozy library.

His brilliant achievements in the field of politics and statesmanship have lifted him, within the brief space of two years, to the highest station in the Republic. He has not stooped to win success. He has not treated politics as a "game." He is undeviatingly straightforward and inflexibly high-minded. He will not compromise principle for expediency, nor surrender conviction for advantage.

When, on the eve of the Baltimore Convention, Mr. Bryan sent his famous telegram to all the candidates asking them to join him in opposing the selection of a reactionary as temporary chairman, Mr. Wilson did not temporize nor equivocate, although some of his visionless friends told him that support of Mr. Bryan's position would be suicidal. He promptly telegraphed to Mr. Bryan:

"You are right. The Baltimore Convention is to be a convention of progressives—the men who are progressive in principle and by conviction. It must, if it is not to be put in a wrong light before the country, express its convictions in the organization, and in its choice of the men who are to speak for it."

From that moment his nomination became inevitable. In all the ebb and surge of struggle and emotion in those long and heated days at Baltimore, the Wilson star was regnant. The organic forces in the convention, representing the overwhelming progressive sentiment of the country, could not find expression in the nomination of any other man.

Mr. Wilson has done much to revitalize political virtue in this country. He has given us a new moral vision and a finer conception of the meaning of democracy. For this alone the reward of the Presidency is not too great.

WOODROW WILSON AS A MAN OF LETTERS

BY BLISS PERRY

Professor of English Literature in Harvard University

SHORTLY after the close of Mr. Cleveland's second term as President, he delivered in Princeton, where he had taken his residence, a notable public address. It contained a powerful and indignant sentence about the recent refusal of the United States Senate to ratify the treaties of arbitration—treaties which had expressed, Mr. Cleveland declared, the plain wish of the people of the United States. Mr. Cleveland had few of the gifts and none of the arts of the orator, but that single massive, downright sentence, weighted with his whole character and vibrating with intense feeling, thrilled his audience as I have rarely seen an audience moved by any master of speech. It touched the imagination, like a glimpse of Hercules wielding his club. As the crowd moved slowly out of Alexander Hall, I remarked to a professor of theology: "What a sledge-hammer of a sentence!"

"Exactly," said the theologian; "and it was just the weapon for a President. You know, you don't want to have a President of the United States write with as fine a style as Woodrow Wilson."

That was fifteen years ago. A good deal has happened in the interval. Five years after the delivery of Mr. Cleveland's

speech, another great audience in Alexander Hall listened with admiration and delight to Woodrow Wilson's inaugural address as President of Princeton. Here was a scholar, a favorite child of his alma mater, an admitted master of style. In delicate and supple phrase, with learning and logic and conviction, with a profound sense of the obligations which the cloistered college owes to the larger world, President Wilson announced the aims of his administration. The representative Americans who were present at that inaugural address were aware that they were listening to one of the foremost of our living men of letters, expounding with consummate beauty of expression and transparent sincerity of feeling his pattern and dream of an ideal university. But curiously enough, and as one remembers words of evil omen, I recall the casual remark of one of the guests of the university as the audience dispersed. He was an observant journalist.

"Very beautiful speech of Wilson's," he said, "very noble; but over the heads of the two trustees who sat in front of me."

I shall not debate the validity of that last clause. Local opinion differed on this point, and the general public has refused to take any great interest in the fact itself or in its alleged consequences. But the two offhand judgments upon Woodrow Wilson's style which I have ventured to quote suggest a certain instinctive and wide-spread feeling that a master of words is not likely to be a master of things or of men; that the functions of a man of letters and of a president of a republic are so essentially different that recognized ability in the one calling may render its possessor suspect if he happen to be summoned by the people to perform the duties of their chief executive. It is interesting, therefore, to look closely at the equipment and performance of this brilliant talker and writer who has been called to the Presidency. Is Woodrow Wilson's way of talking and writing a fine accomplishment merely, like the skill of a piano-player who is no musician at heart; or is the whole man in this instance so thoroughly of one piece that his phrases reveal his actual personality? No answer to such a question will satisfy everybody. There will continue to be persons who believe that mastery over language is something external to a man's true character: that it is, to use the familiar image, a suit of clothes to be put on or off at pleasure, as if one could assume his good French or good English with his evening-dress, though he speak but wretched French or English in his working hours. And there will always be that deeper skepticism which distinguishes between the fine talker and the fine doer, and distrusts the first because so much of the world's best work has been done by the "silent" men. These old suspicions that language is a disguise or a disqualification die hard.

Concerning one aspect of Woodrow Wilson's style there can be but little difference of opinion: he talks precisely as he writes and he writes as he talks. When M. Raymond Poincaré, a man of letters whose rise to the foremost political station affords a curious parallel to that of Woodrow Wilson, was admitted to the French Academy in 1909, his old teacher, M. Ernest Lavisse, after some delightful chaffing, paid this compliment to the new Academician: "Nous connaissons assez votre écriture pour que je puisse vous adresser ce compliment que vous parlez comme vous écrivez et que vous écrivez comme vous parlez. Mon très cher et regretté maître, Gaston Boissier, disait à ses élèves: 'Ne vous mettez pas dans l'état littéraire quand vous prenez la plume.' Vous ne vous mettez ni dans l'état littéraire, avant d'écrire, ni dans l'état oratoire avant de parler." [1] Mr. Wilson surely has never needed to put himself into the literary state of mind as a preparation for writing, nor into the oratorical state of mind as a preparation for speaking. The mind and the style are the same throughout.

Such easy command over himself and his resources is, of course, the result of long discipline, and a discipline in which, from the beginning, oral utterance has had as important a part as written utterance. By inheritance, circumstance, and

[1] "Your style is sufficiently familiar to us to warrant my offering you this compliment: You speak as you write and you write as you speak. My very dear and much regretted master, Gaston Boissier, used to say to his students: 'Do not put yourselves in a literary frame of mind as soon as you take up the pen.' You do not put yourself in a 'literary frame of mind' before writing, nor in an oratorical one before speaking."

ambition, Woodrow Wilson has been a respecter of speech. A clergyman's son; a son, too, of that Virginia where oratory has always been held in honor; a lad who wrote with boyish humor on one of his earliest visiting-cards, "Thomas W. Wilson, U. S. Senator"; an eager college debater; a hater of slang and all slovenliness of phrase; a painstaking expositor of close legal and governmental reasoning in many varied classrooms; a platform speaker constantly in demand for a score of years preceding his campaign for the governorship of New Jersey, his skill and resourcefulness and steadiness in that singular campaign surprised nobody but his enemies. He had been training for it from youth. With but an indifferent physical equipment, he had won his rank by sheer persistency of will, by patient thinking on public questions, by intensity of feeling. Back of that expository forefinger of the "schoolmaster" stood a master of his subject, a debater who had been winning debates all his life, a Scotch-Irishman who had something of Jefferson's preference for a "little rebellion now and then," and considerably more than Jefferson's fondness for a fight.

His campaigning cleverness was distrusted then, as it has been later, by some of his fellow-citizens whose wits work more slowly than his, and whose social imagination is less flexible. Many of his loyal supporters, even, have occasionally found his political utterances too vague; luminous enough, but luminous with the suffused light of sunlit haze. Precisely the same fault has been found with many another "literary statesman"; with Gladstone preëminently, but also with Disraeli, Balfour, and Morley, Thiers and Poincaré. Oral utterance has its dangers, like every other mode of human expression. But for a man who is capable of profiting by its lessons, it nevertheless affords one of the most valuable schools of purely literary discipline. Words, even when they are used primarily as weapons of controversy, remain wonderful things. It was the discipline of oral utterance in frontier store and tavern, and upon the circuit and the stump, which forged and tempered Lincoln's speech into a marvelous instrument for literature. To lift story-telling and legal exposition and party argument to the higher levels of literature there are needed, no doubt, other elements than mere dexterous command of the spoken word. There must be the pressure and glow of great ideas and strong emotions, as in Burke, or a transcendent cause, such as that which chastened and ennobled the unselfish lips of Lincoln, before there can be that inexplicable chemistry which changes words into something more than words, which transforms mere prose into a strange but enduring kind of poetry. Such transformations are mysteries, after all is said. The political orator can merely perfect himself to the uttermost of his gifts and opportunities. The rest lies in character, and in the unforeseen. Yet no unpartizan person, I should suppose, can fail to perceive in Woodrow Wilson's public utterances the qualities of mind and the magical power over spoken syllables which are the basis of all oratory that lives.

This achievement, notable as it is, has been steadily accompanied by a purely literary discipline. He began as an essayist, and it is as an essayist that his most distinguished writing has been done. His style matured very early, and he has been heard to complain whimsically that he wrote as well in college as he could twenty-five years later. He had been graduated but six years when he published his "Congressional Government," a brilliant study which in the stout seventeenth-century days would have been called an essay. By that one book he gained his reputation. His "Division and Reunion" may also, without disparagement, be termed a long historical essay, a clear, swiftly moving, dispassionately just narrative of known facts and tendencies rather than the laborious setting forth of material discovered by first-hand investigation. The magazine papers on "George Washington" likewise made a delightful book rather than a substantial enlargement of our knowledge of the subject. "The History of the American People" was an ambitious undertaking for a college professor engaged in many other tasks. It was rapidly written, and the circumstances of its composition precluded that long absorption of the author with his "sources," that year-in and year-out imaginative living with the past which has entered into the very texture of the epoch-making histories. It is full of admirable characterizations, of skilful

summary of events, and it has given pleasure to multitudes of readers. But the professional historians, who are possibly too much inclined to insist on the closed shop and to resent the intrusion of men of letters into their factory, seem to think that "The History of the American People" is somehow not a "contribution."

Perhaps this is merely the old antagonism between the quarrymen and the architect. In Mr. Wilson's CENTURY article entitled, "The Truth of the Matter," he has set forth his views upon the writing of history.[1] Obviously, what interests him primarily is the art of the historian rather than the task of the investigator. "The investigator must display his materials, but the historian must convey his impressions. . . . The historian needs an imagination quite as much as he needs scholarship, and consummate literary art as much as candor and common honesty." Academic historians are afraid of this doctrine, which has recently been preached to them, nevertheless, by Colonel Roosevelt in his address on "History and Literature." Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Wilson agree in substance. The Colonel's essay is the more vigorous, and is packed with allusions drawn from amazingly wide reading. It sounds as though it had been dictated to a stenographer with immense zest. The professor's essay is not dictated, but composed; it is more varied, more subtle, more distinguished: but the views of the two men are essentially the same, and the unionized historical "investigators" can extract but little comfort from either of them.

I believe that Woodrow Wilson's best writing has not yet been put on paper. But the next best, surely,—and it is better than most men's best,—is in such essays as "The Truth of the Matter," "On Being Human," and "Mere Literature." The "Atlantic" essays on "Reconstruction" and "Mr. Cleveland as President," together with the earlier papers on Burke, Bagehot, and "The Author Himself," may well keep them company. Foremost among his instructors in thought and style stands Burke, whose influence may be perceived upon almost every page of Mr. Wilson's books, as in nearly every paragraph of his addresses. Next comes Walter Bagehot. In Mr. Wilson's earlier essays the phrase, "as Mr. Bagehot says," occurs as frequently as that admiring, "as Mr. Everett says," in the early "Journals" of Emerson. Augustine Birrell has had a hand in the business, too; and Lamb and Wordsworth and Boswell's "Johnson." The intellectual influences that have really counted in Woodrow Wilson's development are almost purely English and American. Plato and the Roman consuls have left scarcely a trace, and modern France and Germany quite as little. His reading, aside from the technical treatises on law, government, and politics which have been incidental to his professional work, has been well within the limits of the "gentleman's library." But it has been a thoughtful, brooding, vital kind of reading.

His style is undeniably "bookish," as Lamb and Stevenson are bookish. At times there are quaint, innocent affectations in it, like the " 'T was," " 'T is," " 'T would" which decorate the pages of Hazlitt and the elder essayists. As compared with the unconscious, pure style of John Fiske, or the veracious sentences of Mr. James Ford Rhodes, it seems to be just a trifle aware of itself, knowing what "sets my genius best," as *Alan Breck Stewart* said of his favorite sword-play. And *Alan Breck* himself was not more gay and alert than are the best passages of Woodrow Wilson. It is witty, high-spirited, exhilarating writing. It has the Southern virtues, schooled by stern self-discipline into an avoidance of typical Southern faults; it has sentiment without sentimentality, ease without diffuseness, eloquence without declamation. With all of its delicate, bookish overtones, it remains essentially the style of a speaker. It addresses itself to the ear rather than to the eye, and its occasional over-anxieties are the solicitude of a well-bred converser, fearing to fail to please, or to be misinterpreted.

There is one other quality of Mr. Wilson's style, curiously interesting now that he has won, by means of politics, a national audience. "It behooves all minor

[1] See THE CENTURY for September, 1895: "On the Writing of History, with a glance at the methods of Macaulay, Gibbon, Carlyle, and Green." By Woodrow Wilson. Other articles by the same author contributed to this magazine are: "On an Author's Choice of Company" (March, 1896); "When a Man Comes to Himself" (June, 1901); and "Edmund Burke and the French Revolution" (September, 1901).

authors," he wrote long ago, "to realize the possibility of their being discovered some day and exposed to the general scrutiny." This has been precisely his own fortune. But from the first there has been a sort of spaciousness in his pages, a consciousness of wide backgrounds and far horizons. It is betrayed in one of his favorite metaphors—the wind blowing over great spaces. "To speak of national affairs is to give hint of great forces and of movements blown upon by all the airs of the wide continent." "His world [Sir Henry Maine's] seemed to be kept always clear of mists and clouds, as if it were blown through with steady trade-winds, which brought with them not only pure airs, but also the harmonious sounds and the abiding fragrance of the great round world." There is the same image of the blowing wind, and I think not a little of unconscious self-portraiture in his picture of Henry Clay: "His nature [Clay's] was of the West, blown through with quick winds of ardor and aggression, a bit reckless and defiant; but his art was of the East, ready with soft and placating phrases, reminiscent of old and reverenced ideals, thoughtful of compromise and accommodation." It is the quick, imaginative movement of Woodrow Wilson's own mind, blown through as it is with "ardor and aggression," and yet "thoughtful of compromise," which is now forced to bear the scrutiny of "pitiless publicity," and to be analyzed by his countrymen with admiration or with concern.

Mr. Wilson's mind and style may coarsen in the rough battles of the Presidency. Such deterioration is not unknown, and undeniably the coarser style has a certain effectiveness for the vast democratic audience. Here is a typical example of it, taken from a decade characterized, as the last decade has been characterized, by party faction, reckless demagogic leadership, "trial by newspaper," and the gleeful shoutings of the mob. It is the famous "No. 45" of John Wilkes's "North Briton," issued on the 23d of April, 1763, and sentenced to be burned by the common hangman as an "infamous and seditious libel." It declared:

> This week has given the public the most abandoned instance of ministerial effrontery ever attempted to be imposed on mankind. The minister's speech of last Tuesday is not to be paralleled in the annals of the country. I am in doubt whether the imposition is greater on the sovereign or on the nation. Every friend of his country must lament that a prince of so many great and amiable qualities, whom England truly reveres, can be brought to give the sanction of his sacred name to the most odious measures and to the most unjustifiable public declarations, from a throne ever renowned for truth, honour, and unsullied virtue.

Clever Jack Wilkes, with that "Every-friend-of-his-country" style! And here is a telegram in this very morning's newspaper (Jan. 5, 1913): "I am confident that I express the feelings of every decent American citizen when I say that I am outraged and indignant beyond measure at the infamy that has been perpetrated in Idaho." It is a style that pleases some of the people all of the time.

A humorist, himself in high position, is understood to have affirmed recently that Governors and Presidents must needs grow emphatic and profane in office. Possibly the explanation may be found in the remark of a New England spinster to a blameless kinsman of hers who confessed that he was more sorely tempted to say "damn" at forty than he had been at twenty-five. "Perhaps," she suggested tartly, "you are beginning to see things in their true light." And yet there has been at least one clear-sighted and disillusioned President whose mind and style grew steadily finer and not coarser, whom vast responsibilities made more patient, more considerate of differences of opinion and policy. Let Lincoln's victory in the great ordeal be a happy augury for his latest successor.

Woodrow Wilson is the first professional man of letters to become President of the United States. No man who has entered the White House since Lincoln has been better equipped by character and training to ennoble and refine the tone of public utterance.

IMPRESSIONS OF NEW YORK

"FROM THE POINT OF VIEW OF A BARBARIAN FROM THE ORIENT" [1]

BY PIERRE LOTI

Author of "Pêcheurs d'Islande," "The Daughter of Heaven," etc.

September 23, 1912.

TO-DAY for the first time I attend a rehearsal of "The Daughter of Heaven," held in a bare room adjacent to the auditorium of the theater. There is no scenery, no costumes, the actors wearing their ordinary street dress. How very strange it sounds to hear them say "No" and "Yes," to listen to my own lines, which, though I recognize them perfectly, seem to have disguised themselves mockingly in English phrases! Though I forget who said it, I am forcibly reminded of the axiom that a translation is like the wrong side of a piece of embroidery. Not that I claim this "embroidery" to be a marvel, or that I fail to appreciate the consummate skill with which the "wrong side" has been touched up; yet somehow I cannot help feeling that it is a "wrong side." Miss Viola Allen seems to me an ideal empress, and, despite her Parisian hat, which is out of keeping with the things she has to say, her voice gives me a certain little thrill whenever she becomes animated; and in the final scene I even see real tears standing in her eyes—those bright eyes that a few touches of paint in their corners will render deliciously Chinese. How much more modest all these women seem than those in our theaters! Even the charming little actresses who take the minor parts are so decorous, so very proper, and deport themselves so like young women of breeding! And yet this hall, whither I shall probably return time after time, gives me an impression of sadness—the sadness that is peculiar to all theaters when the illusions of evening give place to the cold light of day.

Freeing myself from this constrained atmosphere at four o'clock, I go for a spin in a motor through streets which I have not yet had a chance to see and which are teeming with business activity. The crowd, which speaks all languages; the women, whose appearance is striking without being overbold; the smooth-shaven men, with their large caps, all walk briskly, indifferent to the clamor of the trains over their heads or under their feet.

There on a corner of Broadway stands a crowd that swells and buzzes. Traffic is held up; policemen hurry about; it looks as though a riot were in progress. All these people are gazing eagerly at a blackboard upon which from time to time some one makes a chalk-mark. Opera-glasses, monocles, and innumerable eye-glasses are focused upon that point as though the fate of the world were about to be written there; and whenever a new figure appears, the spectators either clap their hands and burst into cheers of joy or sink into gloomy silence. What can all this be? Reports from the Stock Exchange? No, the cause of this excitement is merely a national game of ball; on the edge of the city a big match is being played between the New York team and a rival organization, and an ingenious automatic system reports each play to the man at the bulletin-board. And all these people, whom one would imagine to be very practical, are thus carried away by their enthusiasm for sport! This race, sprung from all our old races, must indeed have renewed its youth on the soil of America. And above all I like the way in which these people, who took root here but yesterday, have already shown their love of church-steeples; whence springs necessarily the nobler love of country.

Oh, the sky-scrapers! It will take a long time for my eyes to become resigned to them. If only they were arranged in groups, an avenue lined with them might attain an effect of fantastic beauty. But,

[1] Continued from the February number

no; they rise up here and there, as though by chance, alternating with normal, and even in some cases with low, buildings; and consequently they seem like houses that have caught a strange disease of overgrowth and madly shot up to distorted heights. And what disconcerts me, accustomed as I am to cities of stone, as in France, or cities of wood, as in the Orient, is to see here nothing but steel, reinforced concrete, fiery-red bricks, and, above all, a sort of red-brown composition which makes houses and even churches and steeples look as though they were made of chocolate. Here on Fifth Avenue, which is, as every one knows, the millionaires' quarter, is the Vanderbilt residence, built in pure medieval style and of real stone. It would look well in a park, under old oak-trees; but a neighboring sky-scraper hangs over it and crushes it. Here is a Gothic cathedral, capable of rivaling our own; but the sky-scrapers beside it reach higher than its tapering spires, so that it is belittled to the point of seeming a mere Nuremberg toy. On the bank of the Hudson vast wealth has humored its imperial fancy by erecting a second Château de Blois out of stones brought from France. By itself it would be almost a marvel; but behind it, higher than its towers and weather-vanes, a sky-scraper, crowned with an electric sign, rises exasperatingly; and consequently the château ceases to exist. This city, which abounds with examples of costly magnificence, seems to me to have grown too quickly and too impetuously; it needs to be coördinated, to be pruned into shape, and, above all, to be calmed.

To-day, escaping from the theater, where even at noon it is always as dark as in a cave, I take a motor, and turning into the avenue called "Riverside Drive," I follow the Hudson up-stream, seeking for open country and silence. Are they really to be found anywhere? For the moment I am surrounded by a maze of elegant carriages and automobiles, and I feel as though I were driving in the Bois de Boulogne; but soon I bow before the majesty of such an avenue. On one side, below you, the great river; on the other, an endless border of sky-scrapers (half sky-scrapers these, only ten stories or so in height), which attain an esthetic effect because they are well in line; moreover they have the cheery whiteness of real stone and bespeak refined elegance and good breeding. I do not believe that a single capital of the Old World possesses a promenade of such opulence.

Out on the river squadrons of war-ships are anchored—superb squadrons that America is uniting just now for the purpose of displaying, in a great review, the spectacle of her youthful naval strength. The dreadnoughts sleep there, imposing in their terrible ugliness, surmounted by those new-fangled screen-masts which, made of heavy latticework, suggest little Eiffel Towers; near them cruisers and torpedo-boat destroyers sleep likewise; and a multitude of tenders and electric launches scurry in and out among them. On the high bank thousands of spectators have stationed themselves to view the sight. In anticipation of this coming naval review, American flags, with red and white stripes and with stars sown in their corner of blue, are already to be seen floating from the windows of the sumptuous, tall buildings. And over all this shines the beautiful sun of Indian summer. It is like a revelation of New York that has just appeared to me to-day, and everything that I discover, while I thus play truant from the theater, is indeed admirable.

But where am I to find the open country and the silence that I am seeking? For more than an hour I have been speeding along, yet the sky-scrapers still follow me in the same proud rows, showing that the rich of this city are to be counted by the thousands. It is true that, on the opposite shore, instead of the factory chimneys which for kilometer after kilometer made hideous blotches on the landscape, there are now to be seen only rocky cliffs and forests, which, lying so near the city, are a refreshing surprise.

At last the road I have been following plunges in among bushes and trees, and the air is laden with the fragrance of autumn mosses: I have come out of the human furnace! It is the country that I have been so anxious to reach, and it is perhaps more thickly wooded, more wild, than the country about Paris. But nevertheless it makes me feel that I am an exile: for trees and plants, as I observe them more carefully, prove to be slightly different from ours; asters, which with us are to be found only in gardens, grow here in

profusion among black rocks; and on all the foliage of the woods the browns and reds of autumn are more sharply accentuated than in France, and acquire tints that are far more vivid. No, this is not my native land. And, besides, it is a country without peasants, and without protecting old church-towers about which villages are grouped, which is equivalent to saying that it hardly seems *real*.

Saturday, September 28, 1912.

As the days go by I am rapidly becoming more acclimated to New York. The houses seem to me less extravagant in height, and I am less aware of the din of the elevated trains.

I am continually discovering things that amuse me by reason of their unexpectedness, daring, lack of proportion, and colossal luxury. This morning I was shown, as something typical, a certain café which eclipses all the other cafés in the world: the large dining-room on the main floor, which cost five million dollars, was built as a fit setting for Rochegrosse's picture, the "Feast of Belshazzar," which was bought at a fabulous price. On all the walls of green marble are carved reproductions of the bas-reliefs at Persepolis, and similarly wrought in green marble are the mighty columns, with horned heads, and the gigantic, winged bulls with human faces. But, in ludicrous contrast to these inordinate splendors, there are rows of little tables where people sit eating and drinking, and waiters in dress-coats move about with glasses of beer and cocktails.

At the rehearsals of "The Daughter of Heaven," which occupy me in the daytime, the enchantment is beginning to take shape; we are gradually getting out of the incoherence and chaos of the first hours. Scenery that no Parisian theater would have dared attempt brings back to life the dim, the almost unimaginable past of old China. Wonderful electrical effects, of which the secrets are as yet unknown to us, imitate the limpidity of the sky or the glare of funeral-pyre and burning building. In the gardens of the empress, beneath great trees in bloom, living swans and peacocks walk about on lawns that are sown with rose-colored petals. There, shimmering under an artificial sun, I see all the strange and almost chimerical costumes of silk and gold, copied from ancient prints which I borrowed, or from authentic models which I unearthed long ago from their secret hiding-places in the palace in Peking.

The oddest moments, I believe, are the intermissions for rest or changes of scenery, when the fairy spectacle moves out into the auditorium. This large and imposing hall still remains enveloped in almost total darkness; a person coming in from out-of-doors would hardly be aware that human forms were sitting in the orchestra-chairs. The gentle, discreet buzz of voices reveals strange qualities, for they are Chinese voices, speaking in Chinese; the whole body of "supers," sitting there for a moment, is pure Mongolian. When one's eyes become accustomed to the obscurity, or when some stray gleam filters in from the stage, one discovers that these people are decked out from head to foot in all the gorgeous trappings of the ancient court of the Celestial Empire; there are even groups of those little hooded and glittering goddesses who wear hanging from their shoulders a cluster of streamers, and seem to have wings. How fantastic is this theater in the darkness, where the spectators resemble the warriors or the jinns carved on the walls of old pagodas!

The most surprising thing to me is that these supers are not just any sort of hirelings, but students from the universities. One of them, dressed as a lord of the Ming dynasty, and who in private life is studying for the degree of doctor of medicine, once came up to me to explain very courteously, on behalf of his comrades and in faultless English, why they were all there. "It gives us such pleasure," he said, "to find ourselves plunged back in our national past, in the China of our ancestors!"

Monday, September 30, 1912.

To-night, in order to obtain a general view of the phantasmagoria of New York, I ascend to the top of the "Times" building, which is one of the boldest of the sky-scrapers. Located where three streets cross one another, it rises, lean, paradoxical, impassive, with the air of a thing that will never have the force to hold itself up. The very kind editors have invited me; an express elevator carries us at great speed up to the twenty-fifth story, and the next moment we are on the topmost roof. Here we encounter a stiff, cold breeze,—the

keen air of high altitudes,—and on all sides, in the immense circle that extends to the horizon, electricity disports itself in a great spectacle. Far, near, and everywhere, words and sentences are written over the city in great letters of fire, last for an instant, disappear, and then reappear. Figures gambol and gesticulate, among whom I already have some old acquaintances, as, for example, the goblin who brandishes his colossal tooth-brushes. The most diabolical of all is the face of a woman, which occupies as much space in the sky as the Great Bear. During the few seconds that she shines her left eye winks as though in enticing appeal; she seems a rather questionable young lady. What on earth can they be selling down there in the shop beneath her, whither she invites you with so equivocal a sign? Perhaps nothing but modest victuals or chaste umbrellas. It is quite enjoyable up here on this artificial summit, despite the cold which makes the face tingle; the six millions of beings who are striving, struggling, and suffering round about me oppress me no longer, and I almost resent the thought of having shortly to redescend from the high perch where I have been breathing deeply of the pure air, and plunge again into the human sea that foams down there. What a strange idea these people have, of piling themselves up in this way, layer upon layer, when there are still, in other parts of the earth, stretches of virgin land! Seen from here, the city looks infinitely large; as far as the eye can reach, electricity traces zigzags, palpitates, winks, dazzles, and finally, toward the horizon, merges in a diffused glow as of the aurora borealis. Never before has New York seemed to me so unmistakably the capital of modernism; viewed at night from a height like this she fascinates and frightens.

Saturday, October 12, 1912.

To-day, "The Daughter of Heaven" is to be performed for the first time at the Century Theater. I am so disconcerted by the foreign language that I do not feel quite responsible for what my characters say. Really to recognize my play, I should do better to disregard the dialogue, and, forcing myself not to hear, to witness the spectacle with my eyes alone, as though it were pantomime pure and simple, but, to be sure, pantomime with exactitude and splendor such as I had never hoped for. Thanks to the conscientious magic of scene-designers and costumers, ancient imperial China, which will nevermore be seen, appears there before me with the full brilliance of its colors, the inconceivable strangeness of its attires, with its dragons, its monsters, and all its mystery. To carry out the illusion, there is even the raucous sound of Chinese voices, and, in the battle-scene, when the yelling soldiers come in a supreme rush and throw themselves at the feet of their empress, I seem to hear again the shouts I heard in China on days of massacre.

At the final scene, however, when the Tatar emperor and the *Daughter of Heaven* are alone on the stage, I begin to listen to what they are saying; their acting is so skilful, so emotional, that I almost imagine I hear them speaking my own language. And when the *Daughter of Heaven* stretches forth her hand to receive the poisoned pearl which will open for her the gates of the country of shadows, her gesture is so touching that I shiver as though she were actually going to die.

Now the curtain falls; it is over; this theater has no more interest for me. A play that has been performed, a book that has been published, is suddenly, in less than a second, a dead thing. I hear applause and strident whistling (contrary to the custom with us, whistles in New York indicate the height of approbation). I am called to go upon the stage, I am entreated to appear there, and I reappear five or six times, holding by the hand the *Daughter of Heaven,* who is still trembling from her acting, into which she put her whole heart. Oh, what a strange, what an unexpected, experience! Blinded by the glare of the footlights, I can distinguish hardly anything; the hall is a sort of black gulf, where I guess at, rather than actually see, the hundreds of people who are standing and applauding. I am profoundly touched by this unexpected little ovation, but I can scarcely realize that it is all on my account. And, besides, I am already starting off for some new *elsewhere.* I came to New York to see the materialization of a Chinese dream, dreamed in communion with Mme. Judith Gautier. I have seen this materialization: it is splendid. Now that my aim is accomplished, this dream

falls abruptly into the past, as upon awakening, and I withdraw from it.

Wednesday, October 16, 1912.

To-morrow morning I take the steamer for France. I cannot pretend that in this short trip I have seen America. Can I even say that I have seen New York? No, for I have sojourned here as though held prisoner under a dark bell-glass—the Century Theater, with its daily penumbra. It was there in the great auditorium of red and gold, amid the fantastic spectators of which I have already spoken, that I met the few American women whom I met at all.

These visitors were extremely gracious to me, though perhaps a trifle insistent in their cordiality. After a very informal introduction, we would converse in low voices, in a sort of pleasant comradeship of the moment; for most of them already knew me well without ever having seen me. I might mention a detail that amused me. Some of these ladies, mindful of the length of the performance, brought sandwiches and cakes with them, and made me share their luncheon. Many of them had traveled extensively, having seen Peking, Constantinople, and all the corners of the earth that I have attempted to describe. Accustomed to long voyages, they looked upon the crossing from here to Europe as a very slight affair. Passing quickly from one subject to another, they said things that were incoherent, yet profound. They differed from our women in being of a slightly more independent, more masculine, turn of mind; freer in conversation, certainly, but never allowing any room for the equivocal.

In leaving this country I feel exceedingly chagrined over my not having been able to reply, as I should have wished, to the many cordial and charming letters that each mail brought me, and to the many invitations by telephone which came to me at those rare times when I was in my high-perched room. Kind strangers wrote me, with the most touching thoughtfulness, "Come out and stay with us at our house in the country; here, on the edge of the water, under the trees, you will find rest and silence." And I was hospitably "put up" at a number of clubs. With so little time to myself, what could I do? I should like at least to express here, to all concerned, my gratitude and my regret.

After "The Daughter of Heaven" was turned over to the public, I employed as best I could the three or four days of liberty which remained before my departure. But how embarrassing it was to choose! Why accept this invitation and refuse that one?

I took luncheon at the magnificent and colossal Columbia University and was kindly entertained at the Authors Club. At the Boys' Club I was received with an affecting cordiality that I shall always remember. I responded to the naïve invitation from the girls of the Washington Irving High School; two or three hundred of these little students, from fifteen to sixteen years of age, were there to welcome me, having placarded the walls with expressions of good will.

I was entertained at the Alliance Française, where, after dinner was over, I received a line of people that deeply moved me. While an orchestra played "The Marseillaise," which, when we are in foreign lands, sounds sweeter than any other music, Frenchmen of all classes approached me in turn; young people; very old people, whose tender looks bespoke the fear of never seeing France again; white-haired grandfathers, bringing their granddaughters, who had read my books and who desired to see me. As I look back on this experience, I hardly know how to thank the many families who took such trouble to express their sympathy to me.

And let me say in closing that if at first sight New York could not but seem to me, incorrigibly Oriental and old-fashioned as I am, decidedly bewildering—a sort of gigantic crucible in which, to create a new one, the spirits of twenty diverse races are mingling and boiling—if New York remained to the end almost incomprehensible to me, nevertheless, before leaving I felt that it was, despite all this, and even because of it, the city of burning thought, of open-hearted hospitality and welcome.

THE MOST KNOWINGEST CHILD

(DOINGS ON PERILOUS)

BY LUCY FURMAN

Author of "Mothering on Perilous," etc.

WITH A PICTURE BY F. R. GRUGER

ON the opening day of school, Christine Potter, the new intermediate assistant, was surprised to see among the many grown-up pupils in the seventh grade of the Settlement School on Perilous a small girl who appeared to be not more than eight years old. Inquiry of the thin, bright-eyed creature elicited the facts that she was Lowizy Rideout, eleven years old, from up Nancy's Perilous. When the child rose at recess, she limped from a shortening of one leg; then and at the noon hour she was the center of an interested group, to whom she appeared to be relating stories; and after school she rode away on an old blind nag with three or four younger Rideouts behind her.

Before two days passed, Lowizy's voracious appetite for every sort of knowledge, and her instant assimilation of it, her intuitive comprehension of a thing almost before it was spoken, and her ecstatic joy in learning, became sources of amazement to the new teacher. When a little later she heard from the trained nurse that Lowizy had always suffered from tuberculosis of the bones, she understood better; for she knew of the precocity of tuberculous children, and the still more astonishing fact that it is often in these feeble, perishing lamps that the splendid fire of genius is found to burn.

After the completion of her college course and a year of European travel, Christine, young, fortunate, blessed in every way, had been advised by her sensible father to do something for a while that would bring her "up against life,"—he himself had come up against it pretty thoroughly in his young days,—and she had offered to give her services for a year to the Settlement School on Perilous.

The days were so full and the teachers in the Settlement School did so much besides teach, that it was several weeks before Christine could visit Lowizy's home. But one Saturday she walked the three miles up Perilous Creek and the mile farther up Nancy's Perilous.

A small, mild-faced woman, holding a fretting baby, came to the door of the two-room log-house.

"I allow you 're Lowizy's teacher she brags on such a sight," she said. "Take a cheer. Lowizy is up the branch a piece, holding her school she allus teaches of a Saturday and Sunday. She will be heartbroke' to miss you."

"Lowizy is a great favorite of mine and a very remarkable child," said Christine.

"That she is now, woman, for a fact," Mrs. Rideout agreed; "I 'll bound you she 's the most knowingest child that ever rid down Perilous or ary other creek. 'Peared like she were marked for l'arning from the start. Before she could talk plain it would be, 'Maw, I 'm a-fixing for to be a scholar, I am.' 'Maw, I aim to git me a big grain of l'arning some day.' Where she got the notion I never could make out, me 'n' her paw never having had no chance at schooling. When she were four, the strange women come in with their school, and folks begun to norate about it, and her constant talk was, 'Maw, Pappy, I 'm a-going to the fotch-on women's school, where I can l'arn me a whole bushel.' Me 'n' her paw would laugh at such a leetle scrap a-talking so biggotty,—she were allus puny and pindling from them risings in her bones,—and we never paid no rael attention to her axing to be tuck to school. So one day when she had just turned five, what did she do but light out without a word, and walk them four long mile' to school on that leetle leg that were shortened from a rising in her hip-j'int, and tell the women, 'Women, I am here for to git me some l'arning.' And when we were

skeered stiff about her, and her pappy follered her trail, there she were, as big as life, setting up a-studying on her a-b-c's. David he says to me that night, ' 'T ain't no use a-talking, Cory, that 'ere little Lowizy is a borned scholar, and craves l'arning same as t' other babes their mother's milk. Soon as I can trade around for a' old, safe nag,' he says, 'she 's a-going to git her fill.' And 't wa'n't long before she were traveling back and forth to the women's school. And in spite of being kep' at home all winter,—for I don't never let her put her nose outside the house then for fear of the cold air,—she went through the primer and first reader that year a-whooping, and even then it were a sight to hear her reel off figgers.

"Next school, when she tuck a start on the second reader, she says to David and me, 'Pappy and Maw,' she says, 'I hain't noways happy over gittin' all this here wonderly l'arning all by myself; I crave for you all to have some, too. I aim to teach you l'arning of a night.' Never having had no sooner chance, I were only too glad and willing; but her paw, man-like, naturely balked at being teached by a leetle splinter like her. But Lowizy she would n't take no deny. 'Pappy,' she would say positive', 'you know you hain't never going to l'arn no younger, and you know you need it. Now you fix your mind stiddy on them 'ere letters, and first thing you know you 'll be reading good as me.' And of course he could n't hold out ag'in' her. She would wrastle with him and me of nights by pine-knot light, and as t' other young uns got sizable enough, she would take them behind her to school, and teach 'em coming back and forth on the nag.

"But she never stopped at me 'n' David and our offsprings. Far from it. 'Peared like she were such a pure teacher she were possessed to reach out to all that sot in darkness. Up this branch here, though it hain't six mile' long, is just scores of feisty, drinkin', cussin' young uns that never so much as glimped the light of knowledge, let alone set constant in school-house rays, and they begun to lay heavy on Lowizy's mind. 'Maw,' she would say, 'hain't it scandalous for them young uns not to have no show on earth but to grow up ign'ant and mean? Somebody ought to be a-teaching *'em something*. Maw, I feel like I ought to.' And before I knowed it, here she had the whole biling—several dozen head'—rounded up of a Saturday and Sunday a-l'arning 'em books and civility and God-fearingness. Going on five year' now she 's kep' it up. When the elements is favorable, she holds school a piece up the branch, under a big beech; when there is falling weather or in winter, when she is shet in the house, they come down here and set around on the floor, to be teached. It 's hard to git about the house for 'em; but, law! t' hain't nothing I would n't put up with for little Lowizy. Seems like me 'n' her pappy is both purely silly about her. If she were just strong and well we would n't have nothing left to desire."

"I suppose you do all you can to build up her health?"

"My Lord! yes. It 's my eendless endeavor; there hain't no manner of yarbs or charms we hain't tried on her, and once David he rid plumb to the railroad to git a bottle of physic we had heared tell of. And from November to Aprile I reckon she hain't off my mind a minute, I 'm that busy keeping so much as a breath of air from gittin' to her. Of a summer she pyeertens up a right smart; but come winter she allus goes down with her risings and a dry cough, and I know I got to be keerful."

"Have you talked with our nurse at the school about her?"

"Yes, indeed; and when she told me to feed her up on milk, David he got a' extry cow; when she said make her a bed to herself, so 's t' other young uns would n't wallow over her, David he done it; and another time when the nurse-woman were here she says: 'I see you hain't got no windows in your house, Mrs. Rideout, and Lowizy needs plenty of sunshine. We have just brung on a wagon-load of small glass windows, which we are willing to trade off for victuals, and I advise you to git one,' and straightway I picked me three poke' of beans and tuck 'em in to the school-women, and fotch back that fine glass window yander, and David he hewed a hole in the logs, and sot it in, and made a shelf under it where she could lay her books she sets such store by."

Christine's eyes followed Mrs. Rideout's over to Lowizy's corner, to the small, hand-made 'stead, with its fat feather-bed, patch-work quilt, and dark-blue calico pil-

low-slips, to match the two large beds in the room, and to the "fine glass window," the shelf, and books, and the small chair, at its foot.

"Was there nothing else the nurse told you to do for her?" inquired Christine.

Mrs. Rideout's small face darkened. She answered slowly at last:

"She did that. She actually told me to turn the cold air and the night air in on little Lowizy." She shuddered strongly. "Which God knows I will never do while in my right mind, and I told her as much. 'You brought-on women,' I says to her, 'has a sight of l'arning, which nobody respects more than me in gineral; but when your notions flies pine-blank in the face of all experience and reason, right there I part company with you. For countless ginerations, and time out of mind,' I says, 'folks has knowed that cold air were dangerous and night air pure pizen; and I would die a hunderd deaths before I would turn it in on little Lowizy!' And atter while, seeing I were determed, she let me alone."

"But, Mrs. Rideout," remonstrated Christine, "the nurse knows what is best; she knows that all over the world to-day people are being cured of tuberculosis by living out-of-doors."

"That may or may not be,—of doings out in the world I know little,—but I know I hain't willing to run the risk with little Lowizy." The small, mild face was rigidly, unalterably set; there was absolute finality in the tone.

After pondering fruitlessly for a while, Christine rose.

"Well, now," said Mrs. Rideout, "if you had time, you might go up to Lowizy's school. She 'd be turrible proud to see you. 'T ain't two mile'. Come go up!"

With the heavy baby on one arm, she led the way up the beautiful, rocky branch until they came upon a sight Christine never forgot. On a slope, under a great beech, forty-odd children sat in rows on the ground, all with eyes intent upon the small figure that stood, stick in hand, pointing to an improvised blackboard. This was nothing else than a great, square slab of coal, propped against a stump. On its smooth surface, done in chalk, was a simple sum in addition, which Lowizy was earnestly explaining.

The pupils were unkempt and wore scanty garments. They may have been "feisty," as Mrs. Rideout declared, but there was not a stolid face in the lot; all were eager and interested. Even after they caught sight of the approaching visitors they remained attentive until the small teacher finished her explanation.

Despite Lowizy's delighted welcome and pressing invitation to spend the day and night, Christine soon departed, and on her arrival at the Settlement School had a talk with the trained nurse.

"Mrs. Rideout's horror of fresh air," said Miss Shippen at the end, "is one of those age-old, bred-in-the-bone prejudices that meet us like stone walls at almost every turn in our work, and that no earthly power can prevail against. How the child has survived this long is a miracle; for five months of every year she is shut up in that room, from which every breath of air is excluded. Every winter she almost dies. We have done everything in our power to persuade her mother to let us take Lowizy to live in the school, but she always refuses, because she says she knows we will turn the cold air in on Lowizy. The case is hopeless."

Christine's youth and optimism would not let her believe this; still she looked forward with dread to what the winter might bring to Lowizy, who daily became dearer to her.

The autumn was a late one and unusually fine; but by mid-November the younger Rideouts began to come to school without Lowizy. "Maw 's afeared of the cold air for her," they explained, and two weeks later they brought the news that Lowizy was down with another "rising."

Christine hurried to see the child. She lay on her small bed in her linsey dress; doors and window were closed tight; every chink between the logs was stopped with paper or rags; there was a roaring fire on the hearth, and the room steamed with heat.

"It is such a beautiful, bright day out," Christine ventured at last, "let me wrap Lowizy in blankets and take her out in the sunshine awhile."

Lowizy looked pleadingly at her mother; but Mrs. Rideout closed her lips tightly.

"It would be the death of her," she said.

When at last Christine, sad at heart, started away, Mrs. Rideout, baby on arm, followed her out.

"Lowizy she pines a sight for school," she said; "but while she 's in, she 's getting in good licks on me 'n' her paw's education. She 's got him nigh through his tables, and me all but reading Scripture. And she has a whole passel of them feisty young uns in here every day a-l'arning. And atter they go, she lays and draws up her plans for the big school she aims to start up when she 's a woman. 'Maw,' she says to me last night when her rising hurted her too bad to sleep, 'I can't noways git off my mind all the young uns in these parts that hain't got the ghost of a show. There 's going on a hunderd up our branch, and there 's thousands more branches as full as ourn of chillens, and nary one able to tell "a" from "ab," or grow up any way but drinking and cussing and shooting. I am just ha'nted by the thoughts of 'em,' she says."

Then Christine made a determined effort. She sat down and wrote her father about little Lowizy, and got his immediate permission to spend as many hundreds or thousands as might be necessary for the child's restoration to health; then she procured leave of absence from the school, and even engaged a wagon to make the trip to the railroad. Last of all, she laid her plan before Mrs. Rideout. She herself would take Lowizy out of the mountains to a fine hospital in the "level country," where the child would receive the most skilled, up-to-date treatment, and be made well. Mrs. Rideout listened coldly, and with a suspicious gleam in her eye.

"Can you insure me," she asked slowly at last, "that they won't turn the cold air or the night air in on Lowizy?"

Behind Christine were nine generations of New England consciences. She essayed to speak, then hesitated, choked, and flushed deeply.

"I—I could not make any promises about that," she said at last.

"Then Lowizy don't go from under my roof," replied Mrs. Rideout, firmly; and Christine realized with a sinking heart that she was indeed "up against life."

During the following weeks she went to see Lowizy as often as possible. Each time the bright eyes were brighter, the cheeks more wasted and flushed, the cough was more insistent, and Lowizy, according to herself and her mother, "lots better." Twice the room was full to bursting of "feisty young uns" at their lessons, and the air unbreatheable.

From one of these visits in December Mrs. Rideout followed her out.

"Lowizy is mending fast," she said. "I allow you can see it."

"I cannot see it," replied Christine; "I should say she was losing rapidly."

"Oh, no; she is a sight stronger than she has been some winters," said Mrs. Rideout, "and got more ambition than ever. It 's a pure wonder to hear her plan the schools she aims to run when she 's growed-up. She declares now one won't be a patching, and she 's got to start anyhow a dozen. 'Pears like she p'int'ly can't wait to git at it. She 'll start awake of a night and holler out: 'Them young uns is in a hurry, and wants their l'arning quick right now. They keep a-calling me, "Give us l'arning, Lowizy! give us l'arning! Git up from there and teach us quick!" they keep a-hollering at me. I ought to be out of this bed a-starting up them schools.' "

On Christmas eve Christine brought up a tree and all the trimmings and set it up in Lowizy's room. There were gifts not only for Lowizy and the Rideouts, but for every one of the feisty young uns up the branch, not one of whom had ever heard of Christmas before except as a time to get particularly drunk in. Lowizy, almost too weak to speak, was ecstatically happy in their happiness.

In the early morning of the day before New-Year, David Rideout rode in with frightened eyes to beg the nurse and Christine to come at once. When they arrived through the snow, the room was crowded with neighbors and children, and Lowizy was delirious, and muttering continually. And the burden of her talk was: "Maw, they 're a-calling me constant', them young uns is—all the young uns in this mountain country, acres of 'em, miles of 'em, as far as I can see, they 're *all* a-hollering at me, 'Give us l'arning, Lowizy! We 're a-starving for it. There hain't nobody but you to teach us, and there you air a-laying up in bed when we need you so bad. Git up and give us l'arning, Lowizy, quick!' Maw, I got to git up. Help me up, Pappy, quick, so 's I can sort of pacify 'em, and maybe l'arn 'em a few lessons.

Drawn by F. R. Gruger. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

"MRS. RIDEOUT CLOSED HER LIPS TIGHTLY. 'IT WOULD BE THE DEATH OF HER,' SHE SAID"

Yes, I 'm a-coming, chillens. Don't git out of heart. I 'm bound I *will* come." A few moments later, in her feeble, agonized struggles to rise and serve, little Lowizy passed out of this life.

AFTER Miss Shippen had washed the little body and combed the pretty hair, she was obliged to return to a sick child in the school hospital.

"Put them to work on the coffin and shroud as soon as you can," she whispered to Christine on leaving.

The grief of the parents was terrible in its dumbness. Evidently, in all their imaginings, this had never been anticipated. David sat motionless by the fire, with a look in his eyes of an ox that has just received its death-blow; Cory, with arms thrown across the lifeless body, crouched by the bed as still as the dead; neighbors and children stood huddled in motionless groups. Christine had seen grief before, but never grief like this.

After what seemed hours of acutely painful silence, she went to David, and laid a trembling hand on his arm.

"Is anybody making the coffin?" she asked. In a dazed, stricken way he rose, and, followed by two other men, went out. Soon she heard the noise of sawing in the yard.

Then she bent over Cory.

"Is there a white dress of any kind to put on Lowizy?" she asked gently.

Cory slowly lifted her head and gazed about. Then she broke into a heart-piercing wail.

"A dress for little Lowizy!" she cried. "Oh, little Lowizy won't never need nary dress ag'in. A shroud is what she calls for now. Go bring a shroud for little Lowizy, a pretty shroud, a fine shroud, for the likes of her; for she was the most knowingest and l'arnedest child that ever drawed the breath of life. A shroud of bleached factory let it be, with the best of lace for trimming. For little Lowizy is gone—gone. She that was the light of our eyes and the pride of our hearts has left her pappy and her maw and this lonesome world and all the young uns she loved so well for to teach. Yes, all you thousands of little feisty, ign'ant, drinking, cussing, shooting young uns in these parts, say your fa'rwell now to all hope; for little Lowizy, the onliest one that ever thought on you or keered about you is plumb gone away. She never wanted to go and leave you, but, oh, she had to. Nothing could n't save her—not the best love her maw and pappy could give her, not all the trouble to keep the cold air from blowin on her, or all harm from techin' her. Oh, buy her a fine shroud, a right shroud, a pretty shroud, to lay away in!"

Words and tears crowded thick and fast now to Cory's relief, the neighbor women joined in with their lamentations, and dozens of children added the shrill chorus of their voices.

Christine hurried out, caught the blind nag, and rode down to a store she remembered on Perilous, where she purchased some coarse white muslin and cheap cotton lace, the best to be had.

"And I allow you 'll want a pair of new shoes, and some black calico to kiver the coffin, and onbleached factory to line it," said the storekeeper, sympathetically.

"I—I suppose so," she faltered.

"That was the pyeertest young un ever I seed," he said with a sigh as he measured off the calico. "I judge that in her going a shining light went out for this country."

On Christine's return, minute directions were wailed out by Cory for the making of the shroud.

"It must be long to her feet, and full, with a ruffle round the bottom, and the edge notched pretty, not hemmed, and the lace gathered full at neck and sleeves. And she must have a cap for her head, with two ruffles edged with lace. Oh, it must be all pretty for little Lowizy!"

After dark the little, weightless body was laid in the small, black coffin, and family, neighbors, and teacher sat down on beds, chairs, and floor to watch. Not one of the feisty young uns would depart.

In the early morning Cory laid Lowizy's books in the little, still arms, and tucked them around the sides of the coffin.

"I don't want her to miss none of her pretties," she said, and the black lid was nailed on. It was then that Cory remembered something else. "Oh, I forgot the ribbin for the bows," she wailed. "I was fixing to lay little Lowizy away without no bows to beautify her coffin! Oh, git me some pretty ribbin. Pink and purple was her favor-rite colors. Buy enough for four pink and four purple."

On her way to the store again, Christine met a boy from the school with a prayer-book and a note from the nurse.

"There will of course be no service at Lowizy's burying. A year or two hence there will be an 'occasion,' and she will be properly 'funeralized' over. You may wish to read the burial service, as I often do."

After the bright bows were nailed to the lid, the procession formed, David and three other men bearing the coffin across two poles, and the women and children following up the mountain shoulder to the burying-ground, where a number of grave-houses stood up out of the snow.

Above the open grave Christine, thinking upon the life of little Lowizy, burning bravely here in its perishing vessel, shining brightly and joyously for dwellers in darkness, smiled even through her tears. The end here for such as little Lowizy? Impossible. The end here, even for her work and her dreams? No; it should not be. Then and there the young teacher solemnly took upon her own shoulders the dead child's fallen mantle, and vowed to devote all her strength and power to the help and uplift of the "ign'ant, feisty young uns" Lowizy had carried so long upon her heart.

Therefore it was with a sense of humble consecration, of tender assurance, unknown before, that she opened the book and read aloud those ever-blessed words:

"I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and he that liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

THE DOUBLE CROWNING

BY AMELIA J. BURR

LAVISH roses carpeted the ways for him;
Noiseless beat his charger's feet, passing through the town.
Lavish banners made the walls ablaze for him,
Dancing like his young, blue eyes beneath the golden crown.
From every crowded alley there surged into the street
A sweep of lifted faces, a wave of living foam.
Silken sleeves of maidens caressed his armored feet,
All the bells were shouting, when the king came home.

Silent, smitten, gazed he o'er the press of them
Where upon the market-place the Crucified looked down.
Silent, smiting, fell beyond the guess of them
The shadow of the Crown of Thorns across the golden crown.
Beyond the shimmering banners he saw the walls of stone,
Below the trampled flowers the streets that had run red,
And heavy fell upon him the burden of his throne—
Amid the sheaves of gladness the harvest of the dead.

Ruthless ages took that hour their toll of him.
All the joyous clamor of his people could not drown
Ruthless ages crying to the soul of him,
"Evermore the Crown of Thorns beneath the golden crown!"
The heedless, merry city, that trod its blossomed floor,
The rainbow of the banners, the drunken bells aswing,
The brave, blue eyes whose boyhood was gone forevermore,
The shouting of the people—the silence of the king!

THE TRADE OF CHINA

("THE TRADE OF THE WORLD" PAPERS)

BY JAMES DAVENPORT WHELPLEY

Author of "The Commercial Strength of Great Britain," "Germany's Foreign Trade," etc.

THE land of "Bitter Strength": it is not possible to find an expression which better conveys the character of the Chinese people or of the country they live in. "K'u li" is the Chinese equivalent, Anglicized into "coolie," that classification which covers the vast majority of the workers of the country. Incredibly strong, never flagging in industry, faithful to a trust, modest in desires, and peaceful by nature, the strength not only of physique, but of character, is there. They are strong in their virtues, which are great, and strong in their vices, which are tremendous. Over all lie the somberness, sordidness, and bitterness of the land, the fierce struggle for existence, the oppression of petty rulers even now as before, and the appalling filth of Chinese humanity en masse. There is no joy in China. The earth itself is grim, and unwilling to yield except under compulsion. The people seldom laugh except at the misfortunes of others, and the closer one gets to Chinese life the less the wonder, for there is little to laugh at, except such things as are said to afford certain of the gods sardonic glee.

To the Occidental eye China is an ugly country, and to the Occidental mind the Chinese are an ugly people in the great as well as in the small things of life. With all this ugliness there is an immutability as a nation and a strength of character as a people which challenge wonder, admiration, and a lively speculation as to the future. The integrity of the race is unmistakable; the strength of individual character, elusive as it may prove when analysis is attempted, is a real and tangible quality, felt with increasing intensity the longer the stranger remains among them. It is so strong that the casual passer-by finds it to be the dominant interest in his mind in consideration of things Chinese, and Occidentals who live long among them in time succumb absolutely to its compelling power, and, if honest, admit their inferiority in dealing with it. The Chinaman of the South may be more active mentally, more naturally turbulent and progressive of thought, less imposing physically, and even speak a different tongue than his brother of the North; but they meet the foreigner on common ground in their inherent racial qualities, and it is with this racial immutability and strength of character that the Occidental has to reckon in dealing with the Chinese of to-day, to-morrow, and the day after.

The evolution of the immediate future and the final destiny of this nation will be determined by the Chinese themselves according to the motive power of their own character, and within the bounds of the physical needs and possibilities of their own land. It is necessary, therefore, for the would-be prophet to take stock of the Chinese people and what lies to their hand rather than to attempt to estimate the power of influence from without; for this influence is negligible, and will be for many years to come.

Something has happened in China recently. Abroad it is called a republican revolution, but the Chinese themselves know better. The form of absolute monarchy, ruling by almost prehistoric methods and conventions, has been overthrown. Less than five per cent. of the population were really concerned in this overthrow. A handful of idealists hope against their own best judgment for an elective representative form of government to succeed at once; but it will not. This is really the only thing which cannot come about. There may be a new emperor, a military dictator, a divided country, each part governed as its strong people may decide, or the present provincial Government may evolve into a more or less wise and disinterested oligarchy, compelled to give the people a fairly good régime by reason of the simple fact that, if it does not, its day

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A GROUP OF CHINESE WORKMEN

In Shanghai such laborers earn about ten cents a day.

will be brief. This latter form of government has prevailed generally throughout the modern world when violent misfortunes have come to long-established rulers, and usually masquerades under the name of a republic, as in the case of the many states of Central and South America. This is probably what will happen in China, but with many modifications, for the country is vast and its problems are many, and the relations of the communities north, south, east, and west most complicated.

In Peking there sits an old man, closely housed for fear of violent death, already narrowly averted many times; patient, wise, with a keen sense of humor, a thorough knowledge of his own people, not unaccustomed to the ways of foreigners, and honest as judged by Chinese standards. Yuan Shih-kai stands head and shoulders above the men now gathered about him. He pays high tribute to the service rendered the state by Dr. San Yat-sen, but deprecates the socialistic addresses of the latter to the Chinese people. He

laughs quietly at the idea of a really representative republic in China, and seeks merely to guide his people from day to day into a path which will bring credit to China in the eyes of the world and peace to the Chinese themselves. He has ordered an "election" to be held this year in the principal places, and that the delegates so chosen shall sit in a parliament or constitutional convention later on. It is a plan for getting together, if possible, a lot of strong men from every part of this far-flung country, with its hundreds of millions of people, in order that some stability and harmony may be secured, and some semblance of an organized government may originate, which will receive the recognition of foreign powers and the support of those at home from whom support is needed.

In June of the year 1912, during the days when the International Loan Committee was sweltering in fruitless conferences with the Chinese Council in Peking, a foreign diplomat of standing made a pleasure-trip into the hills about twenty miles distant to look at an old temple. He and his party had with them ten or twelve coolies as chair-bearers. This diplomat spoke Chinese fluently, and out of curiosity talked of politics with the bearers. He asked what they thought of the new republic. They failed to grasp his meaning. He asked them whether or not they had heard of all the trouble that had occurred in Peking and elsewhere. The spokesman of the party explained that they had heard that a man named Yuan was trying to make himself emperor in Peking, but that was all they knew about it. When this was told to Yuan he laughed, and said that some day he would send people out all over the country to explain what had happened. And this was only twenty miles from Peking, when to listen to all that is said in the foreign quarter of that capital one might well believe this great nation had been shaken to its ancient and most solid foundations by the events of the last few months. It has not, and that is what it is necessary to bear in mind in dreaming dreams of the future of China.

I have been in ten of the eighteen provinces of China since the revolution, and except for a ruined building here and there, a few soldiers scattered along the lines of the railway, an occasional regiment of native troops on the march, and the gathering of the soldiers of the allies at a few strategic points, there are no signs of those epoch-making days when a child issued proclamations, written by his advisers, full of quaint and pathetic appeals to the spirits of the Nine Emperors to stem the rising tide of dissatisfaction with a dynasty which had failed to keep up with the times, and thus invited its own obliteration. In the Forbidden City the child still lives, surrounded by 3000 eunuchs and at least 2000 other retainers, men and women, not one of them daring to cross the bridge into the outer city, and all helplessly dependent for actual food upon the bounty of a temporary government beset with old and new problems and weakened from within by the jealousies and greed of its officials.

It is from the South that the republican ideas have come. From Canton and thereabouts the coolies have gone abroad to labor, and have returned with money and new ideas. From this region also most of the young men of better class have gone to foreign schools for their education, and have returned to China inevitably dissatisfied with home affairs. The number of these is comparatively small, and they constitute an inconsiderable element of the population. Their influence is not in proportion to their numbers, however, for every one of them has constituted a center from which has radiated restlessness and a force for change. They are not all wise men. This Occidental learning and experience have made many of them top-heavy, and their influence is that of the agitator who destroys, but who fails to reconstruct. It is significant to note that the man who took the helm in the first days of reconstruction was Yuan Shih-kai, a man of inconsiderable learning even in China, who speaks no foreign tongue, and who has never traveled beyond Korea; and prominent among those who are really trying to bring order out of chaos are few who can boast of a degree from a foreign college.

Far to the north, in Manchuria, the people are simply waiting the outcome. Still wearing their queues, still non-committal as to their politics, they are going about their business until such time as they may share peaceably in whatever stable

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PAPYRUS IN A CHINESE BOTANICAL GARDEN

form of government comes out of Peking. All this is despite the fact that certain foreign interests have been to no small effort to incite disturbances in view of the possible advantage which might accrue in the future from an enforced military occupation for the alleged protection of "lives, rights, and property" of citizens other than Chinese.

It is difficult, nay, impossible, to summarize in a few words a country so vast and so varied or a situation so complex and so tremendous. At best it is only possible to give some idea from the Occidental point of view of what really exists and what might be expected. It is said of Chinese that they always do the opposite of what is expected. This may be true of the smaller things of life, but in the big things natural and economic laws govern events in China much as they do elsewhere, and along these lines it is fairly safe to attempt to probe into the future, at least for a short distance and upon broad lines.

The Chinese Empire as it stands upon the map comprises 4,376,000 square miles, roughly speaking thirty-five degrees of latitude east and west and twenty-five degrees of longitude north and south. This area is credited with a population variously estimated from 325 to 450 million people. Leaving out of consideration Tongking to the south and Tibet to the west, Mongolia to the north and Manchuria to the northeast, as dependencies, now less likely than ever to come under undisputed Chinese dominion, there is left a China proper of nearly two million square miles and a population of 300 million more or less, probably more. This is about 150 to the square mile, ranging from the densely settled province of Shan-tung, with nearly 600 to the square mile, to the more sparsely inhabited province of Kan-su, in the northwest, with forty to the square mile.

China has been inhabited by an industrious and thrifty agricultural and manufacturing people for thousands of years.

Her agriculture is intense, and her people have little to learn except in the matter of labor-saving machinery; and where it is not desired to save labor, but rather to make opportunity therefor, machines make slow progress. In minerals China possesses a plentiful supply of those natural products which are the foundation of industrial greatness—coal and iron. Her soil produces food and materials for the loom; in fact there are few directions in which the wants of a modern man could not be supplied from China should necessity arise. In brief, it is a self-contained country, inhabited by self-contained people. It is for this reason that contact with foreigners is a matter of only recent days. According to their needs and wishes, the people had all they wanted, and needed not to fare abroad for their necessities or their luxuries.

In course of time, however, the world became so small that impatient aliens who had exhausted opportunity elsewhere demanded admission not only to secure the surplus of Chinese productions, but to find a market for their own wares, which they offered in bewildering array to a people whose purchases had been limited in variety. The West, impatient at the slowness of the Chinese to perceive the virtues of Western ways and Western goods, tried to hustle the East; but up to the day when the Chinese decided to hustle themselves the West had made small impression upon this gigantic empire, with its almost inconceivable figures of population. The gates were opened from within. Modern civilization made a flank attack by instilling into a few Chinese minds the ideas and ideals of the West, and turning these busy microbes loose within the body politic of China. Where persuasion and force failed, this succeeded. The silken threads which had been the sole tie between the provincial Government and Peking snapped under the strain, and the spirits of the Nine Emperors passed into the shades of yesterday, never to return as an actual force in the conduct of

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CHINESE GARDENERS

affairs. The uselessness of all the pomp and glory of the Manchus was exposed. For a time the world held its breath, expecting civil war and destruction in a country of three or four hundred million people without a strong central government; and nothing happened. In the spring of 1912, less than six months from the overthrow of the central government, from Kwang-tung to Manchuria, from Che-kiang to Tibet, the people plowed their ground, put in their crops, reaped their harvests, counted their "cash," bewailed the drought or the flood, berated the local tax-gatherer, and knew not the difference between the rule of the Manchu and that of the provincial Government, or so-called "republic," which elsewhere in the world held the breathless attention of the people of all nations.

The China of to-day is the China of a year ago and the years before that. There has come no change in the landscape, no change in the spirit, the virtues, or the vices of her people. The immutability of this race will yield only with the slow process of time, and then only from within. Such foreign ideas as may be adopted will first be absorbed, and then applied in a manner best fitted to their new and strange environment. There will be no hasty transformation scene in China, and he who stakes his all upon such will be lost in the waiting. As the tides alone move the vast bulk of the ocean, so it is that only great stirrings from within will move the Chinese nation to mark new paths for the goings and comings of the people.

To gain a general idea of the physical character of China is easy, for in many ways it resembles North America. The deserts, the vast plains, and the mountains of the North are found in both countries. The fertile arable land lies along the middle belt and far to the south, as in the United States. Great river systems divide the country into many natural drainage zones, and the range of climate is much the same as in America. Given these like conditions, we find like natural resources and a like productive power. This comparison is near enough to the truth to serve for all those who cannot see the land for themselves.

But here the comparison ends. Imagine four hundred million people on the American continent, the arable land tilled for hundreds of years consecutively; the population kept within bounds only by disease, wars, and famine; no intercourse with the outside world; no communication between the different parts of the country except on foot, by caravans, or by slow-moving river boats, and picture, if possible, the conditions which would ensue. Ancient prejudices, beliefs, and conventions would rule without change. The rich would grow richer, the poor poorer. The vested rights and interests of the overlords would become as sacred institutions, and the rulers of the land would be those who could wrest power one from the other as the turn of the wheel gave them opportunity. This is what happened to China, and this is what would happen to any self-sufficient nation living upon a self-contained area and multiplying upon itself behind a wall, real or other, which prevented the exchange of thought with other and newer civilizations.

To a certain extent the wall is now down as far as China is concerned. The minds of the people, however, are no different to-day from what they were a year ago. They are still hypnotized by the Vision of the Wall, so much so that it even now possesses a strength and significance far beyond that of the thousands of miles of crumbling masonry, penetrated as it is by hundreds of unguarded gaps, which was the actual physical manifestation of exclusion to the invader many years ago. It is still a country of treaty ports. Still a country with violent anti-foreign areas, and still there is no communication between communities other than of the old ways.

I do not mean to say that these conditions will remain forever, for this would be as untrue as to say that a new China has appeared in the past twelve months. The next fifty years will witness a greater change in China than has taken place in the last five hundred. In time the treaty ports will be abolished, railroads will find their way here and there, until the eighteen provinces are linked together as one, a more or less modernized government system will come about, and, what will do as much for China as anything else, some sort of business system will prevail which will facilitate international exchange, a process impossible under present condi-

tions. To-day, as far as the foreigner is concerned, there is no business system outside of the treaty ports. No credits can be given, no knowledge of possible customers secured, no banking facilities are afforded. In fact, the average Western merchant entering China to-day to do business would either find himself at a loss how to go about it or would, if he ventured upon those unknown waters, lose himself and his cargo before he sighted the first port of call. The much-vaunted honesty among the Chinese exists one to the other, and there is not so much even of this in recent years, if their own spokesmen be believed. Foreigners who deal with them employ native middlemen, and far from not having any security, in most cases the middleman secures the firm whose goods he handles by actual cash or other securities. Everything in China is done through these middlemen. They make the price to the foreigner, and their profit in buying or selling lies in the second price made to or from the Chinese customer.

This leads up to the subject of "squeeze," under which title all middlemen's profits are known. "Squeeze" is a great national institution, the foundation and structure of Chinese business. It extends from the transactions of a high government official to the coolie who does an odd job or the peddler who sells his wares en route. The Chinaman who comes to the hotel to trade with the foreigner pays his way from the sidewalk to the room door, and then in the end the foreigner pays it all. The Chinese business system is immoral from a Western point of view. As a matter of fact, it is not, for it is part of the game in China, and there is no discredit therein. In fact, a successful "hold up" is looked upon as a clever stroke of business.

Unfortunately for the country and the people, it does not work well in government affairs, but it has extended thereto even to a greater extent than prevails in private business. There is an old story, but one which may do to tell again. It is entitled "How the streets of Peking were lighted at a cost of a million taels." Some enterprising person convinced the emperor that it would be a good thing to have the streets of Peking lighted *by electricity* at night; the emperor asked for an estimate of the cost. It was given at a million taels. He issued a royal command to the effect that the streets of Peking should be lighted at a cost of a million taels. The next official in authority issued an order that the streets of Peking should be lighted at the cost of 800,000 taels. The order passed through many intermediate hands until it reached the city's executive; he ordered that the streets be lighted at a cost of 100,000 taels. The official of public works in his order still further reduced the amount to 50,000 taels. The contractor who got the job compromised by ordering every householder to hang out an oil lantern in front of his door at night. This was done, and the first night the watchmen on their rounds stole the oil from the lanterns, and that was how the streets of Peking were lighted at a cost of a million taels. The emperor never knew the difference. The public treasury disbursed the million, and it disappeared entirely in the "squeeze" of the officials through whose hands it passed.

Exaggerated or not, in this story lies the reason for the insistent demand of foreign bankers that the expenditure of money loaned to the Chinese Government should take place only under foreign supervision. It is here that the business methods of the East and the West come into conflict, and it was the national institution of "squeeze" which for months blocked the international financial game at Peking in 1912. It dies hard, and has as many lives as a cat. The elimination of "squeeze" in one place often leads to its reincarnation elsewhere. Without it, the established business system of China, if it may be called such, disappears. Anything to take its place must be a compromise, and such substitute will be painfully slow and discouraging to the pushing trade adventurers of the Western world.

About the outer edge of China to the west and north lie Tongking, Tibet, Mongolia, and Manchuria, the Chinese "dependencies," as they are known. The exigencies of world politics are held to demand that these regions shall remain in indefinite ownership. The Chinese flag flies over them all, but the French, English, Russian, and Japanese governments have far more to say as to their destinies than the Government at Peking. That jealously guarded possession of England,

the Indian peninsula, needs for safety a buffer state on the east and northeast. Mongolia serves the same purpose for Russia, and while Manchuria is held at least theoretically to be more distinctly Chinese than the others, it is apparent to the most casual observer that it is certainly destined to become more Japanese than Mongolia is Russian or Tibet is English. The reason for this is that Manchuria serves as an economic outlet for Japan, as well as being of strategic value, and though Japan may disclaim any purpose of conquest or annexation, the Japanese assimilation of all that is valuable in Manchuria goes steadily on. It is only a question of time until Korea to the south becomes so thoroughly Japanese that it will serve as a safe base for still further economic advances into Manchuria in all directions, whereas now it is the Japanese railroad interests in Manchuria which serve as the sole but apparently sufficient reason for interference in Manchurian affairs.

It may as well be accepted by the disinterested world at large that the French, English, Russian, and Japanese spheres of political influence in China will never retreat. They are far more likely to advance. This is a fundamental fact to be reckoned with in consideration of things in the far East.

Solemn international declarations as to the "open door" and the integrity of the Chinese Empire will always have regard for existing interests. The United States is the only great power without more or less tangible territorial "rights" in China. Her interests are therefore limited to sentiment and trade, and her pronunciamentos lack the convincing quality of self-interest which exists in the declarations of the other powers. It is the part of diplomacy to be suavely conciliatory and polite, but to yield nothing, and advance, if possible. The four great powers concerned in seeing that China does not carry the imperial integrity to such an extent as to cloud their visions of strategic safety and partial control are tied one to the other by like interests. The control of Tibet by England is not so prominently before the eyes of the world as the Russification of Mongolia or the Japanization of Manchuria, but it lies in the background equally as tangible, equally firm of purpose, and restricts the policy of the English Government in dealing with international declarations on behalf of China and her outlying territory. The way is now being prepared by the British Foreign Office for a more definite stand before the world, for the London "Times" said in July, 1912, "Britain does not seek a single inch of Tibet, but the cause of the unfortunate Tibetans deserves our sympathy." It was an amusing bit of smug and transparent hypocrisy.

Germany is concerned in the integrity of her concession at Kiao-chau, to which she desires undisputed possession, and will rest satisfied if no obstacles are placed in the path of her already valuable and steadily growing trade and financial interest in the East. There are stronger influences at work to render Germany sympathetic with the group of powers territorially concerned in Eastern affairs than with the more or less academic position of the United States. In fact, the latter country stands virtually alone in its attitude toward China, and, without power to enforce aggressive policies, courts possible humiliation or serious international controversy by interference. The delay in the recognition of the republican government in China is not alone due to doubt as to the future as far as China is concerned. It is really caused by desire on the part of every one of the powers to estimate properly the position, the claims, and the policies of the others before taking irrevocable action.

If the truth were told, the international group of bankers is largely responsible for the success of the recent Chinese revolution and the consequent downfall of the Manchu dynasty. If money had been loaned to the late Government at the critical moment, and a motive thus been given for a more vigorous handling of the imperial troops, the revolution would have proved abortive for the time at least. This is a fact well known in Peking and to any military expert who has studied the operations during the recent Chinese civil war. As soon as China was deprived of any real form of government, loans, comparatively small, it is true, but nevertheless significant, were promptly forthcoming, and talk of larger loans immediately began. It suited the purpose of the foreign offices of Europe to precipitate political chaos in China. A history of the near future will

disclose the motives behind it all in London, Paris, St. Petersburg, and Tokio. It is loudly asserted that the best thing the United States could do to advance her standing in the East, and consequently the material interests of her people in that region, would be promptly to accord recognition to the Chinese Republic. A few academic friends and some enemies might be made, but the gain for justice, for trade, or for political prestige would be inconsiderable, for it would mean nothing at the present time. There is a great game on in the Eastern Hemisphere, and the United States, notwithstanding the Philippines, a possession the importance of which in Eastern affairs is vastly overestimated, is more an intensely interested spectator than the active participant. It needs more finely tempered steel than is being forged in Washington at the present time to meet successfully the keen blades now crossed in the noiseless, determined, and skilful diplomatic sword-play in progress in the Orient.

The Anglo-Japanese Alliance has received many kind words from English government officials during the troubles in China. These flattering remarks have been echoed and indorsed by official Japan, but none knows better than a Japanese that the advantage has all gone to England, to China, and perhaps to other powers interested in keeping Japan within bounds in her ambitions toward expansion. Through the alliance England was able to keep a larger number of her war-ships in other than Eastern waters. Had the alliance not existed in 1912, there is no telling where the lines of the political map of China would be laid to-day. In all probability, they would not have remained as far flung, and England herself, when the smoke cleared away, might have found her sphere of influence shrunken almost beyond recognition. That a strong factor in Japanese politics turns toward Russia in hope of sympathy for the territorial and economic needs of Japan is not surprising; it is the most natural outcome of the Eastern situation. Russia is the avowed enemy or the natural ally of Japan, and the only thing needed to make a friendly alliance successful is a mutual and well-defined agreement as to a division of spoils—that is to say, China, the trade of her people, and their newly opened fields for economic exploitation. There is now comparatively little gain for Japan in the alliance with England. There is everything to be gained by an understanding with Russia, especially when the possible antagonism of Germany is averted by a careful regard for her rights in the premises. No matter how the boundary-lines of China are drawn upon the political map of the future, it will be found that the lines of the spheres of influence will be laid as Russia and Japan may dictate, and they will invade for many hundreds of miles the territory over which may float the five bars of the flag of new China. No blame or even criticism can attach to such a policy for these countries of the far East. It is a natural result of economic and political development and of the necessity for self-protection, and in all probability the territory thus directly or indirectly annexed will fare better than it would if left to the tender mercies of more or less independent Chinese governors. England herself has set an example in the past to her Eastern ally of the present, though it is human nature to regard one's own methods as reprehensible when turned against oneself.

The far East is still in that period of development when trade follows not so much the flag as the sphere of influence, and it is still a territory hedged about with conditions peculiar and unfamiliar to the Western merchant. Preferentials and discriminations find no lynx-eyed interstate commerce commission waiting in ambush. The diplomatic protest is the sole method of the defeated trade competitors, and governments are loath to start this machinery in motion for apparently trifling causes. It takes many weeks to exchange "notes," and explanations are prone to be accepted at their face-values for the larger reasons of diplomacy. The ethics of trade in the far East are not those of Europe or North America. "Get the business" is the slogan. How you get it is a matter of no consequence. If by political, police, or financial interference your rival can be crippled, such aids are permissible. If bribery and trickery of one kind or another are needed for success, there is no one to say nay. Nor is public sentiment a sufficient force for fairness to render either government or individual likely to incur serious penalty.

It is for these reasons that the individual

outsider, the simple seller of goods, makes little or no headway in China unless by some chance he has something for sale which is really wanted and cannot be secured elsewhere to advantage. Two great American business firms have made a success in China, the Standard Oil Company and the American Tobacco Company. The story of the years these organizations have devoted to developing their business, the vast amount of money so expended, the number of foreign and native experts employed to create a market for their wares, and the intricacies of their dealings with governments, would fill a bulky volume, and then the vital half would remain untold. It must also be remembered that these two American merchants deal each in a single staple with certain minor variations. They started out to fill well-defined needs with a guaranty of a market if their wares could be placed within reach. They possessed an advantage therefore which comes not to the man who goes in to create a market the existence of which is more or less problematic, or the man who enters modestly into an arena the gates of which admit at the same moment a thousand competitors of all nationalities.

By combination the spinners of England created a great market for English cloths, and then fought it out among themselves as to who should get the trade. American cloth manufacturers came singly and distrustful of one another, found a fairly promising and active market for their novelties for a few years, and then lost the bulk of their business. In turn the Japanese, with their lower cost of production and their more adroit business methods, are crowding the English trade combination with such steady purpose that it shows signs of giving way before the attack. Some of the great trade organizations of the world have taken no steps to enter the Chinese field. For instance, in the matter of meat, China not only supplies herself, but exports hog products, and there is no apparent reason why some day in the future the people of China will not have enough of a surplus of bread and meat to supply Japan and other countries with a large percentage of their importations of these goods.

An enormous amount of cotton is now grown in China. Just how much no man can say, as statistics are lacking. As yet the cotton is not of very good quality, but with better methods of cultivation, improved seed, and a more systematic growing and handling of the staple, there is no telling to what extent this great industry may expand. Cotton is grown in China from the southern limits even to Manchuria, but in most parts it is grown as a catch crop in connection with other things, and not on large areas exclusively given over to the plant. The extent to which cotton is grown and woven into cloth, mostly by hand, is strikingly shown by a few figures from which certain deductions must result. An attempt has been made to estimate the amount of cotton cloth used by the people in a year. It has been variously estimated at from two dollars and fifty cents to four dollars' worth per capita. Granting that at least two dollars' worth is consumed by every person, not an extravagant estimate it must be allowed, it would mean that the Chinese use every year eight hundred million dollars' worth of cotton cloth. In five years China has annually imported an average of about one hundred million dollars' worth of cotton cloth, yarn, and cotton manufactures. The annual output of the Chinese mills is about thirty million dollars. The imports of cotton manufactures are therefore only one eighth of the consumption, and the difference between thirty million dollars and seven hundred million dollars probably represents the value of cloth made by the Chinese themselves every year on handlooms and from cotton grown in their own fields.

It would be easy to enumerate a thousand articles which might find an extensive market in China if the argument used was to the effect that, as there were none of these goods, then they must perforce be needed and would sell. There will be no great and sudden rush of modern goods into China. The market must first be opened and the people educated as to the extent of their general and personal needs. In brief, the treaty port must become a thing of the past, the country opened to the foreigner, a common currency system be devised, protection given to patents and copyrights, and, above all, some method of doing business must be adopted which will facilitate exchanges of goods and money.

In agriculture improved methods of cul-

tivation are possible in some directions, such as deeper plowing, improvement of seed, and the adoption of machinery in some localities. The construction of schools, modern buildings, bridges, roads, mills, public utilities, such as gas, water, electric-light plants, and local transportation system, will come in time and rapidly, and the field therefor is unlimited, if only there can be secured a China safe and free for the native and the foreigner to come and go, transact his business, and take advantage where advantage lies.

The one great opening for capital and labor in China is in the building of railroads. The demand is imperative, and there need be no waiting after a permanent government has been established. With a strong government and a dependable army, China can gradually abolish the treaty port, open the entire country to foreigners, and effectively guarantee the safety of life and property for all those who behave themselves. This first great step having been taken successfully, there is no longer anything to hinder the advance of railway enterprise. China is the only country in the world of large size or great population that possesses so many congested areas not reached by modern transportation facilities. There are now about 5700 miles of railway, or less than one fifth of a mile for each 10,000 of the population, and about three tenths of a mile to every 100 square miles of territory. This is a smaller apportionment than is to be found in any other country. The average cost of the railways of China has been a little over $50,000 per mile. The first line of railway was laid in 1876, a narrow gage afterward opened. It was not until 1883 that the road from Tientsin to Tung-chau was opened, and in 1897 the first road of importance, that from Tientsin to Peking, was used for traffic. It is within fifteen years, therefore, that the nearly 6000 miles of Chinese railroad have been constructed. The earlier days of building were marked by much discreditable dealing in franchises on the part of foreign adventurers, aided and abetted by native past-masters in the art of "squeeze." It is not altogether pleasant to find that Americans figured quite too prominently in these episodes. In the future, however, railroad building will savor more of legitimate enterprise, the profits to come from traffic rather than from "squeeze" in any form, be it at the expense of the Government or of the foreign shareholder. A number of contracts and concessions for new railroads were brought to an untimely end by the fall of the Manchu dynasty, many of these having been the subject of negotiations for years. As soon as it is possible to give some attention to other than the police duties of the present Government, these matters will come to the front again.

There is a bewildering diversity of opportunity for trunk and branch lines, and a map of the China of the future will have drawn upon it thousands upon thousands of miles of railroad, paying satisfactory dividends to the shareholders, and directly the cause of the development of the industrial, agricultural, and commercial interests of the country to an extent in values the mind fails to grasp. In the history of the nineteenth century there have been vast tracks of country opened up by railroads, but few of these have contained more than a handful of settlers at the time of building. In China there are cities of hundreds of thousands, and whole provinces containing millions of people, and miles of fertile land already closely tilled and occupied, from which reach out not even a traveled cart-road on which the people can ride with ease or speed, or carry on exchange of commodities with their own fellow-citizens, to say nothing of reaching the markets of the world. Where boat transportation has been available, it has been used. Natural and, in some regions, artificial waterways are numerous, and in the days before the railroad invaded its territory that wonderful artificial waterway, the Grand Canal, 850 miles in length, the construction of which was begun in the sixth century B.C., carried the production of the rich provinces of Chekiang, Kwang-si, Shan-tung, and Chi-li to the sea.

Railroad transportation along modern lines is the secret of the future development of China. With it will come the modernization of China itself, the education of the people, the development of natural resources, the exploitation of industrial opportunity, the safety of the land from political or other disturbances, and immunity from successful armed invasion. In its wake will follow trade and com-

merce of every description. It is transportation, and that alone, which will destroy the Vision of the Great Wall, stir to its depths the Chinese mind, and transform the attitude of racial immutability into one of receptiveness.

In the ownership of railroads already under operation and construction the Chinese lead, then come the British, Japanese, Russians, Belgians, Germans, French, and Americans. Nearly all of the Chinese-owned lines are financed through England, so it may be said that up to the present time English interests are dominant in railroad development. With that largeness of vision for which idealists and reformers are gifted, Dr. San Yat-sen has for the moment dropped socialistic topics, and is working upon a plan for the nationalization of all the present railroads in China and the construction of new lines sufficient to link together all of the eighteen provinces. The improbability that his plan as to nationalization will be carried out, and the cheerful optimism with which he talks of a project which will require several billion dollars to carry forward, do not detract from the value of the idea or its fundamental necessity in the making of the new China. Dr. San Yat-sen's visions will some day come true, though perhaps not in just the way or within the time he expects. Several years ago I met one of the most intelligent and best-educated Chinamen among the many to be found in his country. At one time he had been the Minister of Railroads. He told me that during his term of office the late E. H. Harriman, one of the greatest, if not the greatest, railway men America has produced, had talked to him of the future of transportation in China. Mr. Harriman predicted a wonderful future for that industry, and most earnestly urged the Chinese official to use his influence to secure the adoption of the best equipment which had evolved from long experience in the Western world. He said that China was starting anew, with every opportunity of breaking away from long-established precedents and prejudices. Mr. Harriman said that if he had the planning of the Chinese railroads, he would build nothing less than a six-foot gage, with correspondingly wide rolling-stock, and would make every passenger-coach a double-decker. He said it would reduce operating expenses by a third, and he was so convinced of the truth of this that if it were possible financially, he would not hesitate to convert the Union Pacific to a six-foot gage and carry out the same ideas in the United States. The Chinese minister believed Mr. Harriman was right, but the building of railroads in China in the past at least has been one of finance rather than of advanced railroading, and as each railway line has been built, the source of the money has dictated the source of the engineering talent and equipment, and Western railroad conventions have found their expression even so far as to permit that always expensive blunder, a variety of gage for connecting lines. For years to come China will find the money for railway construction abroad, and foreigners will dictate the manner in which it will be spent. It is a loss that Mr. Harriman's ideas could not be carried out when so remarkable an opportunity is afforded, for then China might once more resume the part she played for many centuries—that of supply house to the world not only of natural species of animal and plant life, but of ideas practical, ingenuous, or artistic. A map of already constructed, projected, and proposed railroads in China resembles the military map of a general planning the gradual subjection of a great country by slow but sure processes of penetration and occupation from well-defined bases of supply and operation.

Rail is made to supplement water until such time as the all-rail route will be the most desirable, as in other countries. The campaign in hand involves the well-known military plan of defeat "in detail," and the trend of development is not difficult to comprehend. Hanoi, Canton, Hong-Kong, Swatow, Amoy, Fu-chau, Ningpo, Shanghai, Hankow, Tsingtau, Chi-fu, Tientsin, and Dalny are the entrepôts of the south and east coast-lines. From Burma into China from the southwest, from Tibet on the west, from Russia and Korea via Manchuria into the northeast, the erstwhile "foreign devil," transformed into an industrial ally, is advancing. From Hankow, the great industrial center, radiate the lines which, already built, under construction, or proposed, will in time connect the coast and frontier gateways with the interior provinces and cities of importance. At Hankow is centered the iron

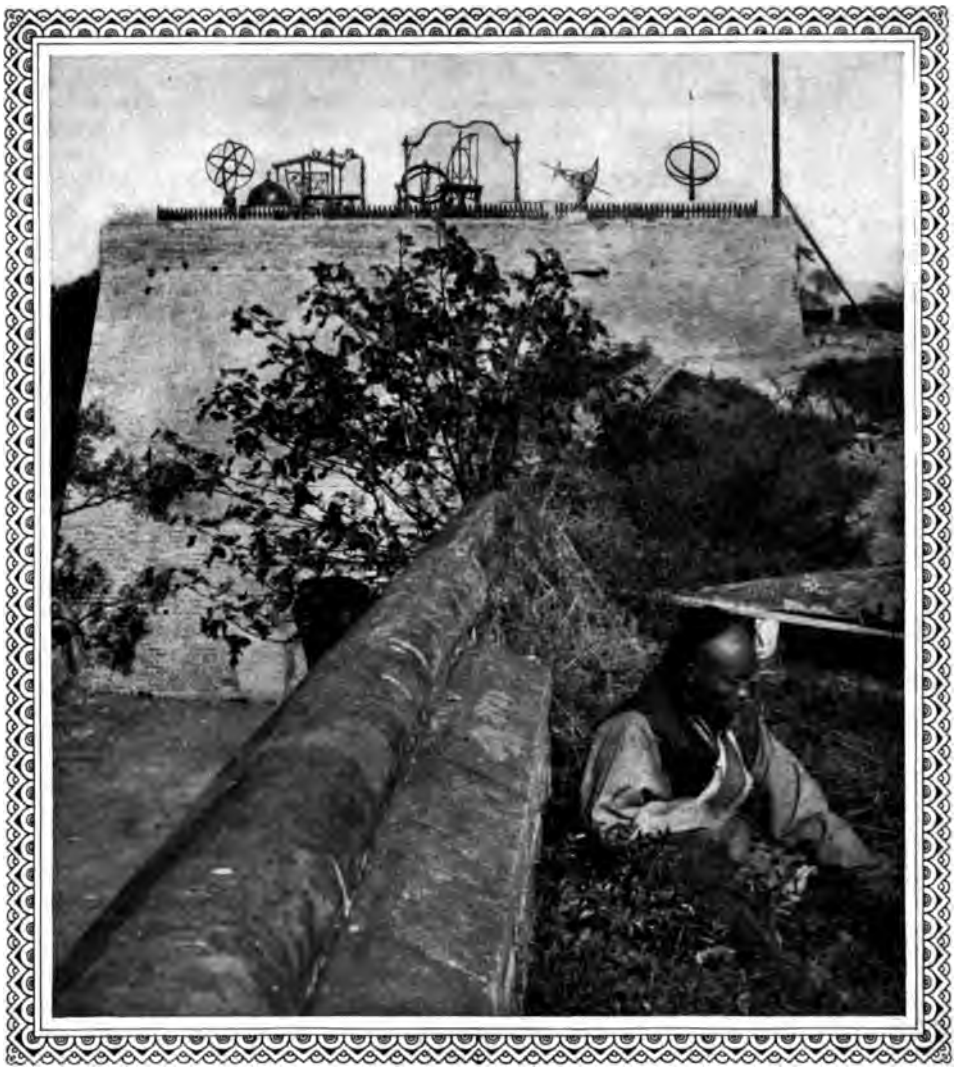
and coal industry, where iron has been produced at $7.50 per ton, or about seventy-five per cent. of the cost of production in England, Germany, or America. In fact, it is known that Chinese iron is in some of the war-vessels of the United States, the crude metal being imported at a profit by the American contractors who build our battle-ships.

There is, in fact, nothing to cloud the vision in the future of industrial China: it is the problems of the present which will take time, patience, wisdom, and strength to solve. Their solution will come in the degree with which transportation facilities are provided, and Dr. San Yat-sen, with all his ideals and theories, sees with the prophet's eye when he grasps this material and all-important fact. Yuan Shih-kai, while in no wise depreciating the debt the Chinese people owe to Dr. San Yat-sen, suggests that as the latter was born in Macao, has lived mostly in treaty ports and in foreign countries, he fails to see eye to eye with the Chinese; that he is not a real Chinaman, and does not know his people as they really are. All this may be true, but if the Chinese follow on solid ground as rapidly as possible in the direction the dreams of this idealistic republican may lead, they cannot go far wrong.

It is quite the vogue to speak of the overpopulation of China, and it is not alone the casual or careless observer who has spoken or written eloquently and impressively upon that theme. The real truth of the matter is that China as a whole is not overpopulated. The impression of overpopulation comes from an inspection of the congested areas, this congestion being due to a number of causes, principal among which is the lack of transportation. Given facilities for moving about, the population problem will in time solve itself; for there are vast areas of China waiting immigration and offering substantial advantage in return. No people in the world respond with greater alacrity to an opportunity for profitable labor than do the Chinese, and with their own country offering itself as a practical field for exploitation, no nation will take quicker or more profitable advantage. The building of railroads will not only give employment to hundreds of thousands of people and distribute money where it is *needed*, but it will take people from a limited to a wider environment. Experience has shown that the Chinese are great travelers when travel is possible.

On account of the lack of data, the domestic exchanges of the Chinese are impossible of computation. Although the power of the unit is small, the aggregate is enormous. There is at present comparatively little actual money in circulation. The copper cash, of which it takes 2000 to make an American dollar, is the medium of exchange. Other than this the usual method of business is bartering with commodities. The tael, the measure of larger values, is a theoretical weight of silver the value of which does not exist as a coin, and yet all Chinese finance is expressed in its terms. There is said to be a collection of modern Chinese currency in existence which comprises 197 varieties, and the tael of one place has a different value from the tael of another. Roughly speaking, the tael at the present time is worth about seventy cents gold; but in the days of loans and refusals of loans, scarcity and sudden supplies of money, its value varies daily. No systematic development of business in China can come until a standardized form of currency is adopted, and that is one of the first things which will follow the institution of a stable government. One of the private contributions to the treasury of the new Government recently was a gift from a loyal republican of 5000 strings of cash, or 500,000 of these copper coins, an equivalent in weight of copper to 500 Mexican silver dollars, worth about two hundred and fifty dollars in American gold. A people doing business with money a piece of which represents one twentieth of an American cent, have still far to go before imported novelties are common among the masses.

Living among the four hundred million or more Chinese there are about 75,000 foreigners, not including Japanese. There are probably over 100,000 of these latter people scattered throughout China, not including those in Manchuria, where the constantly increasing strength of Japanese influence is drawing many of the sons of Nippon. There are about 40,000 Russians, 10,000 British, 4000 Germans, 3300 Portuguese, 3000 Americans in China, virtually all residents of the treaty ports These are the people who up to the present time have conducted the foreign trade



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GROUNDS OF THE IMPERIAL OBSERVATORY AT PEKING

Ancient astronomical instruments are grouped on the tower in the background.

of China, and will continue to do so until the treaty port is a tradition of the past. It would probably be conservative to eliminate at least 50,000 of these 75,000 foreigners, and say that the foreign trade of China, amounting as it does to about five hundred million dollars gold annually, has been carried on by the remaining 25,000, except the very large share handled by the Japanese. This foreign trade is impossible of analysis with any satisfactory results, owing to the great amount of indirect business. Over forty per cent. of this foreign trade is credited to Hong-Kong, a British possession of commanding position on the southern coast, whereas few of the goods going into China from there originate in Hong-Kong, and a still smaller percentage of those imported remain. A final analysis of the Hong-Kong trade with America, Europe, and other parts of the world would be necessary to effect a proper distribution of the China trade credited to that colony. There are great stretches of Chinese frontier where there is no check upon imports or exports, and

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1. THE BUND, OR PROMENADE ON THE WATER FRONT, AT HANKOW, FROM THE MUNICIPAL COUNCIL BUILDING

2. HOUSE-BOATS IN THE CHUKIANG RIVER, CANTON
Four hundred thousand people live in such boats in Canton.

the details of maritime customs, therefore, do not represent the real or total foreign business. Through this custom-house, however, passes in a year about three hundred million dollars' worth of goods en route into the interior from abroad, and in the same period about two hundred million dollars' worth of goods are sent out to all parts of the world. Japan's share of the goods sold is about fifty million dollars' worth, and about forty million dollars' worth of Chinese exports go to Japan. England comes next with nearly as great a sale and only a quarter of the purchases. According to the maritime customs, the trade of the United States with a slight excess of purchases over sales, amounts to only about forty million dollars; but as a large amount of the goods credited as bought or sold by other countries find their origin in America, the figures are almost valueless upon which to base conclusions. Such as can be drawn from Chinese and American figures, however, are far from favorable to the United States. The Japanese have taken to themselves the larger part of a once promising American trade in manufactured goods, especially cloths, and at the same time have made serious inroads into the British trade, once apparently impregnable in its hold upon the country. A single instance will illustrate the strength of Japanese competition. In Japan the sale of tobacco is a government monopoly, and the import duty is 380 per cent. ad valorem. The natural result is that the price of manufactured tobacco in Japan, except for some of the cheaper grades of native cigarettes, is higher than in any other country. That the Japanese are selling tobacco

cheaper in China than at home is self-evident, as they are competing successfully against the American and English manufacturers. A responsible official of the Japanese Government Monopoly Bureau recently made the following statement in answer to a report that the sales of Japanese tobacco in Manchuria had decreased. He said:

All pessimistic reports on the future of Japanese government tobacco monopoly, which are mostly based upon the recent decrease of the government products from Nagasaki and Moji, are erroneous, because the decrease of shipments from Japan proper only means the increase of the demand for the products of the Oriental Tobacco Company, which is connected with the Japanese Government Monopoly Bureau. Of course the Japanese tobacco finds strong competitors in Manchuria in the shape of the British-American tobacco trust and some other foreign manufacturers. In fact, the Manchurian tobacco market is the scene of keen strife between them, and it is impossible to say that the Japanese government tobacco holds a dominant position in Manchuria. The most formidable rival to Japanese tobacco is the British-American tobacco trust, which is employing every means to oust Japanese tobacco. Among the successful means adopted by it I may mention the employment of native Chinese in order to enlarge the market for their products, and they give special care to advertising. But the Japanese Government is determined to adopt every possible means to resist the trust and to monopolize the Manchurian market in the future for their products.

The concluding sentence of the above statement is interest-

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1. A GLIMPSE OF THE HARBOR AT SHANGHAI

2. THE MAIN STREET IN PEKING, AS SEEN FROM THE DRUM TOWER, LOOKING WEST

ing, inasmuch as it illustrates the attitude of Japan toward Manchurian business, and the general vigor of Japanese competition in China. It is doubtful, however, whether the tobacco users of Manchuria will fully appreciate the blessings of being committed absolutely to the tender mercies of the Japanese Government Tobacco Monopoly. This episode is also illuminative as to the capital, resourcefulness, and organization needed to establish a hold on the market for any staple article in China that is the subject of general competition.

The principal exports from China are native and natural products. Silk, beans, tea, cotton, skins, seeds, and vegetable oils forming over sixty per cent. of the total. There is little or no danger to the Western world from Chinese competition in general manufactures for export. Chinese labor is cheap, but it is untrained, and its efficiency, as compared with the European or American workman, averages about fifty per cent. Of a few things classed as partly manufactured the Chinese may in time become exporters, but a rapidly expanding home market will absorb for many years to come the domestic production of nearly everything except raw materials.

The imports of the Chinese comprise largely cotton and woolen cloths, opium, metals and manufactures thereof, building-material, leather, and a long list of miscellaneous articles in varying and smaller amounts. The opportunities of the foreign trader in China lie in the expansion of the market for virtually everything grown or manufactured for the use of a civilized human being in the exercise of his personal or business activities. With the state of Chinese national finances the world has become familiar through the publicity given to the loan negotiations. The foreign debt of the country at the outbreak of the revolution was about three hundred and seventy-five million dollars, not a large sum when the possible revenue resources of the country are considered. The foreign creditor need have no fear for the safety of his loan, though the amount be doubled and redoubled. The revenue of the Government must be developed nearer to its possibilities, for in 1911 it was hardly one hundred and fifty million dollars, and the annual expenditure was nearly two hundred million dollars. To the debt given must be added the recent revolutionary loan, but with a carefully devised scheme of taxation of real and personal property and an increase of import duty beyond the five per cent. which has long prevailed, there will be no trouble in meeting a budget of far larger proportion than is now presented every year.

In theory all land in China belonged to the emperor, to whom was paid an annual tax or rental in addition to other taxes assessed by the state upon rental value. Actual possession and the production of tax-receipts for three consecutive years have been considered proof of right to occupying permanently, or, in other words, of ownership of the land. Presumably this evidence will constitute a title in fee simple in view of the abrogation of the emperor's theoretical rights, and upon this foundation will be built up some sort of system as to land titles. The number of vital questions of this character which will in time present themselves to the new Government of China for solution and reconstruction defies the imagination, and the greatest problem of all to-day is to find the men of honesty, patriotism, genius, and executive ability who can carry on this tremendous work of reconstruction.

The China of to-day is a giant asleep whose slumber has been disturbed by stirrings from within. The torpor of the past is now broken by dreams and visions. Some of these are beyond practical realization, but others are soon to take substantial form. There are no fabulous riches lying ready for eager foreign hands to gather without effort, and yet the great area and population of China offer fields for legitimate exploitation beyond computation as to results. An ancient civilization has played its rôle, and the time is come when modern minds with modern methods will give new life to a land moribund from centuries of feeding upon itself. No danger to the West lies in this regeneration.

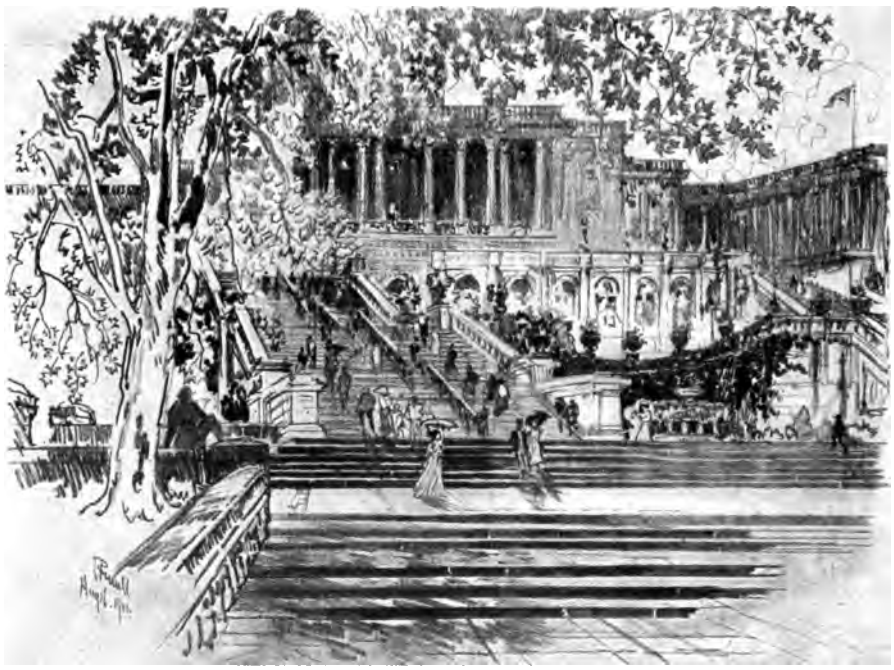
THE EAST FRONT OF THE CAPITOL

The inaugural address is usually delivered from the steps in front of the dome.

THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON

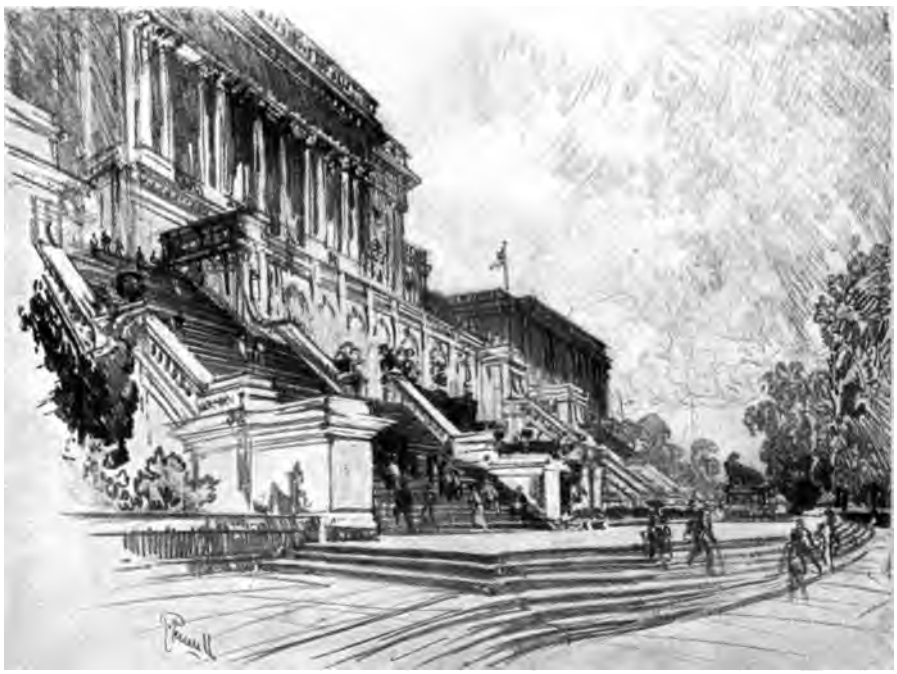
LITHOGRAPHS MADE FOR THE CENTURY MAGAZINE BY JOSEPH PENNELL

THE WEST FRONT OF THE CAPITOL, AS SEEN FROM PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE

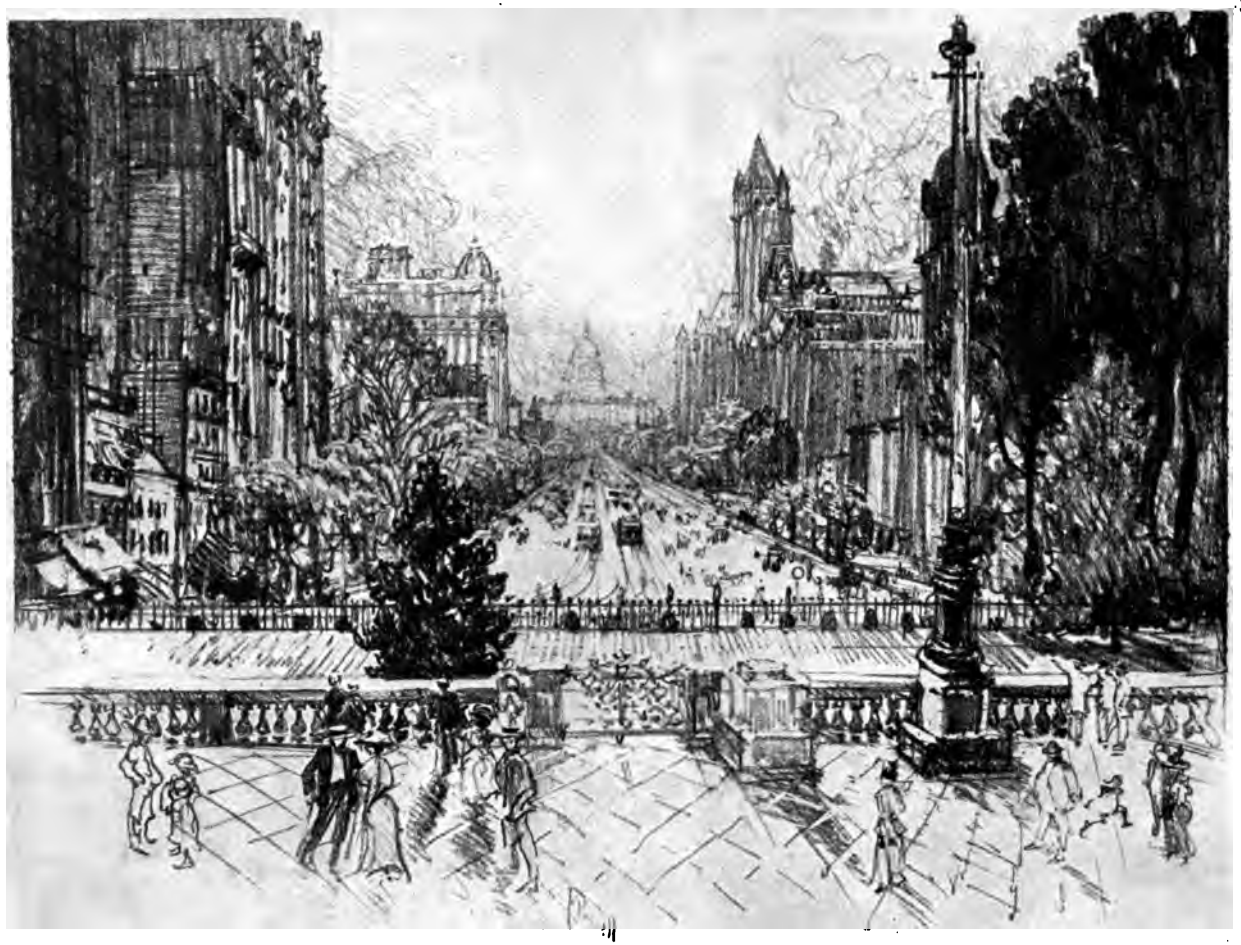


THE STEPS AND TERRACE OF THE WEST FRONT OF THE CAPITOL

THE WEST SIDE OF CAPITOL PARK



THE STEPS AND TERRACE OF THE WEST FRONT, LOOKING TOWARD
THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES WING



PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE AND THE CAPITOL, FROM THE TERRACE OF THE TREASURY BUILDING

TOPICS OF THE TIME

PRESIDENT WILSON AND THE FOREIGN SERVICE

IN the heyday of the spoils system, if there was any theory at all upon which the manning of the American consular and diplomatic service was based, it must have been the tacit adoption of Dr. Johnson's dictum, "Foreigners, it seems to me, are mostly fools." Any backwoods ignoramus was good enough to be a consul. Any broken-down statesman or new-rich vulgarian was fit to be a diplomatic representative. The foreigners would never know the difference. Besides, it was such a convenient way of getting rid of importunate claimants for office. Offer them the consulate at Timbuctoo or the legation in Tierra del Fuego. If they refused, their "claims" would at any rate be canceled, and if they accepted, the appointing officers might hope never to look upon their faces again.

But the country long since waked up to the fact that it was not the foreigners, but the Americans, who were fools to think that the foreign service could be conducted in this way. The constant mortification which Americans abroad suffered from the incompetent and uncouth representatives of the United States might not of itself have brought about an attempt at reform, but in addition there came the increasing pressure from the business sense of the nation. It began to point out rather sternly to the authorities at Washington that there was such a thing as an obligation to the commerce and industry of the country as well as debts to political workers, and that to use the foreign service to pay the latter was more and more a shocking disregard of the former. These influences, together with a new dawning of national pride in a matter closely touching genuine patriotism, helped forward the marked improvements which have steadily been made under successive administrations. We slowly got our eyes open to the old abuses and their folly. It came to be seen that, even if the United States was not yet ready to make of diplomacy a career, we could not permit it to be a chaos. Little by little form and order were introduced. Appointments and promotions of consuls have been placed, partly at least, upon the basis of merit ascertained by test examinations. This tends to assure the continuity of service so needful. Even in the diplomatic service something like permanency of tenure has been aimed at in the lower grades, while the retention and promotion of conspicuously able ministers have been much more frequent than formerly. In one of his recent messages to Congress, President Taft recounted the solid progress that has been made since President Cleveland took the initiative.

Whether Mr. Taft so intended it or not, this record stands as a challenge to President Wilson and the incoming Democratic administration. It is certain that the intelligence of the country will keep a jealous watch to see how the challenge is met. In one sense it would be easy to lapse back into the old bad customs. The domestic civil service is now intrenched in law as well as in Executive orders, besides being buttressed by an alert and sensitive public opinion, and a promiscuous looting of the offices is virtually unthinkable. But there will be a great temptation, as well as great pressure, to slip back into the old vicious system as respects the foreign service. It will be said that the people, even including civil-service reformers, do not care much about this. Out of sight in the foreign service, out of mind at home. It will also be said that the whole reform scheme, as thus far adopted, is only tentative; and of course it will be added that it is merely a device to keep Republican consuls and secretaries of legations in office, though the woods are full, literally, of Democrats anxious to get the jobs. And as all is as yet a matter of Executive order, the Executive will be plied with appeals to undo what has been done, with the plea, perhaps, of first making a fair division and then a fresh start.

Of President Wilson's antecedent dis-

will not be terrorized by a few. The verdicts and the sentences at Indianapolis and at Los Angeles settle that question. The leaders of labor will be most unwise if they do not make it known unmistakably and by personal and official declarations that they regard criminal unionists as the enemies of labor. The public indignation, when fully aroused, will demand the sternest dealing with unions that attempt to confirm their power by lawless and murderous acts.

"CONSIDERATE JUDGMENT" FOR PRESIDENT TAFT

IN any list of the public men of the past —prime ministers, kings, presidents— one finds those who have had two common but diverse experiences. Some statesmen attain immediate popularity. It may persist throughout their entire career, though afterward their fame dwindles. Men of the other type are in troubled waters from the beginning; they have to struggle from first to last, are continually opposed, often misunderstood, and have to wait for a true appreciation until after they are out of office—or are dead.

Now, the singular thing about President Taft is that in his time of public service he has had both these experiences. His official career up to the point of entering the White House was one of uninterrupted success and assured popular favor. As Federal judge, as Governor-General of the Philippines, as Secretary of War, with the unusual and important duties laid upon him in Cuba and at Panama, it seemed easy for him to win applause in doing hard work. Everything appeared to fall at his feet. There was general liking for him personally, and Mr. Roosevelt did not exaggerate when he lauded Mr. Taft as a man with extraordinary equipment for the Presidency. Indeed, if he had happened to die after being elected, the sorrow of his countrymen would have been deepened by the conviction that the country had lost the services of a President whose administration would certainly have been both distinguished and successful. As it is, there has been an echo in his case of the sigh of the Roman historian, "Nisi imperâsset!" (If only he had not come into power!) If Mr. Taft had not been chosen President, everybody would have said that he would have had a brilliantly triumphant administration. But the unhappy fact is present to all memories. No American Executive was ever more attacked than Mr. Taft, none more often thwarted, none worse misrepresented, none more compelled to await the considerate judgment of the future.

Happily, Mr. Taft has a temperament admirably fitted to endure "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune." He is not a philosopher in the sense that Plato wished all rulers might be, but he is able to contemplate unpopularity and adversity in a philosophical spirit. This he showed in the very first weeks of his Presidency. Everything then seemed to bode a prosperous term for him. There was a great deal of talk about his being the President to restore "the era of good feeling." Many went to him with tales of his unbounded popularity. But he shrewdly said, "This will not last." It did not. The disappointments and griefs of his administration it is not necessary to rehearse; but he held his dolorous way through them all with unfailing serenity. He may have lost the popular favor, but he did not lose his temper, nor was he ever shaken out of his calmness of spirit.

And since his defeat, which was exasperating and overwhelming enough to break or embitter an ordinary man, he has borne himself not only with simplicity and cheerfulness, but with a remarkable magnanimity. Others have railed and raged, but not Mr. Taft. Even in his few references to his envenomed antagonists, and to those of his own party who flouted his leadership, there has been no malice or wrath or uncharitableness. He evidently is of the mind of Lincoln, who, Colonel Hay told us, once said that, in politics, he believed in giving the statute of limitations the shortest possible time to run. What Lincoln meant was that he would not keep alive grudges against a political opponent; and Mr. Taft is as plainly incapable of cherishing animosities. On all the controversies in which he became involved, as well as upon the policies of his administration and the record of things accomplished, he is content to abide the verdict of posterity.

That this will be much more favorable than the hasty conclusions of some of President Taft's contemporaries admits of

no serious doubt. He has been forced to submit to false standards of comparison. In a way, the time was out of joint when he became President, and he might well have thought it, with Hamlet, a cursed spite that ever he was born to set it right. This he could not do. The fault was partly in himself, no doubt, but it was more in the legacies of trouble which he inherited and in the environment in which he had to do his work. He was a cool, steady man projected into a period of excitement and vacillation. The demands that used to be made upon a President—upon John Adams, say, or Pierce, or McKinley—Mr. Taft would easily have been able to meet; but of him the impossible was expected. The era in which he found himself was one giving fresh point to Metternich's remark to Tickenor that Americans seemed to want a perpetual *tour de force*. This President Taft could not give to the people, even if he would, which is doubtful. The result is what we have seen. A strong and competent President, of excellent purposes and splendid personal poise, found the current of public sentiment against him increasingly, and could make no headway. Cavour once said that the times in which he lived were of a sort to use up a public man quickly. Mr. Taft knows what this means.

Some of his friends have said that he did not really care what the public thought of his acts. He would do what he believed to be right, and press and people could say what they pleased. But no statesman in a democracy can actually be indifferent to the good opinion of his fellow-citizens. President Taft would unquestionably have been glad to be popular. But he did not permit that natural desire to sway him from the path of his great duties. In refusing, for example, to send our army into Mexico, even when American citizens were killed by firing across the border, he at once resisted enormous pressure and displayed statesmanship of an exalted order that woke the admiration of Europe. An Englishman in this country at the time declared that he knew of no prime minister who would have been capable of such restraint and firmness as Mr. Taft then showed. But a President of that kind must necessarily appeal from to-day to the morrow. And many other acts of Mr. Taft's administration will be seen in their true perspective only when time gives it to us. But even now, as he leaves office, he has the satisfaction of knowing that former asperities are softening, that he returns to private life amid abundant respect and good-will, and that the slow but just verdicts of history will modify or reverse many of the rash judgments passed upon him in these tempestuous days.

THE NEW GAME OF PLAYING WITH FIRE

AND THE RIGHT NOT TO BE FORCED TO KNOW EVIL

THERE is no settling the old question whether in human character ignorance of evil is a source of strength or of weakness. On one hand stands the conviction of those who would interpret Pope's line,

He 's armed without that 's innocent within,

not only as applicable to purity of conduct, but to aloofness from an intimate acquaintance with the seamy side of life. These persons find in the cultivation in the young of ideality, sincerity, and unselfishness a protection against the ordinary evils that beset mankind, and even against those that the keenest divination may not reveal. The love of good books, art, and music, the admiration of noble lives, the enjoyment of nature, the sweet, human affections, and, above all, devotion to others in need (and who is not in need?), are undeniably among the great conservative forces of society, and have produced some of the finest types of men and women.

Another view, which seems to be spreading, is that, in these days of housetop proclamation of closet secrets, it is futile, even wrong, to attempt to protect oneself or one's children against the knowledge of the evil of the world. So protected, one becomes of the cloistered class, the gentle hermits, who are thought to shirk their duties toward society. The only security against evil, it is said, is to know the pitfalls; ergo, the more pitfalls that can be revealed, the more security is attained. In order that our daughters may not be abducted, they must be publicly, graphically, and continuously reminded of the reasons why their abduction is sought. The old-fashioned control by a

parent over the times and seasons when secrets of life may be most properly revealed to their sons and daughters has given way to the license of the newspaper or magazine writer who, sometimes sincerely, sometimes sordidly, thrusts his propaganda upon a tolerant world. The right of government to regulate business has a corollary in the right of the pamphleteer to regulate life. Whether you will or not, you must consider these things. One is tempted to lament with Wordsworth:

Plain living and high thinking are no more.
The homely beauty of the good old cause
Is gone; our peace, our fearful innocence,
And pure religion breathing household laws.

One may share this feeling of regret without regretting the wholesome progress that has been made away from false ideas that prevailed in our sentimental period. Nowadays, though many still speak of the abdomen as the "stomach," no one says "limbs" for legs, and the incident of Theodore Parker in the Uffizi could not now occur. Taking a company of young American misses into the Tribuna to see the Venus of Medici, he noticed that one of them had raised her fan to her face. "My child," said Parker, "dost thou know how much immodesty there is in thy modesty?" There is no lack of natural healthy robustness in the tone of the young folk of to-day, and no danger that they will become prudes. The danger is altogether in the opposite direction. All over the country thoughtful parents are coming to the conclusion that it is neither wholesome nor necessary that the minds of young people should be constantly occupied with the public discussion of eugenics and the social evil. These are problems for adults, and require the most careful, discriminating, expert scientific study. But the influence of such knowledge is very different from current forms of sex-obsession. It is enough to make angels weep to see what is set forth in the form of fiction, under the guise of truth, freedom, and public education, without delicacy, tone, or discrimination,—and, alas! with little or no protest,—circulated in newspapers and magazines in the best families. The young women reached by this poison are already abducted.

The more headway this tendency makes, the more vigorous must be the fight for one's standards and for one's right not to be dragged through the slums. It is not yet time to replace the national motto "In God we trust" with the shibboleth of indifference, "Laissez-faire." A good many people are awakening to the dangers of adulterated mental food, and bracing themselves against mercenary sensationalism. They begin to realize that one book is *not* about as good as another, that poor things are *not* about as good as good things; that there is a knowledge that may bless and a knowledge that may blast; that, in the division of moral labor, one must give some attention to the salvation of his own soul as well as of the souls of others—in short, that something must be conceded to those who feel that the progress of the world can be accelerated not only by retrieving the erring, but by building up, in the quiet and security of the home, those ideals of purity and high-mindedness which are the anchorage and defense of the spiritual life.

MR. ROOT'S GREAT SPEECH

THE Panama tolls question has become a line of division between the great mass of thinking Americans, who feel acutely the dishonor of violating not only the letter and spirit of the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty, but the principles at the basis of all our isthmian agreements, and, on the other hand, the smaller body of those who have no such feeling, of whom a large fraction hope to be beneficiaries of a shipping subsidy. Whatever the outcome, Mr. Root's ringing speech of January 21 in the Senate raised a standard to which the good and wise may repair. The logic of his calm presentation of the facts is irrefutable, while his pleading peroration carried a solemn Websterian premonition of a moral crisis. Withal, this noble, candid, and convincing speech has given us a new measure of American statesmanship.

OPEN LETTERS

THE DIARY OF A NEW YORK "WOMAN OF LEISURE"

To a Lady with an Illusion

Dearest Aunt Fidelia:

Your letter asking me to come on the board of the New Occupation League should have been acknowledged days ago. And I have n't a minute even now, because I 'm just starting for New Haven to take Sylvia Jennings's Polly to tea with Ned.

But, my dear, I can't do it; I simply can't. I know it 's "well worth while," or you would n't be interested, and I 'm glad you think I could be of some use; but I truly must not promise anybody *another* thing. As it is, Henry and I decline almost all our invitations of a purely social nature. About a year ago we decided that if our "varied activities" kept on increasing they might in time conflict. Engagements do pile up so, and I quite realize that one must have a quiet hour now and then, if one is to do one's best work.

Sylvia, who is still here, has offered to copy and inclose my last week's "line-a-day," to answer your questions as to what I 'm already doing, and to let you see for yourself that it is only because I am *really* busy that I can find it in my heart to refuse the N. O. League.

With love, your devoted godchild,

Delia.

Extract from Delia's Journal, per Sylvia Jennings:

Monday, January 10.

Missed Junior Auxiliary and esthetic dancing-class, and cut day at home to go to Prince's for trustees' meeting, my first. Promised to receive at entertainment for Students' Aid. Must be *sure* to save date, *Thursday, January 27*. Back in time for "Manon" with the Gadsbys.

Tuesday, January 11.

Interviewed seven women at Ladies' Culinary Exchange, and engaged cook; Hilda leaving on 27. Meeting of Friendly Beasts to make final plans for dog-show. Lunched at International Arts to look at Ellen Bates's etchings. Girls' Club as usual at Chelsea House. (N. B. Must find some money somewhere for Jane's boy's tuition.) Living portraits in Piazza ball-room; posed as Lady Hamilton. Dog-show date is Thursday, January 27.

Wednesday, January 12.

Managers' meeting, Sculpture School Settlement. Motored out to Van Amsterdam Mansion to arrange Oldfellow collection of blue china. Lunched at Cousin Amelia's with Swami Ramahatma. Subscribed to his course, beginning this month; subject, "Rest." He lunches with me same day. (N. B. Remember *not* to have eggs.) Omitted tea and dinner to finish paper on "Some Modern Hedonists," and read it at Wednesday Evening Club. Went over to Tokay's with the Stones for supper. (*Mem. Keep Swami's afternoon as free as possible —twenty-seventh of January, Thursday.*

Thursday, January 13.

Chin and hip exercises before breakfast, while learning "Chi vuol lo mondo disprezzare" for Marchesi's lesson at nine. Got to Infants' Hospital in time to present report. Next committee meeting, Thursday, January 27. Had fittings. Lunched at Three R.'s. (*Mem.* Salad *not* good; *must investigate;* those girls need proper food.) Took Jones children to "Rose Wed," and ran into Chopin rooms for tea. Stella Rand sang my last song *horribly*. Had asked her to meet the Evans's and Browns at dinner, but succeeded in having auction instead of music afterward. Promised to dine with Eunice Thursday, twenty-seventh of January.

Friday, January 14.

Exercised as usual. Wrote a few letters.

Called next door to inquire for Mrs. Thomas. They think now it is nerves. Ordered set of Trollope sent up to her. On way to dentist's met Ruth Brown, who goes south the twenty-ninth. Asked her to spend Thursday before she leaves with us. Selected wedding present for Cora Noyes. Stopped at Day Nursery. Had to wait almost half an hour at Minx's for hat, and was late for Gay luncheon. Left early as possible, and hurried down to Bishop Lyceum to see dear old McNeil's azaleas. Back up again to Philharmonic for Jokowski's last number—*Berceuse*. Received at Harmon's—Zaidee's début—and caught 6:40 for Morristown. Sophia had fourteen to meet new Dutch novelist, Agaricus Campestris. Finished second chapter of his "Torpid Souls," going out. Asked him to tea. He suggested week from Thursday, January 27.

Saturday, January 15.

Had *serious* talk with Dr. Hazard, and agreed to try devitalized buttermilk, and at least one hour a day of indoor tennis. Met committee to plan bazaar for building fund of Bloomingdale Civics Club. Took John's children to Museum of Natural History. Lay down for twenty minutes afterward. Lunched with Henry at Province Club, and saw "The Condition of Rachel," all except first and last acts. Sat through four courses of St. Vitus Society dinner, then Bennett's, where Professor Klugeskind read fine paper on "Energy: Present-Day Estimates of Creative Force." (N. B. Go to hear his "Mendelian Law," and don't *fail* to save date of Primrose Smith's dance, *twenty-seventh of January, Thursday.*

Postscript by Delia:

I 'm *too* distressed, Aunt Fidelia dear, to find that this letter was n't mailed Saturday, as we supposed it had been. And, on thinking it over, I believe I *will* undertake the New Occupation thing, after all! I can't bear to refuse anything you ask; and, as you say, it is a wonderful movement, and I know *all* the other managers. But I 'm afraid I sha'n't be able to get to Yonkers for the first meeting; I have a feeling I 've promised to do something else that day. Yes, I 'm almost *sure* I have—something important. It must be down on my engagement-pad, only I have n't time to look. If I remember correctly, you said the meeting would be on Thursday, January 27.

Elsie Hill.

ON TEMPTING ONE BY TRUSTING HIM

From a Lawyer whose Character has so far Survived the Strain

My dear Balcombe:

You will wonder that I am moved to write you a letter not by the hand of my sincere young typewriter, and beginning "your esteemed favor," but with my own unaccustomed fingers. You will infer from this fact alone an overburdened soul.

I have just escorted to the door Robinson's widow. Robinson, as the cook says, "up and died" not long ago, as perhaps you know. Muffled in much crape, and with swollen eyes, she brought with her all that mute eloquence which conquers the eye even of an old, weather-beaten lawyer. All this was supported by an eloquence which was not mute. The result is that she has left with me an inventory of stocks, bonds, mortgages, and deeds at which I stare in mute wrath, while she has departed smiling.

Balcombe, there seems to be in every community some man in whom the widow and the fatherless instinctively put their *trust*, and it is frequently their misfortune that the trust is made up of stuff that can readily be used as collateral. By some arrangement of facial traits for which my forbears are responsible, and which has nothing to do with either my conscience or my character, I am one of these men: and, as you know, I have profited greatly and legitimately thereby. Why not? From my experience, a man ought to be well paid for being a person in whom the helpless and the innocent have such confidence. Providence has laid out a hard road for this man to travel. Virtue comes easier to born villains.

The responsibility is enormous. The temptations are incalculable. The man who drinks, the man who gambles, is pretty sure that in time his sin will find him out; but the man who deals with the widow and the fatherless knows that, barring some unlucky chance, he may go on fooling them world without end. This is the greatest trial to my private rectitude.

Why, I ask you, may I be supposed to have more moral stamina than George C——? You recall his fine, open, frank countenance. Yet George was a white sepulcher in which was deposited a million or more of trust funds. Out of these George spent nine hundred thousand, not in riotous living, but in dignified luxury adorned by the most engaging philanthropies. No one can say he did not make good use of the money. His methods were simple, yet admirable. He gave them to our commission at Sing Sing, where in his striped suit and cap he looked like a yachtsman on his own quarter-deck. George, as he told us, became an adept in handling mortgages made out to himself as trustee. Do you see how easy it is when your eyes, nose, and mouth are arranged so as not to excite suspicion?

Now, I should not like to flee as George did when some overzealous lawyer got after him. My joints are getting stiff, and I like my ain fireside. Moreover, having arrived at that time of life when a man has in his mind the remoter and more indefinite future, I had just determined to submit to no more onslaughts to my character when enter Mrs. Robinson, who, having unloaded her affairs upon me, has gone home to think no more about them until coupon-cutting time comes around. Now, what right has she to tamper thus with my soul by her inexcusable indifference? If George C——'s widows had only kept one of their eyes half-open, he would to-day still be an honored citizen.

No, it will happen with her as it has happened with her predecessors. I endeavor in every way to acquaint them with their own affairs: the details of their estates, their money, and their investments. This I do in order that I may preserve my own integrity. At regular intervals I send for my widows and orphans. I keep a staff of clerks who make out long statements of accounts in view of their coming. But they do not arrive. They have forty excuses for not appearing at the appointed time. One minx said she had to have a "fitting." Now, what is a "fitting"? I said it was fitting to keep one's engagements with a lawyer, and she giggled.

But all their excuses are alike frivolous compared with my responsibilities and weaknesses. At last I capture them and imprison them in my private room, my chair guarding the door. Then I present accounts, by chapter and verse. The widow glances down the paper with a politely affected show of understanding. The orphan handles an imposing array of figures as flippantly as a newspaper. When they have finished, they say: "Yes, that is all right. Thank you so much!" and giving a little gasp of relief, go away knowing no more of their affairs than before. They have almost put my hands in their pockets.

The idle rich man is no more lenient to his trustee. He has, to be sure, not the same beautiful confidence in his fellow-man, but he is averse to bother. He is in Europe, Asia, or Africa. He conceives some philanthropic scheme; he is building stables, an art-gallery, or some famous racehorse is to be sold, and he wires his trustee to furnish the money. As to how this is to be done his client takes no concern so long as the money is promptly produced.

Occasionally a curious question of ethics is involved, and conscience walks into the cunning trap. Not long ago old R——'s scandalous heir, Archie, cabled me from Siam that thirty thousand dollars was required to finish the theater for Marischina, or some such luscious name; would I raise it? So long as Archie got the money, he would ask no questions. The object was reprehensible. I knew of half a dozen languishing philanthropies that sum would put on a sound footing. Why should not some portion of Archie's surplus that he was squandering so merrily be diverted in such directions? It seemed almost a moral duty. Thus I argued, going into the private place where such private stuff is kept.

Now, I contend that the tenderest infant has no right to make such an assault upon the integrity of mortal man. How much less the idle, ease-loving man of wealth, who wants only some frivolous, but expensive toy? When the *débâcle* comes, in my opinion those whom the world chooses to regard as victims should receive merited punishment for that indifference and infantile confidence which make the betrayal of trusts possible. But they do not share the ignominy. On the contrary, they turn up in court for the prosecution in all their paraphernalia of woe and innocence. At this spectacle an emotional jury and a judge (who is doubtless a father himself, with savings from his hard days' work) gaze reproachfully at the ensnared one, and, such is justice, the criminal indifference that has immeshed him goes scot-free, and he is punished.

Do you suspect why I am thus unburdening myself? I have feared you were intending to make me trustee of your estate when you ceased administering it. Joe, this is my warning: if you do, I will cheat your heirs. The crushed worm will turn.

Otherwise, yours ever,

John Franklin.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

AFTER-DINNER STORIES

ANECDOTES OF PRESIDENT CLEVELAND

Addendum to the paper by Colonel Hilary A. Herbert. See page 740.

MR. CLEVELAND was absolutely void of affectation, and had nothing in his manner to distinguish him unnecessarily from another. As he stood one morning in his crowded room despatching business with callers, a senator, bringing up an applicant for office, said, without mentioning the President's name or title, "This is Mr. B——."

"Well, Senator," said Mr. B——, extending his hand for a shake, "what is your friend's name?" Mr. B—— was somewhat uncomfortable when the explanation came.

But Mr. Cleveland was never wanting in authority. When Secretary L. Q. C. Lamar came out of the first cabinet meeting held during Mr. Cleveland's first administration, he said to his colleagues, "Well, gentlemen, this committee has got a chairman." His second cabinet reached a like conclusion.

During his first administration Mr. Cleveland, disliking a certain portrait of himself painted at that time, had it relegated to the garret. President Harrison caused it to be brought down. In his second term Mr. Cleveland spoke jocularly of the portrait, and asked Tom Reed if he did not think that one who had twice been elected President was entitled to have two portraits. "Well, y-e-s," said Reed, in his well-known drawl, "if he has grown any handsomer."

Mr. Cleveland recognized the dignity of his position as the head of a great nation. Public functions must be conducted with due decorum, but the domestic life of the President was to him a thing apart from his office. He never would consent to have Mrs. Cleveland's picture left as a part of the White House belongings. His wife and children were his own, not the property of the public.

Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland, unwilling to have their children kissed by visitors and exploited by reporters, kept them secluded. The result was that cruel stories were widely circulated in the press about imaginary defects of the children. These and similar reports were in full tide during the Christmas holidays of 1894. Ruth, the eldest, was then about three years old. There was a joyful Christmas at the White House, and General John M. Wilson, who during both administrations was Mr. Cleveland's aide, describes an incident of the day as the most touching scene he ever witnessed—Ruth, in holiday attire, under a beautiful Christmas tree, repeating the Psalm beginning, "The Lord is my shepherd," and at its conclusion Mr. Cleveland taking the child up into his strong arms and kissing her, while tears were raining down his cheeks. This was the man whose heart the world then thought was adamant!

A FABLE FOR OFFICE-SEEKERS

WHO can forget the tragic and anxious summer of 1881, when the illness of President Garfield pervaded everything, occupying the thoughts of everybody from day to day? The history of that heroic illness never has been fully told, but when it is it will be seen that its serious aspect was lightened for the stricken President by many gleams of humor. One incident of this sort is made appropriate at the present time by the impending change of Presidents.

It seems that in the convention of 1880, which nominated General Garfield, early and valuable reinforcement to his unexpected candidacy was furnished by a certain delegation headed by, let us say, a politician whom, for the purpose of this anecdote, we shall call the Honorable Billy Jones, a man of strong qualities and character. This gentleman was sincerely impressed with the fundamental importance of his own action in the nomination of General Garfield. Immediately after that event he made his conviction clear; and from that day until the inauguration he made no secret of the value of his service and of his expectation of an adequate return from the President-elect. His first demand was for a portfolio in the cabinet, and this was made very early after the election. In due course of time he was informed that there were not enough appointments of that class to go round. His ambition was then directed to a foreign mission of the first class. Unfortunately, the demand for these opportunities to serve the country was also greater than the supply, and before long he felt that he must be content with a mission of the second class. However, there were many

others who felt that the administration owed them a living by reason of their unselfish activity for the public good; and at last, after the Honorable Billy had haunted the White House and made things uncomfortable for the President until his persistency had become proverbial among the White House staff, a diplomatic appointment in a rather remote region was offered to him, which, it is said, he declined.

During the illness of President Garfield at the White House, on a certain oppressive summer day, Colonel Rockwell, his devoted friend and constant attendant who was with him, was called away from his bedside for a short time. While he was gone, the helpless President was attacked by a large and persistent fly which buzzed first in one ear, and, being shaken off, then assailed the other, and, being dislodged from that position in turn, attacked the patient's eyes and nose until he was almost in despair, for at that time he was unable to raise his hands in his defense. It was with his old-time cheerful smile that he greeted his returning friend and said: "Oh, Rockwell, how glad I am you 've come back! I 've been pestered by a Billy Jones of a fly."

AT THE THEATER—A LULLABY

BY DEEMS TAYLOR

SLEEP, little foot, beneath my chair;
Father will guard thee with loving care.
The back of the seat in front of me
Is closer, much, than it ought to be.
My legs are cramped, and I 'm rather ill,
I dare not move, and I can't sit still;
So, sleep, sleep,
Sleep, little foot, sleep on!

Sleep, little foot, whate'er betide;
Mother is close at thy starboard side.
By and by, when they 've solved the plot,
Mother will rise, but Papa will not.
He 'll rub and stamp, while the air turns blue;
But a trifle like that won't bother *you*.
You 'll sleep, sleep,
Sleep, little foot, sleep on!

Drawn by J. R. Shaver

"WE ARE SEVEN"

NEIGHBOR: Well! Mary Ann, I hear there 's a new baby at your house.
ELDEST OF SEVEN: Yep—just our luck!

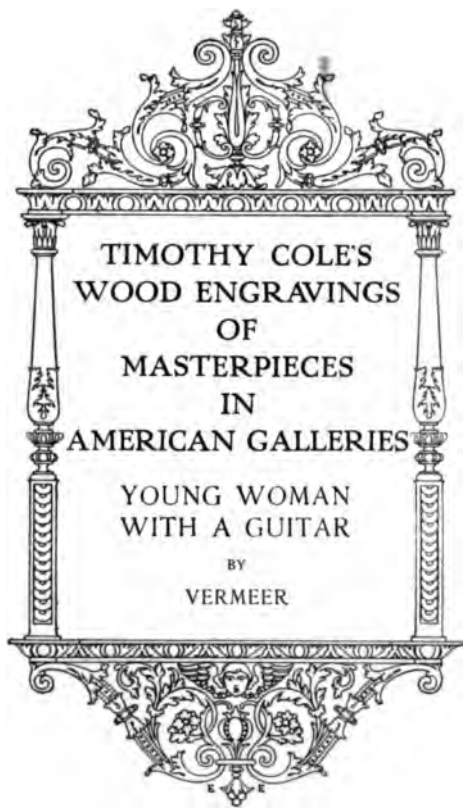
LIMERICK

TEXT AND PICTURE BY OLIVER HERFORD

THE MENDACIOUS MOLE

Said the mole: "You would never suppose
How far back my family goes.
The first of my name
From Normandy came
On William the Conqueror's nose."

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK


TIMOTHY COLE'S
WOOD ENGRAVINGS
OF
MASTERPIECES
IN
AMERICAN GALLERIES
YOUNG WOMAN
WITH A GUITAR
BY
VERMEER

Owned by Mr. John G. Johnston

YOUNG WOMAN WITH A GUITAR. BY VERMEER

(TIMOTHY COLE'S WOOD ENGRAVINGS OF MASTERPIECES IN AMERICAN GALLERIES)

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

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THE POST-IMPRESSIONIST ILLUSION

BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ

WITH REPRODUCTIONS OF EXAMPLES BY "CUBISTS," "FUTURISTS," AND OTHERS

IT is said that when the former President of the French Republic, M. Fallières, went to the opening of the autumn Salon of 1912, he looked long at the paintings of the Cubists and Futurists. "Charming!" he murmured to the Under-Secretary for Fine Arts, who stood at his elbow, and then he added anxiously, "But you won't have to buy any for the state galleries, will you?" I know perfectly well how that anecdote must have been received whenever it was repeated in Post-Impressionist circles. "Oh, Fallières! But he was always a bourgeois, anyway." It so happened, however, that the solicitude of the French functionary has been shared by all kinds of people, including some quite competent artists; and I note this fact at the outset because the confusion in which the whole subject of Post-Impressionism has been enveloped has been rendered worse confounded by much foolish recrimination.[1]

The Post-Impressionists themselves have not made most of the noise. This has been developed largely in print, and the hierophants of the "movement," which as I shall presently endeavor to show, is not, strictly speaking, a movement at all, have made tremendous play with one of the favorite devices of those who traffic in the freakish things of art and letters. "Behold this masterpiece!" they say. "What! you see nothing in it? You find it ugly? Well, well, what a besotted idea of beauty you must have! Repose yourself before this canvas. It is saturated in beauty. You do not see it because you have the Philistine eye; but with patience and reverent study you may hope to unlock the secret of our great man." And so on, with many a delicate suggestion of compassionate good will. It is an old trick. The playgoer who does not like dirty plays is denounced as a prude; the

[1] In justice to the Association of American Painters and Sculptors, whose huge exhibition of Post-Impressionist and other "Independent" types is impending in New York as I write, I am glad to note that the proceedings of that body have been absolutely disinterested, their sole purpose being to give the public an opportunity to see and judge for itself.

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A BALL AT ARLES

FROM THE PAINTING BY VINCENT VAN GOGH

music-lover who resents cacophony is told he is a pedant; and in all these matters the final crushing blow administered to the man of discrimination is the ascription to him of a hidebound prejudice against things that are new because they are new. If he declines to be convinced of this, he is reminded triumphantly that all revolutionaries in the domain of thought, from Galileo and Columbus to Wagner and Manet, have been for a time persecuted and derided. *Ergo,* since the Post-Impressionists have provoked a vast amount of scornful mirth, they are necessarily great men.

It is not my purpose to laugh at them, nor do I wish to swell the flood of recrimination of which I have spoken. In the foregoing remarks I have sought merely to clear the ground of the cant which often encumbers it. Let us look at Post-Impressionism for what it is, regardless alike of its acolytes and its equally furious opponents. I said just now that it was *not a movement* at all. A movement, I take it, represents in art, at all events, what men do when they are pretty closely allied by strong sympathies and by fidelity to a body of principles susceptible of some sort of definition. Such a group need not be wedded to a formula, but it cannot well avoid subscribing to a fairly definable scheme of ideas. Now, the best light that I have been able to extract from the vast welter of pronouncements made in and about the Post-Impressionist world lies in a saying of Emile Bernard, the intimate of Vincent van Gogh and, for a time, of Paul Gauguin. Bernard, himself a Post-Impressionist, modified to some extent by study of the old Venetian masters, has not only painted pictures, woven tapestries, and made architectural designs, but has written both poetry and prose. He published for about five years a periodical of his own, called "La Rénovation Esthétique," and it bore this device: "There is neither ancient art nor modern art. There is art, which is to say the manifestation of the eternal ideal." Could

anything be more comprehensive—or more vague? However, we must find out what the Post-Impressionists are driving at, and before we turn to the only conclusive documents in the case, namely, the works they have produced, I may pass over a sea of ecstatic but muddled exposition and cite from Mr. Roger Fry, an English critic who has done much to further the propaganda in London, these not unhelpful words:

> All art depends upon cutting off the practical responses to sensations of ordinary life, thereby setting free a pure, and, as it were, disembodied function of the spirit; but, so far as the artist relies on the associated ideas of the objects which he represents, his work is not completely free and pure, since romantic associations imply at least an imagined practical activity.

There is a touch of mumbo-jumbo here, but there is a little aid in the passage, as I have said, inasmuch as it points to a queer kind of symbolism lurking at the bottom of the Post-Impressionist hypothesis. It is, I frankly confess, a difficult, if not an impossible, task to explain that hypothesis in terms that will be acceptable to the zealots, who, moreover, have always the easy retort that one has not understood their sublime mystery. But I must take the risk and state what, after careful study, I have gathered to be the Post-Impressionist aim. It is to eschew such approximately accurate representation of things seen as has been hitherto pursued by painters of all schools, and to cover the canvas with an arrangement of line and color symbolizing the very essence of the object or scene attacked. For some occult reason it is assumed that a portrait or picture painted according to the familiar grammar of art, understood of all men, is clogged with irrelevant matter. The great masters of the past, to be sure, are not invalidated, and they need not be sent to the lumber-room; but their day is done, and with the Post-Impressionists we must slough off a quantity of played-out conventions before we can enter the promised land.

The temptation to go deeper into the

"LAUGHTER." A FUTURIST IMPRESSION OF A RESTAURANT SCENE

FROM THE PAINTING BY UMBERTO BOCCIONI

From a photograph owned by Alfred Stieglitz

LANDSCAPE

FROM THE PAINTING BY PAUL CÉZANNE

metaphysics of the subject is not, I admit, very strong, for I do not like to chew sawdust, nor do I enjoy going down into a cellar at midnight without a candle to look for a black cat that is n't there, as the metaphysician, according to the witty Lord Bowen, is so often wont to go. And I have the best of reasons for refusing thus to weary either the reader or myself. The cat, I maintain, is not there. That is the nubbin of the whole argument. Post-Impressionism as a movement, as a ponderable theory, is, like the cat, an illusion. The portentous things we hear about it are not the adumbrations of an intelligible and precious truth, but are mere ex-parte *assertions. This,* I may be told, is itself *no more than an* assertion; but I do not offer it without the support of facts, and with these I am well supplied by the Post-Impressionists themselves.

To do them justice, I cannot discover that the "onlie begetters" of this curious affair in modern painting have bragged overmuch about harboring an authentic feline in their cellar. Mark how the present misunderstanding all began with the late Paul Cézanne, who was born in 1839, the son of a Provençal banker. Duret tells about him in his book on Manet and the French Impressionists: how when he came up to Paris he fell into the arms of Zola; how he oscillated between Romanticism and Impressionism; and how, being a man of means, a comfortable bourgeois, he spent his life painting to please himself. He was an industrious man and covered many canvases. Light interested him, but he cared most for color. His style was rough to the point of brutality. Sometimes the object is clearly and handsomely realized in his work. More often it is lost in an obscurity of coarse, unlovely pigment. He is one of those types who convey the impression that they are feeling their way toward something large and beautiful, but never have fully mastered a sound technical method. Looking at Cézanne quietly and disinterestedly, one would recognize in him a rather crochety man of talent, many of whose pictures should have been discarded as crude attempts. About none of them, good or bad, is there really any esoteric mystery. The mystery lies in the fuss that has been made over them, as over the tablets of a new evangel. Cézanne was simply an off-

STILL-LIFE
FROM THE PAINTING BY DERAIN

shoot of the Impressionist School that we know, who never quite learned his trade, and accordingly, in his dealings with landscape, still-life, and the figure, was not unaccustomed to paint nonsense. Nothing here to explain the Post-Impressionist furore. But Cézanne, the link between Impressionism and Post-Impressionism, does, through his complacency, give us some suggestion of the egotism and self-indulgence which were presently to set the Post-Impressionist ball rolling in good earnest.

These are the days of impossible beliefs, but not of lost causes, and the first belief engendered in the Post-Impressionist is an immeasurable belief in himself. What chiefly impresses me about him as a type is his conviction that what he chooses to do in art is right because he chooses to do it. This egotism is doubtless compatible with some engaging qualities. I have read the volume of letters written by Van Gogh to his friend Bernard, and I have read the latter's introductory pages. It is plain that these two were full of a candid enthusiasm for painting, keenly interested in the masters, ancient and modern, and ardently desirous of solving technical problems. But of each it may also be said that he had "too much ego in his cosmos," and in the case of Van Gogh, the result was disastrous. He, too, like Cézanne, made his lucky hits. Passionately in love with color, and groping toward an effective use of it in the expression of truth, he gives you occasionally in his thick impasto a gleam of sensuously beautiful tone. But as he grew more and more absorbed in himself, which is to say more and more indifferent to the artistic lessons of the centuries, his pictures receded further and further from the representation of nature, and fulfilled instead an arbitrary, capricious conception of art. The laws of perspective are strained. Landscape and other natural forms are set awry. So simple an object as a jug containing some flowers is drawn with the uncouthness of the immature, even childish, executant. From the point of view of the Post-Impressionist prophet, all this may be referred to inventive genius beating out a new artistic language. I submit that it is explained rather by incompetence suffused with egotism. The man was unbalanced. Once, when

From a photograph owned by Alfred Stieglitz

STUDY IN BRONZE.
BY HENRI MATISSE

Courtesy of "Camera Work"

A SPANISH VILLAGE

FROM THE DRAWING BY PABLO PICASSO

he was staying at Arles, a girl of his acquaintance received from him a packet which she opened, expecting it to reveal a welcome present. She found that it contained one of the painter's ears, which he had that morning cut off with his razor. The incident is too horrible, intrinsically and in its suggestion of the most tragic of human ills, to be lightly employed for purposes of argument. Nevertheless, it is legitimate to affirm that the hero of this anecdote, who spent some time in an asylum and ultimately committed suicide, was unlikely to think straight. That has been the trouble with all the Post-Impressionists. They have not thought straight.

The thinking they have done, and they have done much, has been invertebrate and confusing. Steadily, too, it has led them to produce work not only incompetent, but grotesque. It has led them from complacency to what I can only describe as insolence. If these seem hard words, let me recall an incident of the Post-Impressionist exhibition in London two years ago. Mr. Roger Fry, writing in defense of the project, cited various persons who were in sympathy with it, and named among them Mr. John S. Sargent. In the course of a letter to the London "Nation" that distinguished painter said: "Mr. Fry may have been told —and have believed—that the sight of those paintings had made me a convert to his faith in them. The fact is that *I am absolutely skeptical as to their having any claim whatever to being works of art,* with the exception of some of the pictures by Gauguin that strike me as admirable in color, and in color only." The italics are mine, and I hope I may be pardoned for using them, for it is important, I think, that the testimony in this case of a master like Sargent should not be overlooked. There is another great

DECORATION

FROM THE PAINTING BY PAUL GAUGUIN

painter to whom I like here to refer, the late John La Farge. In a letter of his which I have printed elsewhere—a letter to Mr. Henry Adams, he speaks of "that wild Frenchman—I should say stupid Frenchman. I mean Gauguin." He was, I know, interested in the painter, partly because Gauguin had been, like himself, in the South Seas. In this letter he speaks of the Frenchman's "wild" ways there, and adds, "All that seemed natural enough, stupid enough; and yet there was something of the man who has found something." Yes, Gauguin "found something." We have seen Sargent glancing in friendly wise at his color. But La Farge, like Sargent, knew how to distinguish, and he goes on to speak of "the peculiar shows which some of those good people indulge in," and dismisses the "tedious subject" with the remark, "They are driven to do something to attract attention, even their own attention."

SHEEP GOING TO GRAZE
FROM THE PAINTING BY AUGUSTE CHABAUD

It was not so with Cézanne, nor was it so with poor, tormented Vincent van Gogh. But Gauguin, with his raucous South-Sea nudes and the later, more "symbolical," products of his brush, is not undeserving of La Farge's caustic and perhaps cynical comment. As for Matisse, and Picasso the Spaniard, with whom the more pronounced humors of Post-Impressionism come into view, their entanglement in the eccentricities of a kind of Barnumism is visible at a glance. These gentlemen have their predilections. Gauguin, whose imagination was touched by the noble bronze figures of the models he found in Tahiti and by the glow in their tropical background, has been all for form

MARBLE BUST
BY BRANCUSI

FRAGMENT OF A "CUBISTE" FAÇADE
FROM THE PAINTING BY DUCHAMP-VILLON

"grandly" and symbolically treated. Matisse has a kindred *flair*. In painting and sculpture he treats the nude with some particular resolution, so his high priests say, to get out of it beauty of line and rhythm. In rhythm, I am told, he is very strong. George Eliot speaks in one of her novels of the credulity in a guard which permits an interloper to get past him on the flimsiest pretexts, and she adds, "There are some men so stupid that if you say, 'I am a buffalo,' they will let you pass." I have thought of this when I have gone hunting for the line and rhythm of Matisse, and have marveled at those critics who have, so to say, let them pass. It is, I believe, a matter of history that he has learned how to draw. But whatever *his ability may* be, it is swamped in the *contortions of his* misshapen figures. The fact is that real genius in these matters will out. Degas, who has been all his life a disciple of Ingres, uses a magic of draftsmanship akin to that of his idol, though the style and spirit of his work are wholly his own. If Matisse were the demigod he is assumed to be, there would be at least some hints of an Olympian quality breathed through his *gauche* puerilities. Picasso, too, the great panjandrum of the Cubist tabernacle, is credited with profound gifts. Why does he not use them? And why must we sit patient, if not with awe-struck and grateful submissiveness, before a portrait or a picture seemingly representing a grotesque object made of children's blocks cut up and fitted together? This is not a movement, a principle. It is unadulterated "cheek."

From a photograph owned by Alfred Stieglitz

A PORTRAIT

FROM THE PAINTING BY HENRI MATISSE

Last winter in Paris I saw the exhibi-

tion made by the Italian Futurists at the Bernheim-Jeune gallery. I had long before been prepared in a measure for this experience by a wild and whirling "manifesto" sent out from Milan. But the most violent propositions of Signor Boccioni were surpassed by the phantasmagorias I was at last privileged to see for myself. These painters—and again I protest that I cannot answer for the correctness of my report of their program, for one cannot dissect a catharine-wheel in motion—appear to have got it into their heads that they could liquefy a subject in a picture into its emotional constituents. (The repetition of this phrase three times, by moonlight, may help the reader a little.) The Bernheim-Jeune gallery was thronged every day with people who came to see how the trick was done. What they saw was a series of canvases bearing intelligible titles, but otherwise resembling patchworks of color. In the strange mosaic of crude reds, blues, yellows, and so on, one could make out part of a head, the smoke-stack of a locomotive, a man's hand and cuff, the legs of a table, or something that might have been a flower or a fruit. One of the pictures—one of Boccioni's own, was called "Laughter," and in it there was something that, for a Futurist, made a fairly credible head; but the rest was chaos.

From a photograph owned by Alfred Stieglitz

FLOWERS AND ORANGES

FROM THE PAINTING BY VINCENT VAN GOGH

The name of these "revolutionaries" is legion, and many of them have their distinctive absurdities, but they are all united on one point.

Post-Impressionist, Cubist, or Futurist, however they may be designated, their cue is to turn the world upside down. One

interesting outcome of their common foible is a curious family likeness running through their productions. That sterling painter, beloved of painters, the Belgian Alfred Stevens, once asked a dryly satirical question. "Why," he said, "have those persons who imagine they invented Impressionism nearly all the same impression before Nature? It seems to me that it should be the contrary."

The reflection may justly be applied to Post-Impressionism and the allied aberrations of contemporary painting.

Gauguin and Bernard quarreled as to who "got there first." But the point is negligible, for if the whole dreary business *is deficient in* anything, it is deficient in ***individuality.***

I make no excuse for ignoring a multitude of names in this brief survey. Why dwell upon names that mean nothing?

It is the dull sterility of this so-called "movement" that offers the chief point of attack for those who resent its intrusion into the field of art. Let the Post-Impressionists and their loquacious friends wax eloquent among themselves as to what constitutes beauty and what they may mean by the theories through which they assume to develop its secret. Their debatings are worthless so long as they go on producing flatly impossible pictures and statues. The oracular assertion that the statues and the pictures are beautiful and great is merely so much impudence and "bounce."

SYMBOLICAL FIGURE

FROM THE PAINTING BY ODILON REDON

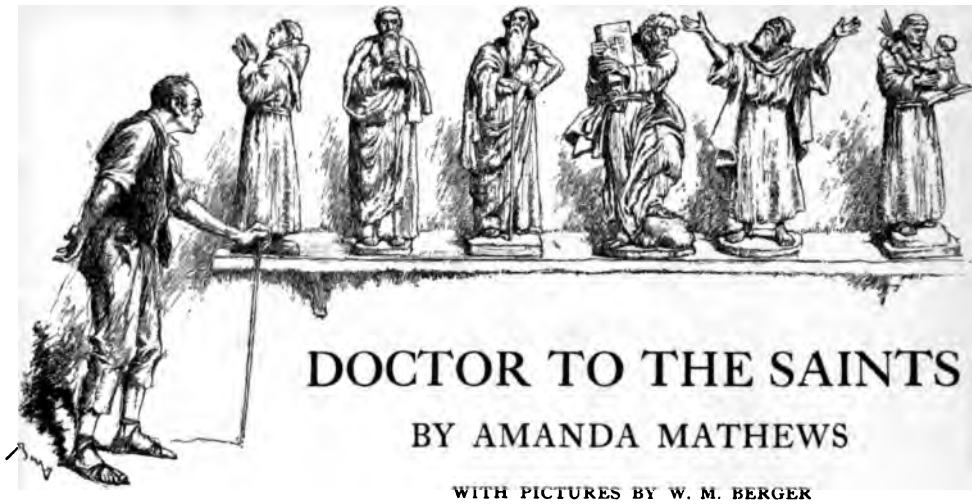
It is, after all, a little cool for ill-equipped experimenters to take themselves so seriously. The dabster in music or the drama or literature is usually expected to acquire some proficiency in his medium before he undertakes to speak out. By some mysterious dispensation, which no one yet has accounted for, the artist, and especially the painter, is early let loose upon the world, whether he has acquired a decent training or not.

Here, from the incomplete, halting methods of Cézanne, there has flowed out of Paris into Germany, Russia, England, and to some slight extent the United States, a gospel of stupid license and self-assertion which would have been swept into the rubbish-heap were it not for the timidity of our mental habit. When the stuff is rebuked as it should be, the Post-Impressionist impresarios and fuglemen insolently proffer us a farrago of super-subtle rhetoric. The farce will end when people look at Post-Impressionist pictures as Mr. Sargent looked at those shown in London, "absolutely skeptical as to their having any claim whatever to being works of art."

From a photograph owned by Alfred Stieglitz

PORTRAIT OF A MAN

FROM A DRAWING BY PABLO PICASSO



DOCTOR TO THE SAINTS

BY AMANDA MATHEWS

WITH PICTURES BY W. M. BERGER

IT was that hour in the afternoon when the shadow of the cross surmounting a certain ancient California mission fell just within the door of José's workshop. Which mission? It is only the withholding of its name that permits this tale to be told; otherwise it would cause great mischief.

José was the old Mexican mender of church images. His shop and the single living-room behind it were the only habitable parts remaining of a dissolving adobe dwelling. In each corner of the workshop stood a battered wooden saint. These lacked certain members,—feet, arms, and even a head,—which were suspended from spikes about the walls. Across the upper panel of the open door was neatly chiseled out the professional sign,

DOCTOR DE LOS SANTOS

The "Doctor to the Saints" was himself the type of lean, burning-eyed ascetic, suggestive of canonization. His long, yellow hands had the artist trick of caressing whatever they held, even the despised round to the mahogany chair he was repairing. An ancient walnut table, the top of which perked drunkenly away from its supporting solid pedestal, was evidently there for the same purpose.

"*Buenas tardes,* doctor to tables and chairs," mocked Pedro, the sacristan, as his shuffling old feet avoided stepping on the shadow of the cross when he entered and took his seat upon a bench.

The image-mender turned on him angrily, good friends though they were.

"Thou knowest, Pedro, there is no longer a living in the relics. Thou knowest I repair these for love alone." His gesture embraced the shabby images in their corners.

"The mouth is a hard master," intoned the sacristan.

"Such a time as we have fallen on!" blazed José. "Let the saints get a trifle behind the fashion and, *p'ff!* they are thrown away like ladies' bonnets."

The sacristan acquiesced with his whole aged, trembling body.

"Not many wooden saints left now in the missions. I heard the padre talking only yesterday to a visiting father, and the next to go will be your patron, San José."

"No, no! Don't tell me! Not San José! My San José!" In his agitation the chair round slipped to the floor. "Why, he was carved by my own grandfather out of blessed *enebro* wood, which cuts like soap, and his beautiful robe of figured silk, as stiff as oak-bark, and his good hands holding his lily—"

"The padre said something about a new statue of San José."

"One of those graven plaster abominations! Their beauty I admit, but how can one pin a silver *milagro* to their hardness? How can one pray to their splendor?"

"But the little new padre"—Pedro wagged a mournful head—"he says we should never pray to the saint of wood, but keep our thoughts on the Blessed Virgin."

"How does the padre expect a wretched

sinner like myself to ask the intercession of the Blessed Virgin? Would it not be better to beg Santa Ana to beseech the Mother of God in my behalf? No, for my humble worth falls short of Santa Ana. How, then, if I entreat San José to entreat Santa Ana to entreat the Virgin? Will San José hear my insignificant prayer among all those surging up from the whole world? But in the church stands my friendly little patron, San José. What is he but a sort of godson to the shining one up yonder? Nor does he forget the fine work I did last year on his foot. So little San José listens to my prayer; the church is still, and nothing disturbs us. Then he knows just the proper moment to slip it into the ear of big San José up there. But now he will be thrust out of the church—he was carved by my grandfather—"

"Whose furniture?" inquired Pedro, sympathetic, but anxious to close for the time the vials of José's bitter grievance.

"The chair belongs to Don Ignacio and the table to Don Roberto."

Drawn by W. M. Berger

"THE IMAGE-MENDER TURNED ON HIM ANGRILY"

Drawn by W. M. Berger

"'THE SAINT BROUGHT HIS ARMS SLOWLY UP AND FORWARD UNTIL HIS LILY BENT OVER AND RESTED ON THE GIRL'S BLACK HAIR'"

"It 's a wonder those two objects don't demolish each other in the night," chuckled the old sacristan. "Think of all the things their masters find to quarrel about—land-titles and water-rights, boundary-lines, and broken fences! And each with a crowd of poorer Mexicans at his back; it is like a war between kings."

"And both with large families, who *have grown* up and married without a child of one family having ever spoken to a child of the other," supplemented the wood-carver, absently. He wished his visitor would leave so he could sound the depths of his own woe in regard to San José. The sacristan had no such intention until he had emptied his budget of gossip.

"That is true no longer. Thou knowest there is only left to Don Roberto unmarried his youngest son, and to Don Ig-

nacio his youngest daughter. Thou knowest how it goes with the youngest of a large family: that one is ever kept the baby and indulged beyond all limit. The only thing such a petted creature wants is the thing it cannot have; so it is entirely natural these children should want each other and fall most violently in love."

"Do the dons know?"

"They caught them passing letters through a cactus hedge, and that was the time those youngsters discovered they had strict parents instead of just devoted handers-out of gifts. It is told about that they have obediently given each other up, but that is n't according to nature. I feel sure there is more to happen."

When Pedro returned to his duties, the sun was quite down, for projecting the mission cross on José's workshop floor was its final task.

José ceased whittling the mahogany round, which he had picked up and resumed work on during the conversation about the rival dons. He spoke aloud, as was his solitary habit:

"That little new padre has keen eyes. Perhaps he knows about the crack in my San José's poor neck, which I discovered only yesterday. If I could cure that, it might make a difference. The church will now be empty; not much light, to be sure, but Pedro says my fingers have eyes."

Instead of entering the church through the sacristy as usual, he went to the great carved front doorway. At that moment he had no idea of secrecy from Pedro. He only wanted to be alone with his lifelong *patroncito*.

San José stood in a sort of recess halfway between door and altar. José removed his shoes, concealing them decorously beneath a bench, and stepped up to where he could get a foothold on the saint's pedestal, and behind him.

He loosened the silk robe at the back, fixing it carefully so that no disarrangement was visible from the front, and, besides, there was much less light within the church than without. Tenderly he began to treat the edges of the crack with a sharp knife and to fill it with healing putty.

The Doctor to the Saints was too intent on this sacred surgery to note the quick clattering of horses' hoofs on the paving-stones without. Over his shoulder he caught a glimpse of the distracted Mexican Romeo and Juliet before he quieted his knife and crouched out of sight. The couple hurried through the church. Pedro met them at the sacristy door.

"The padre!" demanded the olive-skinned Romeo. "The padre to marry us instantly!"

"We went to his house," breathlessly interpolated Juliet; "the housekeeper said he would be here."

"He came here, but he was called to a death-bed 'way down the valley."

The runaways stared at each other aghast.

"Are you the children of Don Roberto and Don Ignacio?"

They nodded, glancing nervously at the door by which they had entered.

"Reckless, foolish young things!" Pedro admonished. " 'Honor thy father and thy mother!' Both of you handsome as pear-trees. They say your fathers are very devils for temper. I loved a girl once, Señor, with just the big, brown eyes and little chin of your lady here; and all said I was not the ugliest man of my time—"

"But the padre—what shall we do?" broke in the youth.

"They 'll miss us, and then—" The girl's eyes dilated with dread—"They 're coming! They 're coming!"

"They sha'n't hurt you," Romeo declared, drawing her closer.

"But you—you!" wailed Juliet. "They 'll kill you; that 's what they said—"

The old sacristan helplessly shook, and muttered disjointed prayers. They heard a louder clattering of hoofs outside. Don Roberto and two older sons had ridden up just as Don Ignacio arrived with five of his laborers.

The two dons rushed into the church together, which was unquestionably the first time they had ever done anything in unison during the whole course of their lives. The rest followed their leaders. In the dusk, the image-mender ventured another look.

The girl screamed, and ran to the feet of San José, fairly dragging her gallant with her. She threw herself on her knees, entreating: "Save us, San José! Dear San José! Oh! the candles I will burn! Save us! Save us!"

The young man would not kneel. He faced the furious parents; not a word of entreaty out of him.

The two dons paused a moment, staring, too; but that would not have lasted long if San José had not got in his miracle. All plainly witnessed that, with audible creaks, the saint brought his arms slowly up and forward until his lily bent over and rested upon the girl's black hair as she knelt at his feet.

"A miracle! a miracle!" cried the old sacristan, falling on his knees and bowing his head to the floor.

"*Por Dios!* a miracle!" exclaimed the five laborers, and down on their knees they dropped.

"A miracle!" murmured the sons of Don Roberto, and down they went also.

The lover turned to the saint to see what it was all about, and then in awe-struck reverence he knelt beside the girl, with his arms about her and the lily sheltering both.

That left only the two angry fathers standing fiercely erect. The old men stared and stared at their followers and their children and the saint, and finally their looks met.

"It is the will of God," they exclaimed at the same instant, and rushing together, they embraced as though their friendship were as old as their hate.

José waited until all had departed in the greatest affection and accord to prepare the wedding-feast before he came out from behind the saint and resumed his shoes. His heart was doing a *danza*. Of course the padre would hear of the miracle; the whole country would ring with it. Now his *patroncito* would be safe for another hundred years. His silk robe would be hung thick with silver milagros as of old; the devout would travel up and down California to pray at his feet.

José walked out confidently by the carved front door. To his intense dismay, he encountered the sacristan on the steps, listening to the final hoof-beats dying away down the road. In ferreting out and piecing together what any one wished to conceal, Pedro's faculties were as nimble as his rheumatic limbs were stiff.

José pushed by without waiting to be questioned, and entered his house with hanging head. Pedro shambled after, and sat down again on the bench. The host lighted a candle, which shone on his guest's senile grin.

"When I was down on my knees," observed Pedro, "I saw your shoes under the bench."

"Pedro," cried José, "I was working there at his cracked neck when it all happened. My San José said to me just as though he commanded it aloud, 'Lift up my arms!' His robe was already loose, and I slipped my hands inside his sleeves. After a saint has held his arms in one way almost a hundred years, if he chooses to command me, his servant, to lift them for him instead of doing it himself, what of that? It is a miracle, a true miracle, worked by my blessed San José."

Pedro, doddering old talebearer that he was, had his scrap of code regarding voluntary disclosures. He arose and embraced his companion with acquiescent enthusiasm.

"It is a miracle," he cried, "and I shall not tell the padre you lifted the saint's arms, because the padre is only a young priest; there are things which are still dark to him. Here, friend, don't salute the breath out of me!" He released himself from José's enthusiastic clasp, and ambled away into the dusk.

José gathered up his tools in a glow of religious fervor. His San José had worked the happiness of the lovers, healed a feud, and accomplished his own salvation from banishment. And he, the Doctor to the Saints, had been the one selected from all the children of men to participate in the miracle. Thus did his simple faith read the incident.

Perhaps José is right. Let us not be overwise.

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF EUROPEAN POLITICS

BY ANDRÉ TARDIEU [1]

EUROPE seen from New York through abundant and often contradictory telegrams must produce a curious impression of disorder.

The East takes fire. A victorious war puts in the hands of the Balkan States—Bulgaria, Servia, Greece, and Montenegro—all but the totality of Turkey's possessions in Europe. An armistice is signed. Peace negotiations between the belligerents begin in London. By the time this article appears, the negotiations will have been terminated by an agreement or by a rupture, but by which is not now sure. A parallel conference in England, composed of ambassadors accredited by the great Powers, is working out a coördination of the views of Europe on the settling of the crisis. Such summarily are the outward elements of the situation.

It is the inward elements of this situation that THE CENTURY has asked me to state precisely for its readers. The events that I have recalled bring upon the stage a certain number of actors, the European Powers. What is the aim of each of these Powers? What are the means at their disposal? What is the exact place they occupy on the international chessboard? At what stage of the game are we? Looking on at the play, can we foresee the outcome of the game and say, as chess journals do, "White plays and wins"?

It is a complicated question. To answer it with precision, let us resolve it into its simple elements.

ALLIANCES AND ENTENTES

THERE was a time when the best method to follow in such an analysis would have been to study separately each of the great Powers. That time is past. A close network of alliances and ententes has for twenty years been extending itself over Europe, and has determined its division into groups.

Alliances imply political and military engagements of a general character. Ententes have for their object either to establish special coöperation on a given point or to associate two policies without, however, binding each to the other by the military clauses that constitute alliances. To get an idea of the interlacing of interests which these two kinds of associations have caused in Europe, go through the list of treaties, conventions, and agreements actually in force and ruling European Powers. You will find there are not fewer than eleven:

1878 Austro-German Alliance.
1882 Triple Alliance resulting from Italy adhering to the Austro-German understanding.
1886 Anglo-Italian Entente relating to the Mediterranean.
1891 Franco-Russian Alliance.
1897 Austro-Italian Entente relating to the Balkans.
1900 Franco-Italian Entente relating to the Mediterranean.
1902 Anglo-Japanese Alliance.
1904 Anglo-French Entente relating to Morocco and Egypt.
1907 Anglo-Russian Entente relating to Asia..
1909 Italo-Russian Entente relating to the Balkans.
1912 Balkan Alliance between Bulgaria, Servia, Greece, and Montenegro.

This is the present framework of European politics. How does the picture show inside the frame?

TRIPLE ALLIANCE

THE Triple Alliance is the oldest of European alliances. It was formed by Germany to consolidate diplomatically the

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military successes she had won in 1870 and so to secure the diplomatic mastery of Europe. But the crisis of 1912 is far from finding the Triple Alliance in the state where it was thirty years ago, just after it was constituted.

Its first modification was the result of events that supervened quite outside the triplicity. In 1882 there was only one alliance in Europe. Since 1891 there have been two. Since 1892 there have been three. Since 1904 and 1907 these alliances have been completed by ententes which, while not the same as alliances, have some of their leading characteristics.

France and Russia are allied. England and Japan are allied. France and England on the one hand, Russia and England on the other, have drawn near to one another in conditions such that their policies have a solidarity in peace and very probably would have it in war.

The Franco-Russo-English group constitutes the Triple Entente. Prince von Bülow once said to me, "Triple Alliance and Triple Entente are the pillars of European equilibrium." Such equilibrium is itself the basis of peace, which is no longer the result of the overwhelming superiority of a single alliance set up in a divided Europe, but of the equal distribution of European forces between two alliances nearly equivalent and counterbalancing each other.

The second modification to change the character of the Triple Alliance is the result of relations engaged in by one of its members—Italy—with Powers outside the alliance. These relations had their origin in Germany's refusal in 1881 to guarantee the Mediterranean interests of Italy. Thereupon Italy turned elsewhere, and concluded special agreements relating to the western and eastern Mediterranean with England (1886), with Austria (1897), with France (1900), and with Russia (1909).

TRIPLE ENTENTE

THE Triple Entente had its beginning in the Franco-Russian Alliance, concluded in 1891. How did such an alliance come to be formed between two countries essentially different in their forms of government? For the reason that these two countries had one common interest—the reëstablishment of European equilibrium.

France was the vanquished country in the Treaty of Frankfort. Russia was the vanquished country at the Congress of Berlin. Between two such vanquished countries a rapprochement was bound to come; for each had experience of the fact that, separate, both were at the mercy of Germany. Hence the defensive alliance of 1891, completed in 1892 by a military convention.

The Anglo-French rapprochement of 1904 sprang from the same cause, and from the irritation provoked in England by Germany's pretension to interfere in every question, and also from Anglo-German trade rivalry. No military convention was signed, but the two general staffs have studied in every detail the eventual coöperation of the two armies. In every political conflict since 1904 the solidarity of France and England has declared itself.

The Anglo-Russian rapprochement proceeds from the same principle—to create a counterpoise to the Triple Alliance. Old Asiatic quarrels between the two countries delayed it. The Anglo-French friendship helped to facilitate it. Russia's ambassador in Paris, M. Nelidow, said to me in 1904, "The friends of our friends are our friends." Three years later the event showed he was right.

It is thus the Triple Entente was formed, the second of the "pillars" of which Prince von Bülow spoke. In the present crisis the two systems have manœuvered with remarkable unity. We have now, for each of the countries that compose them, to draw up the balance-sheet of the situation.

GERMANY

GERMAN policy in Eastern matters was an indirect policy before the reign of William II, and it has been a direct policy since his accession.

Bismarck, to constitute the German Empire, had to struggle in Europe only. This is the reason why up to his retirement he was exclusively European. For him the Balkans were not in Europe, and he denied that Eastern affairs possessed any interest for Germany. He used the East for his European policy; he had no Eastern policy.

We know his familiar saying, "The Eastern question is not worth the bones of

one Pomeranian grenadier." Thus, in 1878, the question of the East was of use to him, in securing the Austrian alliance, by promising Austria Germany's support against Russia and giving her a share in the Turkish spoils—Bosnia, Herzegovina, and the sanjak of Novibazar, which, situated south of Bosnia, is the road to Saloniki. Since the accession of William II, however, the European and Asiatic East is a prime preoccupation of German policy. Economically the present emperor is there; he has made of Germany an immense trading-house, which finds in Turkey a wonderful business field where his subjects have been realizing magnificent profits for twenty years. Politically he is there; for William II reckons that Germany, which has no Mussulman subjects, has an advantage over the colonizing countries for establishing an understanding with Islam.

Thus Germany's aim, as directed by William II, has been to be of use to Turkey in order to be able to make use of her. Germany has been of use to Turkey in the affairs of Crete and Armenia. She has made use of Turkey to open up outlets for her own metal industry and her banks. No doubt she has been holding Turkey in reserve, to use her in case a European war should break out, with the intention of making the Turkish army the right wing of the armies of the Triple Alliance. As a consequence, Germany wished Turkey's success in the present crisis. To Turkey, moreover, numerous German officers brought their aid; and Germany was ready to uphold the principle of the territorial status quo for Turkey's benefit, without restriction or reserve, and without sympathy for the Balkan States.

A single difficulty was in her way. Since 1908, twice within four years, Germany's two allies have wrought damage to the territorial integrity of Turkey: when Austria annexed Bosnia and Herzegovina, and when Italy annexed Tripoli and Cyrenaica. But this difficulty is of the past. Germany's aim from the beginning was *to protect Turkey against every one.*

AUSTRIA-HUNGARY

IT is no spontaneous vocation that has led Austria-Hungary to have an Eastern policy. During three quarters of the last century she gave very little heed to what was passing in the Balkans. She had not had an Eastern policy until Bismarck resolved to cast her out of Germany. As a compensation, in 1878, Bismarck offered her the Balkans, even indicating what she might regard as her share in that territory. From that period dates the Eastern policy of Austria-Hungary.

This policy has manifested itself in three ways: first, by occupying and exploiting Bosnia and Herzegovina and the sanjak of Novibazar, which were handed over to Austria by the Congress of Berlin; second, by active penetration in Albania and particularly along the Adriatic coast of that Turkish province; last, by actively taking part in the intervention policy (called reform policy) in the domestic affairs of the Ottoman Empire.

These three forms of action have worked together in putting Austria into opposition with Turkey on the one hand and, on the other, with the Balkan States, whose development risked the closing to Austria of the two outlets pointed out for her by geography, the Adriatic and Saloniki. In 1897, it is true, Austria deprived herself of the former of these outlets by signing with Italy an agreement of "disinterestedness" so far as Albania was concerned. The two Powers, mutually distrustful, then promised each other to keep hands off reciprocally. In 1908, it is true again, Austria deprived herself of the second outlet by restoring to the Turks the sanjak of Novibazar, the road to Saloniki. The restitution was a means of hastening Turkey's recognition of Austria's annexation of Bosnia. On the other hand, considering the weakness of Servia, it must have been thought at Vienna that it would always be possible to reopen the question closed for the time being. Nevertheless, these two questions had been closed. Accordingly, when war began in October, 1912, it was desired at Vienna either that Turkey should win and things should remain as they were, reserving the future; or, if Turkey was to disappear, that a part of the spoils should fall to Austria-Hungary. In any event, there was to be excluded resolutely any creation along the southern frontiers of Austria-Hungary of a powerful Slav state reaching to the Adriatic; for this, on the one hand, would definitively block the way to the south and, on the other, would form a

center of attraction for the millions of Slav subjects living under Austro-Hungarian sovereignty.

These, consequently, were the aims of Austrian policy:

1. *To prevent the formation of a great Slavia;*

2. *To realize, if possible, progress either toward Saloniki or toward the Adriatic.*

ITALY

ITALY, too, is a late comer in Eastern politics. More exactly, the only point of the Balkans that interests Italy—as it interests Austria, and for the same reason—is the Albanian coast of the Adriatic. The narrow sea of the Adriatic is not safe for the Power that is not in possession of the two coasts. Hence Italy's efforts to penetrate Albania up to 1897. Hence, in 1897, the Austro-Italian agreement relative to Albania, by which Italy tied her own hands and those of Austria as well. Many Italians, however, think Italy was the dupe in such an agreement, for, in its exclusion of any policy of conquest, Austria was better armed than Italy for a policy of infiltration into Albania.

When the war of the Balkans became certain, Italy was in a peculiar situation, since she was at war with Turkey. Her war efforts had naturally led her into closer relations with actual or possible adversaries of Turkey, and notably so with the Balkan States, whose effort at a rapprochement was already suspected. And yet an alliance with the Balkan States would have placed Italy in a more than delicate position with regard to Germany and Austria. The cabinet of Rome, after certainly favoring the beginnings of the Balkan Alliance, got out of the game by signing with Turkey the peace which gave her Tripoli.

Once peace was signed, the aim of the Italians was brought back to preventing any territorial change in the western Balkans that might diminish their own security in the Adriatic Sea, or, more simply, to keeping Austria within the limits of the agreement of 1897. To do this, Italy was ready to join with Austria in excluding third parties; all of which may be summed up as follows:

1. *Indifference toward Turkey;*

2. *Resolution to keep Austria off the Adriatic;*

3. *Resolution, in order to retain a hold on Austria, to keep the Slavs off also.*

RUSSIA

OF all the great European Powers, Russia's interests in the East are the most immediate. After struggling against the Turks for herself, Russia has struggled against them for the liberation of the Balkan Christians subject to Turkey, and for them she made war in 1876. Another question, which is European rather than Russo-Turkish, opposes Russia to Turkey —the question of the straits; that is, the prohibition made to Russia to bring her war fleet out of the Black Sea, and to have that communication with the open sea which her creator, Peter the Great, desired for her more than two centuries ago.

In her Balkan policy, in the course of recent years, Russia has found facing her the Powers of the Triple Alliance, and Austria in particular. In 1897, disquieted by Austro-Hungarian progress, the cabinet of St. Petersburg concluded with the cabinet of Vienna an agreement similar to the Austro-Italian agreement of the same year—an agreement of disinterestedness and status quo. Thanks to this agreement, Russia believed she might devote her best efforts to the far East. But meantime Austria was making in the near East such progress that it ended, in 1908, in breaking off the Austro-Russian agreement of 1897. Since 1908, Russia and Austria have been in a state of open antagonism in the Balkans.

This antagonism, in 1908, gave the advantage to Austria, which annexed Bosnia and Herzegovina, despite the vehement protests of Servia and the majority of Russian opinion. This left behind it at St. Petersburg the desire to retaliate; but the desire was weakened by the fact that Russia knew she had not yet completed her military reorganization. The Government feared any event likely to provoke complications, yet public opinion could only wish success to Slavs and a check to Austria. These two tendencies explain the air of embarrassment in Russia's policy at the beginning of the crisis of last October.

Once the crisis had been opened, Russia desired:

1. *The success of the Slavs of the Balkans and the setting up by their means of a barrier against Austria;*

2. *The maintenance of Turkey at Constantinople, as being likely to facilitate the ulterior settlement of the question of the straits;*

3. *The peaceful settlement of questions now uppermost, war being premature at present for the Russian Government.*

FRANCE

IN the political order France has no direct interests in the conflict that has developed. On one side, France has always kept up friendly relations with Turkey, with no pretension to any part of her territory. On the other, from the very first France has been the friend of the Balkan Christians, whom she has aided in their struggle for freedom either by military help, as in the case of Greece, or diplomatically, as in that of Servia and Bulgaria. It is needless to add that for the last twenty years the alliance of France with Russia is another reason why she should sympathize with the Slavs. For this France has still another reason. The creation in eastern Europe of a new Power, taking the place of Turkey, introduces one more factor into the balance of forces that France has constantly endeavored to bring to a state of stable equilibrium.

Just as Germany has been counting on Turkey, so France counts on the Balkan federation. Two conditions are requisite for such a federation to play the part that France desires: it must remain united and it must remain independent; and its anxiety for independence will necessarily steer it toward the Triple Entente rather than toward the Triple Alliance.

France's position may be summed up accordingly:

1. *To support Russia;*

2. *To uphold the union of the Balkan States;*

3. *With these aims, to work together with the Powers for a peaceful settlement.*

ENGLAND

ENGLAND'S relations with Turkey have passed through contradictory phases. At times Great Britain has protected Turkey, at times she has backed Christian claims against her. In one word, she has followed the maxims of opportunism.

Since ten years ago, England has been first *and foremost disquieted* by the progress of Germany in Turkey, as in the rest of the world; but, to guard against it, she has often hesitated between the two systems which I have just mentioned, to be with the Turks or against them. In the month of October, 1912, England inclined to be with the Turks because the Grand Vizir Kiamil Pasha was one of her partizans.

Still, the necessities of her general policy have brought England back to a less pronounced attitude, and have awakened the lively sympathies which she had shown at certain hours of her history for the Balkan States. She would have preferred that war should not break out; but with good faith she has accepted the consequences, while using her influence to prevent the conflict from becoming general. British policy at present is as impartial and disinterested as French policy. Like French policy, it conceives the interest for the Triple Entente of a Balkan federation that shall be strong and independent. Like Russian policy, it desires Constantinople to remain in the possession of Turkey. In a word, it is partizan of a compromise which may be summed up as follows:

1. *To secure normal conditions of existence for the Balkan Alliance;*

2. *Not to open the question of the straits;*

3. *To avoid generalizing the conflict.*

SUMMARY OF EUROPEAN VIEWS

IN summary, the views of the Powers at the beginning of the crisis might have been classified as follows:

1. *For the maintenance of European peace: unanimity;*

2. *For the maintenance of Turkey in her former state: Germany;*

3. *For the creation of a strong Balkan federation: Russia, France, England;*

4. *Against such creation: Austria, Germany, and, as a subsidiary, Italy;*

5. *For the maintenance of the Turks at Constantinople: unanimity.*

But such views had necessarily to be influenced by the onward course of events. How far and in what form?

THE BALKAN STATES

UNTIL the year 1912 it was Europe that played the principal part in Eastern affairs. Since 1912, Europe has lost her direction of them. She may still make her

A MONTE FLAT PASTORAL[1]

HOW OLD MAN PLUNKETT WENT HOME

BY BRET HARTE

Author of "The Luck of Roaring Camp," "Gabriel Conroy," etc.

WITH A PORTRAIT OF THE AUTHOR AND A PICTURE BY N. C. WYETH

(NOTEWORTHY STORIES OF THE LAST GENERATION)

IN a recent article Professor Wilson of New York University asked, in effect, whether the best-known stories of the last generation would be accepted by magazine editors of the present day. This has suggested to us the reprinting of a few of the noteworthy stories by well-known writers which appeared in this magazine about twenty-five years ago, adding new illustrations and a portrait of each author. "The Monte Flat Pastoral" is an excellent example of those stories of the gold-hunting days of the Far West which, in the decade after the Civil War, gave fame to Bret Harte by their novel flavor, their dramatic sense, and their pathos and humor.—THE EDITOR.

I THINK we all loved him. Even after he mismanaged the affairs of the Amity Ditch Company, we commiserated him, although most of us were stockholders and lost heavily. I remember that the blacksmith went so far as to say that "them chaps as put that responsibility on the old man oughter be lynched." But the blacksmith was not a stockholder, and the expression was looked upon as the excusable extravagance of a large sympathizing nature, that, when combined with a powerful frame, was unworthy of notice. At least that was the way they put it. Yet I think there was a general feeling of regret that this misfortune would interfere with the old man's long-cherished plan of "going home."

Indeed, for the last ten years he had been "going home." He was going home after a six months' sojourn at Monte Flat. He was going home after the first rains. He was going home when the rains were over. He was going home when he had cut the timber on Buckeye Hill, when there was pasture on Dow's Flat, when he struck pay-dirt on Eureka Hill, when the Amity Company paid its first dividend, when the election was over, when he had received an answer from his wife. And so the years rolled by, the spring rains came and went, the woods of Buckeye Hill were level with the ground, the pasture on Dow's Flat grew sere and dry, Eureka Hill yielded its pay-dirt and swamped its owner, the first dividends of the Amity Company were made from the assessments of stockholders, there were new county officers at Monte Flat, his wife's answer had changed into a persistent question, and still old man Plunkett remained.

It is only fair to say that he had made several distinct essays toward going. Five years before he had bidden good-by to Monte Hill with much effusion and handshaking. But he never got any farther than the next town. Here he was induced to trade the sorrel colt he was riding for a bay mare—a transaction that at once opened to his lively fancy a vista of vast and successful future speculation. A few days after, Abner Dean of Angel's received a letter from him stating that he was going to Visalia to buy horses. "I am satisfied," wrote Plunkett, with that elevated rhetoric for which his correspondence was remarkable, "I am satisfied that we are at last developing the real resources of California. The world will yet look to Dow's Flat as the great stock-raising center. In view of the interests involved, I have deferred my departure for a month." It was two before he again returned to us, penniless. Six months later he was

[1] Reprinted from "Scribner's Monthly" (now THE CENTURY) for January, 1874, and included in the volume, "Tales of the Argonauts," Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

again enabled to start for the Eastern States, and this time he got as far as San Francisco. I have before me a letter which I received a few days after his arrival, from which I venture to give an extract: "You know, my dear boy, that I have always believed that gambling, as it is absurdly called, is still in its infancy in California. I have always maintained that a perfect system might be invented by which the game of poker may be made to yield a certain percentage to the intelligent player. I am not at liberty at present to disclose the system, but before leaving this city I intend to perfect it." He seems to have done so, and returned to Monte Flat with two dollars and thirty-seven cents, the absolute remainder of his capital after such perfection.

It was not until 1868 that he appeared to have finally succeeded in going home. He left us by the overland route—a route which he declared would give great opportunity for the discovery of undeveloped resources. His last letter was dated Virginia City. He was absent three years. At the close of a very hot day in midsummer he alighted from the Wingdam stage with hair and beard powdered with dust and age. There was a certain shyness about his greeting, quite different from his usual frank volubility, that did not, however, impress us as any accession of character. For some days he was reserved regarding his recent visit, contenting himself with asserting, with more or less aggressiveness, that he had "always said he was going home and now he had been there." Later he grew more communicative, and spoke freely and critically of the manners and customs of New York and Boston, commented on the social changes in the years of his absence, and, I remember, was very hard upon what he deemed the follies incidental to a high state of civilization. Still later he darkly alluded to the moral laxity of the higher planes of Eastern society, but it was not long before he completely tore away the veil and revealed the naked wickedness of New York social life in a way I even now shudder to recall. Vinous intoxication, it appeared, was a common habit of the first ladies of the city; immoralities which he scarcely dared name were daily practised by the refined of both sexes; niggardliness and greed were the common vices of the rich. "I have always asserted," he continued, "that corruption must exist where luxury and riches are rampant, and capital is not used to develop the natural resources of the country. Thank you—I will take mine without sugar." It is possible that some of these painful details crept into the local journals. I remember an editorial in the "Monte Flat Monitor," entitled "The Effete East," in which the fatal decadence of New York and New England was elaborately stated, and California offered as a means of natural salvation. "Perhaps," said the "Monitor," "we might add that Calaveras County offers superior inducements to the Eastern visitor with capital."

Later he spoke of his family. The daughter he had left a child had grown into beautiful womanhood; the son was already taller and larger than his father, and in a playful trial of strength, "the young rascal," added Plunkett, with a voice broken with paternal pride and humorous objurgation, had twice thrown his doting parent to the ground. But it was of his daughter he chiefly spoke. Perhaps emboldened by the evident interest which masculine Monte Flat held in feminine beauty, he expatiated at some length on her various charms and accomplishments; and finally produced her photograph,—that of a very pretty girl,—to their infinite peril. But his account of his first meeting with her was so peculiar that I must fain give it after his own methods, which were, perhaps, some shades less precise and elegant than his written style.

"You see, boys, it 's always been my opinion that a man oughter be able to tell his own flesh and blood by instinct. It 's ten years since I 'd seen my Melindy, and she was then only seven and about so high. So when I went to New York, what did I do? Did I go straight to my house and ask for my wife and daughter, like other folks? No, sir! I rigged myself up as a peddler, as a peddler, sir, and I rung the bell. When the servant came to the door, I wanted—don't you see?—to show the ladies some trinkets. Then there was a voice over the banister, says, 'Don't want anything—send him away.' 'Some nice laces, ma'am, smuggled,' I says, looking up. 'Get out, you wretch,' says she. I knew the voice, boys, it was my wife; sure as a gun,—thar was n't any instinct thar. 'Maybe the young ladies want

somethin',' I said. 'Did you hear me!' says she, and with that she jumps forward and I left. It 's ten years, boys, since I 've seen the old woman, but somehow, when she fetched that leap, I naterally left."

He had been standing beside the bar,—his usual attitude,—when he made this speech, but at this point he half-faced his auditors with a look that was very effective. Indeed, a few who had exhibited some signs of skepticism and lack of interest at once assumed an appearance of intense gratification and curiosity as he went on.

"Well, by hangin' round there for a day or two, I found out at last it was to be Melindy's birthday next week, and that she was goin' to have a big party. I tell ye what, boys, it were n't no slouch of a reception. The whole house was bloomin' with flowers, and blazin' with lights, and there was no end of servants and plate and refreshments and fixin's—"

"Uncle Joe."

"Well?"

"Where did they get the money?"

Plunkett faced his interlocutor with a severe glance. "I always said," he replied slowly, "that when I went home, I 'd send on ahead of me a draft for ten thousand dollars. I always said that, did n't I? Eh? And I said I was goin' home—and I 've been home—have n't I? Well?"

Either there was something irresistibly conclusive in this logic or else the desire to hear the remainder of Plunkett's story was stronger; but there was no more interruption. His ready good-humor quickly returned, and, with a chuckle, he went on.

"I went to the biggest jewelry shop in town, and I bought a pair of diamond earrings and put them in my pocket, and went to the house. 'What name?' says the chap who opened the door, and he looked like a cross 'twixt a restaurant waiter and a parson. 'Skeesicks,' said I. He takes me in and pretty soon my wife comes sailin' into the parlor and says: 'Excuse me, but I don't think I recognize the name.' She was mighty polite for I had on a red wig and side-whiskers. 'A friend of your husband's from California, ma'am, with a present for your daughter, Miss ——,' and I made as I had forgot the name. But all of a sudden a voice said, 'That 's too thin,' and in walked Melindy. 'It 's playin' it rather low down, father, to pretend *you don't know* your daughter's name—ain't it now? How are you, old man?' And with that she tears off my wig and whiskers, and throws her arms around my neck,—instinct, sir, pure instinct!"

Emboldened by the laughter which followed his description of the filial utterances of Melinda, he again repeated her speech, with more or less elaboration, joining in with, and indeed often leading, the hilarity that accompanied it, and returning to it with more or less incoherency, several times during the evening.

And so at various times, and at various places,—but chiefly in bar-rooms,—did this Ulysses of Monte Flat recount the story of his wanderings. There were several discrepancies in his statement, there was sometimes considerable prolixity of detail, there was occasional change of character and scenery, there was once or twice an absolute change in the dénouement, but always the fact of his having visited his wife and children remained. Of course in a skeptical community like that of Monte Flat—a community accustomed to great expectation and small realization, a community wherein, to use the local dialect, "they got the color and struck hardpan," more frequently than any other mining camp—in such a community the fullest credence was not given to old man Plunkett's facts. There was only one exception to the general unbelief—Henry York, of Sandy Bar. It was he who was always an attentive listener; it was his scant purse that had often furnished Plunkett with means to pursue his unprofitable speculations; it was to him that the charms of Melinda were more frequently rehearsed; it was he that had borrowed her photograph—and it was he that, sitting alone in his little cabin one night, kissed that photograph until his honest, handsome face glowed again in the firelight.

It was dusty in Monte Flat. The ruins of the long, dry season were crumbling everywhere; everywhere the dying summer had strewn its red ashes a foot deep or exhaled its last breath in a red cloud above the troubled highways. The alders and cottonwoods that marked the line of the water-courses were grimy with dust and looked as if they might have taken root in the open air; the gleaming stones of the parched water-courses themselves were as dry bones in the valley of death. The dusty sunset at times painted the flanks of

the distant hills a dull coppery hue; on other days there was an odd, indefinable earthquake halo on the volcanic cones of the farther coast spurs; again an acrid, resinous smoke from the burning wood on Heavytree Hill smarted the eyes and choked the free breath of Monte Flat, or a fierce wind, driving everything—including the shriveled summer like a curled leaf—before it, swept down the flanks of the Sierras and chased the inhabitants to the doors of their cabins, and shook its red fist in at their windows. And on such a night as this,—the dust having, in some way, choked the wheels of material progress in Monte Flat,—most of the inhabitants were gathered listlessly in the gilded barroom of the Moquelumne Hotel, spitting silently at the red-hot stove that tempered the mountain winds to the shorn lambs of Monte Flat, and waiting for the rain.

Every method known to the Flat of beguiling the time until the advent of this long-looked-for phenomenon had been tried. It is true the methods were not many—being limited chiefly to that form of popular facetiæ known as practical joking; and even this had assumed the seriousness of a business pursuit. Tommy Roy, who had spent two hours in digging a ditch in front of his own door,—into which a few friends casually dropped during the evening,—looked *ennuyé* and dissatisfied; the four prominent citizens, who, disguised as footpads, had stopped the County Treasurer on the Wingdam road, were jaded from their playful efforts, next morning; the principal physician and lawyer of Monte Flat, who had entered into an unhallowed conspiracy to compel the Sheriff of Calaveras and his posse to serve a writ of ejectment on a grizzly bear, feebly disguised under the name of "one Major Ursus," who haunted the groves of Heavytree Hill, wore an expression of resigned weariness. Even the editor of the "Monte Flat Monitor" who had that morning written a glowing account of a battle with the Wipneck Indians for the benefit of Eastern readers—even *he* looked grave and worn. When, at last, Abner Dean of Angel's, who had been on a visit to San Francisco, walked into the room, he was, of course, victimized in the usual way by one or two apparently honest questions which ended in his answering them, and then falling into the trap of asking another to his utter and complete shame and mortification—but that was all. Nobody laughed, and Abner, although a victim, did not lose his good-humor. He turned quietly on his tormentors and said,

"I 've got something better than that—you know old man Plunkett?"

Everybody simultaneously spat at the stove and nodded his head.

"You know he went home three years ago?" Two or three changed the position of their legs from the backs of different chairs, and one man said "Yes."

"Had a good time home?"

Everybody looked cautiously at the man who had said "yes," and he, accepting the responsibility with a faint-hearted smile, said "yes," again, and breathed hard. "Saw his wife and child,—purty gal?" said Abner, cautiously. "Yes," answered the man, doggedly. "Saw her photograph, perhaps?" continued Abner, quietly.

The man looked hopelessly around for support. Two or three who had been sitting near him and evidently encouraging him with a look of interest, now shamelessly abandoned him and looked another way. Henry York flushed a little and veiled his brown eyes. The man hesitated, and then with a sickly smile that was intended to convey the fact that he was perfectly aware of the object of this questioning, and was only humoring it from abstract good feeling, returned "yes," again.

"Sent home—let 's see,—ten thousand dollars, was n't it?" Abner Dean went on. "Yes," said the man, with the same smile.

"Well, I thought so," said Abner, quietly, "but the fact is, you see, that he never went home at all—nary time."

Everybody stared at Abner in genuine surprise and interest, as with provoking calmness and a half-lazy manner he went on.

"You see thar was a man down in 'Frisco as knowed him and saw him in Sonora during the whole of that three years. He was herding sheep or tending cattle, or spekilating all that time, and had n't a red cent. Well it 'mounts to this—that 'ar Plunkett ain't been east of the Rocky Mountains since '49."

The laugh which Abner Dean had the right to confidently expect came, but it was bitter and sardonic. I think indignation was apparent in the minds of his hearers. It was felt, for the first time, that there was a limit to practical joking. A

deception carried on for a year, compromising the sagacity of Monte Flat, was deserving the severest reprobation. Of course nobody had believed Plunkett—but then the supposition that it might be believed in adjacent camps that they *had* believed him was gall and bitterness. The lawyer thought that an indictment for obtaining money under false pretenses might be found, the physician had long suspected him of insanity, and was not certain but that he ought to be confined. The four prominent merchants thought that the business interests of Monte Flat demanded that something should be done. In the midst of an excited and angry discussion the door slowly opened and old man Plunkett staggered into the room.

He had changed pitifully in the last six months. His hair was a dusty yellowish gray, like the chimisal on the flanks of Heavytree Hill; his face was waxen white and blue and puffy under the eyes; his clothes were soiled and shabby—streaked in front with the stains of hurried luncheons eaten standing, and fluffy behind with the wool and hair of hurriedly extemporized couches. In obedience to that odd law that the more seedy and soiled a man's garments become the less does he seem inclined to part with them, even during that portion of the twenty-four hours when they are deemed least essential, Plunkett's clothes had gradually taken on the appearance of a kind of bark or an outgrowth from within for which their possessor was not entirely responsible. Howbeit as he entered the room he attempted to button his coat over a dirty shirt and passed his fingers, after the manner of some animal, over his cracker-strewn beard —in recognition of a cleanly public sentiment. But even as he did so the weak smile faded from his lips, and his hand, after fumbling aimlessly around a button, dropped helplessly at his side. For as he leaned his back against the bar and faced the group, he for the first time became aware that every eye but one was fixed upon him. His quick nervous apprehension at once leaped to the truth. His miserable secret was out and abroad in the very air about him. As a last resort he glanced despairingly at Henry York, but his flushed face was turned toward the windows.

No word was spoken. As the barkeeper silently swung a decanter and glass before him, he took a cracker from a dish and mumbled it with affected unconcern. He lingered over his liquor until its potency stiffened his relaxed sinews, and dulled the nervous edge of his apprehension, and then he suddenly faced around. "It don't look as if we were goin' to hev any rain much afore Christmas," he said with defiant ease.

No one made any reply.

"Just like this in '52 and again in '60. It 's always been my opinion that these dry seasons come reg'lar. I 've said it afore. I say it again. It 's jist as I said about going home, you know," he added with desperate recklessness.

"Thar 's a man," said Abner Dean, lazily, "ez sez you never went home. Thar 's a man ez sez you 've been three years in Sonora. Thar 's a man ez sez you hain't seen your wife and daughter since '49. Thar 's a man ez sez you 've been playin' this camp for six months."

There was a dead silence. Then a voice said, quite as quietly,

"That man lies."

It was not the old man's voice. Everybody turned as Henry York slowly rose, stretching out his six feet of length, and, brushing away the ashes that had fallen upon his breast, deliberately placed himself beside Plunkett, and faced the others.

"That man ain't here," continued Abner Dean, with listless indifference of voice and a gentle preoccupation of manner as he carelessly allowed his right hand to rest near his revolver. "That man ain't here, but if I 'm called upon to make good what he says, why I 'm on hand."

All rose as the two men,—perhaps the least externally agitated of them all,—approached each other. The lawyer stepped in between them.

"Perhaps there 's some mistake here. York, do you *know* that the old man has been home?"

"Yes."

"How do you know it?"

York turned his clear, honest, frank eyes on his questioner and without a tremor told the only direct and unmitigated lie of his life. "Because I 've seen him there."

The answer was conclusive. It was known that York had been visiting the East during the old man's absence. The

colloquy had diverted attention from Plunkett, who, pale and breathless, was staring at his unexpected deliverer. As he turned again toward his tormentors there was something in the expression of his eye that caused those that were nearest to him to fall back and sent a strange, indefinable thrill through the boldest and most reckless. As he made a step forward the physician almost unconsciously raised his hand with a warning gesture, and old man Plunkett, with his eyes fixed upon the red-hot stove, and an odd smile playing about his mouth, began.

"Yes—of course you did. Who says you did n't? It ain't no lie; I said I was goin' home, and I 've been home. Have n't I? My God! I have. Who says I 've been lyin'! Who says I 'm dreamin'! Is it true—why don't you speak? It is true after all. You say you saw me there, why don't you speak again. Say! Say!—is it true? It 's going now, O my God—it 's going again. It 's going now. Save me!" and with a fierce cry he fell forward in a fit upon the floor.

When the old man regained his senses he found himself in York's cabin. A flickering fire of pine boughs lit up the rude rafters and fell upon a photograph tastefully framed with fir cones and hung above the brush whereon he lay. It was the portrait of a young girl. It was the first object to meet the old man's gaze, and it brought with it a flush of such painful consciousness that he started and glanced quickly around. But his eyes only encountered those of York—clear, gray, critical and patient, and they fell again.

"Tell me, old man," said York, not unkindly, but with the same cold, clear tone in his voice that his eye betrayed a moment ago, "tell me, is *that* a lie too," and he pointed to the picture.

The old man closed his eyes and did not reply. Two hours before the question would have stung him into some evasion or bravado. But the revelation contained in the question, as well as the tone of York's voice, was to him now, in his pitiable condition, a relief. It was plain even to his confused brain that York had lied when he had indorsed his story in the bar-room—it was clear to him now that he had not been home—that he was not, as he had begun to fear, going mad. It was such a relief that with characteristic weakness his former recklessness and extravagance returned. He began to chuckle—finally to laugh uproariously.

York, with his eyes still fixed on the old man, withdrew the hand with which he had taken his.

"Did n't we fool 'em nicely, eh, Yorky! He! he! The biggest thing yet ever played in this camp! I always said I 'd play 'em all some day, and I have—played 'em for six months. Ain't it rich—ain't it the richest thing you ever seed? Did you see Abner's face when he spoke 'bout that man as seed me in Sonora?—war n't it good as the minstrels? Oh, it 's too much!" and striking his leg with the palm of his hand he almost threw himself from the bed in a paroxysm of laughter—a paroxysm that nevertheless appeared to be half real and half affected.

"Is that photograph hers," said York in a low voice, after a slight pause.

"Hers? No! It 's one of the San Francisco actresses, he! he! Don't you see—I bought it for two bits in one of the bookstores. I never thought they 'd swaller *that* too! but they did! Oh, but the old man played 'em this time, did n't he—eh?" and he peered curiously in York's face.

"Yes, and he played *me* too," said York, looking steadily in the old man's eye.

"Yes, of course," interposed Plunkett, hastily, "but you know, Yorky, you got out of it well! You 've sold 'em too. We 've both got 'em on a string now,—you and me,—got to stick together now. You did it well, Yorky, you did it well. Why, when you said you 'd seen me in York City, I 'm d—d if I did n't—"

"Did n't what?" said York, gently, for the old man had stopped with a pale face and wandering eye.

"Eh?"

"You say when I said I had seen you in New York you thought—"

"You lie!" said the old man fiercely, "I did n't say I thought anything. What are you trying to go back on me for? Eh?" His hands were trembling as he rose muttering from the bed and made his way toward the hearth.

"Gimme some whisky," he said presently, "and dry up. You oughter treat anyway. Them fellows oughter treated last night. By hookey I 'd made 'em—only I fell sick."

York placed the liquor and a tin cup on

the table beside him, and going to the door turned his back upon his guest and looked out on the night. Although it was clear moonlight the familiar prospect never to him seemed so dreary. The dead waste of the broad, Wingdam highway never seemed so monotonous—so like the days that he had passed and were to come to him—so like the old man in its suggestion of going sometime and never getting there. He turned, and going up to Plunkett put his hand upon his shoulder and said,

"I want you to answer one question fairly and squarely?"

The liquor seemed to have warmed the torpid blood in the old man's veins and softened his acerbity, for the face he turned up to York was mellowed in its rugged outline and more thoughtful in expression, as he said:

"Go on, my boy."

"Have you a wife and—daughter?"

"Before God I have!"

The two men were silent for a moment; both gazing at the fire. Then Plunkett began rubbing his knees slowly.

"The wife, if it comes to that, ain't much," he began cautiously, "being a little on the shoulder, you know, and wantin', so to speak, a liberal California education—which makes, you know, a bad combination. It 's always been my opinion that there ain't any worse. Why, she 's as ready with her tongue as Abner Dean is with his revolver, only with the difference that she shoots from principle, as she calls it, and the consequence is, she 's always layin' for you. It 's the effete East, my boy, that 's ruinin' her—it 's them ideas she gets in New York and Boston that 's made her and me what we are. I don't mind her havin' 'em if she did n't shoot. But havin' that propensity, them principles ought n't to be lying round loose no more 'n firearms."

"But your daughter?" said York.

The old man's hands went up to his eyes here, and then both hands and head dropped forward on the table. "Don't say anything 'bout her, my boy, don't ask me now—" With one hand concealing his eyes he fumbled about with the other in his pockets for his handkerchief—but vainly. Perhaps it was owing to this fact that he repressed his tears, for when he removed his hand from his eyes they were *quite dry*. Then he found his voice.

"She 's a beautiful girl, beautiful—though I say it, and you shall see her, my boy, you shall see her, sure. I 've got things about fixed now. I shall have my plan for reducin' ores perfected in a day or two, and I 've got proposals from all the smeltin' works here"; here he hastily produced a bundle of papers that fell upon the floor, "and I 'm goin' to send for 'em. I 've got the papers here as will give me ten thousand dollars clear in the next month," he added, as he strove to collect the valuable documents again. "I 'll have 'em here by Christmas, if I live, and you shall eat your Christmas dinner with me, York, my boy,—you shall, sure."

With his tongue now fairly loosened by liquor and the suggestive vastness of his prospects, he rambled on more or less incoherently, elaborating and amplifying his plans—occasionally even speaking of them as already accomplished, until the moon rode high in the heavens, and York led him again to his couch. Here he lay for some time muttering to himself, until at last he sank into a heavy sleep. When York had satisfied himself of the fact, he gently took down the picture and frame and, going to the hearth, tossed them on the dying embers, and sat down to see them burn.

The fir cones leaped instantly into flame; then the features that had entranced San Francisco audiences nightly flashed up and passed away,—as such things are apt to pass,—and even the cynical smile on York's lips faded too. And then there came a supplemental and unexpected flash as the embers fell together, and by its light York saw a paper upon the floor. It was one that had fallen from the old man's pocket. As he picked it up listlessly, a photograph slipped from its folds. It was the portrait of a young girl, and on its reverse was written, in a scrawling hand, "Melinda to Father."

It was at best a cheap picture, but ah me! I fear even the deft graciousness of the highest art could not have softened the rigid angularities of that youthful figure, its self-complacent vulgarity, its cheap finery, its expressionless ill-favor. York did not look at it the second time. He turned to the letter for relief.

It was misspelled, it was unpunctuated, it was almost illegible, it was fretful in tone and selfish in sentiment. It was not,

Drawn by N. C. Wyeth. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

"THERE WAS ONLY ONE TO WHOM THE RAIN HAD NOT BROUGHT BLESSING, AND THAT WAS PLUNKETT"

I fear, even original in the story of its woes. It was the harsh recital of poverty, of suspicion, of mean makeshifts and compromises, of low pains and lower longings, of sorrows that were degrading, of a grief that was pitiable. Yet it was sincere in a certain kind of vague yearning for the presence of the degraded man to whom it was written—an affection that was more like a confused instinct than a sentiment.

York folded it again carefully and placed it beneath the old man's pillow. Then he returned to his seat by the fire. A smile that had been playing upon his face, deepening the curves behind his mustache and gradually overrunning his clear brown eyes, presently faded away. It was last to go from his eyes, and it left there,—oddly enough to those who did not know him,—a tear.

He sat there for a long time, leaning forward, his head upon his hands. The wind that had been striving with the canvas roof, all at once lifted its edges and a moonbeam slipped suddenly in, and lay for a moment like a shining blade upon his shoulder. And knighted by its touch, straightway plain Henry York arose,—sustained, high-purposed and self-reliant!

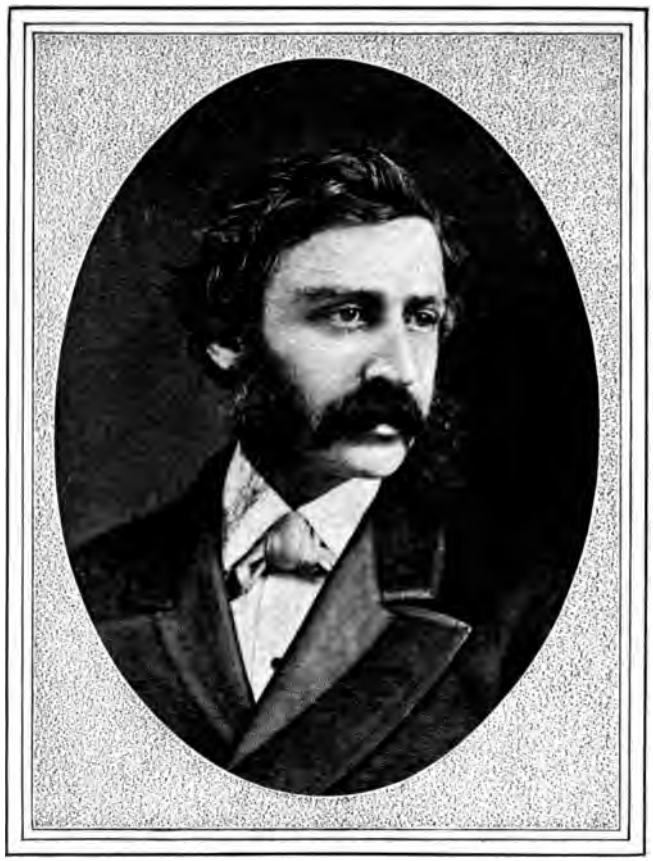
THE rains had come at last. There was already a visible greenness on the slopes of Heavytree Hill, and the long, white track of the Wingdam road was lost in outlying pools and ponds a hundred rods from Monte Flat. The spent watercourses, whose white bones had been sinuously trailed over the flat, like the vertebræ of some forgotten saurian, were full again; the dry bones moved once more in the valley, and there was joy in the ditches, and a pardonable extravagance in the columns of the "Monte Flat Monitor." "Never before in the history of the county has the yield been so satisfactory. Our contemporary of the 'Hillside Beacon,' who yesterday facetiously alluded to the fact (?) that our best citizens were leaving town, in 'dug-outs,' on account of the flood, will be glad to hear that our distinguished fellow-townsman, Mr. Henry York, now on a visit to his relatives in the East, lately took with him, in his 'dug-out,' the modest sum of fifty thousand dollars, the result of one week's clean-up. We can imagine," continued that sprightly journal, "that no such misfortune is likely to overtake Hillside this season. And yet we believe the 'Beacon' man wants a railroad." A few journals broke out into poetry. The operator at Simpson's Crossing telegraphed to the Sacramento "Universe": "All day the low clouds have shook their garnered fullness down." A San Francisco journal lapsed into noble verse, thinly disguised as editorial prose: "Rejoice, the gentle rain has come, the bright and pearly rain, which scatters blessings on the hills, and sifts them o'er the plain. Rejoice, etc." Indeed, there was only one to whom the rain had not brought blessing, and that was Plunkett. In some mysterious and darksome way, it had interfered with the perfection of his new method of reducing ores, and thrown the advent of that invention back another season. It had brought him down to an habitual seat in the bar-room, where, to heedless and inattentive ears, he sat and discoursed of the East and his family.

No one disturbed him. Indeed, it was rumored that some funds had been lodged with the landlord, by a person or persons unknown, whereby his few wants were provided for. His mania,—for that was the charitable construction which Monte Flat put upon his conduct,—was indulged, even to the extent of Monte Flat's accepting his invitation to dine with his family on Christmas Day—an invitation extended frankly to every one with whom the old man drank or talked. But one day he burst into the bar-room, holding an open letter in his hand. It read as follows:

> Be ready to meet your family at the new cottage on Heavytree Hill on Christmas Day. Invite what friends you choose.
>
> HENRY YORK.

The letter was handed round in silence. The old man, with a look alternating between hope and fear, gazed in the faces of the group. The doctor looked up significantly, after a pause. "It 's a forgery, evidently," he said, in a low voice; "he 's cunning enough to conceive it—they always are—but you 'll find he 'll fail in executing it. Watch his face! Old man," he said suddenly, in a loud, peremptory tone, "this is a trick—a forgery—and you know it. Answer me squarely, and look me in the eye. Is n't it so?"

The eyes of Plunkett stared a moment, and then dropped weakly. Then, with a



BRET HARTE

feebler smile, he said: "You 're too many for me, boys. The doc 's right. The little game 's up. You can take the old man's hat"; and so, tottering, trembling, and chuckling, he dropped into silence and his accustomed seat. But the next day he seemed to have forgotten this episode, and talked as glibly as ever of the approaching festivity.

And so the days and weeks passed until Christmas,—a bright, clear day, warmed with south winds, and joyous with the resurrection of springing grasses,—broke upon Monte Flat. And then there was a sudden commotion in the hotel bar-room, and Abner Dean stood beside the old man's chair, and shook him out of a slumber to his feet. "Rouse up, old man; York is here, with your wife and daughter at the cottage on Heavytree. Come, old man. Here, boys, give him a lift"; and in another moment a dozen strong and willing hands had raised the old man, and bore him in triumph to the street, up the steep grade of Heavytree Hill, and deposited him, struggling and confused, in the porch of a little cottage. At the same instant, two women rushed forward, but were restrained by a gesture from Henry York. The old man was struggling to his feet. With an effort, he stood erect, trembling, his eye fixed, a gray pallor on his cheek, and a deep resonance in his voice.

"It 's all a trick, and a lie! They ain't no flesh and blood or kin o' mine. It ain't my wife, nor child. My daughter 's a beautiful girl—a beautiful girl—d' ye hear? She 's in New York, with her mother, and I 'm going to fetch her here. I said I 'd go home, and I 've been home —d' ye hear me?—I 've been home! It 's a mean trick you 're playin' on the old man. Let me go, d' ye hear? Keep them women off me! Let me go! I 'm going —I 'm going home!"

His hands were thrown up convulsively in the air, and, half turning round, he fell sideways on the porch, and so to the ground. They picked him up hurriedly; but too late. He had gone home.

THE TEMPLE OF APHRODITE

"New gods are crowned in the city"

BY ALFRED NOYES

Author of "Drake," "The Outlaw," etc.

"BEHOLD the queen of the earth!" At that proud cry
The sun streamed through the violet-shadowed fane;
Then, clouding its rose-white marble floor again,
Softly the halt, the maimed, the poor drew nigh,
Whispering: "Goddess, hear us ere we die.
Have they not said all other gods are vain?
Look on this cancerous breast! Oh, heal our pain!
Soothe this racked body! Help us whom Love goes by."

"My skin is white as milk. Sweet is my kiss,
Adonis knows, in meadows of crocus bloom.
Is not this glory of earth enough?" she said.
"And, lo! the breasts that have drowned gods in bliss!
Point they no tenderer pathway to the tomb?
Nay, for ye are not living, fools; ye are dead."

"Yea, dead," a woman moaned, and at the feet
Of Aphrodite laid the wasted flower
That was her child; "but, Goddess, death has power
To rob thy body of balm, thy mouth of sweet.
We ask no more to hear the timbrels beat,
Or see the wine-stained mænads dance and shower
Kisses and roses round us, for an hour.
Dead are the lips these gray lips thirst to meet."

Then cruelly curled those lips of rose-red scorn.
"Would'st thou live twice?" "Goddess," there came a cry,
"Look on this body! Shrink not! Nay, look close!
The grave possessed it long ere it was born.
Art *thou* the heart of our life mystery,
Or but the sleek skin of its morning rose?"

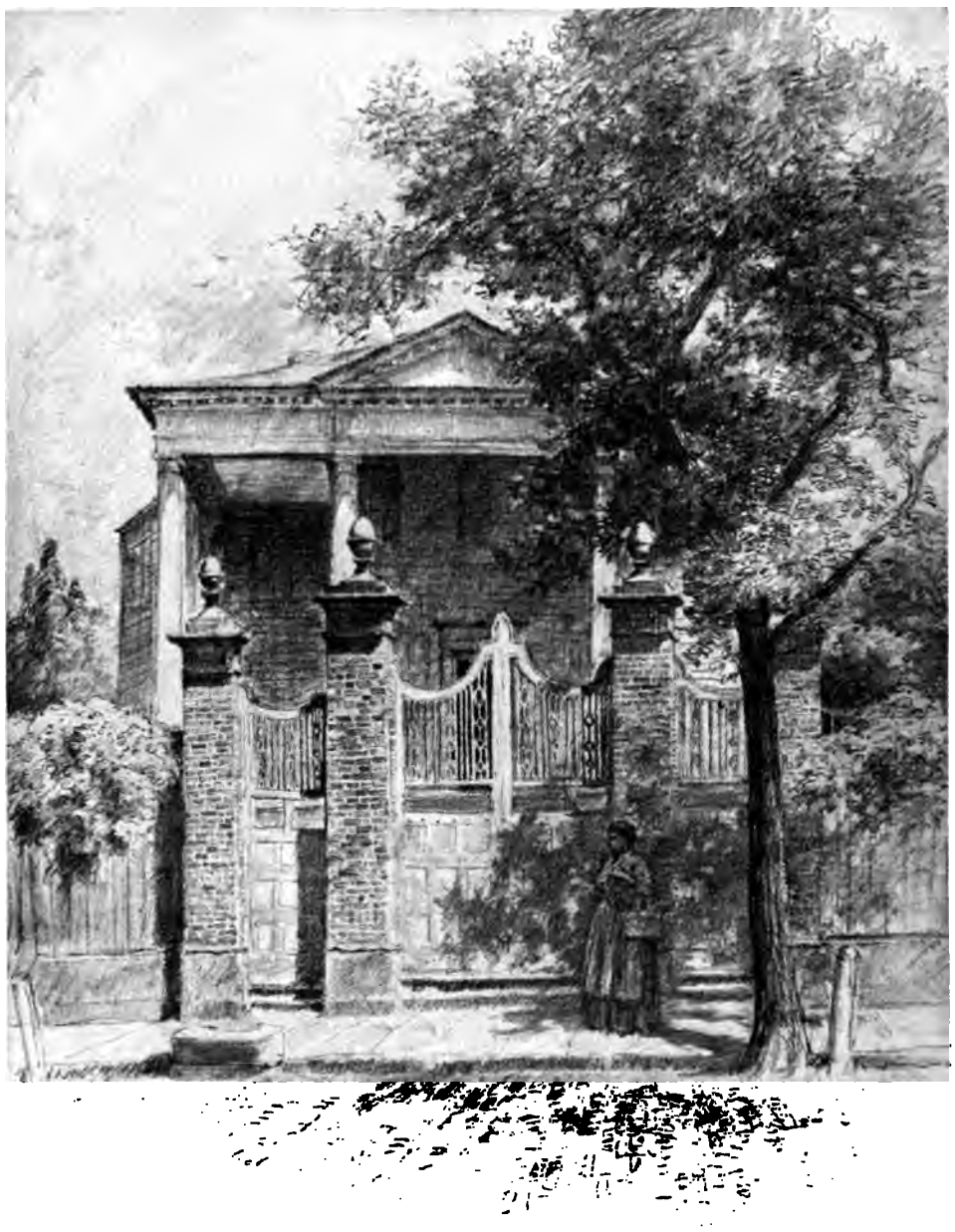
And like a sunbeam withering in a tomb
Great Aphrodite shrank into a cloud,
And over the white faces of the crowd,
Over those eyes that life could ne'er relume,
Down, from the temple's inmost heart of gloom,
In mean attire, but, oh, most lowly proud,
The heavenly Mother of Compassion bowed
To meet them, glorious with their own great doom.

Was not her flesh as Aphrodite's fair?
Nay, fairer, for the Child whose haunted eyes,
Even as she held him to her maiden breast,
Proclaimed the eternal passion, whispering there,
With arms outstretched across the rolling skies,
"Come unto me, and I will give you rest."

GLIMPSES·OF·THE OLD·SOUTH.

PICTURES · BY.
VERNON · HOWE · BAILEY

AN ENTRANCE-GATE IN SOUTH CAROLINA

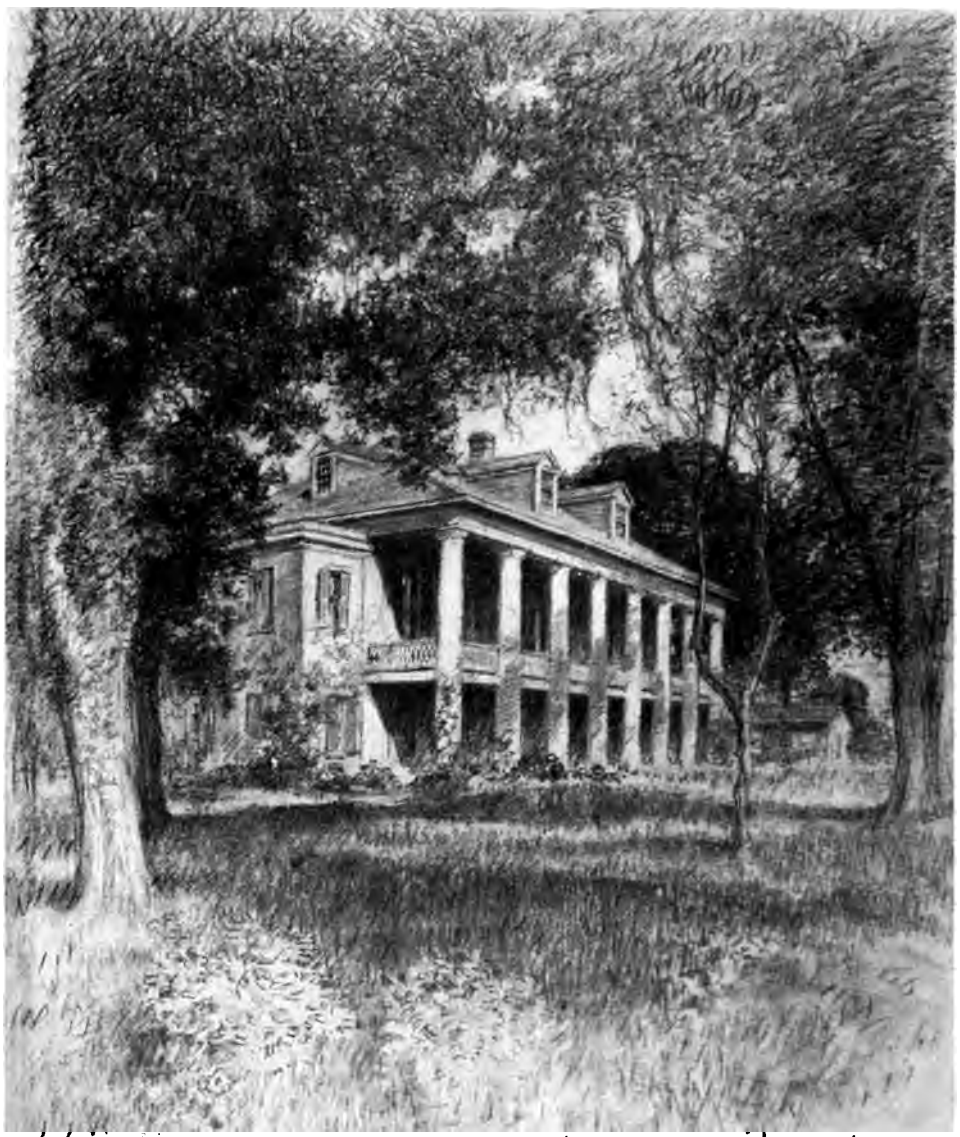


Drawn by Vernon Howe Bailey

A CHARLESTON HOUSE AND GATE

Drawn by Vernon Howe Bailey

THE COURTYARD OF A NEW ORLEANS HOUSE



Drawn by Vernon Howe Bailey

A PLANTATION MANSION IN LOUISIANA

THE SOUTHERN VIEW OF RECONSTRUCTION

INTRODUCTION

VOLUMES have been written both from the Northern and from the Southern point of view to explain, excuse, and justify the events, including the horrors, of the Reconstruction period. A flood of such writing, over a space of forty-five years, has not submerged the subject. Nevertheless, a floating mass of confusing detail has disappeared from the surface, to join the sediment of passion and prejudice: and certain broad conclusions remain like islands of refuge for those who battled and suffered on both sides, and are happier now in the belief that out of all the sacrifice has come a better and stronger Union than could have resulted from compromise and concession.

Briefly stated, those conclusions comprise a recognition on the part of the new South that the supreme motive of Congress at the end of the Civil War was not to punish a subdued people, but to prevent a race of liberated slaves from sinking back into a state of accepted thraldom worse than enforced bondage; and also include a recognition on the part of the new generation at the North that with like chaotic conditions, and under similar hardships, any people accustomed to the ideals and impulses of freedom would resist by every means within, and if necessary outside, the law, such political submersion as threatened the whites of the South.

Another conclusion embodies the belief that the Negro race is proving itself worthy of citizenship. Despite the discouraging statement of ex-Senator Edmunds (on page 863) that the Fifteenth Amendment, intended to guarantee to the Negro the free exercise of the suffrage, "has, so far, almost entirely failed to accomplish its purpose," there is a wide belief, kindly to the Negro, that his material success and intellectual growth are working for a completer enfranchisement than the mere letter of the law has power to bestow. Significant in this connection is the general conclusion of Dr. Booker T. Washington (expressed in his paper, "Is the Negro having a Fair Chance?" in this magazine for last November) that the Negro is better treated and has brighter prospects in America than in any other part of the world.

In THE CENTURY for last December, General Harrison Gray Otis stated the Northern attitude toward Reconstruction in his paper on the causes of the impeachment of Andrew Johnson. Two phases of Reconstruction are treated, in the present number, from the Southern point of view. Colonel Herbert's experiences in Alabama are typical of events in other Southern states.

Mr. Clark Howell, in "The Aftermath of Reconstruction," gives a picture of the industrial growth of the South which will arouse Northern admiration rather than jealousy, for competition in useful production seldom engenders strife when it occurs under the same flag. In the South, where patriotic feeling is keen, prosperity is the measure of ability to rally to the defense of the country.—THE EDITOR.

THE AFTERMATH OF RECONSTRUCTION

HOW THE SOUTH FOUND ITSELF

BY CLARK HOWELL

Editor of "The Atlanta Constitution"

A WHOLE people putting itself in pawn to civilization; then gradually, through blood and tears, by brain and will-power, redeeming the pledge and standing without debt, and free before the world. Thus may be expressed, in a sentence, the process by which the South found itself after reconstruction.

It is doubtful whether, under such peculiar conditions, history ever has recorded a more remarkable transformation; certainly not on so large a scale. It is doubtful whether, in its vast entirety, it ever will be repeated. Though the South believes to-day that to the discipline of the ordeal is due its promise of future greatness in the American empire, few Southerners would care to re-tread the burning plowshares in their path between 1865 and 1900. For that period covers, speaking with strict accuracy, the era of the South's actual recovery—first, from the effects of the Civil War, and, second, from the effects of reconstruction.[1]

Countless partizan volumes, and others more or less judicial, have been written on the reconstruction period. But of what may be termed the manner in which the South came out of the pit, only the figures of the Census Bureau and a few scattered narratives shedding a little light are available. To understand how the great historical transformation was accomplished it is essential to set up comparisons between the ante-bellum and the post-bellum South.

To comprehend the South of the seventies, the eighties, and the nineties, it is necessary to glance at least casually at the thirties, the forties, and the fifties. The ante-bellum South was almost a separate principality. The governing or slave-owning class lived in a luxury and a state of refinement peculiar to the time and the surroundings, and to be found nowhere else in this country. The huge plantations—baronies is a more accurate title—were the scenes of lavish hospitality. The furniture of Chippendale and of Sheraton, and of the French Louis, ornamented the mansions, many of them far removed from the lines of travel. The domestic service was perfect, for it was rendered by men and women slaves who were trained under the tutelage of master and mistress who had, in many instances, been educated in Europe, or at the best institutions in the North. And it is only fair to say that the stories of cruelty toward slaves, so graphically described in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," were grotesquely untypical. I have heard my grandfather say that a planter who maltreated a slave was socially ostracized by his neighbors.

ENTER KING COTTON

FROM pre-revolutionary days, cotton had been cultivated in the South, but the laborious hand-separation of the lint from the seed prevented rapid progress in the industry. In 1795 Eli Whitney, a native of Massachusetts but then a resident of Georgia, perfected the cotton-gin. The brain of a Northern man therefore put upon the South the curse as well as the blessing of the new cotton industry. In 1790 the South produced only 2,000,000 pounds of cotton; but in 1820, in the short space of thirty years, it was producing 160,000,000 pounds. This wonderful change was the work of the cotton-gin.

Almost continuously until 1840, cotton commanded a huge price. From the very first, it was the equivalent of gold in the world's markets. A new fiber had virtually been introduced to civilization by the

[1] THE CENTURY takes pride in the fact that in 1872—seven years after the close of the war, and two years after the establishment of the magazine (under its first name of "*Scribner*'s Monthly")—its conductors sent a writer, Edward King, and an illustrator, J. W. Champney, throughout the South to describe its resources. "The Great South" papers appeared in the magazine from July, 1873, to December, 1874, inclusive.—THE EDITOR.

cunning of one man's brain; and the South, grasping for the tremendous profits offered in its production, went cotton-crazy. In the development of the industry of supplying civilization with cotton, the South displayed as great business ability, as much genius for organization, as has been shown in most of the great industrial exploits since the Civil War. Those who imagine that the Southern section was slothful, and that its inhabitants lay under trees waiting for the fruit to fall into their hands, should bear that fact in mind. It is true that the cotton industry could not have so quickly assumed the proportions it acquired without slave-labor. The planter was absolute master of his workmen, and not dependent, as employers now are the world over, upon makeshift or irresponsible labor. I do not defend the slave-system; I merely cite facts.

From 1840 until 1850, the range of cotton prices was unprofitable. In 1850 the South, driven to an extent by this fact, and also waking of its own volition, turned to innumerable other resources and began their steady development. It is a mistake to assume that when war broke over the section its people were entirely agricultural. For example, the decade ending with 1860 witnessed the construction in the South of 7562 miles of new railroads, as against 4712 miles by New England and the Middle States combined. In 1860, the South actually led these two sections in railroad mileage by 387 miles. During the same decade, the South recorded a gain of one fourth of that of the entire country in its flour- and corn-milling industries. Its sawed-and-planed lumber industries increased more than one third as much as the gain in all sections combined, although, reckoning slaves, the South then had only one third of the country's population. In iron-founding, in the manufacture of steam-engines and machinery, and in cotton manufacture the percentage gains were equally large. These facts indicate the tremendous revival of industry in the South between 1850 and 1860—a revival interrupted by the war, and not resumed in full activity until many years after it.

WEALTH BEFORE THE WAR

In 1860, with only one third of the nation's population and only one fourth of its white population, the South possessed forty-four per cent. of the assessed property of the nation, and held thirty per cent. of the banking capital of the country. The reader will observe that much of this prodigious wealth was built upon slave-labor, and its undoubted advantages as against free labor. That one fact accentuates more sharply the enormous task faced by the South in its restoration following reconstruction.

Then came the crash of war. What followed after Appomattox, from industrial and economic points of view, was nothing short of a cataclysm. Of the war itself it is needful to speak only briefly, as an aid to the understanding of subsequent conditions. Some of the doctrinaires to the contrary, slavery was the paramount motive of the war, though it is true that the Southern people were divided over it. The great wealth and luxury derived from slave-labor before 1861 was accessible, chiefly, to those who owned slaves; yet they were in a decided minority. In my father's company of 125 men, possibly twenty were slave-owners. But if I should be asked to draw a broad general average, I should say that for every slaveholder in the Confederate army there were from seven to ten non-slaveholders. Thus, by a strange paradox, it was the non-slaveholder who furnished by far most of the troops for the war to perpetuate slavery. By keeping that fact in mind, the later restoration of the South is better understood. For here were men, many of whom were looked down upon by the slaves themselves as "po' white trash," battling to perpetuate an institution in which they had only an indirect monetary interest—less than that, for it was undoubtedly inimical to their own welfare.

The South did not even "trim sail" at home when war broke out. No one expected the conflict to last more than a few months. My father, provided with garments better suited to ball-room pursuits than battle—and his case was typical—scurried to Pensacola, where his company was mustered in, fearful that peace would be declared and the "fun" ended before he could reach that point of concentration. His return four years later was in striking contrast, and the picture of his going and coming told the whole tragic story of

what had happened to the South in the interval.

I was born while my father was taking part in the two-days' battle of Chickamauga. A few months before my mother had refuged from Atlanta to her mother's home in South Carolina, ahead of Sherman's dreaded advance from Chattanooga to Atlanta. During my father's absence in the trenches, and as soon as it was safe to return to what little was left of Atlanta, we were brought to the sheltering care of my grandfather, who lived on the outskirts of the town, and there my father joined his family at the close of the war. My first recollection of him was in a pair of cotton trousers that my mother, with her own hands, had made out of her best dress—an old Dolly Varden calico, he having returned penniless and with only the tattered clothes with which he had come out of the war. His first money was earned by operating a little sawmill which he erected on land given by my grandfather. Lumber was at that time in tremendous demand for the rebuilding of Atlanta, left in ashes by General Sherman; and it was not a question of price but simply one of supplying the demand. My father had been graduated from the law department of the State University of Georgia a year before the beginning of the war, but there was no business in Atlanta for a lawyer at its close. He erected and operated with his own hands the sawmill, which gave him his start; then he sold lumber in Atlanta, soon acquiring enough money to settle in the then rapidly developing city, to begin the practice of his profession, and to engage in the work of city-building with which his name will ever be associated.

The work of recuperation would have been sufficiently terrific had the South, like a bankrupt man, been left simply to make a fresh start in the world. But, after Appomattox, the South had to begin anew in what was virtually a new world, and that without its previous principal support —slavery. Prussia saddled a gigantic war indemnity upon France after the Franco-Prussian War, which was soon paid, thanks to the "stocking-hoard" due to the religiously cultivated thrift of the French peasant, and to the vineyards, factories, and other sources of wealth, which had scarcely been impaired. But if those resources had been destroyed by war, as was the case in our Southern States, is it not likely that France, staggering under an impossible burden, would to-day be either in debt to the whole world, or exist as a German dependency? The South had no direct indemnity to pay off, but it had only the soil, and a revolutionized system of labor, industry, and finance with which to meet the exactions of reconstruction. Had the South been left free to exert its native energy, rehabilitation would have begun in 1865 instead of 1876, or even later.

THE START UPWARD

MOST men agree now that a fearful error was made by Congress at the close of the war, in adopting the reconstruction policy of the Radicals. Had Lincoln lived things undoubtedly would have been different. Had his policy controlled, the Hampton Roads conference would have produced results that would have ended the war long before Appomattox. Alexander H. Stephens was perhaps the leading Confederate spokesman at that conference. I know that the statement that Lincoln was willing to pay reasonably for the emancipated slaves, on condition that the Union be preserved and hostilities cease, has been denied, but I once heard Stephens tell the story of that historic gathering, at a dinner party when governor of Georgia. He related how Lincoln met him, and the unwinding from his own frail body of numerous shawls and a cloak to protect him from the chilly winds of the harbor, until Mr. Lincoln, looking on as an interested spectator, said: "Well, Stephens is the smallest nubbin I ever saw from such a big shuck." He spoke of the negotiations that ensued, and the termination of the conference when it was found that the Confederate Commissioners were so limited by their instructions as to render impossible the acceptance of Lincoln's sine qua non that the Union must be recognized. Stephens believed to the day of his death that the South could have secured pay for its slaves had the policy which he favored controlled at Richmond.

I once heard Senator Ben Hill say that the fatal mistake of the Andrew Johnson administration was in not making immediate overtures to the element in the South that had been strongly anti-secession before the war, with the view of

working out the problems of reconstruction through such an alliance. Hill had most bitterly antagonized secession, working in close harmony with Alexander H. Stephens, afterward vice-president of the Confederacy, who, protesting to the last against secession, yielded, like Robert E. Lee, only when his State had definitely acted. There never was a more loyal patriot than Stephens, and yet a seat in the United States Senate was refused to him when Georgia sent him to Washington after the war. As with Stephens, so it was with other prominent representatives of the South, one after another being kept out of official life on account of their participation in the Confederate government. Many of these men had been old-line Whigs, and, while the Whig party was only a memory in the period immediately preceding the war, most of those who, by tradition or affiliation, had been identified with it were opposers of secession, and if they had been recalled to public influence, there can be little doubt that many of the horrors of the reconstruction period would have been averted. Except in loss of life, the South suffered more from the evils of the reconstruction era than it suffered from the war itself. When the change of federal policy came, rehabilitation and reconciliation were rapid.

No man may know what would have taken place had Senator Hill's idea of reconstruction been followed. He knew, as everybody acquainted with the history of that period knows, that many of the South's most forceful leaders had been bitterly opposed to secession. In Georgia the convention elected on that issue failed to sanction it, and secession was not approved until after a lapse of many days, and at an adjourned session. Then it received a bare majority of the votes of the convention. The same was true of other States. After the war the federal government adopted the policy of treating all the Southern leaders alike, making no distinction between those who had opposed secession and those who had favored it. Senator Hill held that the anti-secessionists of the South, having manifested full loyalty to their own people by fighting for the cause, were in a position to mediate between them and the restored government. If this policy had prevailed there would undoubtedly have been two well-organized and representative political parties in the South following the war, unless, in the chaos wrought by the now generally admitted unwise enfranchisement of the Negro, this condition would have been rendered impossible.

There can be no doubt that after the war the ex-Confederates made everything subservient to the protection of the white race against the Negroes, who, under the sanction of the Government and the protection of the bayonet, threatened to overthrow civilization in the South. No government ever made a greater blunder than ours made when, regardless of educational or other qualifications of good citizenship, it put the ballot into the hands of nearly a million Negro slaves whose first thought was to use it as a means of asserting authority over their former masters. And the Negroes themselves suffered most by it. Great Britain had to deal with a similar problem in establishing her flag in South Africa, and civilization should remember how much more wisely she handled the question.

WHEN THE SOUTH PUT ITSELF IN PAWN

It was in 1865 that the South began to put itself in pawn. Only within the last two decades has it been able to redeem the pledge. In 1860 the South was arrested in full progress toward an era of wealth that might have touched new records for territories of similar size. Not only did it possess the wonderful asset of cotton, but, as has been shown, it was giving indications of a new and wonderful industrial expansion. Measured in statistics, the South then possessed property assessed at $5,200,000,000. In 1870, five years after the war's close, its assessed values were reduced to $3,064,000,000. These astounding totals enable us only partially to visualize the actual loss. For to the loss of money must be added the tremendous loss of population from war, its pestilence, and the tremendous emigration that followed upon Appomattox, hundreds of thousands of the ablest men in the section believing it was best to leave a land predestined to ruin, and to take up life in some more hopeful locality.

COTTON, THE FIRST AID

There was very little gold left in the South after the war, some of that little

being owned by blockade-runners, and some by men who were more prudent than patriotic, and who had hoarded. There was also a modicum of unconfiscated cotton remaining, and its sale helped a trifle. It should be said here that, in the first desperate effort of getting the South on its feet, hundreds of those who had been sufficiently fortunate to get their hands on currency extended a helping hand to friends not so happily placed. These instances were exceptional, however. The section, as a community, was bankrupt.

It was cotton that furnished the primary step toward rehabilitation, though it carried also a curse and a penalty. The crop of 1865–66 was 2,269,000 bales. It brought about $500,000,000, since prices ranged around forty-three cents a pound. Until the panic of 1873–74, prices were uniformly high. The situation was saved for the moment, because these returns formed the basis for the reorganization of banking. Cotton did it, but let us see at what price, because that is important in connection with the final rehabilitation.

UNDER THE YOKE

HERE and there were a few native bankers and merchants who maintained such friendly relations with their former Northern connections that it was not difficult to secure credit with which to begin the work of restoration. But, even in such cases, the South was considered so poor a risk, financially speaking, that exorbitant interest was charged for credit, and this tax was, of course, visited in turn upon the farmer. Shortly after the war, and during the entire reconstruction period, swarms of money-lenders infested the South extending credit, wholly on cotton. It must be said that many of the lending agencies were of legitimate Southern origin, and that their dealings with the Southern farmer were as liberal as could be expected under such revolutionary conditions. Almost the invariable rule was to mortgage the anticipated crop of cotton for money, implements, and stock wherewith to start the farm going. And again, as a rule, the mortgage was secured often by a lien on the land itself, sometimes merely on the crop. The procedure varied in different States, and in different counties in the various States.

It will be seen that the South, from the moment it began the work of restoration, was doing business on credit. It pledged its main collateral, cotton, in the markets of the world—but the rate it paid was frequently usurious. This borrowing process extended from the banker, through the wholesaler to the retailer and the smallest country merchant, down to the farmer. Stocks of goods were replenished on "sky-high" credit; and these stocks were again sold to large and small farmers on a more staggering credit. Cotton (save where tobacco, rice, and sugar helped) bore the main burden.

An instrument of power at this crisis was the cotton-factor. He was almost omnipotent. He could extend credit or withhold it, could assist individual rehabilitation, or turn the back of his hand, where the risk appeared too large. It is an interesting fact, in this connection, that many of these factors handled grain also, then and until now produced mainly by the West. It was not to their advantage to encourage grain-growing in the Southern States. It was to their advantage to encourage cotton-growing, at the prices the staple was then commanding, and especially in view of the ease with which it could be converted.

THE LABOR SITUATION

FARM labor was then a paramount question in the South, and to some extent it still is. Before 1860, it had slave-labor and could depend upon carrying out a definite program. After 1865, it had to depend upon demoralized and, in some cases, insolent Negroes who were fast reaching that irresponsible attitude toward contractual obligation which obtains to this day. Between 1865 and 1890 the tenant custom grew up, colloquially known as the "cropper system," under which the man owning the land, but unable or unwilling to cultivate all of it himself, lets out portions of it to another person, the rental to be paid in a share of the crop—sometimes a third of the yield, or more or less, according to the generosity of the landlord and the nature of the land, or the crop. The system prevails largely to this day, though the best Southern thought seeks to substitute ownership for "cropping."

Pertinent also in this connection was

the situation of that large class of non-slaveholders called "poor whites," who as I have said fought for the perpetuation of slavery—against their own interests. This class felt the grip of desolation equally with the richer class, though never having enjoyed luxury they were perhaps better qualified to face the situation. The noteworthy fact is that they now fought for the South's redemption, side by side with what was after the war called the "broken-down aristocracy." Caste, and the line of cleavage, were forgotten in a common woe. All classes united in the gigantic task of making headway against what seemed insuperable odds. To speak with candor, the law of the survival of the fittest got in its work during this period of readjustment. The shrewd business acumen of the man who had been unable to acquire slaves before the war came into full play when the old slave oligarchy passed. He was on a plane of equality with his neighbors. If he was competent, he progressed with them in the process of redemption. If he was shiftless, he was left in the ruck, where he still remains. It is a fact not generally understood that more whites of this class than Negroes were, in effect, "emancipated," as the result of the war.

MORTGAGE AND FORECLOSURE

In that era, many Northern and foreign loan concerns came into the South, lending money right and left on farm lands, always with a wide margin of safety and always at a good rate of interest. In instances innumerable the small farmer who had made a humble beginning was unable to meet his obligations, and the loan was renewed. It might happen that the process of renewal would continue indefinitely. The result was the so-called "mortgage era," with foreclosure the rule, and a desperate shuffling for existence on every hand. Hundreds of families, time and again pauperized in this epoch, would take a fresh grip somewhere else, in some other manner, and still make their contribution to the drama of rehabilitation.

THE BUILDING OF RAILWAYS

Discounting the fraudulent railway ventures of the reconstruction era, it may be said that reconstruction and new construction of railways began in the South in the latter part of the sixties and proceeded in a desultory way until 1880, when it entered on marvelous strides maintained until today. In the years between 1870 and 1880, when the South was on the first rung of reëstablished credit, it was a common practice for towns, cities, and counties to bond themselves toward the building of new railways. The people, fresh from a crushing defeat, were still teeming with energy and eager for railways, and doubtless they overstepped the bounds of business prudence. Counties and towns voted bonds for railways, but often received no railway in return. In each case, it was the ever-recurring spectacle of a people mortgaging its future to redeem the ruin of the past.

THE WESTERN RIVALRY

Where a spirit so eager was manifest, it might have been thought that investors from all over the world would have turned to the South with their capital. But two causes restrained such aid to development. The first was the unsettled economic condition of the section, complicated by unjust libeling from interested sources; and the second was the tremendous boom which at that time developed in the Western States. Capital from the North and from abroad poured into the big territory west of the Mississippi, returning vast dividends. Against such opportunities the South could not successfully bid. It did receive aid from outside, but on the hard terms already described.

COTTON THE SAVING INFLUENCE

In face of the heavy handicap at which cotton was raised for three decades following Appomattox, it is remarkable with what gradual certainty the South rehabilitated itself through revenues from this really regal fiber. It seems as if Providence had especially given a world-monopoly of this world-crop to an afflicted people for its salvation. New England and Europe demanded cotton; and year after year the South supplied it, receiving in return a rich tribute from every corner of civilization. If the tribute had been received debt-free, all would have been plain sailing. But, in spite of the hard

conditions, year after year a small surplus accumulated which formed the nucleus for new and independent banking, which gradually enabled manufacturing industries to get on their feet.

THE SPIRIT OF COÖPERATION

THE leaders in this progress toward industrial independence were Southern men. In many instances, they were those who had borne the brunt of the war itself, and had left sons and brothers dead on many battle-fields. The North aided generously in later years, it is true, and the South has not forgotten that fact; but in the crucial period between 1865 and 1880 it was the Southerner who willingly —whether gently born or the "poor white"—enlisted in the army of regeneration, counseling patience when the yoke became heavy, pointing out always the mighty natural resources of the section, and risking hard-saved money in new development.

Among Southerners, the years between '65 and '80 were, preëminently, the years of coöperation. This is not to say that the spirit has passed, but these were the test-years of the South's revival, and it was then that generosity from man to man, mutual forbearance, and interweaving inspiration were most desperately needed. The croakers might say that investments in this or that enterprise—a cotton-mill, an iron-foundry, a coal-mine, or what-not—were foolish and foredoomed. It was then that the men who had been on the firing-line in the sixties, who had directed winning and losing battles, came to the rescue. In many cases they served as public officials with little or no compensation; and where they served their conduct, as a rule, was exemplary. In some instances they edited newspapers, and no American not of the post-bellum South can properly appraise the contribution of the Southern press to the work of bringing order out of disorder and chaos. The eloquence of Henry W. Grady still stirs the emotions as one reads his statement of the case of "The New South." Henry Watterson still lives, his golden years uniting the past with the present, and his pen and his speech are as virile as ever. Another, still left of the old school, is W. W. Screws of Montgomery, while Patrick Walsh, the elder Cowardin, and a host of others like them, have long since gone to their reward, in each instance succeeded by men of the new generation who are continuing the great work of their predecessors.

THE TURN OF THE TIDE

STUDENTS of the South are almost unanimous in agreeing that the fortunes of the section turned decisively in 1880. The deadening effect of the war, and the pessimism that followed it, were beginning to be outlived. The panic of '73 had been weathered with remarkable success, considering the handicap. The national ban was being lifted, the nation having finally recognized the errors of political reconstruction, and carpet-bag days were relegated to the past. Throughout the section a feeling of buoyancy became manifest, inspiring every element to new effort, and drawing the attention of Northern and foreign capital to the opportunities south of Mason and Dixon's line.

The thumb-nail history of one Southern city alone—Atlanta—is an index to the recuperative power of the South. Some would say that Atlanta, being more cosmopolitan than the average Southern city, does not offer a fair instance, but it is so situated, strategically, that it both collects and reflects all the forces making for Southern development and Southern thought and sentiment. Atlanta was the pivotal point in the last stand of the Confederacy. When the city fell the war was virtually at an end, for it was the last substantial base for Confederate supplies. Sherman made it his base for further operations. On his march to the sea, Sherman left the embryo city literally a mass of ruins. The abomination of desolation could not have been more complete. With the coming of peace, activity of every nature was the order of the day.

The tale of Atlanta is simply typical of the entire South. New Orleans did not exhibit so rapid a growth, since it had been long established and needed only the slightest return of confidence to renew its old-time vigor. In 1890, the census gave Atlanta a population of 65,533; another ten years had brought the population to 89,872; and the census of 1910 credited the city with a population of

154,839. To-day it is a city of more than 200,000. But its commercial, industrial, and agricultural vitality is only a reflection of the vitality that brought the South from the ordeal of the sixties to the great dawning of the present decade.

Not less remarkable has been the development of Birmingham, which has become, next to Pittsburgh, the greatest American center of the manufacture of steel and kindred products, and which in that respect possesses advantages greater than those of Pittsburgh since there, more than in any other steel manufacturing center in the world, every ingredient entering into the manufactured product is immediately at hand.

The strides of Richmond, Raleigh and Charlotte, Charleston and Columbia, Savannah, Augusta and Macon, Montgomery, Memphis, Nashville, Knoxville and Chattanooga, San Antonio, Houston, Fort Worth and Dallas, have been scarcely less remarkable, and with the opening of the Panama Canal the possibilities of all the Gulf ports are illimitable.

From a photograph

ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS, VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE CONFEDERACY

A SECOND BACKSET DUE TO CHEAP COTTON

FROM 1891 to, approximately, 1900, the South had a second struggle, though not comparable with its earlier stress. During the former period cotton, its main stand-by, hit rock-bottom, as it had in the decade preceding 1850. Eight, seven, six, and even five cents, were prices commonly prevailing. It is not difficult to see what an economic strain this condition produced. Cotton culture had turned the planters away from diversification, for which the South is richly fitted. Virtually all supplies and most of the manufactured articles were bought away from home, and paid for by what was tantamount to a mortgage upon the cotton crop. Therefore, when the pinch came the depression and the tension were universal. Once more foreclosures overshadowed the land. But in this second era of gloom, the South was better able to help itself, and it could more confidently ask for help from abroad. Its prestige and its credit were re-established and hundreds of concerns and thousands of individuals that, twenty years earlier, would have been fully submerged, managed to weather the gale.

REVERTING TO MANUFACTURES

ANOTHER factor alleviating the hardship of this period was the reversion to the manufacturing industries of the decade preceding the Civil War. In iron and limestone, in coal, granite, and lumber, the South's resources are so abundant as to point to the leadership in American trade, especially after the opening of the Panama Canal. In the period between 1880 and 1900 Southerners steadily invested their savings in plants for the development of these industries. The low-priced-cotton decade stretching from 1891 almost to 1900 pushed the South rear-

SHIPPING COTTON NEAR THE GROWING DISTRICT OF TEXAS

ward, but retrogression was in a measure stayed by manufacturing. Between 1880 and 1890 the manufacturing output overtook and passed production in agriculture, although that fact is still overlooked by most of our countrymen. In 1890 the value of manufactured products in the South were rated at $1,242,581,000, while at that time the value of agricultural products was listed at only $876,452,000. At a recent manufacturers' exhibition held at Atlanta, virtually every article used in daily life was shown,

SHIPPING TEXAS COTTON ON RIVER BARGES

From photographs, copyright by Underwood & Underwood

A PART OF THE ANNUAL FOUR MILLION BALE COTTON CROP OF TEXAS

including luxuries, and not all the industries were represented.

THE ERA OF PLENTY AND OF PROMISE

BEGINNING with 1900 and reaching to the present, there has been a sharp upward tendency in the price of cotton, and this period may be considered as the genuine day of re-

demption for the South, the reaping of the harvest sown so patiently, amid so many bitter disappointments and humiliations. For the past few years the annual cotton crop has averaged one billion dollars, including the value of the crude cotton-seed, the larger part of which was once discarded as waste, but is now rated at approximately one fourth of the value of the entire cotton crop the year

would make out of it a source of tremendous wealth. That is what the South has since done, for, from an annual valuation of a few thousands of dollars, the cotton-seed and its by-products have become worth many millions.

Along with commercial growth has come the movement in all the institutions of human life. Education in all its branches has gone forward at a magic pace. Finance is

IN THE BUSINESS CENTER OF ATLANTA—PEACH-TREE STREET LOOKING NORTH

after the Civil War. The cotton-seed refined products and by-products bring the aggregate value up to many times these proportions—strikingly verifying a prophecy that as a boy I heard Edward Atkinson make at the opening of the first cotton exposition in Atlanta in 1881. At that time the total number of cotton-seed mills in the South could perhaps have been counted on the fingers of one's two hands. In his opening address this noted American statistician stated that if the New England States had a plant which yielded nothing but the cotton-seed which the South was then throwing away, they

reëstablished on a scale commensurate with the tremendous needs. Freedom of conviction and expression has come to abide; and, not to be forgotten, the South is acting fairly toward the Negro in matters of work and education. As the South now contemplates the fulfilment of redemption, it realizes that costly and tragic, arduous and terrible, as were the penalties of the war, and of the war's aftermath, the upheaval of the sixties is largely to be credited with the promise of to-day. The hand of Fate, while smiting, carved out a destiny of which the things now visible are only faint forerunners.

A Prospective Scene in the "City of Oaks," 4th of March, 1869.
K.K.K.
OHIO
"Hang, ours, hang! * * * * * Their complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good fate, to their hanging! * * * * * If they be not born to be hanged, our case is miserable."
The above cut represents the fate in store for those great pests of Southern society—the carpet-bagger and scallawag—if found in Dixie's Land after the break of day on the 4th of March next.
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KU-KLUX CARTOON, EXPRESSING THE EXTREME SOUTHERN VIEW

It was first printed in the "Independent Monitor," Tuscaloosa, Alabama, Sept. 1, 1868, and here is copied from Fleming's "Documentary History of Reconstruction." The carpet-bagger from Ohio was the Rev. A. S. Lakin and the scalawag was Dr. N. B. Cloud. Both were connected with the University of Alabama (the former as recently elected president) and both were driven out by the Ku-Klux.

fying the new State constitution. A conference of prominent Conservatives urged electors to register and not vote, also that no Conservatives should become candidates. This was predicated on the provision of the law under which we were acting that the constitution and all candidates for office would be defeated *unless* a majority of the registered electors should vote at the election. The advice was generally taken, but the Republicans had put up a full ticket, and if the constitution should be ratified the *whole State government would be theirs.*

In the black counties "carpet-baggers" had themselves nominated on the Republican tickets for all the fat offices; in white counties "loyalists" were nominated if they could be found. Sometimes the lean offices went begging for nominees, as in my own county (Butler). There, Colonel Seawell, a needy Confederate, was induced to call himself a Republican and stand for three offices at once: County Solicitor, Register in Chancery, and County Superintendent of Education. The constitution was beaten, and every candidate for office went down with it. General Meade, of Gettysburg fame, as Commander of the Third Military District, was the returning officer, and reported to Congress: "The Constitution fails of ratification by 8114 votes." Nevertheless, Congress declared the constitution adopted, in spite of its own law, and thus legislated into office a full set of State and county officers who had been defeated at the polls.

The Conservative whites had made a vigorous canvass for registration during the month preceding the election. Here was the first battle of the six years' campaign I am describing. Congress, by cheating us of our victory, compacted our forces into the fighting organization that after many vicissitudes redeemed Alabama in 1874 from the rule of the Negro and the carpet-bagger.

ELECTIONEERING AMONG "HARD-SHELL" BAPTISTS

THE amount of effort that had been required to induce our people to register in

opposition to the Radical constitution, proved how loath they were to antagonize the will of Congress that had supreme power. Major Jeff Burnett (of Greenville) and I, during January, 1868, had canvassed the counties of Butler, Crenshaw, and Covington, and our experience was repeated by others in all sections of the State. Burnett was an attractive speaker, yet it was difficult to get audiences. The farmers were tired of voting; voting had brought on the war; Congress could do as it pleased, anyhow, and Congress would upset anything they might do—as in the end it did. Sometimes we spoke for hours to fewer than a dozen persons; yet, gradually, our audiences increased. One of our dates coincided happily with a local convention of Primitive Baptists, which had drawn a large gathering. These people, popularly known as "Hard-Shells," are not always blessed with much "book learning," but they are consistent Christians, and "turn out" any member that fails to pay an honest debt. In Alabama they are also consistent Democrats. It is related of one of their ministers that, after reading to his flock the first verse of the thirteenth chapter of Paul's Epistle to the Romans, which ends with "the powers that be (are) ordained of God," he paused, repeated the words with emphasis, and added: "St. Paul, my hearers, was an inspired Apostle, and he is authority on all points of Christian doctrine; but it is very evident that he was no Democrat, and consequently he is not to be followed in secular affairs."

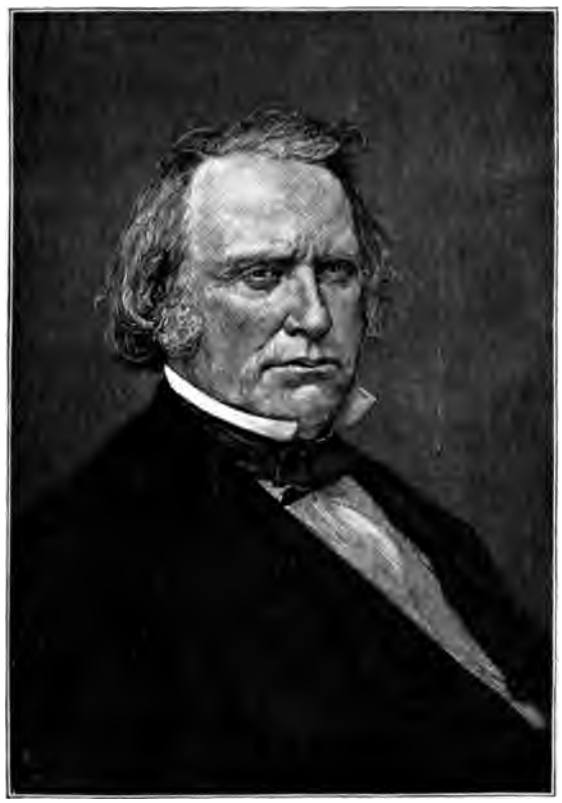
The "Hard-Shells" gave up their church to us that Saturday morning, and Burnett and I spoke to a full house. During my speech an old man stood leaning against a pillar, with one hand up to his ear, and part of the time tears were running down his cheeks while I was picturing the suffering that our soldiers, and our women and children, had undergone in battling for self-government and arguing that, if we remained true to ourselves, we had then the opportunity to recover that right at the ballot-box. Burnett, who knew the old man, rallied me for thinking that my oratory had moved him to tears when the truth was that "the old man was as deaf as a post, and was crying from vexation at not being able to hear a word that was said."

We had stumbled when we put our trust in the good faith of Congress; and now the constitution that had been foisted upon us proved to be another stumbling-block since it contained this test-oath for voters: "I accept the civil and political equality of all men; and agree not to attempt to deprive any person or persons on account of race, color, or previous condition, of any political or civil right, privilege, or immunity enjoyed by any other class of men," etc.

Another campaign was necessary to get our lines past that obstacle, and in October, 1870, Burnett and I found ourselves again in the field, neither of us a candidate. After the test-oath came discussions of the results that must follow if good men should stand aloof. The carpet-bag-

THOMAS NAST'S KU-KLUX CARTOON EXPRESSING THE EXTREME NORTHERN OPINION

It was printed in "Harper's Weekly" for Sept. 26, 1868, and conveys the idea that all Democrats supporting "Seymour and Blair" (opposed to the Republican candidates, General Grant and Henry Wilson) were in effect Ku-Klux striving for the same cause which the soldiers of the Confederacy had lost on the field of battle.



From a photograph by Hoyt

HENRY WILSON

United States Senator, 1855–73; Vice-President of the United States, 1873–75.

gers, through a legislature dominated by the blacks, had now been plundering for eighteen months, taxes had quadrupled, and idleness and crime had been increasing among the Negroes. And we dwelt effectively on the concrete arguments drawn from a contrast between former and present officials. The Conservatives elected the Governor, R. B. Lindsay, but with only one branch of the Legislature to support him.

In 1872, a Republican, D. P. Lewis, was elected Governor, with a Democratic majority in the Legislature; but that majority was fraudulently made Republican for the reëlection of Spencer, a carpet-bagger, to the United States Senate. United States troops had been stationed on the capitol grounds to prevent a revolt by the Conservatives.[1]

ACTIVITIES OF THE KU-KLUX KLAN

BEFORE describing the final struggle of 1874, something must be said of the Ku-Klux Klan, which organized at Pulaski, Tennessee, in 1865. Its members were mostly ex-Confederate soldiers. It is now an almost forgotten fact, although proved by Congressional inquiry, that originally their purpose was amusement as well as the preservation of public order. Turbulent Negroes were visited at night by thirsty ghosts, just from Chickamauga and other battle-fields, who drank "buckets full" of water into receptacles concealed beneath their white robes. Mysterious warnings by night-riders, who had emerged

[1] Fleming pp. 756–59.

From Fleming's "Documentary History of Reconstruction." Copyright, A. H. Clark & Co.

COSTUMES WORN BY MEMBERS OF THE KU-KLUX KLAN IN NORTH CAROLINA

The original photograph was made in 1870 for J. G. Hester, a United States Marshal, who captured the disguises.

from "dens" and whose leaders indulged in outlandish titles and had the power to summon ghosts, at first proved to be a power for good. Membership was avowed, and the Ku-Klux, vizored and clad in fantastical costumes, often paraded by daylight. The organization spread far and wide, and as it grew serious mischief developed, whereupon the order was disbanded. In 1868, after Congressional Reconstruction, it was reorganized and fell into bad hands. It now assumed to regulate the morals of both blacks and whites. Occasionally, and mostly in northern and eastern Alabama, these later Ku-Klux burned Negro churches and school-houses, and disciplined teachers. They whipped and sometimes killed Negroes, often for the reason that the poor Negro insisted on working for a well-to-do neighbor when the Ku-Klux wanted his labor. Public sentiment was against these outrages because they were iniquitous, and none was louder in condemning them than the leaders of the Conservatives—for the "outrages" played into the hands of our political enemies. Reprobated by good people, hunted by the authorities, and prosecuted in the Federal courts, the order had died out by 1871. Later, in 1872, a gang described as spurious Ku-Klux burned a Negro meeting-house in eastern Alabama, six of them being convicted of the offense; but in 1874, when the great battle for redemption was fought, not a vestige of the hated organization remained in Alabama.

A CAMPAIGN ORIGINATING IN DESPERATION

By 1874, the State had become bankrupt; its credit was gone; city and county indebtedness had grown, with few betterments to show for the expenditures; and "more intolerable were the turmoil and strife between whites and blacks, kept alive" for political hold on the Negro vote. Every office was to be filled at a general election in November. As early as April 29 the Democratic and Conservative convention was organized in Montgomery. George Houston, the old "Bald Eagle of the Mountains" from north Alabama, was chosen by acclamation for Governor. Houston, many years a member of Congress, and personally opposed to secession, had taken no part in the war. He was neither a full-fledged Confederate nor an offensive Unionist. He had a pleasant manner and was of portly mien. Alpheus Baker told his friends at home, "Our nominee has a face like the map of the world, and there is n't a smell of brimstone about his garments."

Of the more important planks in the platform, the first averred "That the radical and dominant faction of the Republican party in this State persistently and by fraudulent representations have inflamed the passions and prejudices of the Negroes as a race against the white people, and have thereby made it necessary for the white people to unite and act together in self-defense and for the preservation of white civilization." The third plank denounced the "so-called Civil Rights Bill" then pending in Congress, and the fifth plank advocated economy.

The Republicans renominated David P. Lewis for Governor, and in Section 5 of their platform declared: "We only ask equal advantages in matters of public and common right. This we consider to be all that is embraced in the Civil Rights Bill, and in order that we may be understood, and no false charges made against us, we hereby declare that the Republican party does not desire mixed schools or mixed accommodations—we want no social equality enforced by law."

As General Clanton had been killed in Knoxville, Tennessee, by a desperado whom he had defied, W. L. Bragg, a lawyer of great executive capacity, was made chairman of our executive committee, with headquarters at Montgomery, where he was assisted by three committeemen. He had also the aid of six sub-committees, one in each Congressional District. Bragg's first care was to get in touch with the railroad, telegraph, and express companies. These, and every other business corporation in the State, were with us heart and soul, and contributions poured in from all sources. Bragg did not trust the mails, which were handled by our opponents. He often used a telegraph code. Important letters went by express or messengers, and circular letters were often distributed in the envelops of Montgomery business houses.

VENALITY AND STRIFE IN THE BLACK COUNTIES

By the early days of September State and county nominations had all been made. The nominees on the Republican, State ticket, and for congressmen-at-large, were whites, with records that bespoke the good will of the Negro; but there was not much besides their color to commend them even to north Alabama Unionists. In distinctly white counties the nominees were good men on both sides, but in the black counties there was a shading from bad to worse, almost in exact proportion as the population was black. An instance of these conditions in the rich black county of Dallas, is given in an open letter of September 17 to General Grant, signed by five hundred citizens (including John T. Morgan and E. W. Pettus, both afterward United States Senators): Their present tax-collector, under an indictment by a grand jury (of which twelve members were Republicans) for perjury and embezzlement of county funds, was overwhelmingly renominated, supported by Jere Harralson, the Negro congressman who was on the jury that found the indictment. Their nominee for Judge of the Criminal Court, a Negro, had been indicted for larceny, never had practised law, never had had a case, and was totally unfit for the office. Their nominee for County Solicitor, a white Republican, had been convicted of bribery in office, and was still under the indictment on a new trial. Their Negro nominee for Coroner had been convicted of larceny by a Republican mayor, only a few days before his nomination. Their nominee for Circuit Clerk, chosen over an honest and lifelong Republican, was a corrupt and ignorant Negro.

While in some black counties Democrats were earnestly seeking Negro recruits, in many black counties Negro Democratic speakers were often insulted, stoned, and sometimes killed. "At night they had to hide out," says Fleming in his history of the period. "Their political meetings were broken up; their homes shot into; their families ostracized in Negro society, churches, and schools." Negro women and preachers were more savage than others, though here and there, especially in white counties, Democrats bought the preachers and their influence.

In the very black counties, tendency grew for the Republicans to split into factions which fought each other fiercely, one faction breaking up the meetings of the other by force, sometimes with bloodshed, as in the so-called battles of Old Elam, Wilson's Station, and Pine Level in Montgomery County. The Republicans relied much on the "political bacon" fund their Republican congressman had procured at the preceding session for "flood sufferers." There had been no flood—only the usual spring freshets—and there were no "flood sufferers." The congressmen divided the bacon (226,994 pounds), giving some to each of the six districts regardless of alleged floods. In August the War Department, having discovered the fraud, seized what its agent found at four distributing points, amounting to 22,674 pounds. Nevertheless, it is known that, during October, just before the election, there was a distribution in seventeen counties of 76,309 pounds. But of far more influence than bacon in this campaign were Federal spies, troops, deputy marshals, and handcuffs.

A CAMPAIGN OF ORATORY

Our Democratic nominee for Governor made a great canvass in north Alabama. For a time the Republican nominee met him in debate, and received such thrusts from Houston as the following: "If, as Governor Lewis says, I am a secessionist because the secessionists are supporting me, then he must be a Negro because the Negroes are supporting him." On our side every one who could speak either volunteered or accepted appointments to do so. Bragg ordered me to canvass a mountainous region, chiefly in Blount County, where there were many Union soldiers and others who had allied themselves with the Republicans. I "hunted the woods," seeking access to every voter. Other speakers, elsewhere, did the same. Interest grew and audiences increased. My talks touched on such points as: the conditions in south Alabama; the robbery of our counties and cities; the increase of State taxes, which affected everybody; the decision of the State Supreme Court that it was lawful for Negroes and whites to intermarry, threatening to make of our descendants a race of mulattoes; the "Civil

Rights Bill" with coeducation of the races leading to the same result; the carpet-baggers and the States they hailed from. All over the State, from the lips of orators, old and young, in the daily and weekly press, and by pamphlets and circulars, we made our appeal to an American electorate, to save the country to us, and white civilization to our posterity. Above all else, it was to our interest to keep the peace, and to give no excuse for military interference. Left to ourselves victory was certain.

INSTANCES OF MURDER AND VIOLENCE

UNFORTUNATELY for us, on the first of August, W. P. Billings, a white Republican, was killed on a lonely road in Sumter, a black county. His murderer is unknown to this day. If this was a political outrage it had been the sole one during the year in the whole State, except the battles between the Republican factions to which I have alluded. On August 29, in a distant county another murder, and the only other noticeable one during that canvass, occurred. Thomas P. Ivey, a Negro mail-agent, was shot in his car, and there was no clue to the murderer's identity. Between the Billings assassination and the Ivey murder, several commotions occurred, caused by bands of Negroes who assembled with arms in Greene, Sumter, and Marengo counties. Armed posses of whites, under process, arrested the leaders, but in some cases resistance led to firing and trifling losses resulted to both sides; but order was restored. Putting the worst possible construction on the sporadic murders of Billings and Ivey, the whites of Alabama were not more responsible than were the people of Pennsylvania for the lynching at Coatesville, in 1911, of the Negro Zach Walker on account of the murder of a white policeman. Referring to the Coatesville lynching, after holding several trials, Judge Butler announced that it was impossible "no matter what the evidence" to get twelve men to convict anybody connected with the offense.

ORGANIZING FOR THE SUPREME EFFORT

IN spite of the squabbles and troubles that environed us there was much to cheer in the great fight of 1874. North Carolina, Virginia, Tennessee, and Texas had passed out of the shadow of Negro domination. Democrats of the North were fighting our battles and winning great victories. That section of our country was awakening to the conditions Congressional Reconstruction had brought about in the South, and in October Chairman Bragg issued an address to the people of the United States. Testimony was submitted refuting the false charges made against us, and quotations were made from the first address of the committee to our own people urging the avoidance of violence. The address closed with the statement that our policy was peace and Union and that our earnest wish was for the influx of capital and immigrants.

On October 19, the committee issued an appeal to the voters urging them to close their "several places of business on the third day of November," and to dedicate their "individual and collective exertions to the redemption of Alabama."

About October 20, the committee issued an extensive circular setting forth the pending "Civil Rights Bill" and the votes upon it by our members of Congress, extracts of speeches made by advocates of the bill showing that it meant mixed schools, etc., and telling in full the story of Negro rule in Alabama during the previous six years. Then Captain Bragg issued a remarkable circular which John T. Morgan facetiously called "Bragg's pastoral letter." It was an individual appeal to the minister of every Christian church in the State, urging that all good government was founded on Christian principles as the natural ally of liberty and an honest ballot, and the foe of bribery, corruption, and terrorism. It was a telling document.

As the end of the canvass approached, the forces making for good government were in line as never before in the history of the State. Every precaution was taken to have the polls guarded on November 3. Every highway leading into the State was watched to prevent the importation of voters. Railroad companies for days before the election reported every Negro that came in and the station where he debarked. Victory was so important to our future that thousands were prepared to leave the State and seek homes where the Negro did not control, in case the election went against us—as many thousands had already done since March, 1868.

Chairman Bragg's anxiety that every voter, sick or well, must be got to the polls by carriage, wagon, or what-not, was intensified by doubt as to the weather. There was an old lawyer named Bailey, in Marion, who had the reputation of being an infallible weather-prophet. Bragg telegraphed him: "What sort of weather shall we have to-morrow?" As Bailey was away from home, his waggish young partner, Lockett, answered in Bailey's name: "I think it very probable whether it will rain or not." Bragg never forgave Lockett.

A PROPHECY AS TO THE BLUE AND THE GRAY

In my last speech at Montgomery, on the evening of November 2, I declared that the Union soldiers were our countrymen of whose valor we were proud and that the Federal and Confederate dead were common heroes of a common country. I spoke of the time when the surviving soldiers of both armies might visit together the battle-fields of the late war—a prophecy that will be fulfilled when, next July, the members of the Grand Army of the Republic and of the United Confederate Veterans meet on the field of Gettysburg.

At the election there was rioting in Mobile, at Belmont, and at Gainesville, and one Negro was killed at each of these places. At Eufaula occurred the most serious riot of the Reconstruction period. Both whites and blacks were armed. While the whites were trying to protect from a mob a colored Democrat who was offering to vote, a Negro fired a shot. Four Negroes were killed and sixty wounded. Ten whites were wounded.

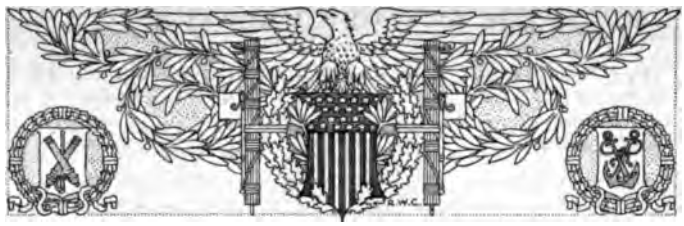
The whole Democratic State ticket was elected by majorities ranging more than 10,000, and the Supreme Court and both Houses of the Legislature were ours. Alabama was redeemed. Since that day whites and blacks in our State have prospered. There is still much idleness and crime among the Negroes, but their development has been gratifying. Sir Harry Johnston, African explorer and student of the Negro race, says that the Negro "has reached a higher civilization in the United States than elsewhere" and "in Alabama, most of all, the American Negro is seen at his best, as peasant, peasant proprietor, artisan, professional man, and member of society."

The story of Alabama is the story of ten other reconstructed States. The stock prediction that the antislavery crusade would never stop short of "Negro equality" had been fulfilled. Thaddeus Stevens and Charles Sumner had helped the secessionists, who had been unhorsed by the war, to get into the saddle again. The Negro and the carpet-bagger [1] had compelled the whites to forget their animosities and come together to save their civilization. Hence the Solid South.

[1] It is believed that the name "Carpet-bagger," as descriptive of the Northern, white, political adventurer in the South, during reconstruction days, was first applied by St. Clair McKelway, editor of "The Brooklyn Eagle." Under date of January 31, 1913, Dr. McKelway describes his original use of the word in the following letter to the Editor of THE CENTURY:

Dear Sir—In 1865–66, when I was a student of the law under Samuel Blatchford and Clarence A. Seward, I was also an editorial writer, afternoons and evenings, on Manton Marble's New York "World." On that paper it fell to me to edit and "head" a letter from Salem Dutcher, a Southern newspaper man, who wrote about the Alabama Convention, which was forming a constitution for the readmission of that State into the Union. He described the old residents coming to the capital in broken, antique carriages, drawn by worn-out horses that were driven by aged and faithful Negro servants. The other delegates, many of them a different sort of Negroes, ignorant, obedient, and shambling, and others of them adventurous whites, not unworthy of the jails or exile that soon enveloped them, comprised those whom Mr. Dutcher described as "able to swim the Tombigbee river with all their worldly possessions upon their backs."

At that time bank-messengers from the offices of financiers to banks in New York, carried deposits in what were then, and are now, called carpetbags. In "display-heading" for the "World" Mr. Dutcher's letter from Montgomery, Alabama, I captioned his screed: "The Old Residents and the Carpet-baggers." That, I believe, was the first appearance of the term in disputatious political writing. Sincerely yours, ST. CLAIR MCKELWAY.



EX-SENATOR EDMUNDS ON RECONSTRUCTION AND IMPEACHMENT

THE following letter from Ex-Senator George F. Edmunds of Vermont, commenting on the articles relating to the impeachment of President Johnson, in THE CENTURY for December last, will be read with interest by every student of American history. Senator Edmunds was eighty-five years old on February 1. He began his long public career in 1854, when he entered the Vermont legislature. From 1866 to 1891 he was one of the most active members of the United States Senate.—THE EDITOR.

841 South Orange Grove Avenue,
Pasadena, California, January 30, 1913.

To the Editor of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

Sir: I have read with much interest in the December number your introduction to and the articles of General Otis and General Henderson on the Impeachment of Andrew Johnson.

I am glad to say you are mistaken in supposing that I am the only survivor other than Mr. Henderson of the members of the Senate participating in the Impeachment proceedings. Cornelius Cole, then a senator from California, still survives [1] in an honored and honorable old age in one of the beautiful suburbs of Los Angeles, hale, hearty, and steadfast as he was when a member of the House of Representatives, and then as a senator, nearly half a century ago. He was one of the very considerable number of Republicans in the Senate who were not extremists, either toward what is called conservatism, or radicalism. He and they were men who did not believe that the safety of liberty and justice could be maintained or exist by the restoration of the status quo ante bellum produced by elections in the seceded States carried on under the constitutions and laws existing in them in 1860, which would in almost every instance return to the Congress of the United States the same class of members with the same opinions and purposes they held at the beginning of the war. The necessary consequence was, as is so well stated by General Otis, that the constitutional amendments and reconstruction and other laws were passed by Congress as the best measures available in the complicated and untoward situation. These measures were not measures of cruelty or tyranny, but of justice and hopefulness.

After the lapse of years it is evident to me that nothing better could have been done, and that nothing done by Congress should have been omitted. I am not unmindful that the Fifteenth Amendment of the Constitution has, so far, almost entirely failed to accomplish its purpose. But it stands an indestructible monument of liberty and equality and an ever-lighted beacon of hope and encouragement to the oppressed of every country on the globe.

> The tumult of the times disconsolate
> To inarticulate murmurs dies away
> While the eternal ages watch and wait.

I had no knowledge of the personal in-

[1] Ex-Senator Cole is ninety-one years of age. Ex-Senator William Sprague of Rhode Island, who also voted for the conviction of President Johnson, still lives, at eighty-two.

cidents or of the schemes referred to by Mr. Henderson, but I did know from intimate (and often confidential), personal intercourse with several Senators, including Mr. Fessenden, Mr. Grimes, and Mr. Trumbull, that, to state it mildly, a deep solicitude existed as to the fitness of the President pro tempore of the Senate, Mr. Wade, to act as President if Mr. Johnson should be removed. They felt very strongly that they would

Rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of.

Everybody knows how dangerous it is to depend upon memory of the details and exact relations of events and conversations of long ago, but I have a vivid recollection of a visit Mr. Fessenden did me the honor to make me at my lodgings on the evening before the voting on the articles of impeachment began. I was very young then and could not take so broad and far a view of consequences as he, but I have since believed, as strongly as one can believe something that cannot be definitely proved, that had Mr. Frelinghuysen or Mr. Harlan, for instance, been the President of the Senate, Mr. Johnson would have been removed.

May I add that the report of the official proceedings in the Impeachment Trial will show that Mr. Henderson is mistaken in saying that Mr. Sherman voted "Not guilty" on Article XI,—he voted "Guilty" on every article on which any vote was taken. Mr. Henderson is also mistaken in saying that the Thirteenth Amendment of the Constitution was adopted and proclaimed on the votes of two thirds of the States. It was done on the votes of three fourths of the States, as the Constitution requires. But this is probably an error of the printer. I also think Mr. Henderson in error in saying that the Senate was "like a mob." Its proceedings were dignified and orderly, and on very many interlocutory questions the votes of Senators were not on party lines and were without any symptom of bias. Very truly yours,

GEORGE F. EDMUNDS.

REALISM AND REALITY IN FICTION[1]

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

Lampson Professor of English Literature in Yale University

DURING those early years of his youth at Paris, which the melancholy but unrepentant George Moore insists he spent in riotous living, he was, on one memorable occasion, making a night of it at a ball in Montmartre. In the midst of the revelry a gray giant came striding placidly across the crowded room, looking, I suppose, something like *Gulliver* in Lilliput. It was the Russian novelist Turgenieff. For a moment the young Irishman forgot the girls, and plunged into eager talk with the man from the North. Emile Zola had just astonished Paris with "L'Assommoir." In response to a leading question, Turgenieff shook his head gravely, and said: "What difference does it make whether a woman sweats in the middle of her back or under her arm? I want to know how she thinks, not how she feels."

In this statement the great master of diagnosis indicated the true distinction between realism and reality. A work of art may be conscientiously realistic,—few men have had a more importunate conscience

[1] Read before the joint meeting of the American Academy of Arts and Letters and the National Institute of Arts and Letters, December 13, 1912. Now first published.

than Zola,—and yet be untrue to life, or, at all events, untrue to life as a whole. Realism may degenerate into emphasis on sensational but relatively unimportant detail; reality deals with that mystery of mysteries, the human heart. Realism may degenerate into a creed; and a formal creed in art is as unsatisfactory as a formal creed in religion, for it is an attempt to confine what by its very nature is boundless and infinite into a narrow and prescribed space. Your microscope may be accurate and powerful, but its strong regard is turned on only one thing at a time; and no matter how enormously this thing may be enlarged, it remains only one thing out of the infinite variety of God's universe. To describe one part of life by means of a perfectly accurate microscope is not to describe life any more than one could measure the Atlantic Ocean by means of a perfectly accurate yardstick. Zola was an artist of extraordinary energy, sincerity, and honesty; but, after all, when he gazed upon a dunghill he saw and described a dunghill. Rostand looked steadfastly at the same object, and beheld the vision of "Chantecler."

Suppose some foreign champion of realism should arrive in New York at dusk, spend the whole night visiting the various circles of our metropolitan hell, and depart for Europe in the dawn. Suppose that he should make a strictly accurate narrative of all that he had seen. Well and good; it would be realistic, it would be true. But suppose he should call his narrative "America." Then we should assuredly protest. "You have not described America. Your picture lacks the most essential features." He would reply: "But is n't what I have said all true? I defy you to deny its truth. I defy you to point out errors or exaggerations. Everything that I described I saw with my own eyes." All this we admit; but we refuse to accept it as a picture of America. Here is the cardinal error of realism. It selects one aspect of life,—usually a physical aspect, for it is easy to arouse strained attention by physical detail,—and then insists that it has made a picture of life. The modern Parisian society drama, for example, cannot possibly be a true representation of French family and social life. Life is not only better than that; it is surely less monotonous, more complex. You cannot play a great symphony on one instrument, least of all on the triangle. The plays of Bernstein, Bataille, Hervieu, Donnay, Capus, Guinon, and others, brilliant in technical execution as they often are, really follow a monotonous convention of theatrical art rather than life itself. As an English critic has said, "The Parisian dramatists are living in an atmosphere of half-truths and shams, grubbing in the divorce courts and living upon the maintenance of social intrigue just as comfortably as any bully upon the earnings of a prostitute."

An admirable French critic, M. Henry Bordeaux, says of his contemporary playwrights that they have ceased to represent men and women as they really are. This is not realism, he declares; it is a new style of false romanticism, where men and women are represented as though they possessed no moral sense—a romanticism sensual, worldly, and savage. Life is pictured as though there were no such things as daily tasks and daily duties.

Shakspere was an incorrigible romantic, yet there is more reality in his composition than in all the realism of his great contemporary, Ben Jonson. Confidently and defiantly, Jonson set forth his play "Every Man in his Humour" as a model of what other plays should be; for, said he, "it contains deeds and language such as men do use." So it does; but it falls far short of the reality reached by Shakspere in that impossible tissue of absurd events which he carelessly called "As You Like It." In his erudite and praiseworthy attempt to bring back the days of ancient Rome on the Elizabethan stage, Jonson achieved a resurrection of the dead; Shakspere, unembarrassed by learning and unhampered by a creed, achieved a resurrection of the living. *Catiline* and *Sejanus* talk like an old text: *Brutus* and *Cassius* talk like living men. For the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life.

The form, the style, the setting, and the scenery of a work of art may determine whether it belongs to realism or romanticism; for realism and romanticism are affairs of time and space. Reality, however, by its very essence, is spiritual, and may be accompanied by a background that is contemporary, ancient, or purely mythical. An opera of the Italian school, where, after a tragic scene, the tenor and soprano hold hands, trip together to the

footlights, and produce fluent roulades, may be set in a drawing-room, with contemporary realistic furniture. Compare "La Traviata" with the first act of "Die Walküre," and see the difference between realism and reality. In the wildly romantic and mythical setting of the latter, weariness, hatred, jealousy, and the passion of love are all intensely real; and as the storm ceases, the portal swings open, and the soft air of the moonlit spring night enters the room, the eternal reality of love makes its eternal appeal in a scene of almost intolerable beauty. Even so carefully realistic an opera as "Louise" does not seem for the moment any more real than these lovers in the spring moonlight, deep in the heart of the whispering forest.

A fixed creed, whether it be a creed of optimism, pessimism, realism, or romanticism, is a positive nuisance to an artist. Joseph Conrad, all of whose novels have the unmistakable air of reality, declares that the novelist should have no program of any kind and no set rules. In a memorable phrase, he cries, "Liberty of the imagination should be the most precious possession of a novelist." Optimism may be an insult to the sufferings of humanity, but, says Mr. Conrad, "Pessimism is intellectual arrogance." He will have it that, while the ultimate meaning of life—if there be one—is hidden from us, at all events this is a *spectacular* universe; and a man who has doubled the Horn and sailed through an Oriental typhoon on what was unintentionally a submarine vessel, may be pardoned for insisting on this point of view. It is indeed a spectacular universe, which has resisted all the attempts of realistic novelists to make it dull. However sad or gay life may be, it affords an interesting spectacle. Perhaps this is one reason why all works of art that possess reality never fail to draw and hold attention.

Every critic ought to have a hospitable mind. His attitude toward art in general should be like that of an old-fashioned host at the door of a country inn, ready to welcome all guests except dangerous criminals. It is impossible to judge with any fairness a new poem, a new opera, a new picture, a new novel, if the critic have preconceived opinions as to what poetry, music, painting, and fiction should be. We are all such creatures of convention that the first impression made by reality in any form of art is sometimes a distinct shock, and we close the windows of our intelligence and draw the blinds that the fresh air and the new light may not enter. Just as no form of art is so strange as life, so it may be the *strangeness* of reality in books, in pictures, and in music, that makes our attitude one of resistance rather than of welcome.

Shortly after the appearance of Wordsworth's "Resolution and Independence,"

> There was a roaring in the wind all night,
> The rain came heavily and fell in floods,

some one read aloud the poem to an intelligent woman. She burst into tears, but, recovering herself, said shamefacedly, "After all, it is n't poetry." When Pushkin, striking off the shackles of eighteenth-century conventions, published his first work, a Russian critic exclaimed, "For God's sake! don't call this thing a poem!" These two poems seemed strange because they were so natural, so real, so true, just as a sincere person who speaks his mind in social intercourse is regarded as an eccentric. We follow conventions and not life. In operas the lover must be a tenor, as though the love of a man for a woman were something soft, something delicate, something emasculate, instead of being what it really is, the very essence of masculine virility. I suppose that on the operatic stage a lover with a bass voice would shock a good many persons in the auditorium, but I should like to see the experiment made. In Haydn's "Creation," our first parents sing a bass and soprano duet very sweetly. But Verdi gave that seasoned old soldier *Otello* a tenor rôle, and even the fearless Wagner made his leading lovers all sing tenor except the *Flying Dutchman*, who can hardly be called human. In society dramas, we have become so accustomed to conventional inflections, conventional gestures, conventional grimaces, that when an actor speaks and behaves exactly as he would were the situation real, instead of assumed, the effect is startling. Virgin snow often looks blue, but it took courage to paint it blue, because people judge not by eyesight, but by convention, and snow conventionally is assuredly white. In reading works of fiction, we have become so accustomed to conventions that we hardly

notice how often they contradict reality. In how many novels I have read have I been introduced to respectable women with scarlet lips, whereas in life I never saw a really good woman with such labial curiosities. Conversations are conventionally unnatural. A trivial illustration will suffice. Some one in a group makes an agreeable proposition. "'Agreed!' cried they all." Have you ever heard any one say "Agreed"?

I suppose that all novels, no matter how ostensibly objective, must really be subjective. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." Every artist feels the imperative need of self-expression. Milton used to sit in his arm-chair, waiting impatiently for his amanuensis, and cry, "I want to be milked!" Even so dignified, so reticent, and so sober-minded a novelist as Joseph Conrad says, "The novelist does not describe the world: he simply describes his own world." Sidney's advice, "Look in thy heart, and write," is as applicable to the realistic novelist as it is to the lyric poet. We know now that the greatest novelist of our time, Tolstoy, wrote his autobiography in every one of his so-called works of fiction. The astonishing air of reality that they all possess is owing largely to the fact not merely that they are true to life, but that they are the living truth. When an artist succeeds in getting the secrets of his inmost heart on the printed page, the book lives. This accounts for the extraordinary power of Dostoyevsky, who simply turned himself inside out every time he wrote a novel.

The only reality that we can consistently demand of a novel is that its characters and scenes shall make a permanent impression on our imagination. The object of all forms of art is to produce an illusion, but the illusion cannot be successful with experienced readers unless it have the air of reality. The longer we live, the more difficult it is to deceive us; we smile at the scenes that used to draw our tears, we are left cold by the declamation that we once thought was passion, and we have supped so full with horrors that we are not easily frightened. We are simply bored as we see the novelist get out his little bag of tricks. But we never weary of the great figures in Fielding, in Jane Austen, in Dickens, in Thackeray, in Balzac, in Turgenieff, for they have become an actual part of our mental life. And it is interesting to remember that, while the ingenious situations and boisterous swashbucklers of most romances fade like the flowers of the field, Cooper and Dumas are read by generation after generation. Their heroes cannot die, because they have what Mrs. Browning called "the principle of life."

The truly great novelist is not only in harmony with life; his characters seem to move with the stars in their courses. "To be," said the philosopher Lotze, "is to be in relations." The moment a work of art ceases to be in relation with life, it ceases to be. The great novelists are what I like to call *sidereal* novelists. They belong to the earth, like the procession of the seasons; they are universal, like the stars. A commonplace producer of novels for the market describes a group of persons that remains nothing but a group of persons; they interest us perhaps momentarily, like an item in a newspaper, but they do not interest us deeply, any more than we are really interested at this moment in what Brown and Jones are doing in Rochester or Louisville. They may be interesting to their author, for children are always interesting to their parents; but to the ordinary reader they begin and end their fictional life as an isolated group. On the contrary, when we read a story like "The Return of the Native," the book seems as inevitable as the approach of winter, as the setting of the sun. All its characters seem to share in the diurnal revolution of the earth, to have a fixed place in the order of the universe. We are considering only the fortunes of a little group of persons living in a little corner of England, but they seem to be in intimate and necessary relation with the movement of the forces of the universe.

The recent revival of the historical romance, which shot up in the nineties, flourished mightily at the end of the century, and has already faded, was a protest not against reality, but against realism. Realism in the eighties had become a doctrine, and we know how its fetters cramped Stevenson. He joyously and resolutely burst them, and gave us romance after romance, all of which except "The Black Arrow" showed a reality far superior to realism. The year of his death, 1894, ushered in the romantic revival,

Romanticism suddenly became a fashion that forced many new writers, and some experts, to mold their work in its form. A few specific illustrations must be given to prove this statement. Mr. Stanley Weyman really wanted to write a realistic novel, and actually wrote one, but the public would none of it; he therefore fed the mob with "The House of the Wolf," with "A Gentleman of France," with "Under the Red Robe." Enormously successful were these stirring tales. The air became full of obsolete oaths and the clash of steel—"God's bodikins! man, I will spit you like a lark!" To use a scholar's phrase, we began to revel in the glamour of a bogus antiquity. For want of a better term, I call all these romances the "Gramercy" books. Mr. Winston Churchill, now a popular disciple of the novel of manners, gained his reputation by "Richard Carvel," with a picture of a duel facing the title-page. Perhaps the extent of the romantic craze is shown most clearly in the success attained by the thoroughly sophisticated Anthony Hope with "The Prisoner of Zenda," by the author of "Peter Stirling," with "Janice Meredith," and most of all by the strange "Adventures of Captain Horn," a bloody story of buried treasure, actually written by our beloved humorist Frank Stockton. Mr. Stockton had the temperament most fatal to romance, the bright gift of humorous burlesque; the real Frank Stockton is seen in that original and joyful work, "The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine." Now, the fact that he felt the necessity of writing "Captan Horn" is good evidence of the tide. This romantic wave engulfed Europe as well as America; but, so far as I can discover, the only work it brought that seems destined to remain after the death of Stevenson appeared in the epical historical romances of the Pole Sienkiewicz. Hundreds of the romances that the world was reading eagerly in 1900 are now forgotten like last year's almanac; but they served a good purpose, apart from temporary amusement to invalids, over-tired business men, and the young. There was in them the sound of a mighty wind, and the close chambers of modern realism were cleansed by the fresh air.

A new kind of realism, more closely related to reality, has taken the place of the receding romance. We now behold the "life" novel, the success of which is a curious demonstration of the falseness of recent prophets. We were told a short time ago that the long novel was extinct. The three-volume novel seemed very dead indeed, and the fickle public would read nothing but a short novel, and would not read that unless some one was swindled, seduced, or stabbed on the first page. Then suddenly appeared "Joseph Vance," which its author called an ill-written autobiography, and it contained 280,000 words! It was devoured by a vast army of readers, who clamored for more. Mr. Arnold Bennett, who had made a number of short flights without attracting much attention, produced "The Old Wives' Tale," giving the complete life history of two sisters. Emboldened by the great and well-deserved success of this history, he launched a trilogy, of which two huge sections are already in the hands of a wide public. No details are omitted in these vast structures; even a cold in the head is elaborately described. But thousands and thousands of persons seem to have the time and the patience to read these volumes. Why? Because the story is in intimate relation with life. A gifted Frenchman appears on the scene with a novel in ten volumes, "Jean Christophe," dealing with the life of this hero from the cradle to the grave. Although the last sections have not yet appeared, the earlier ones are being translated into all the languages of Europe, so intense is the curiosity of the world regarding this particular book of life. Some may ask, Why should the world be burdened with this enormous mass of trivial detail in rather uneventful lives? The answer may be found in Fra Lippo Lippi's spirited defense of his art, which differed from the art of Fra Angelico in sticking close to reality:

> For, don't you mark? we 're made so that we love
> First when we see them painted, things we have passed
> Perhaps a hundred times nor cared to see.

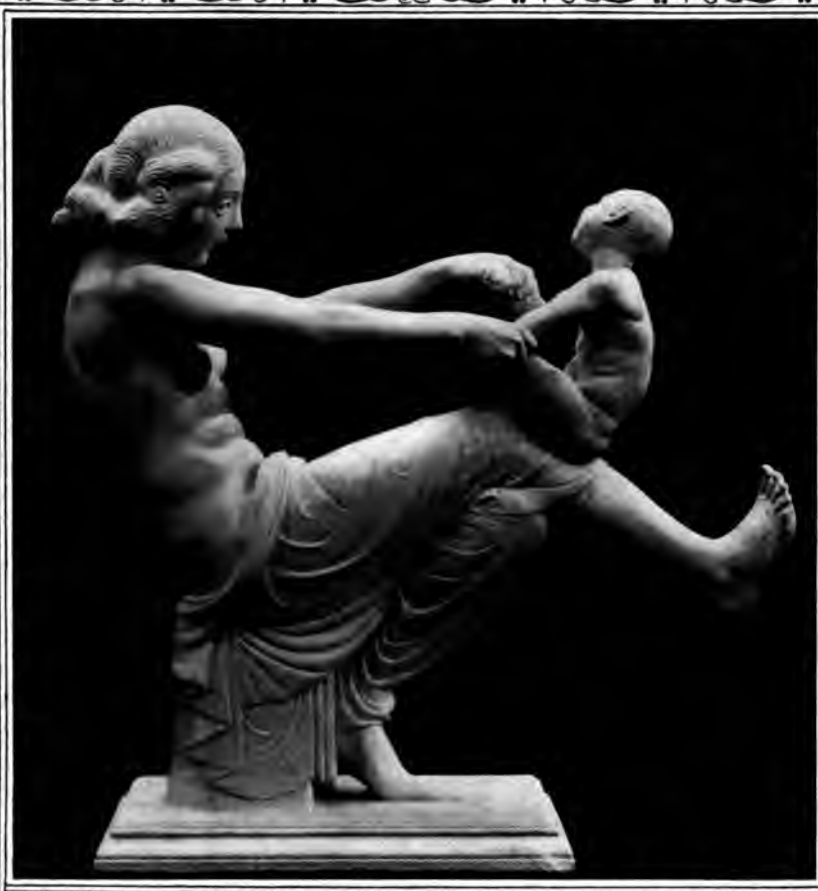
I find in the contemporary "life" novel a sincere, dignified, and successful effort to substitute reality for the former rather narrow realism. For it is an attempt to represent life as a whole.

SCULPTURE
BY
PAUL MANSHIP

COMMEMORATIVE
MEDAL IN BRONZE

THE DUCK GIRL
FIGURE FOR A FOUNTAIN

PLAYFULNESS



PAUL MANSHIP

THE special significance of the sculpture here shown is that it is the work of a student. Four years ago Mr. Manship—then twenty-four years of age—won the scholarship of the American Academy in Rome. This scholarship (which corresponds to the French Prix de Rome) is awarded annually by a jury in New York, and is open to any citizen of the United States.

It is worthy of note that at the recent exhibition of the Architectural League in New York the work of the three students who were graduated last year from the Academy in Rome was accorded an entire room. Their work alone seemed quite a sufficient justification for the existence of the Academy, an institution still in its infancy.

The medallion on page 869, designed by Mr. Manship, was presented to Mr. Frederic Crowninshield by the students who had worked under him during his directorship of the Academy.—THE EDITOR.

WINTER-SLEEP

BY EDITH M. THOMAS

I THOUGHT of all the myriad winged seeds,
Flight-stayed and folded in the snow-still meads,
How they are gathered for a vernal year—
Oh, may Life's fallen flower be held as dear!

Decoration by Oliver Herford

VERMONT

BY SARAH N. CLEGHORN

WIDE and shallow in the cowslip marshes
Floods the freshet of the April snow.
Late drifts linger in the hemlock gorges;
Through the brakes and mosses trickling slow,
Where the May-flower,
Where the painted trillium, leaf and blow.

Foliaged deep, the cool midsummer maples
Shade the porches of the long, white street;
Trailing wide, Olympian elms lean over
Tiny churches, where the cross-roads meet;
Fields of fireflies
Wheel all night like stars above the wheat.

Blaze the mountains in the windless autumn,
Frost-clear, blue-nooned, apple-ripening days;
Faintly fragrant, in the farther valleys,
Smoke of many bonfires swells the haze;
Fair-bound cattle
Plod with lowing up the meadowy ways.

Roaring snows, down-sweeping from the uplands,
Bury the still valleys, drift them deep.
Low along the mountain, lake-blue shadows,
Sea-blue shadows, in the hollows sleep.
High above them,
Blinding crystal is the sunlit steep.

THE FRYING-PAN AND THE FIRE

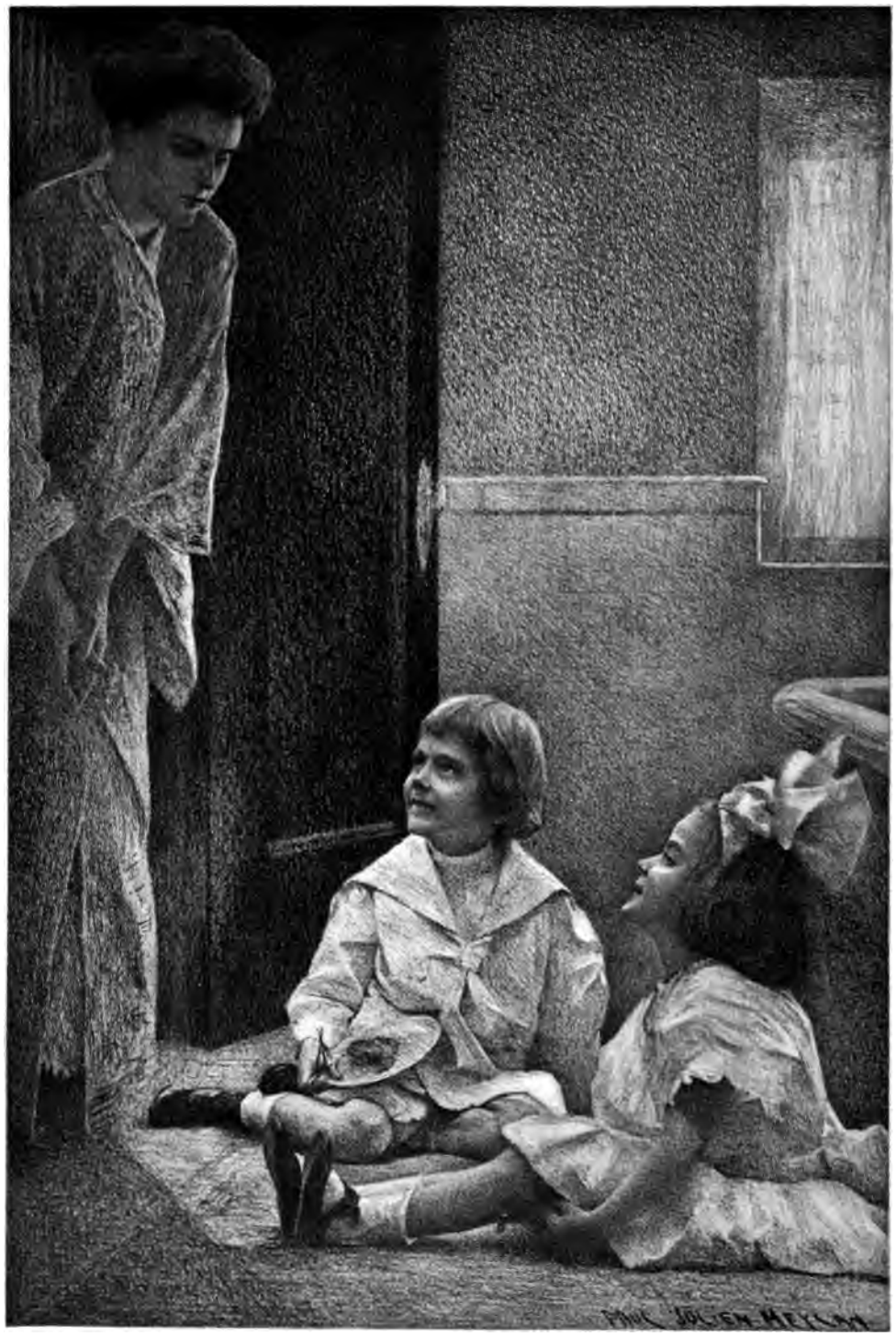
BY EDITH BARNARD DELANO

WITH PICTURES BY PAUL J. MEYLAN

IT is generally acknowledged that the newly engaged maiden is subject to many and strange emotions; but even before her letters and calls of congratulation began to come, Frances Waldon had to endure a few that were, to say the least, unusual.

She was a tall, dark girl who suffered so intensely from an over-inheritance of the family shyness that she was usually credited with possessing an undue amount of the family pride. Never in her life had any one really pierced the prickly shell of her timidity until Tommy Hollyday came along, with his jolly face and boisterous laugh, his dancing blue eyes and curly hair which would not stay brushed. Frances's dark locks were always decorously glossy, whatever the fashion; she could no more have allowed a wisp of hair to stray into a waving love-lock than she could have dispensed with that unseen flannel garment which to the conscientious feminine mind represents at once propriety and a sure defense against all capricious changes of the weather. Frances had been properly brought up, and in a family where a regimen of prunes and prisms had left its mark.

Judge Waldon had provided his only daughter with a succession of the best and most expensive governesses until it was



Drawn by Paul J. Meylan. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"'AND THEN,' CHIRPED BIX, 'BIM FOUGHT WE COULD SEW IT UP AND MAKE IT GO AGAIN'" (SEE PAGE 880)

time for her to be "finished." At sixteen Frances entered the most fashionable school in the city, only to find herself a stranger among the girls who had been intimates from their kindergarten days. They looked down upon her from their secure heights of frivolous prettiness both because she knew so much more than they did in some subjects and so much less in others. As a Waldon she was one of their own kind, to be invited to all of their formal parties; as a friend she did not exist for them at all. She watched the others less with a sense of envy than of wonder, bewilderment, fear; and when the most popular among them would sometimes slip an arm through hers or try to make some other girlish advance, Frances would blush and tremble or else stiffen from sheer excitement. She loved to linger on the outskirts of the little groups at recess and listen to their tales of boys, the "He said" and "Then I said," and all the other girlish chatter; she saw them walking to school in pairs or with some youthful escort, but she scarcely dared dream of herself in like circumstances. The only time when she even nearly approached their escorted state was when her father's ward, a mild and studious youth, came to the judge's house to recuperate from typhoid. On the last day of his visit he had walked to school with her, and at recess one of the girls asked, before all the others:

"Was that your suitor, Frances, who came to school with you this morning?"

Poor Frances stood mute, horrified, in an agony of shyness. Another girl exclaimed:

"Gracious! Did she really have a beau?" Several others giggled. There, as far as the girls were concerned, the subject dropped; but for many a night Frances lay awake into the small hours, thinking with burning cheeks of the delicious horror of having been thought to possess a beau!

A few years later hers was the handsomest coming-out reception of the winter, and she was duly invited everywhere. She took her social duties as seriously as she did the marketing or her attendance at church; they were things to be regularly, faithfully, conscientiously accomplished, no matter what the weather or her own state of mind or health. Not that she was subject to illnesses; during her three years of young-ladyhood she had not been absent from one social gathering or from church, nor in all that time had she ever ordered a poor dinner. The judge appreciated her faculty in that line, although it did not occur to him to say so. Waldons had always lived well, and would always continue so to do. Frances was liked in a way. She was invariably pleasant, could be relied upon for the many small things connected with fairs and theatricals that no one else would do at all, and she returned her obligations with two fine parties each year; so that she had a more lasting social career than many a pretty bud who blooms and withers in a couple of years, fading unremembered.

Then, at the house of the Rankin Glovers, she had met Tommy Hollyday and her fate. The Glovers were comparative new-comers, and no one was sure of their origin; but they lived so well that even Judge Waldon would dine with them, and when Mrs. Glover's cousin, Tommy Hollyday, came to town in a big red automobile, and laughed his way through two or three evenings, no one asked any more questions about him than they did about Rankin himself. He was accepted, liked, flirted with, played for. Frances heard his laugh once or twice, and shrank inwardly at the sound of it; its masculine heartiness grated on her maidenly reserve.

On the fateful evening of their first meeting, "What 's Cleopatra's other name?" Tommy asked his cousin, looking across the room toward Frances's dark profile.

Mrs. Glover had long ago stopped trying to fathom Tommy's jokes. "I give it up," she said. "What 's the answer?"

"It 's not a conundrum, Kitty," he said, "but a matter that lies near my heart. Who 's the lady with the dark and thoughtful brow over there in the corner by herself—the one watching the Bliss girl make eyes at Henry?" Mr. Hollyday called half the men in town by their first name when he had been among them for a week, and fully two thirds of the girls.

"Oh, that?" Mrs. Glover followed his directing look. "Oh, that 's Miss Waldon. But do run along and talk to people, Tommy; I 've got lots on my mind this evening."

Mr. Hollyday laid a detaining hand on

her arm. "Come with me first and introduce me to that girl," he said. Then he added, "I am going to marry her."

Mrs. Glover looked at him and smiled rather wanly. "You *are* such an utter idiot, Tommy," she said with cousinly affection.

Two months later, when he told her of his engagement to the young woman he still occasionally called Cleopatra, and also that he had been accepted as a future son-in-law by Judge Waldon, Tommy reminded Mrs. Glover of that remark, and demanded:

"Now, Kitty, do you still think I am an utter fool?"

"Yes, I do," she maintained. "You cannot possibly marry that girl. Why, she 's as different from you as—as—as a buttercup from a chimpanzee."

"If you don't look out, you 'll hurt my feelings," he said, grinning cheerfully. "It 's her very difference, my dear Katherine, that charms your Tommy. And," he added in quite a different tone, "I *am* charmed. I know it 's absurd for her to care for an ape like me, since you prefer that description; but—but I 'm glad she does."

He drew a slow, deep breath, and his cousin looked at him shrewdly. "If I knew you the least little bit less well than I do," she said, "I should think you were really in love with her."

But for once Mr. Hollyday's flippancy deserted him. "I can't talk about it," he said; and Mrs. Glover went about, after that, assuring people that Tommy was really and finally in love.

There were few among their friends who did not express surprise to Mr. Hollyday; and although her dignified reserve shielded Frances from the fun-poking that her fiancé had to endure, she had plenty of relatives who did not hesitate to make the most of kinship's privilege of personal frankness. Her yielding to Tommy's beseeching had surprised herself as much as it could surprise any one. She had to endure the judge's ponderous, pompous kindness and her Tommy's embraces; she had to try during a whole long night and day to realize that she, Frances, was beloved by a man, and would some day marry him; and before she had had time to brace herself in the least the first relative arrived. *Her Cousin Florrie* Whitney, the mother of three as yet unaffianced daughters whose social successes had far eclipsed Frances's modest ones, was the first to call.

"Can it really be true?" she exclaimed, holding Frances off at arm's length, and looking at her as one looks at some one else's baby. "Can it really be true? I never was so surprised in my life." Then she kissed her effusively, and drew her down beside her on the sofa, holding her hands in a way that embarrassed Frances almost as much as her lover's kisses. "I told the girls this morning that I just could n't believe it was true, and I must come right over and see. Why, my dear, no one ever thought you would marry. Not that you are n't attractive, and the judge's money, and all that; but somehow —well, you never seemed the marrying *kind*."

Her father's sister was the next to come, and she arrived fairly breathless. "Frances," she asked, from her fortress of ermine and velvet, "what, what is this I hear? Can it be true?"

Poor Frances flushed painfully and began to tremble; she had always been desperately afraid of this aunt. She could only nod an affirmation.

Her aunt sat down, deliberately unfastened her wrappings, and stared at her. "Do you know what you are entering upon? Do you know anything at all about this—this person?" she demanded.

Frances looked bewildered.

"Do you know anything about his grandfather, his great-grandfather, his grandmother, his ancestry, his tradition?" The judge's family often spoke of tradition. "Do you know what his—his past may have been? Do you realize what marriage to a person of this sort may mean?"

Loyalty to her beloved made Frances brave. "Father has found out as much as he thinks necessary, Aunt Maria," she managed to say, "and I think I am the only one who is going to marry him." Then she flushed a ruddier crimson, for never before had any one dared to reply in such a manner to this monument of the family greatness.

"The only one to marry him?" her aunt quoted. "Not at all. You will bring this person into my brother's family, into *my* family, and we have a right to decide *who* shall be admitted among us."

"Father and I have done the deciding for the family," reaffirmed Frances. It will be seen that she had already profited somewhat by her engagement to Tommy.

A cousin nearer her age, yet sufficiently older to have gained the spinsterly point of view, was next to come. "Well, Frances," she said, with tears in her voice, "I hope you will be happy. I hope you will."

Frances remembered Tommy, and said, "I am happy now, Louise."

"Ah, yes; *now*. Yes." The visitor sighed. "I remember Anita Scovill; she was happy, too—at first. But you know what a scandal that divorce made. I remember Milly Trenham; I never saw a happier girl. She has eight children, and Will died last year. But I suppose Mr. Hollyday is strong; he drives his automobile as if he were. It is only the strong who are careless of the weakness of others—old people and little children, you know."

She babbled on about divorces for an hour, and left only when two of Frances's schoolmates came in to overwhelm her with wonder, curiosity, offers of assistance in matters of trousseau and wedding, and amusing tales of Tommy, as they called him, and his various philanderings. The *chunking* of Tommy's motor warned them off at last, and Frances was left with her lover for one of the hours that she half adored, half dreaded.

No one knew better than Tommy himself that the girl with the serious, dark eyes, watching him with a frightened wistfulness, was several grades finer than himself. He would have answered all her aunt's questions with the assurance that he was not in any way fit for her, but that, although the meanest of the slaves of love, he meant to win her. For Tommy was deeply and sincerely in love, and he knew very well that his love was far too true to be of the smoothly running variety. Frances had consented, but in his heart he knew she was not yet won. If he had been of a more serious type he would have blundered in his love-making, as manly men usually do; as it was, he knew there were to be many turnings of their path before they could emerge together upon the broad highway, and there was much in his past experience which helped him now. He, and he alone, understood her shyness; therefore he never touched her sensitive retreat into her own spirit. He was so wise with her that even his manner of greeting was the right one.

He entered with the impetuous quickness that his friends knew, and advanced so swiftly that it seemed as though he were going to take her in his arms. Instead, he stopped in front of her, smiled at her paling cheeks, and held out his hands. Then the girl's color came back, and she did what she could never have done if he had been the first to move toward an embrace: she leaned forward and rested her cheek against his shoulder.

Tommy laughed a low laugh, and put his arms about her. He knew he had safely turned one of the corners of their crooked path when he had won her confidence that far; she had come to him of her own accord when she was tired, for he had noticed the fatigue in her face when he stood in the door saying merry good-bys to the two departing girls. He had been having a day of it, too.

He drew her to the sofa. "Sit here," he said tenderly, "and let me fix these pillows for you; you are tired to death."

"I never lean back," said Frances.

"Do it now, anyway," he coaxed, and half forced her back into their downy restfulness. "Now tell me about your day. I have been driving round for hours, telling every one I met; I 'd have gotten out extra editions of the papers if I 'd had my way. I know now why they used to have town-criers."

Frances smiled; it was only Tommy's jokes that bewildered her, not his pleasantries. She told him about her afternoon with an ease and frankness hitherto unknown to her. He, listening sympathetically, though often tempted toward humorous criticism, only questioned her and occasionally touched her hand; yet, all the while he was watching her calm, dark face with ecstasy. No lover was ever more ardent, yet none was ever more restrained.

"I ought to have kept you from all this sort of thing," he said at last. "I might have known what you 'd have to go through."

He drew her to him and kissed her, and tears came into her eyes. "I—I did n't know that—being engaged was—was like this," she said tremulously.

He smiled. "Like what? This?" He kissed her again, and Frances drew away.

"Oh, no," she said, looking at him with shocked eyes; "I knew you 'd—you 'd kiss me. I meant I did n't know people would say such things."

"Oh, that 's not being engaged," he laughed; "that is getting engaged. The process seems to have its drawbacks; but once we are safely launched, and people have made up their minds to it, you 'll find it will be—well, very nice." They smiled together. "Very nice" was one of her most ardent phrases, and he often quoted it teasingly. "But I ought to have saved you from it, somehow."

"Saved me from Aunt Maria?"

Tommy beamed, though he knew all along that her humor would develop. "I tell you what," he said, "I want you to know my family, anyway, and I 'll telephone Billy and Edith, and ask them to invite you down for a week. How 'll that do?"

Never had a Waldon listened to such a proposition; Frances stared. "Ask them to invite me! O Tom!"

"Certainly," said Tommy; he always stood by his guns. "Take me up to the library now, won't you, and we 'll long-distance them right away."

"But I have never met them."

"You 've met me," he said, "and Billy 's my only brother, and we 're so much alike we 're taken for twins. That comes pretty near knowing Billy. And you 'll know Edith, anyway, when to-morrow's mail comes in, for she 'll write the minute she hears of our engagement. She 's the right stuff."

It was entirely against her well-taught principles, it was almost shockingly informal, it was alarmingly unpremeditated, and done without the fine deliberateness with which Waldons always entered upon the smallest things; but nevertheless she found herself the next morning upon the station platform, ticket in hand, and with Harris, the footman, standing discreetly near with her bag. A short minute before the train came in, Tommy arrived breathless.

"I 'll take Miss Waldon's grip, Harris," he said; and to Frances, "I am going to the next stop with you, if I may." When Harris rejoined the coachman, he winked.

By the time they had left the town behind them, Frances longed to jump from the train and return to her father's home. Every instinct within her arose to protest against the self-invited visit; but at the first station Tommy stood up, with her bag, and said, "Come on."

"We don't get off here!" she cried; but Tommy was already at the door, and she could only follow.

Outside the station, in the almost deserted road, was Tommy's big red car. "Come on!" he said again cheerfully. "Thought we 'd drive over."

Hitherto he had not been able to persuade her so much as to mount the steps of his car. The judge abhorred the quickly speeding vehicles, and Frances was afraid of them, and thought them very conspicuous and a little vulgar. It had pained her that Tommy should care for them so much.

She drew back and said: "O Tom! What do you mean? I cannot ride in that."

"Sure," said Tommy. "Easiest thing in the world. Hop in, and you 'll soon see how you like it."

"I—I 'm afraid."

Mr. Hollyday looked at her sternly. "With me?" he demanded. "Can you be afraid with me?"

"Oh, no," she said hastily, "I don't mean that exactly; but—but I can't go with you alone."

At that Tommy put back his head and roared. "Oh, come on, dear; come on and get in, won't you?" he said.

So Frances, a little hurt and a good deal frightened, was speeded away to the house of her future brother-in-law and to the most miserable week she had ever spent.

Knowing their brother and his tastes, Mr. and Mrs. Hollyday were surprised to find his chosen one a tall, dark, dignified, and very quiet girl; but if Tommy loved her, they reasoned instinctively, she must be the sort they would love, too. Perhaps her quietness was to be attributed to the fatigue of her long ride. So they welcomed her with open-hearted friendliness and a lack of formality which shocked her at once, and had the effect of making her even more quietly cold than before. Tommy watched, understood it all, and grinned.

He grinned many times during the following days, but gradually there crept into his smile a tinge of uneasiness. On the day

of the tadpole episode his uneasiness quite superseded his enjoyment of the situation.

There were two children in the William Hollyday family, and Frances had never before stayed in the house with so much as one small child. She was afraid of children, as some women are of the most charming kittens. The Hollyday children were friendly and no more bashful than their uncle, whom they adored; they called Frances "Auntie" at their first meeting, and at their second, Beatrice, who was called Bix for short, plastered the front of her pale-blue Chinese embroidery blouse with bread and molasses. In the judge's house molasses was used only as a seasoning for the beans. Frances had seen some small negro children enjoying it as a dainty, but that did not increase her respect for Bix's taste nor for Edith's allowing her to have it. But the plaster of bread and molasses could not compare in horror with Bim's experiments with the tadpole.

Bim was William, Jr. "It 's too confusing to have two Billies, you know," Edith had explained, "and we called this baby William at first just because it sounded so absurd; but he named himself Bim, and it does seem to suit him better, don't you think so?"

Frances tried to murmur an assent; but she could not in the least see why it was absurd to call a baby William. She thought about it a good deal afterward, and decided that *she* would have called Billy William and the baby Will; that would have been satisfactory all round. Yet there crept into her mind, as the days passed, something more than a suspicion that her future brother-in-law was not the sort of man who could properly be called William. Would a William leave his muddy overshoes on the hall table, and his umbrella on the piano? Would a William lay his cigar across the bowl of powdered sugar while passing through the dining-room on his way to the furnace, and leave it to burn its way into the bowl, not to be discovered until breakfast and the cereal caused family questionings—and amusement? Edith called her into her bedroom one morning before it was made up for the day, and Frances retreated precipitately at sight of the masculine disorder. Would a William, she asked herself, have left his shoes on the chairs, his yesterday's collar under the bureau instead of in the neat, blue collar-bag, and an evidently damp bath-towel on the bed?

She retreated, but miserable questionings were forcing their way into her mind, her heart. Did *all* men leave their things like that? She recalled her own immaculate room in the judge's house, with its little bags for everything, and everything in its little bag. If—no, when—she married Tom, should she have to endure such disorder as she had just beheld?

Edith was in a friendly mood that morning, and followed Frances. "Don't you want to take a walk when I 've finished my picking up?" she asked. "I 'm almost ready; I only have to wash Billy's socks."

Frances gasped. "What!" she exclaimed, too amazed, too shocked, to be polite.

Edith laughed, and waved the garments in question. "Oh, I always wash his silk socks myself; they rub them out so if I send them down-stairs. You 'll probably do the same, my dear, after you 're married," she added, with matronly superiority.

When she came back ready for the walk, Frances pleaded a headache; she felt unequal to further revelations that morning.

"I 'm so sorry," said Edith. "But," she added, as if she were offering the world's greatest boon and blessing, "the children are going to be home; don't you want them to come up in your room and amuse you? Their darling little chatter always soothes me so."

Frances said she thought quiet was what she needed, and friendly Edith went down to warn the children not to make a sound, because Auntie Frances wanted to lie down. At first Auntie Frances did, indeed, try to shut out her thoughts by sleep; but sleep refused to come to the rescue. Then she crept on tiptoe down to the library, which was a pleasant room, where the family seldom went, and closed its door. She hunted on the shelves for something soothing, but they held only long rows of showily bound editions of the novelists, a curious set of "Famous Women of the Courts," and a ten-volume encyclopedia that had belonged to Tommy's father. So Frances made herself comfortable in a deep chair and relaxed. She had taken some lessons in relaxing the winter before, but to-day she found it impossible to achieve a

flabby state of mind, however limp she might be in body. Yet she conscientiously relaxed for an hour. Then, feeling herself altogether unequal to pondering any longer over her matrimonial future with her Tommy, who, in the light of his brother, had suddenly and alarmingly become a man-creature, and not merely a lover, she thought she would go up-stairs again, thoroughly scour the bath-tub, in which she supposed Edith had done her laundering, and give herself the careful grooming that she had always found conducive to calmness of soul. At present she was feeling thoroughly frowzy.

A day or two before, Tommy had brought his small niece and nephew a present; it was a large glass bowl containing waving, green water-plants and several aquatic creatures. Frances was interested in the pretty Japanese fishes, and Tommy professed a fondness for the tiny turtle; but Bim and Bix adored the two tadpoles, which were already large in the waist, and gave promise of becoming real froggies in a month or two. When Frances, with her gray kimono pinned at the neck and wrapped closely about her, opened the bath-room door, the children were sitting on the floor beside the tub, bending over something on one of their mother's best plates.

Bim looked up with his most charming, winsome smile. "We thought we 'd give the poor little fishes a bath in the bath-tub, Auntie Frances," he said, "and Bix holded one of the taddies too tight."

Frances looked into the tub. It was evident that the fishes had not enjoyed their journey in the children's hands; one was already floating on its side. Then she bent lower, the better to see the queer thing on the plate.

"And then," chirped Bix, "Bim fought we could sew it up and make it go again, but we tould n't; so now he 's tutting it up to see what it 's made of. Look how funny its works are, Auntie Frances!"

Then Frances saw in the youthful surgeon's hand a pair of curved, thin nail-scissors--her nail-scissors, the ones she had paid a dollar and a half for only the month before, the most perfect nail-scissors she had ever owned, so sharp, so thin, so wholly delightful. She went back into her *room and* locked her door.

That day and evening her headache continued, to Tommy's consternation; and the next morning she came down pale and determined, and dressed for traveling. To Edith's hurt questioning she could say nothing except that during the night she had suddenly developed a longing which was not to be restrained to visit her Aunt Frances in the family homestead at Oldmeadow. To Tommy she was more explicit.

"I find I have been mistaken," she said. "I am sorry if I have hurt you, Tom, but I—I was not meant to be married."

Poor Tommy looked at her set lips and pale face with very unhappy eyes. He offered to drive her to Oldmeadow in his car, but at the mere thought of its flaming redness beneath those elms she shuddered. Tommy thought she shuddered at him, and went out of the room with honest tears in his eyes, unashamed.

She found in the atmosphere of Oldmeadow the solace she needed, and in the quiet and somewhat dreary home of her forefathers the balm of renewed pride. Often during her first days there she trembled when she thought of the danger she had escaped. Every high-backed chair and every ancestral silhouette in the house seemed to smile upon her return to the family tradition. Looking at her Aunt Frances, she could not escape a full knowledge of what the family tradition meant. Her Aunt Frances was so eminently maidenly that she insisted upon being called "Franceese," so that no one might mistake her name for its masculine counterpart. The judge's other sister had, indeed, flown into the face of tradition and married; but Miss Frances maintained the family dignity. She was a Waldon to the core, and a female Waldon at that.

Frances had not spent six days in the Hollyday household altogether in vain. Perhaps her engagement had taught her something; at any rate, she now saw her aunt in a new light. She took note of the lines about her mouth and ears, the downward droop of her thin lips, and caught herself afterward before her mirror trying to find similar ones in her own reflected face. Every mirror in the Waldon house faced a window, so Frances could see only her outline; but it was a comfort to find that every hair was once more in place.

Her Aunt Frances had much to say about the broken engagement, and poor

Frances could not escape her. "Of course your Aunt Maria married," she was told, "but it is altogether against the family tradition to do so, and I am glad that you have seen it in its right light in time. Women—some women—must sacrifice themselves, of course, for the sake of the race; but I think we Waldons can very well leave such experiments to our gentlemen."

Miss Frances felt very emancipated in making such a speech, and she liked it so well that she repeated it a week or so later in the presence of one of her neighbors who, like most of the women of Oldmeadow, was also unmarried; but Miss Julia was of quite another frame of mind. She wore her hair cut short, and ignored feminine fripperies as well as feminine occupations and manners.

"Bosh!" she said, crossing one knee over the other. "You talk like a silly old maid, Franceese. Women are made to marry. Look at me! D' you think I 'd be an old maid if I could have helped it? Not I! No man ever asked me; I suppose they were all afraid I 'd box their ears if they did. Perhaps I should have in my youth; but I 've lived too long not to have some sense now, and I can tell this child that it does not pay to grow into an old maid."

Miss Frances jumped a little, and flushed, as her friend spoke. Miss Julia chuckled. "Don't jump, Franceese," she said. "I am certainly an old maid, though you may be a maiden lady or a spinster, if you prefer. And," she added, turning to Frances, who, having been engaged to Tommy, was actually getting some enjoyment out of the little scene, "you may think now that a single life is the ideal one, but it is not. I have tried it longer than you have, and I know."

There were small pink spots in Miss Frances's cheeks, and little pink blotches appeared on her forehead and eyelids. Frances wondered if she too should grow to look like that when she was angry. But Miss Frances could be brave when dignity demanded.

"I will admit, Julia," she said, "that a single life may be lonely. But the other may be—er—so much worse."

Miss Julia sniffed. "Well," she said, "there 's never any doubt in my mind that if I were offered the frying-pan or the fire, I 'd never choose to stay in the frying-pan. The fire, my dear," she said, looking at Frances, "at least offers greater possibilities."

And Frances, although she loved the old house and thought she loved her aunt, wondered more and more, as the weeks passed, whether the fire was not, indeed, the more desirable. Her own particular frying-pan began to seem very small, and, she thought, it was even beginning to scorch a little; for every day some one reminded her of her being a Waldon, or said:

"Dear me, Franceese, how much you are like your Aunt Franceese!"

The first time any one told her that she went home with a look of alarm in her eyes. Something within her told her that it was quite true; she was, she really was, like her aunt. Then from her window she saw a red car go tooting and snorting through the quiet village street, and she shuddered. Of course she was like her aunt, another Waldon. Why not?

Miss Frances always took ten drops of essence of peppermint after supper, so that her digestion might be aided and her slumber assured; she was unhappy and almost cross if any one else dared sit in the brown, cloth-covered arm-chair; she almost wept one day because a drop of kerosene got on her knitting; she boasted that she had never been late for a meal in her life, and read the litany through every day; and she told the same story to Frances four times in one week. Frances remembered her own undeniable resemblance to her aunt, and wondered; but then she recalled Mr. Hollyday's silk socks and the tadpole. Thinking of those things, she started for the village store to buy some gasolene; she would try to clean the pale-blue embroidered blouse.

The storekeeper was loquacious and friendly. "Wall," he said, "it beats my time how you Waldons do resemble! You 're the very image o' what Miss Franceese was at your age, Miss."

Frances bought some new maple-sugar instead of the gasolene.

So the weeks passed, and, as spring came, the loneliness and vague longings that at each recurring blossoming-time invade all nature stirred Frances into an uneasiness she had never known before. Doubts and questionings to which she had hitherto been a stranger, a feeling of uselessness, a longing for something once

known, but soon lost, flashes of memory bringing to her the sweet voices of two small children, the happy laughter of a young family, the unspoken understanding and sympathy in a pair of merry eyes —Frances had a great deal to think about as spring came on; her frying-pan was becoming very warm indeed.

On the day when the apple-trees first burst into bloom, the house suddenly became too small for her; she *must* get out under the skies. Her aunt had been peevish at breakfast and actually cross and snappy at luncheon. When Frances went up to put on her hat she was startled to observe on her own face a reflection of her aunt's expression; then she met Miss Julia in the street.

That decided person planted herself firmly in front of Frances until she had had her say, then she strode briskly off to her farming. "Frances Waldon, you are growing more old-maidy every day you live. You 're getting to be the very image of your Aunt Franceese. By the time you 're forty, you 'll come here to live, and you 'll live for forty years more —just—like—your—Aunt—Franceese."

For the first time in her well-ordered life Frances felt murderous; she almost ran to the post-office. Her father had been very good about letting her stay on and on, but she hoped that the letter due to-day would recall her. There were two letters for her. Her father wrote that he was well, and that she must stay as long as she wished to; the house, he added with the best and kindest intentions, went on comfortably in her absence. She was not wanted there, then.

The other letter was from the cousin at home who had told her the divorce stories the day her engagement was announced. In the postscript she wrote: "I suppose you have heard that Mr. Hollyday is paying attentions to Florrie's eldest girl. I know how thankful you must feel at your escape. I gave dear Father Gray two dollars last week, in your name, as a thank-offering. I do not expect you to repay me."

Frances went on down the street, past the sedate old houses, walking with true Waldon dignity until she came out on the country road; there she quickened her pace, and at last, urged by some newly born impulse, she picked up her skirts and ran—ran on and on and on until she was breathless. Then she sat down on the damp roadside, a thing she had been instructed never to do—sat down under an apple-tree and wept. After a while she stopped crying and laughed, but wept again when she remembered her likeness to her Aunt Franceese; she remembered the poor little tadpole and Bix's darling, sticky hands, and wept; she remembered Tommy's curly hair, and wept. Then she stopped crying to laugh once more—to laugh as long and as hard as she had cried; but again she began to cry, for in the distance she heard a familiar ***chug-chugging.*** Even a red car, she thought, would be welcome now; but Tommy was at home, and was paying attentions to Florrie's eldest girl. She put her head down on her knees and sobbed. How she had always hated that girl!

The car sped past, then seemed to stop. She peeped up, and saw that it was turning around. The people who drove red cars were always silly, and this creature had probably lost his way. She wished they would all lose their way. She heard the car stop almost opposite her; surely they were not going to ask her to direct them, and her eyes all red and queer!

But just then a familiar voice exclaimed, "By the Lord Almighty!"

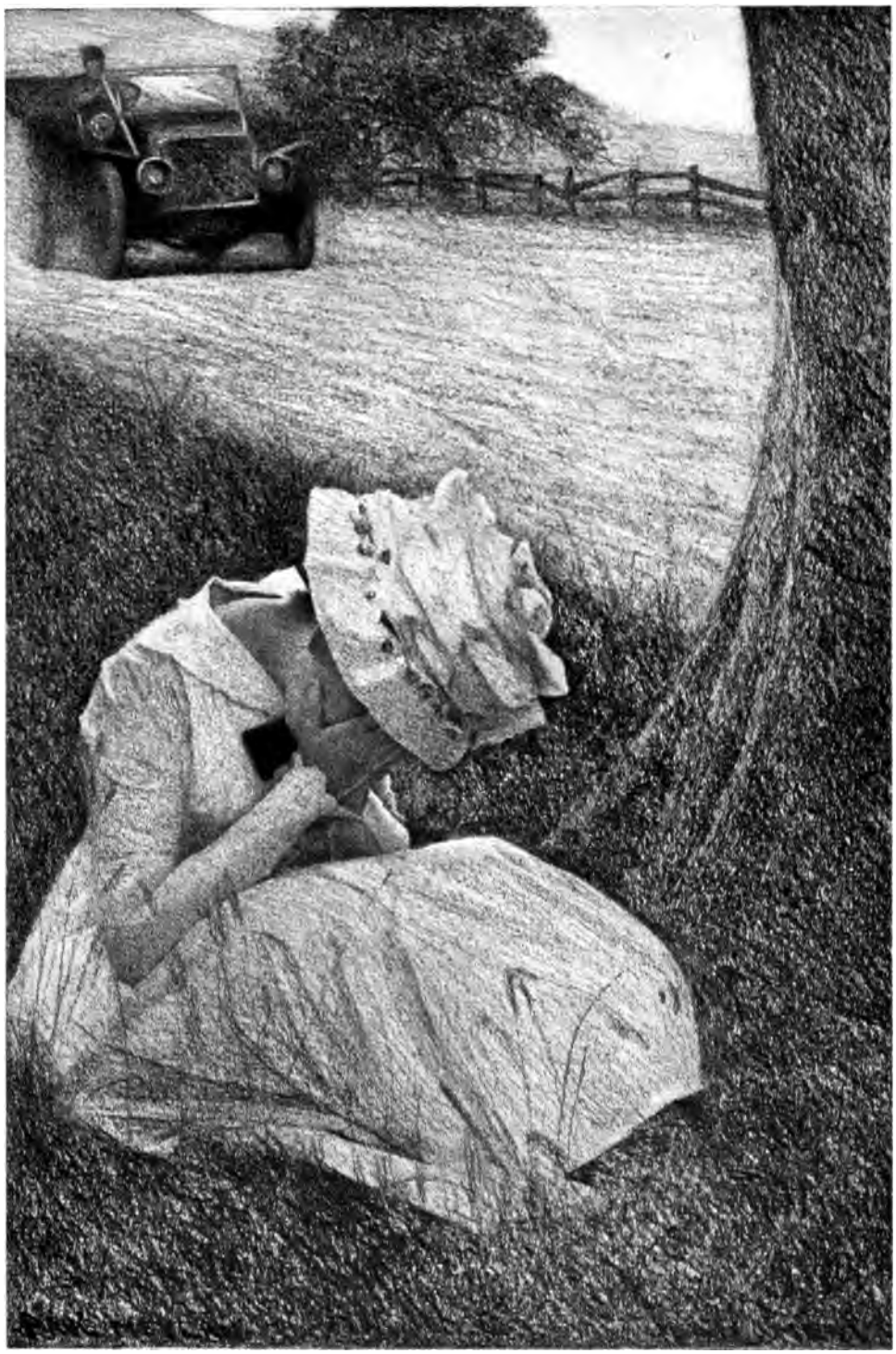
And Frances, who had never before heard an oath without a shiver and a protest, rose up swiftly, and as swiftly sped into her Tommy's arms.

When, an hour or so later, they were whirling along in the red car, Frances asked him, "Tommy, Tommy darling, will you teach me how to drive the car?"

Whereupon he held her closer, driving dangerously with one hand, and laughed delightedly. "Sure!" he said, and she did not shudder. "I 'll have you racing with everything on the road in a month. But I 've got something else to attend to first."

Frances looked up at him with adoring eyes. "Have you, Tommy?" she asked fatuously.

"Bet I have!" said Tommy. "I 've got to find the nearest parson first, and get myself safely married."



Drawn by Paul J. Meylan. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"THEN SHE SAT DOWN ON THE DAMP ROADSIDE, . . . UNDER AN APPLE-TREE AND WEPT"

SKIRTING THE BALKAN PENINSULA

FROM TRIEST TO CONSTANTINOPLE

SECOND PAPER: IN AND NEAR ATHENS

BY ROBERT HICHENS

Author of "The Spell of Egypt," "The Holy Land," "The Garden of Allah," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY JULES GUÉRIN AND PHOTOGRAPHS

WHAT Greece is like in spring, I do not know, when rains have fallen round Athens and the country is green, when the white dust perhaps does not whirl through Constitution Square and over the garden about the Zappeion, when the intensity of the sun is not fierce on the road to the bare Acropolis, and the guardians of the Parthenon, in their long coats the color of a dervish's hat, do not fall asleep in the patches of shade cast on the hot ground by Doric columns. I was there at the end of the summer, and many said to me, "You should come in spring, when it is green."

Greece must be very different then, but can it be much more beautiful?

Disembark at the Piræus at dawn, take a carriage, and drive by Phalerum, the bathing-place of the Athenians, to Athens at the end of the summer, and though for just six months no rain has fallen, you will enter a bath of dew. The road is dry and dusty, but there is no wind, and the dust lies still. The atmosphere is marvelously clear, as it is, say, at Ismailia in the early morning. The Hellenes, when they are talking quite naturally, if they speak of Europe, always speak of it as a continent in which Greece is not included. They talk of "going to Europe." They say to the English stranger, "You come to us fresh from Europe." And as you drive toward Athens you understand.

This country is part of the East, although the Greeks were the people who saved Europe from being dominated by the races of Asia. All about you—you have not yet reached Phalerum—you see country that looks like the beginning of a desert, that holds a fascination of the desert. The few trees stand up like carved things. The small, Eastern-looking houses, many of them with flat roofs, earth-colored, white, or tinted with mauve and pale colors, scattered casually and apparently without any plan over the absolutely bare and tawny ground, look from a distance as if they, too, were carved, as if they were actually a part of the substance of their environment, not imposed upon it by an outside force. The moving figure of a man, wearing the white fustanelle, has the strange beauty of an Arab moving alone in the vast sands. And yet there is something here that is certainly not of Europe, but that is not wholly of the East—something very delicate, very pure, very sensitive, very individual, free from the Eastern drowsiness, from the heavy Eastern perfume which disposes the soul of man to inertia.

It is the exquisite, vital, one might almost say intellectual, freshness of Greece which, between Europe and Asia, preserves its eternal dewdrops—those dewdrops which still make it the land of the early morning.

Your carriage turns to the right, and in a moment you are driving along the shore of a sea without wave or even ripple. In the distance, across the purple water, is the calm mountain of the island of Ægina. Over there, along the curve of the sandy bay, are the clustering houses of old Phalerum. This is new Phalerum, with its wooden bath-houses, its one great hotel, its kiosks and cafés, its shadeless plage, deserted now except for one old gentleman who, like almost every Greek all over the country, is at this moment reading a newspaper in the sun.

Is there any special charm in new Phalerum, bare of trees, a little cockney of aspect, any exceptional beauty in this bay? When you have bathed there a few times, when you have walked along the shore in the quiet evening, breathing the exquisite

air, when you have dined in a café of old Phalerum built out into the sea, and come back by boat through the silver of a moon to the little tram station whence you return to Athens, you will probably find that there is. And from what other bay can you see the temple of the Parthenon as you see it from the bay of Phalerum?

You have your first vision of it now, as you look away from the sea, lifted very high on its great rock of the Acropolis as on a throne. Though far off, nevertheless its majesty is essentially the same, casts the same tremendous influence upon you here as it does when you stand at the very feet of its mighty columns. At once you know, not because of the legend of greatness attaching to it, or because of the historical associations clinging about it, but simply because of the feeling in your own soul roused by its white silhouette in this morning hour, that the soul of Greece —eternal majesty, supreme greatness, divine calm, and that remoteness from which, perhaps, no perfect thing, either God-made or, because of God's breath in him, man-made, is wholly exempt—is lifted high before you under the cloudless heaven of dawn.

You may even realize at once and forever, as you send on your carriage and stand for a while quite alone on the sands, gazing, that to you the soul of Greece must always seem to be Doric. From afar the Doric conquers.

The ancient Hellenes, divided, at enmity, incessantly warring among themselves, were united in one sentiment: they called all the rest of the nations "barbarians." The Parthenon gives them reason. "Unintelligible folk" to this day must acknowledge it, using the word "barbarian" strictly in our modern sense.

THE ACROPOLIS, WITH A VIEW OF THE AREOPAGUS AND MOUNT HYMETTUS, FROM THE WEST

But the sun is higher, the morning draws on; you must be gone to Athens. Down the long, straight, new road, between rows of pepper-trees, passing a little church which marks the spot where a miscreant tried to assassinate King George, and always through beautiful, bare country like the desert, you drive. And presently you see a few houses, like the houses of a quiet village; a few great Corinthian columns rising up in a lonely place beyond an arch tawny with old gold; a public garden looking new but pleasant,—not unlike a desert garden at the edge of the

Suez Canal,—with a white statue (it is the statue of Byron) before it; then a long, thick tangle of trees stretching far, and separated from the road and a line of large apartment-houses only by an old and slight wooden paling; a big square with a garden sunken below the level you are on, and on your right a huge, bare white building rather like a barracks. You are in Athens, and you have seen already the Olympieion, the Arch of Hadrian, the Zappeion garden, Constitution Square, and the garden and the palace of the king.

Coming to Athens for the first time by this route, it is difficult to believe one is in the famous capital, even though one has seen the Acropolis. And I never quite lost the feeling there that I was in a delightful village, containing a cheery, bustling life, some fine modern buildings, and many wonders of the past. Yet Athens is large and is continually growing. One of the best and most complete views of it is obtained from the terrace near the Acropolis Museum, behind the Parthenon. Other fine views can be had from Lycabettus, the solitary and fierce-looking hill against whose rocks the town seems almost to surge, like a wave striving to overwhelm it, and from that other hill, immediately facing the Acropolis, on which stands the monument of Philopappos.

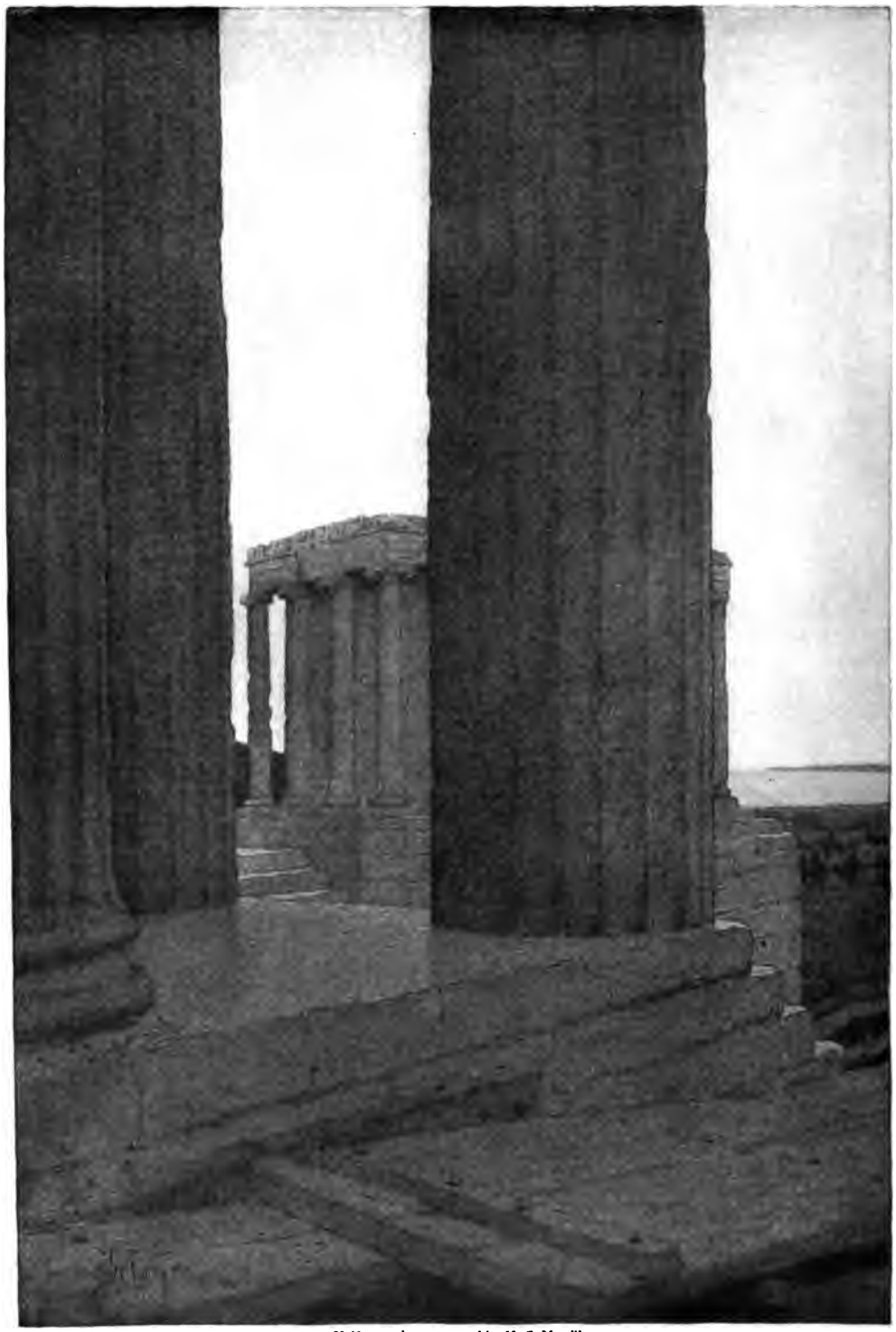
It is easy to ascend to the summit of the Acropolis, even in the fierce heat of a summer day. A stroll up a curving road, the mounting of some steps, and you are there, five hundred and ten feet only above the level of the sea. But on account of the solitary situation of the plateau of rock on which the temples are grouped and of its precipitous sides, it seems very much higher than it is. Whenever I stood on the summit of the Acropolis I felt as if I were on the peak of a mountain, as if from there one must be able to see all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them.

What one does see is marvelously, almost ineffably beautiful. Herodotus called this land, with its stony soil and its multitudes of bare mountains, the "rugged nurse of liberty." Though rugged, and often naked, nevertheless its loveliness —and that soft word must be used—is so great and so pure that, as we give to Greek art the crown of wild olive, so we must give it surely also to the scenery of Greece. It is a loveliness of outline, of color, and above all of light.

Almost everywhere in Greece you see mountains, range upon range, closing about you or, more often, melting away into far distances, into outlines of shadows and dreams. Almost everywhere, or so it seemed to me, you look upon the sea. And as the outlines of the mountains of Greece are nearly always divinely calm, so the colors of the seas of Greece are magically deep and radiant and varied. And over mountains and seas fall changing wonders of light, giving to outline eternal meanings, to color the depth of a soul.

When you stand upon the Acropolis you see not only ruins which, taking everything into consideration, are perhaps the most wonderful in the world, but also one of the most beautiful views of the world. It is asserted as a fact by authorities that the ancient Greeks had little or no feeling for beauty of landscape. One famous writer on things Greek states that "a fine view as such had little attraction for them," that is, the Greeks. It is very difficult for those who are familiar with the sites the Greeks selected for their great temples and theaters, such as the rock of the Acropolis, the heights at Sunium and at Argos, the hill at Taormina in Sicily, etc., to feel assured of this, however lacking in allusion to the beauty of nature, unless in connection with supposed animating intelligences, Greek literature may be. It is almost impossible to believe it as you stand on the Acropolis.

All Athens lies beneath you, pale, almost white, with hints of mauve and yellow, gray and brown, with its dominating palace, its tiny Byzantine churches, its tiled and flat roofs, its solitary cypress-trees and gardens. Lycabettus stands out, small, but bold, almost defiant. Beyond, and on every side, stretches the calm plain of Attica. That winding river of dust marks the Via Sacra, along which the great processions used to pass to Eleusis by the water. There are the dark groves of Academe, a place of rest in a bare land. The marble quarries gleam white on the long flanks of Mount Pentelicus, and the great range of Parnes leads on to Ægaleos. Near you are the Hill of the Nymphs, with its observatory; the rocky plateau from which the apostle Paul spoke of Christ to the doubting Athenians; the new



Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

THE TEMPLE OF ATHENE NIKE AT ATHENS

PAINTED FOR THE CENTURY BY JULES GUÉRIN

plantation at the foot of Philopappos which surrounds the so-called "Prison of Socrates." Honey-famed Hymettus, gray and patient, stretches toward the sea—toward the shining Saronic Gulf and the bay of Phalerum. And there, beyond Phalerum, are the Piræus and Salamis. Mount Elias rules over the midmost isle of Ægina. Beneath the height of Sunium, where the Temple of Poseidon still lifts blanched columns above the passing mariners who have no care for the sea-god's glory, lies the islet of Gaidaronisi, and the mountains of Megara and of Argolis lie like dreaming shadows in the sunlight. Very pure, very perfect, is this great view. Nature here seems purged of all excesses, and even nature in certain places can look almost theatrical, though never in Greece. The sea shines with gold, is decked with marvelous purple, glimmers afar with silver, fades into the color of shadow. The shapes of the mountains are as serene as the shapes of Greek statues. Though bare, these mountains are not savage, are not desolate or sad. Nor is there here any suggestion of that "oppressive beauty" against which the American painter-poet Frederic Crowninshield cries out in a recent poem—of that beauty which weighs upon, rather than releases, the heart of man.

From this view you turn to behold the Parthenon. A writer who loved Greece more than all other countries, who was steeped in Greek knowledge, and who was deeply learned in archæology, has left it on record that on his first visit to the Acropolis he was aware of a feeling of disappointment. His heart bled over the ravages wrought by man in this sacred place—that Turkish powder-magazine in the Parthenon which a shell from Venetians blew up, the stolen lions which saw Italy, the marbles carried to an English museum, the statues by Phidias which clumsy workmen destroyed.

But so incomparably noble, so majestically grand is this sublime ruin, that the first near view of it must surely fill many hearts with an awe which can leave no room for any other feeling. It is incomplete, but not the impression it creates.

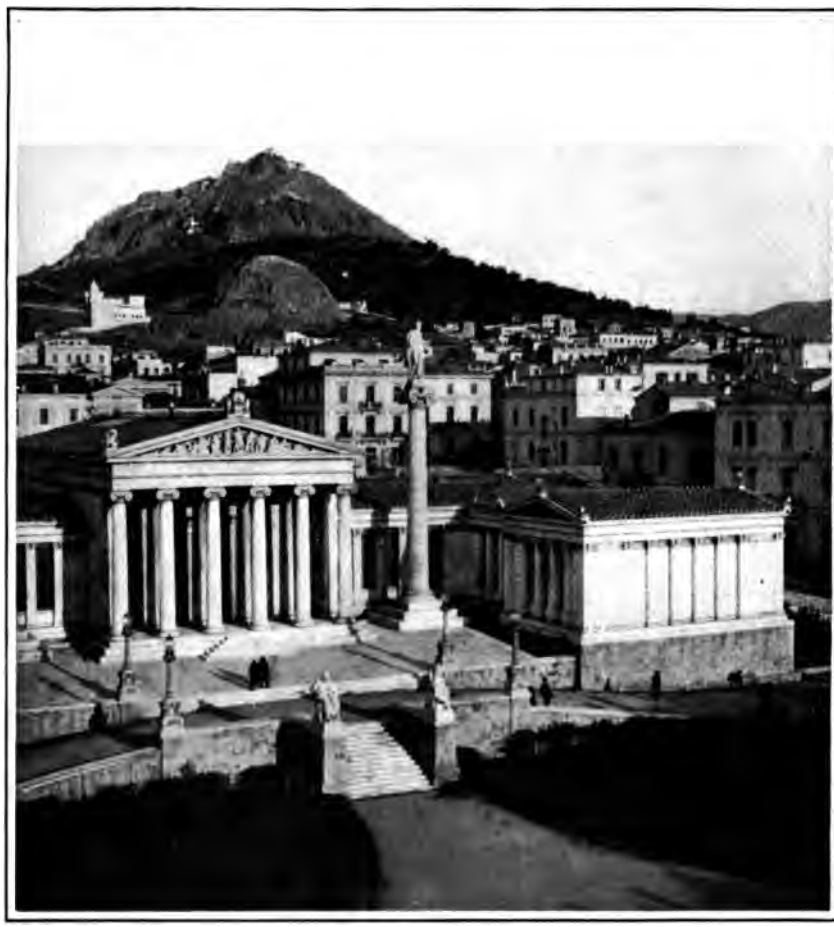
The Parthenon, as it exists to-day, shattered, almost entirely roofless, deprived of its gilding and color, its glorious statues, its elaborate and wonderful friezes, its lions, its golden oil-jars, its Athene Parthenos of gold and ivory, the mere naked shell of what it once was, is stupendous. No memory of the gigantic ruins of Egypt, however familiarly known, can live in the mind, can make even the puniest fight for existence, before this Doric front of Pentelic marble, simple, even plain, but still in its devastation supreme. The size is great, but one has seen far greater ruins. The fluted columns, lifted up on the marble stylobate which has been trodden by the feet of Pericles and Phidias, are huge in girth, and rise to a height of between thirty and forty feet. The architrave above their plain capitals, with its projecting molding, is tremendously massive. The walls of the cella, or sanctuary of the temple, where they still remain, are immense. But now, where dimness reigned, —for in the days when the temple was complete no light could enter it except through the doorway,—the sunlight has full possession. And from what was once a hidden place the passing traveler can look out over land and sea.

Some learned men have called the Parthenon severe. It is wonderfully simple, so simple that it is not easy to say exactly why it produces such an overpowering impression of sublimity and grandeur. But it is not severe, for in severity there is something repellent, something that frowns. It seems to me that the impression created by the Parthenon as a building is akin to that created by the Sphinx as a statue. It suggests—seems actually to send out like an atmosphere—a tremendous calm, far beyond the limits of any severity.

The whole of the Parthenon, except the foundations, is of Pentelic marble. And this marble is so beautiful a substance now after centuries of exposure on a bare height to the fires of the sun, to the sea-winds and the rains of winter, that it is impossible to wish it gilded, and painted with blue and crimson. From below in the plain, and from a long distance, the temple looks very pale in color, often indeed white. But when you stand on the Acropolis, you find that the marble holds many hues, among others pale yellow, cocoa color, honey color, and old gold. I have seen the columns at noonday, when they were bathed by the rays of the sun, glow with something of the luster of am-

ber, and look almost transparent. I have seen them, when evening was falling, look almost black.

The temple, which is approached through the colossal marble Propylæa, or state entrance, with Doric colonnades and steps of marble and black and deep-blue whose glittering point was visible from the sea. The columns are all fluted, and all taper gradually as they rise to the architrave. And the flutes narrow as they draw nearer and nearer to the capitals of the columns. The architrave was once hung with wreaths and decorated with



From a photograph, copyright by Underwood & Underwood

THE ACADEMY. MOUNT LYCABETTUS IN THE BACKGROUND

Eleusinian stone, is placed on the very summit of the Acropolis, at the top of a slope, now covered with fragments of ruin, scattered blocks of stone and marble, sections of columns, slabs which once formed parts of altars, and broken bits of painted ceiling, but which was once a place of shrines and of splendid statues, among them the great statue of Athena Promachos, in armor, and holding the lance shields. The famous frieze of the cella, which represented in marble a great procession, and which ran round the external wall of the sanctuary, is now in pieces, some of which are in the British Museum, and some in Athens. A portion of this frieze may still be seen on the west front of the temple. The cella had a ceiling of painted wood. On one of its inner walls I saw traces of red Byzantine figures, one

THE AREOPAGUS (MAR'S HILL), ATHENS, FROM THE EAST
On this rock St. Paul spoke to the Athenians. The building at the right is the Theseum.

apparently a figure of the Virgin. These date from the period when the Parthenon was used as a Christian church, and was dedicated to Mary the mother of God, before it became a mosque, and, later, a Turkish powder-magazine. The white marble floor, which is composed of great blocks perfectly fitted together, and without any joining substance, contrasts strongly with the warm hues of the inner flutes of the Doric columns. Here and there in the marble walls may be seen fragments of red and of yellow brick. From within the Parthenon, looking out between the columns, you can see magnificent views of country and sea.

Two other temples form part of the Acropolis, with the Propylæa and the Parthenon, the Temple of Athene Nike and the Erechtheum. They are absolutely different from the profoundly masculine Parthenon, and almost resemble two beautiful female attendants upon it, accentuating by their delicate grace its majesty.

The Temple of Nike is very small. It stands on a jutting bastion just outside the Propylæa, and has been rebuilt from the original materials, which were dug up out of masses of accumulated rubbish. It is Ionic, has a colonnade, is made of Pentelic marble, and was once adorned with a series of winged victories in bas-relief.

Ionic like the Temple of Nike, but much larger, the Erechtheum stands beyond the Propylæa, and not far from the Parthenon, at the edge of the precipice beneath which lies the greater part of Athens. A marvelously personal element attaches to it and makes it unique, giving it a charm which sets it apart from all other buildings. To find this you must go to the southwest, to the beautiful Porch of the Caryatids, which looks toward the Parthenon.

There are six of these caryatids, or maidens, standing upon a high parapet of marble and supporting a marble roof. Five of them are white, and one is a sort of yellowish black in color, as if she had once been black, but, having been singled out from her fellows, had been kissed for so many years by the rays of the sun that her original hue had become changed, brightened by his fires. Four of the maidens stand in a line. Two stand behind, on each side of the portico. They wear flowing draperies, their hair flows down over their shoulders, and they support their burden of marble with a sort of exquisite submissiveness, like maidens choosing to perform a grateful and an easy task that brings with it no loss of self-respect.

I once saw a great English actress play the part of a slave girl. By her imagina-

THE ACROPOLIS AT ATHENS, EARLY MORNING

PAINTED FOR THE CENTURY BY JULES GUÉRIN

tive genius she succeeded in being more than a slave: she became a poem of slavery. Everything ugly in slavery was eliminated from her performance. Only the beauty of devoted service, the willing service of love,—and slaves have been devoted to their masters,—was shown in her face, her gestures, her attitudes. Much of what she imagined and reproduced is suggested by these matchlessly tender and touching figures; so soft that it is almost incredible that they are made of marble, so strong that no burden, surely, would be too great for their simple, yet almost divine, courage. They are watchers, these maidens, not alertly, but calmly watchful of something far beyond our seeing. They are alive, but with a restrained life such as we are not worthy to know, neither fully human nor completely divine. They have something of our wistfulness and something also of that attainment toward which we strive. They are full of that strange and eternal beauty that is in all the greatest things of Greece, from which the momentary is banished, in which the perpetual is enshrined. Contemplation of them only seems to make more deep their simplicity, more patient their strength, and more touching their endurance. Retirement from them does not lessen, but almost increases, the enchantment of their very quiet, very delicate spell. Even when their faces can no longer be distinguished and only their outlines can be seen, they do not lose one ray of their soft and tender vitality. They are among the eternal things in art, lifting up more than marble, setting free from bondage, if only for a moment, many that are slaves by their submission.

About two years ago this temple was carefully cleaned, and it is very white, and looks almost like a lovely new building not yet completed. Here and there the white surface is stained with the glorious golden hue which beautifies the Parthenon, the Propylæa, the Odeum of Herodes, the Temple of Theseus, the Arch of Hadrian, and the Olympieion. The interior of the temple is full of scattered blocks of marble. In the midst of them, and as it were faithfully protected by them, I found a tiny tree carefully and solemnly growing, with an air of self-respect. Above the doorway of the north front is some very beautiful and delicate carving. This temple was once adorned with a frieze of Eleusinian stone and with white marble sculpture. Its Ionic columns are finely carved, and look almost strangely slender, if you come to them immediately after you have been among the columns of the Parthenon. Majesty and charm are supremely expressed in these two temples, the Erechtheum and the Parthenon, the smaller of which is on a lower level than the greater. One thinks again of the happy slave who loves her master.

The group of magnificent, gold-colored Greco-Roman columns which is called the Olympieion stands in splendid isolation on a bare terrace at the edge of the charming Zappeion garden. In this garden, full of firs and pepper-trees, acacias, palms, convolvulus, and pink oleanders, I saw many Greek soldiers, wearied out with preparations for the Balkan war against Turkey, which was declared while I was in Athens, sleeping on the wooden seats, or even stretched out at full-length on the light, yellow soil. For there is no grass there. Beyond the Olympieion there is a stone trough in which I never saw one drop of water. This trough is the river-bed of the famous Ilissus!

The columns are very splendid, immense in height, singularly beautiful in color,—they are made of Pentelic marble, —and with Corinthian capitals, nobly carved. Those which are grouped closely together are raised on a platform of stone. But there are two isolated columns which look even grander and more colossal than those which are united by a heavy architrave. The temple of which they are the remnant was erected in the reign of Hadrian to the glory of Zeus, and was one of the most gigantic buildings in the world.

From the Zappeion garden you can see in the distance the snow-white marble Stadium where the modern Olympic and Pan-Hellenic games take place. It is gigantic. When full, it can hold over fifty thousand people. The seats, the staircases, the pavements are all of dazzling-white marble, and as there is of course no roof, the effect of this vastness of white, under a bright-blue sky, and bathed in golden fires, is almost blinding. All round the Stadium cypress-trees have been planted, and their dark-green heads rise above the outer walls, like long lines of spear-

heads guarding a sacred inclosure. Two comfortable arm-chairs for the king and queen face two stelæ of marble and the far-off entrance. The earthen track where the sports take place is divided from the spectators by a marble barrier about five feet high, and till you descend into it, it looks small, though it is really very large. The entrance is a prophylæum. It is a great pity that immediately outside this splendid building the hideous panorama should be allowed to remain, cheap, vulgar, dusty, and despicable. I could not help saying this to a Greek acquaintance. He thoroughly agreed with me, but told me that the Athenians were very fond of their panorama.

In a straight line with the beautiful Arch of Hadrian, and not far off, is the small and terribly defaced, but very graceful, Monument of Lysicrates, a circular chamber of marble, with small Corinthian columns, an architrave, and a frieze. It is surrounded by a railing, and stands rather forlornly in the midst of modern houses.

The Temple of Theseus, or more properly of Hercules, on the other side of the town, is a beautifully preserved building, lovely in color, very simple, very complete. It is small, and is strictly Doric and very massive. Many people have called it tremendously impressive, and have even compared it with the Parthenon. It seems to me that to do this is to exaggerate, to compare the very much less with the very much greater. There really is something severe in great massiveness combined with small proportions, and I find this temple, noble though it is, severe.

Athens contains several very handsome modern buildings, and one that I think really beautiful, especially on a day of fierce sunshine or by moonlight. This is the Academy, which stands in the broad and airy University Street, at whose mouth are the two cafés which Athenians call "the Dardanelles." It is in a line with the university and the national library, is made of pure white marble from Pentelicus, and is very delicately and discreetly adorned with a little bright gold, the brilliance of which seems to add to the virginal luster of the marble. The central section is flanked by two tall and slender detached columns crowned with statues. Ionic colonnades relieve the classical simplicity of the façade, with some marble and terra-cotta groups of statuary. The general effect is very calm, pure, and dignified, and very satisfying. The Athenians are proud, and with reason, of this beautiful building, which they owe to the generosity of one of their countrymen.

Modern Athens, despite its dust, is a delightful city to dwell in. Nobody in it looks rich,—that dreadful look!—and scarcely anybody looks poor. The king and the princes stroll casually about the streets, or may be met on the Acropolis or walking by the sea at Phalerum. I was allowed to wander all over the palace gardens, which are full of palms and great trees, and which resemble a laid-out wood. A Rumanian friend of mine told me that one day when he was in the garden, on turning a corner, he came upon the king and queen, with the crown-princess, who had just come down from the terrace in front of the royal apartments. All the center of the palace was burned out more than a year ago, and is now being slowly rebuilt. Greece is the home of genuine democrats, but democracy is delightful in Greece. Nobody thinks about rank, and everybody behaves like a gentleman. The note of Athens is a perfectly decorous liveliness, which is never marred by vulgarity. The stranger is welcomed and treated with the greatest possible courtesy, and he is never bothered by objectionable people such as haunt many of the cities of Italy, and of other lands where travelers are numerous. Athens indeed is one of the most simpatica of cities, wonderfully cheerful, simply gay, of a perfect behavior, yet quite unceremonious.

I have said that the Greeks are democrats. Nevertheless, like certain other democrats of whom one has heard, there are Greeks who love to think that they are not quite as all other Greeks. America, I am informed, has her "four hundred." Greece has her "fifty-two." In New York the "four hundred" consider themselves the advance-guard of fashion, if not of civilization. In Athens the "fifty-two" rejoice in a similar conviction. They do daring things sometimes. There is a card-game beloved of the Greeks called "Mouse." The fifty-two have introduced bridge and despise "Mouse." In Athens they frequent one another's houses. In the summer they "remove" to Cephissia in

the pine-woods, where there are many pleasant, and some very fantastic, villas, and where picnics, tennis, and card-parties, theatrical performances and dances, fleet the hours, which are always golden, away. They are sometimes criticized by the "outsiders," for even gods are subject to criticism. People say now and then, "What will the fifty-two do next?" or, "Really there is no end to the folly of the fifty-two!" But have not similar remarks been heard even at Newport or upon Fifth Avenue pavements? Nevertheless, despite the fifty-two, you have only to look at the thin and decrepit palings of King George's garden to realize that at last you have found the true democracy, and a democracy sensible enough to understand the advantage of possessing a royal family. Every society needs a leader, and royalty leads far more effectively than any one else, however self-assured, however glittering. The Greeks are not without wisdom.

Their manners are charming and excellent. I had an unusual opportunity of putting them to the test. I was in Athens just before and just after the declaration of war against Turkey, when spies were everywhere, when a Turkish spy was discovered in Athens disguised as a Greek priest, and a woman was caught near Lycabettus in the act of poisoning the water-supply of the city. One morning early, when I was on the sea near Salamis in a small boat with a Greek fisherman, I was arrested on suspicion of being a spy, and was brought before the admiral in supreme command of the fleet. My passport was in Athens at my hotel, the admiral evidently disbelieved my explanations, and I was handed over to the police at the Piræus, accompanied by a report from the admiral in which, as was afterward made known to me, he stated that I was "a very suspicious character." And now to the test of Hellenic good manners.

Eventually a guard of police carrying rifles was sent to convey me from the Piræus to Athens, and in the middle of the afternoon I was obliged to walk as a prisoner through the streets of the Piræus, to take the tram to Phalerum, to get out there and wait for half an hour at a railway-station, and to travel in the train to Athens. In Athens I was made to walk three times, always guarded closely, through the principal streets and squares of the city, and twice past my hotel in the Constitution Square during the most busy hour of the day. Eventually, at night, I was released. Now, the Hellenes are considered by many people to be very inquisitive. During my public exposure as a prisoner I met with no really disagreeable curiosity from the crowd. Many people discreetly inquired of my guards who I was and what I had done, and naturally a great many more stared at me. But nobody followed me and my attendants as we marched on our way from one police station to another, to the War Office, etc. There was no pushing or jostling, such as there would certainly have been in an English town if a prisoner with guards was exposed to the public gaze. Curiosity was, as a rule, almost carefully dissembled, and inquiries were made with a charming discretion. I confess I felt grateful to the Greeks that day, though not to the admiral who had me arrested, or to the police who put me to so much inconvenience. And I was grateful for one thing more, that I was released just in time to see King George's arrival in Athens on the eve of the war.

The Hellenes are not an enthusiastic people, as a rule. They are critical, intellectual, sometimes rather cynical. But that night they gave way to emotion. Great crowds were lined up in Constitution Square, and were massed on the brow of the hill before the palace, when at length the police let me go. Darkness had long since fallen, but the square was illuminated brightly. All the balconies were packed with people. The terrace before the Grande Bretagne was black with sight-seers. And everywhere in the foreground were rows of eager, vivacious Greek children, many of them the soldiers of the future.

We had to wait for a very long time. But at last the king came in an open carriage, driving with "the Diádochos," as the crown-prince is always called in Greece. Both were in uniform. There was no ceremonial escort, so the people formed an unceremonial one. They ran with the carriage, shouting, waving their hats and handkerchiefs, cheering till they were hoarse, and crying, "War! War!" The great square rang with the clapping of thousands of hands. "Never before," said

a Greek to me, "has the king had such a reception." When the carriages containing the rest of the royal family and the ministers had gone by, we ran in our thousands to the palace. Above the great entrance porch there is a balcony, and after a short time slim King George stepped out, rather cautiously, I thought, upon it, followed by all the princes and princesses. It was very dark, but a footman accompanied his Majesty, holding an electric light, and we had our speech.

The king read the first part of it in a loud, unemotional voice, bending sometimes to the light. But at the close he spoke a few words extempore, commending the Hellenic cause, if war should come, to the mercy of God. And then, again with precaution, he retired into the palace amid a storm of cheers.

I was afterward told that, with the whole of the royal family, His Majesty had been standing upon some loose planks which spanned an abyss. The royal palace, owing to the disastrous fire, is not yet what it seems. Fortunately, the Greek army has proved more solid, and the God of battles, so solemnly invoked by their king, has been favorable to the arms of the Greeks. No one, I think, who was in Greece during that time of acute tension, who saw the feverish preparations, the devotion of the toiling soldiers, the ardor of the volunteers; no one who witnessed, as I did, the return to Athens of the "American Greeks," who gave up everything and crossed the ocean to fight for their little, splendid country, could wish it otherwise.

The descendants of those who made the Parthenon have shown something of that Doric soul which is surely the soul of Greece.

(To be continued)

THE LINGERING SNOW

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD

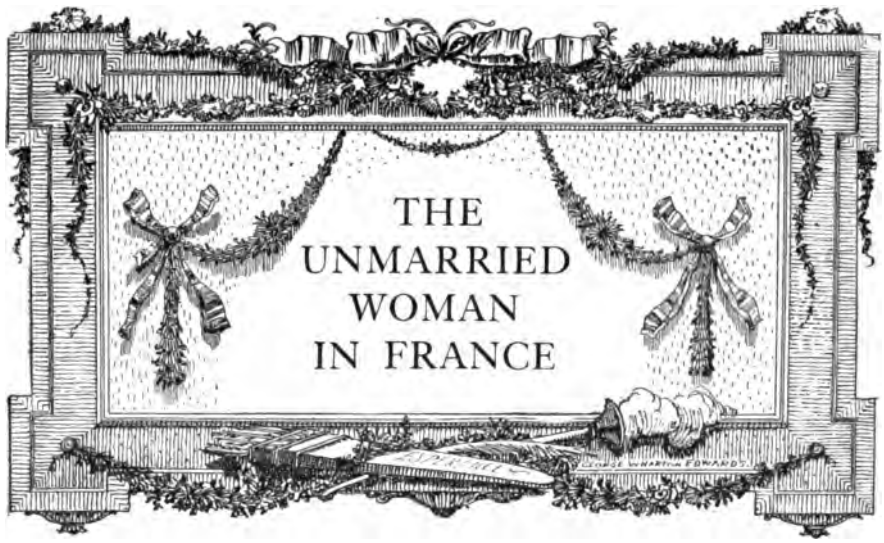
ALONG the mountain top a gleam,
Misty and silver, half a dream
Of holiness upon the air,
So far it is, so fair.

And on the garden-side a drift
Touched by a sunbeam strong and swift,
But soiled and dun the broken crust,
O'erblown with loathly dust.

And this shall feed great brooks that leap
From ledge to ledge in one glad sweep,
Powder to foam and hang a veil,
Swung by the sunny gale.

And this shall slowly drip and drip,
And round the eager root shall slip,
And come again to light where blows
The whorl of some red rose.

Oh, beauty of the falling mist,
Dissolved on distant amethyst,
As royal thou where sullied snow
Brings the great rose to blow!



BY WILLIAM MORTON FULLERTON

I LUNCHED not long ago at the house of a French Royalist. The only other guest was a young Japanese who was making the tour of Europe in order to investigate modern processes in metallurgy. Our host, an art collector well known both in New York and London, showed us a score or more of the originals of the famous series of maliciously satirical drawings made by M. Forain during the Dreyfus affair. Presented in diversely humiliating postures was the figure of "The Republic," symbolized by the familiar features of "Marianne." Our Japanese friend, who would have been at his ease in the high light of the blast-furnaces of Pittsburgh, Essen, or Le Creusot, was at a loss to seize the sense of the dowdy feminine creature whom the artist had depicted with an ardor scandalously but comically libelous.

"Who is she?" he asked with candor, and the wicked, reactionary soul of our host inspired the reply:

"She? Why, she 's our Marianne, a well-known *laissée pour compte*,[1] our 'old maid' of a republic."

I

IT was not clear at the time whether the Japanese was satisfied with this explanation; but it is certain that if he remained long in France, he must have gradually become aware that a Frenchman capable of exercising his irony after the manner of our Royalist host could be only a Frenchman of the old school. Such phraseology as his is already musty. Modern France has long ceased to share the prejudice against the "old maid" which was propagated by the early Victorian literature of England, and by the French writers of the corresponding period. The state of spinsterhood is not less frequent to-day than then. It is, indeed, less rare than when Balzac wrote his "Vieille Fille." But it is no longer a "state," and if there are more unmarried girls than ever before in France, the French old maid is no longer the laissée pour compte of tradition. No Frenchman, save a Royalist blinded by political passion, would dream of using the words *vieille fille* in a depreciatory sense; the French "old maid" is no longer viewed as so much social waste-stuff to be garnered into convents, or as the predestined guardian of the babies of her brother's household. In fact, the "old maid" in the old sense is all but moribund.

Even a few years ago it would have been possible to reply to the question, Qu'est-ce que c'est qu'une vieille fille?, by the obvious definition, "An old maid is a woman who is no longer young and who is n't married." At present who would venture to say that an elderly unmarried

[1] Something left charged to person trying to dispose of it; undesirable.

woman is an "old maid"? The disappearance of any precise tag of language for the unmarried girl is not merely a matter of gallantry or even of courtesy. It is the sign of the disappearance, save in certain back-water hamlets of the provinces, of the picturesque thing itself, together with all the symbolic accessories of the thing, the morose and over-coddled cats, and the irascible, shrieking parrots.

In France you may still say of a man that he is a *vieux garçon,* an old bachelor, but it is to-day literally the case that the adjective "old" has no feminine in the grammar of the well-bred when a woman is in question. A generation ago a marriageable girl who entered on her twenty-fifth springtime without having found a husband almost felt herself a pariah. If she had the historic sense, she was unable even to compare herself to Cæsar when he crossed the Rubicon. *Coiffer Sainte Catherine* (not to marry, to become an old maid) was then an obligation imposed on a girl at an age when she is now debating whether marriage is, after all, worth while. Not long ago the municipal council of Marseilles was called upon to decide as to the destination of a bequest the object of which was to recompense *"a girl* who had taken the best care of her parents." The jury, composed of members of the municipal council and of two professors of the local scientific school, gave the prize to a "girl," *une jeune fille* of fifty-two! And the mayor, formally approving the decision, remarked that "at any age one may be jeune fille, since at any age one may be young."

Thus, as M. Marcel Prévost has observed, the formulas of language, public opinion, social ways, and manners even, have singularly enlarged the meaning of the words "youth" and "young." In the days of Balzac and George Sand a man of forty was an old man, and a woman of thirty, having stuck the last pin into the head-dress of the Alexandrian virgin and martyr, was doomed to celibacy, with the parrots and the cats. Throughout the second half of the nineteenth century there has been in France a steady tendency to increase the connubial chances of the unmarried girl by giving her a longer and longer lease of girlhood.

The practical economic results of this *evolution, due* to the educative consequences of a more protracted independent existence, we shall see later on. What is important to note at the moment is that if the models and seamstresses in the famous drapers' shops in the rue de la Paix, if all the *midinettes* of the great city so coquettishly redolent of *Parisine,* still preserve the tradition of fêting their comrades who have reached the age of twenty-five without finding a husband, it is mainly in order to obtain a holiday, in which the devotees of the saint participate all the more joyously, because they know that to-day in Paris, as the modern novel and the modern play bear witness, the sentimental age for both sexes has been beautifully and elastically extended well up to the fiftieth year, if not beyond. The modern French vieille fille, therefore, need no longer view the risks of senescence with the anxiety of her predecessors. To-day in France a girl has what may be called a longer right to growing old without a husband than she had a generation ago. Not only is this the case, but she is likewise securing the right to have no husband whatever. This constitutes a profound social revolution, and the practical question is, How is the French girl using this right? While French society is less insistent than formerly as to the duty of the girl to get married, is that society in any way facilitating the ideal of social equality for spinsterhood and bachelorship? Paris, at all events, as all the world knows, has beautifully facilitated the development, even the apotheosis, of a certain form of spinsterhood, that of the Ninons de l'Enclos—and of other Clos. But with this ambiguous type of vieille fille we are not at the moment concerned; and for the successful production of this type, moreover, French society has, as a whole, superficial evidence to the contrary, perhaps provided fewer facilities than the foreigner fancies. What is worth while investigating is the fate in France, and not merely in Paris, of the average woman who has failed of a husband. If there be no longer any vieilles filles in the old sense, what has become of them, or what has taken, or is taking, their place?

II

WHAT, then, to-day is the destiny of the average woman in France? Is her fate a plight? What, as regards the marriage

problem, is the present ideal of French education? What becomes nowadays in France of a girl "doomed" to celibacy? What are the risks, and what the advantages, of spinsterhood? What, in a word, is the state of mind of modern France on the question of the unmarried girl?

As everybody knows, it has rarely been possible to apply to French society the familiar nursery rhyme of England and America:

"What is your fortune, my pretty maid?"
"My face is my fortune, sir," she said.

The money value of a pretty face in France has rarely been a factor in the calculations of a French youth, educated in the idea of making a *beau mariage*. The very mother who most longs for a disinterested son-in-law takes every precaution lest her own son fall a victim to a love-match in which the marriage contract has not previously been arranged between the two families. Though in many points admirable, the essentially French institution of the dot (which is one of the most conservative devices in the whole arsenal of French laws for the preservation of that unit of French society, the family) still unquestionably survives in vast sections of the French middle class; and it survives to such an extent that a feminine sociologist of my acquaintance unhesitatingly defines the words vieille fille merely as *celle qui en principe n'a pas eu de dot*. The wife of a French explorer tells me that she has already begun to pay visits, to renew old social relations that had lapsed, solely with a view to the marriage of her two little girls, aged three and one respectively. It would seem to be impossible for the thrifty bourgeoisie of France to offer a cannier instance of their provident way of throwing an anchor to windward; but such foresight is no doubt warranted by the fact that a girl with a dowry is still sure to find a husband, and that the temper of the French middle-class mother is still ready to compromise as to the qualifications of a son-in-law, provided she be obliged to do so to secure a husband for her daughter. Dowry-hunters know this well, and their one concern is to put in their claims at the psychological moment. The Countess of C—— has two sons and a daughter. Unable to give the daughter a dot, she has sent her to a Spanish convent, although the girl is pretty and charming. "The idea of keeping with me a vieille fille is impossible," she explained to me. Yet the Countess of C—— is a good and kind creature, devoted to charitable works, the head of a successful orphanage. In the world to which this lady belongs the place of honor at table will invariably be offered to the married daughter rather than to her unmarried sister, even though the latter be twenty years the senior.

Facts of this kind, which might easily be multiplied, tend to the confirmation of an induction apparently belying the statement made above that the French vieille fille is rapidly dying out. But it will not be overlooked that the cases cited are such as illustrate the survival of the "old maid" prejudice in fathers and mothers rather than its recurrence in their children; and it would be impossible in the literature of the modern French stage or in the novel to find a figure to be set beside the heroines of the "Demoiselle à marier," the "Héritière," the "Lorgnon," or the "Chanoinesse," of Scribe. In Scribe you have a mirror of the average French life of his time. In contrast with the "daring little demoiselles of Molière," or even with the self-possessed young women of the eighteenth century, a Mme. de Choiseul, for instance, or a Manon Roland, the heroines of Scribe are a collection of marionettes, pale-pink mechanical dolls. These are the jeunes filles whom George Sand was to scandalize when she rebelled against Clause 213 of the French Code, "The husband is bound to protect his wife, the wife to obey her husband." Their one dream was not so much to be a wife as to find a husband. And preparation for marriage was in those days the sole business of education. If the husband did not appear, there was the convent as an asylum, although that too implied a dot. To-day, owing to recent legislation, the convent is no longer the resource that once it was, since only a few religious or charitable orders survive. The unmarried woman who has no means of livelihood is reduced, if she wishes to take the veil, to seek the shelter of the orders of St. Michael or St. Joseph, or join the nuns who are still tolerated in the prison of St. Lazare. But there are other things left for her to do, other solutions, and the

important point is just this, that simultaneously with the disappearance of the religious institutions which had long and admirably helped to solve the problem of the unmarried woman, there has been a fundamental alteration in the French point of view with regard to the whole question of woman's lot, so that these artificial devices for her protection are no longer required as of old. Economic factors, legislative causes, have transformed, and are transforming, French manners, French ideals, French states of mind. The more protracted independent existence enjoyed to-day by the unmarried girl is both the consequence and the cause of an evolution which may be strikingly illustrated by facts too often ignored abroad in the effort to appreciate French life. These are the facts which are fast making the very idea of the "old maid" obsolete in France.

These facts are not liable to produce among French ladies revolutionary agitation such as has resulted in the comical demonstrations to which the London "Times" of November 22, 1911, bore witness, when at Caxton Hall, speaking before the "Woman's Social and Political Union," Mrs. Pethick Lawrence exclaimed:

> We who are on this deputation to-night are already outside our body. We know that our hands, our feet, and all that we have are being used by the great Spirit to carry out the great purposes of His will. It is that which destroys any possibility of anxiety or fear or consciousness of pain. We know that here we offer and present ourselves, our souls and bodies, to be a living sacrifice for all those great sins of the world whose tap-root is sex domination. We go to-night not only to fight for the freedom of the women of our own country, but to carry a message of deliverance to the whole world.

The change that has come over French society in its view of the marriage problem will be very unlikely to engender any such plight as befell a certain physician who testified recently in the American courts that he had discovered that he was "merely a biological factor in the family of an eminent suffragette." But at a time when *even the atmosphere* of the Persian Mejliss, or parliament, at Teheran is charged with passion during the debate on a measure for bestowing the right of vote upon women, on the anti-Islamic plea that women have souls, it would be absurd to suppose that French society could have remained unaffected by the economic conditions of our new era.

The change, however, and let this not be forgotten, bears the French hall-mark: it is carefully to be differentiated from the parallel evolutions in England, Germany, or the United States. Thus, while the Teuton ideal of the *Hausfrau* is still extolled by an emperor, who insists on the alliterative seduction of the program of the three K's, *Küche, Kirche, Kinder,* in general, it should be said and reiterated that the feminist problem in France is conditioned by the peculiar fact of the *sociability* of the French temper, the Frenchman's and the Frenchwoman's sense for society. The same people who do not love nature in any romantic way, but who, in order to live happily with nature, have to dress, distort, and adorn it with artifice, love one another without affectation, and with a sensibility that is neither American nor English. The Frenchman's respect for the woman is less *religious* than that of the American or the Englishman, but he likes and admires her more, and he treats her more assiduously as an intelligent companion and as an indispensable part of his life.

III

THERE are, roughly speaking, two great categories to be distinguished among the candidates for celibacy: the women who want to work or who have to work, and the women whose living is assured them without economic effort. In examining the former class, the observer is immediately struck by an extraordinary increase of such women. In the years just preceding the Franco-German war, 1,874,905 women in France were engaged in agriculture, 1,304,254 in industry, 241,680 in commerce, 164,572 in the liberal professions and in state employment, and there were 1,047,176 servants. In 1906 the figures in the item of domestic service had fallen to 772,735, an eloquent affirmation of the existence in France of that famous "servant crisis" which is a problem in so

many other countries. But if there were 250,000 more female servants in France forty years ago than there were five years ago, the number of women who have taken up some professional form of employment has almost doubled in the same period. And whereas the number of male laborers has increased in forty years by only twenty-four per cent., that of the women who work either in agricultural, industrial, commercial, or professional, and other pursuits has increased by sixty-five per cent. If the official statistics published by the French Ministry of Labor be scrutinized more closely still, the remarkable character of what is literally the French feminine invasion of the various public functions of our modern society is even more emphasized. In the Department of Agriculture and Fisheries the rate of increase of woman-labor between 1866 and 1906 has been seventy-seven per cent., whereas in the case of men it has not exceeded three per cent. In industry the masculine element, from 1866 to 1906, gained fifty-six per cent., while the feminine element was increased by nearly one hundred per cent. In the liberal professions and in government or municipal employments, the men have managed more successfully to hold their own; but in commerce, owing to the rapid development of big department stores and "establishments of credit," the increase of the feminine army has been enormous.

Now, among these "intruders" there is a large proportion of unmarried women earning salaries that permit them to live an independent existence; but none of these unmarried women is ever likely to be dubbed "old maid." No Frenchman would class her among the vieilles filles, any more than he would be tempted to describe as an "old maid" any one of the still larger proportion of unmarried women in question who, living on a scanty pittance, would die of starvation if they had not been happily married, as the indulgent phrase goes in Paris, "at the *mairie* of the twenty-first arrondissement." The economic and social misery of many of these women is a blot on the legislation of France. For its obliteration there is perhaps no other conceivable device than successful agitation in favor of the extension to women of suffrage. But this "economic and social misery" is not our immediate theme, and the important general fact before us now is that the economic condition of women has been utterly transformed in France during the last forty, and notably during the last twenty, years; that by millions to-day women are living by their own efforts; that no doubt this economic evolution will be eventually made the basis of an effective agitation in favor of a greater extension of their "rights"; that, at all events, those who reject the feminist claims in France on the pretext of the relative incapacity of the women to become the rivals of men in the various professions, can be summarily answered by the official statistics that record their positive invasion of those professions; and that finally, in presence of such facts as these, I need hardly undertake to explain how it happens that the ideas and suggestions evoked by the words "old maid" have proportionately faded away until the expression vieille fille has at last become a mere wraith of its former self, and is no longer even a literary formula.

There remains the other category of candidates for a potential celibacy—the women who do not have to work; and in the country, where the names Rosa Bonheur, Jane Dieulafoy, Curie, Boucicaut, Comtesse de Noailles, Alphen Salvador, Sévérine, and Marcelle Tinayre have radiated French prestige throughout the world, it need surprise no one to learn that the evolution of the higher education of girls has made during the last twenty years such startling progress that French society is literally undergoing a revolution, and that this revolution is one of the effective factors that have transformed French notions, and even French ideals, as to the rights and duties of girls, the object of marriage, and the general emancipation of woman.

When Victor Duruy, Napoleon III's minister, pressed upon the emperor the duty of organizing the education of the jeune fille, and finally secured the passage of a bill establishing 8000 girls' schools, against the opposition of eighty French bishops, even that ardent optimist could not foresee that the girls' *lycées* would contain in 1908 more than 35,000 pupils, many of whom have come from the state primary schools, and who have discovered that instruction is so much capital to be used in the struggle for life. A girls' lycée is soon to be installed in the Hôtel Biron

in Paris, which was formerly occupied by the famous aristocratic convent of the Sacred Heart. The French girl who to-day passes her *baccalauréat* examinations may, if she will, become a rival of the French boy in the more important professions.

It would be a great mistake to suppose that the initiators of the new pedagogic movement are striving to increase the number of school-teachers, telephone-girls, stenographers, or even feminine doctors and lawyers in France. Their aim is to provide for girls the same educational facilities that have long existed for their brothers, to secure for them the foundations of a general culture which will be useful, to be sure, in any profession they may choose, but which will, above all, render them more intelligent mothers, more companionable wives, more competent members of society.

But whatever the aims of the founders of the higher education for women in France, there can be no doubt as to certain of the consequences of this initiative. The French girl of the present generation no longer cherishes the carking desire, felt by her mother, to be married at all costs, in order to escape from what, in France, was formerly the prison-house of girlhood, and she is being abundantly provided with such resources as render matrimony no longer the economic or moral necessity that it once was. Stripped of her social swaddling-clothes, the French girl is developing an independence which is described by conservative parents as the result of an Americanization of manners, and which has, indeed, already transformed the French girl and is making the French old maid all but obsolete, but which is, in reality, of purely native origin.

It is a matter of the highest significance that, just at this moment when so many of the barriers of prejudice or social convention surrounding the French girl are being removed, just when, like a group of young gazelles penned in a corral the gates of which have been suddenly opened, French girls are for the first time out in the open, sniffing the breezes that blow up and down the world, the French Parliament, without having been stoned or insulted, should have abolished one of the most famous—I was about to say infamous—clauses of the Napoleonic Code, Article 340, which forbids *"la recherche de la paternité."* [1] This action is not a coincidence; it is a reflection of an altered feeling in France with regard to women, and it is intimately related to the fact of the increased liberty enjoyed by women in that country. No more conclusive evidence could be adduced that the ideal of safeguarding woman's honor, and of extending her rights, is making steady progress in France. Napoleon said, "I made my century for myself." He might have said that he had made his Code for himself. He required Clause 340 to insure the future of his dynasty. But one result of this fiat has been to fling many a Frenchwoman in manacles at the feet of a male lord and master. In that attitude she has often taken the revenge of Delilah. Meanwhile, she has managed insidiously to restore the balance, to counterbalance the consequences of the humiliation to which she has been subjected by the Code, by making herself not merely one of the most seductive, but one of the most competent and loyal, women in the world. But she is now facing wider horizons. Her practical sense equals her courage, and the incomparable courage of the Frenchwoman in adversity is not merely legendary. It was M. Anatole France who reminded us the other day that the *éternal féminin* is not eternal. The Frenchwoman, like the women of the Western World, is sloughing her parasitic self, an outer garment made up of all the literary and social conventions that have long composed the ideal of feminine education, and is becoming completely herself. Only a little later than her partner man, she is feeling the impact of the same fresh economic and social factors as he, and adapting herself to the new time. Man has opened the path of freedom, and woman is following in his footsteps. He thought to make the journey alone; but it is clear that the pair are to travel over the long trail together.

[1] The investigation of paternity.

THE SOUND OF LADYBROOK WATER

BY JOHN TREVENA

Author of "Furze the Cruel," "Heather," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY NORMAN PRICE

WANDERER: "How long has this cottage been here?"

Moorman: "Ever since it wur built, sir."

"How long has the Ladybrook Water had this peculiar sound?"

"Ever since watter wur created, sir."

"Has it always been golden?"

"Ees, sir; I reckon."

"Who gave it the name of Ladybrook Water?"

"Aw, sir, 't wur called so by the pixy-volk."

The water is not golden, really; dip out a handful, and it is the color of silver. It is the sand at the bottom that is golden, and the water takes its color from that, just as the old tales derive lights and shades from old folks' imagination. Eyes are always being deceived by Ladybrook Water. The trout which flicker across its yellow pools look black; but lure them out, and they are spotted with brilliant color. Ears are deceived, too: those not born upon the moor, those who have never been "called," cannot interpret the voice of Ladybrook Water; but the old moormen are not deceived. They know when the voice is telling of fine weather, and when it warns of storm they never go out upon the heights.

That cottage is the mystery. In ruin as it is, half surrounded with a ring of rocks, which the bullocks are rubbing over, what is it doing there upon duchy ground? Fairy hands never piled those stones or built that big black fireplace, storms have carried the roof away; but fairies have been there, for the peat is still sprinkled with pixies' umbrellas and pixies' matches, and some of the old folk, superstitious creatures who have never been to school, call the place Petronel's Garden.

SPRING

THE neighborhood was ruled by Squire Furze, who claimed most of the surrounding moor, including Ladybrook Water, and had marked his boundaries with long-stones, which the wanderer may see to this day, some still upright, used as rubbing-posts by the ponies, some half buried in heather, and one at least at the bottom of Ladybrook Water marked with its proud F., which the water makes golden in a mocking kind of glory. A great man was Squire Furze, and he thought himself above princes and pixies, as he had stolen the land of the one and defiled the dwelling-place of the other; but his end came at last. He met Aunt Issy, the wise woman, and she said, "Yew ha' sot up your long-stones, and yew reckons 'em will bide vor-ever."

"I ha' sot up they stones," said the squire. "The acorn ain't dropped from the oak what will grow into the tree to mak' the wood vor the cradle of the man who will tear they stones down."

"Yew ha' took in Ladybrook Watter. The man who tries to tak' that in be a-calling pixies."

"Let 'em come if 'em dares," said Squire Furze; and they came that same night, riding on the backs of the whist-hounds, and carried his fierce old soul away with them.

RICHARD, his son, a simple, weak-minded fellow very different from the old man, was always unlucky. His bullocks strayed away to far-distant parts of the moor, and were stolen by the savages; his ponies got stogged in bogs or lost their brands; and his wife died on the first anniversary of their wedding-day. Richard was a widower at twenty-four. He lived in the ancestral home of the Furzes,—it was only a long cottage paved with stone, damp and cold,—and about it were huge brakes of the prickly shrub to which he owed his name, so thick and high that they shut the light out. A cross woman kept home for

him and pretended to nurse the child, which was usually screaming. The gossips said Richard was suffering for his father's sins; an evil glance had been directed upon the old squire, but he had died in time to save himself, and the eye had been turned toward his son.

It was a stormy night in April, and the winter storm is a lamb of gentleness compared with the lion-like raging of the spring storm. Hail and snow were whirled across the moor, and the wind made the reeds of the roof bristle as though the windows had seen something horrible, and the house was frightened. Behind the wind were thunderings and lightnings, and behind the lights and noises was a struggling, pitiful moon, like a pale face bruised and tossed about by the sea. Folk were shut up indoors, leaning over the smoldering turfs. At Godbeer, which was the name of the Furzes' barton, the child was yelling himself sick, the old woman was dish-washing. The young master, coming in from the cow-shippen, bent over the hearthstone, broke a piece of turf to get a light for his pipe, and the same instant was blinded. A lightning-flash darted sword-like across his eyes, seeming to strike the door open. He started aside, knocking over the lamp; it crashed, a smoky flame flickered from the stone floor, and there before him was an old man not five feet high, his face covered with hair, out of which peeped a sharp, red nose and two eyes the color of ripe worts. He did not appear to be deformed, but when he moved he limped.

"'T is rough upon Dartmoor, master," said he.

"Who be ye?" asked Richard, horribly frightened.

"Us came along—"

"Us?" muttered Richard; and again the oily flame flickered from the floor.

Upon the other side was a girl—an ugly girl, decidedly ugly; and she, too, limped, and her hair seemed to be soaked, as though she had come out of the water.

"My maiden," said the old man.

One of the noises had stopped—one of the worst. The child screamed no longer, and when Richard looked round, by the light of the smoky flame he saw that the old man had taken the child into his arms.

"Who be ye?"

"Nicholas Dewstone," said the old man in a quiet voice.

"Where be from?"

"Fernworthy Circle, the Windypost, the Round Pound of Batworthy, and the Hemstone Rocks," said another voice—the sort of voice which suggested running water; and dull Richard felt a thrill go through him, partly because of that voice, but chiefly because places notorious for pixy gatherings had been mentioned—places which even his father would never have dared to inclose.

"What be doing here?" he went on.

"Us ha' come home," said the queer old man.

"To Ladybrook Water," the girl quietly added.

"'T is mine," said Richard, roughly. "What 's mine I holds."

"'T wur ours avore your vaither came along. Your stones be upright in the watter, and ours be lying down under the brimmles."

Richard picked up the lantern and lighted it. Yes, the girl was ugly despite her voice, and yet not unpleasantly ugly. The old man was weird and wild. The storm was near its end; having blown these strangers out of the rocks and into Godbeer, it was satisfied. And the baby was fast asleep in that old man's arms. If this was not witchcraft, what was it? Richard stared at a hideous china figure upon the mantel. It was a charm, with goggle eyes and protruding tongue, to avert the evil eye, and it seemed to him that the face was the same as Nicholas Dewstone's.

"'T is a bad night abroad," he muttered.

"Yew 'm a better man than your vaither," said old Nicholas. "Squire would never ha' said that. Ponies or volk, 't wur the like to he. He druve 'em into the cold, gude and bad together; but ponies and volk come back ag'in, and then 't is bad vor the man who ha' druve out the gude. Ladybrook Watter be ours, master."

"Let us live there," said the girl, proudly.

"What be your name?"

"Petronel."

It was a fairy name—a name of the things which come and go on the wind, bringing good luck or taking it away. What a pity it was she limped so when she moved!

"If yew can show me your stones—" Richard began, then hesitated, remembering his father's motto.

"Us 'll show ye them. They 'm down under the brimmles. Dewstones ha' bided there time out o' mind," cried Nicholas.

The door was opened in unceremonious Dartmoor fashion, and Aunt Issy pushed her withered face in. She was going home, and the wind had blown out her lantern. "Give I a light, Richard," she called, and with the call she saw the strangers. "Lord love ye!" she chuckled. "The pixy-volk ha' come to Godbeer, like I allus said 'em would."

And beyond the Ladybrook was running high, singing of spring and life.

SUMMER

HAY-SAVING comes late on Dartmoor. Not until farmers in the lowlands are harvesting is the grass ripe upon the heights. Richard had saved all of his except one small field, and that was waiting, at the risk of rain, for the usual ceremony. The last wisp to be cut had to be made into a ring, and with it the master was to capture his sweetheart, and claim her with a kiss. The ring, when its work was over, would be placed in the middle of the rick, so that the hay might be sweetened. The crop was not accounted much in those days unless this ceremony was observed.

Who would sweeten young squire's hay?

"I 'll tell ye," said Aunt Issy. "It won't be Merry Rundle." Then the gossips laughed, for Richard was walking out with Merry, and had promised her, it was said, a ring not of hay, but of gold. Still, Aunt Issy, who was a witch and always had the queer

Drawn by Norman Price

"SOMETHING GLEAMED ABOVE IT, A BRIGHT OBJECT AGAINST THE SUN"

little broomstick upon which she would ride over the chimneys by night outside her door, usually prophesied rightly.

Merry Rundle had no doubt. She made a new frock and bought a pair of dainty shoes, which everybody would have a chance to see as she ran down the slope of the field to escape the noose of hay.

Monday evening was the time fixed for the hay-sweetening, and on Sunday Richard walked across the vast property, which was not his at all, passing the tall long-stones one by one, and down to Ladybrook Water. A cottage had been built by dwarf-like Nicholas, rough and shapeless like the man; a garden had been planted by Petronel, a wild and fragrant garden, one of the fairest of pleasures, chiefly herbs and small things, which the wind would pass over. Under the rocky shelf ran the water, deep down because it was dry weather, and its song was soft. A wall had arisen, a ring of granite, and something gleamed above it, a bright object against the sun, a beautiful head, and the light came from its hair and a small white hand which patted it. Petronel had glorious hair, and she was always stroking it, patting it into place, playing with it, knowing that nature had not been unkind, although her body was slightly, almost daintily, deformed, and her face was not pretty to dull eyes. She had been given a great deal more than most girls, much more than Merry Rundle, who could only laugh in a silly way and talk yes-and-no nonsense.

"Coming to the hay-saving?" asked Richard. "'T is to-morrow, and all the volks 'll be there."

But Petronel shook her head as she answered:

"I must water my garden. I could not let my flowers go to sleep thirsty."

"I wants yew to come," he said, with a touch of fierceness. "'T is a gude year. I ha' never knowed a better. Everything has been gude this year."

"Since that night when we came along? What would have happened if you had not let us come home to Ladybrook Water?" she said with her dreamy smile. "Don't answer," she went on. "You believe we are pixies."

"I knows better than that. Pixies are liddle volk."

"Father is very small, and I am not large," said she. "We came in a storm," she laughed. "But this is really our home. Your father drove us out."

"Yew don't know that," said Richard. He was afraid of these people, but they fascinated him, or, rather, Petronel did, standing in her garden stroking her bright hair. If only she would not limp, and had been given an impertinent face like Merry Rundle's! Then she would have been a girl to capture with the ring of hay.

"Your father forgot our stones were under the brambles, or he would have cleared them away," she answered. "Did he forget the stone box, too?"

"What are yew telling of?" cried Richard.

"Father knew it was there, and he found it when we came along," said Petronel. "If you are kind," she went on in a low voice, "people will forget old squire, and remember you. Come with me."

The Ladybrook had fretted out a deep cleft in the moor. Its sides were terraces bearing up huge masses of granite, which seemed to tremble when the water roared. At a place where the bank curved as though it must fall, Petronel plunged into heather, parted the thick bushes, and disclosed a cave. Within, far down, was a rude stone chest, one of the smaller cistvaens not uncommon upon the moor; but it was empty except for bits of fern and furze-reek.

"It was not empty when we came," she said.

Richard shuddered. He knew his father had been bad and violent, capable of anything if he was opposed.

"Bones?" he muttered, and Petronel nodded sadly.

"Mebbe they had been here a thousand years."

She shook her head. They stood side by side, looking down into the golden brook and at the black trout darting there, until Richard turned and said, "Us can forget."

"It was the body of old Eli Dewstone, who was the last to claim the Ladybrook. It was clothed; it is now under my sweet herbs."

She moved away back into the warmth, —it was cold down there,—and Richard followed, gazing at his long-stones upon the heights.

"Yew 'll come to-morrow?" he asked,

anxious to forget the cave and the box, and with an idea in his mind that all the good of the year had somehow been due to her.

"Perhaps; but I must come away early to water my flowers."

"Stay vor the dance—" he began, then broke off and muttered a harsh apology, while Petronel flushed, and tears came to her eyes as she limped away, stroking the beautiful hair she was so proud of.

Richard went home, longing vaguely to see that radiant head lighting up Godbeer; but not the limp, not the slight body twisted to one side, and that evening he walked with Merry Rundle and made fierce love, for her he could understand because she was dull-witted like himself.

There was a fine light upon the tors on Monday, but nobody looked that way except Petronel as she watched the white streak of Ladybrook falling down from the bogs which fed it. Other eyes were upon the dead grass, which was to be sweetened, and upon white-frocked Merry, who was to supply the sweetness. Everybody came to the field, even the old sporting parson, whose venturesome doings were to be handed down to a more sober age; how that he hunted on Sundays, and when the bishop rolled up in his coach one day, hoping to catch the bad shepherd in his sins, the parson jumped into bed clad in his pinks, and sent his housekeeper to warn the bishop, who, it was well known, had a horror of infectious diseases, that he was suffering from scarlet fever, which in a way was true.

The village street was empty, for young squire was a big man, and he was going to choose his wife that day. While the cider flowed freely rather than wisely, the last swath of grass fell, and Richard stepped out in his best clothes with a rose in his buttonhole, while the girls began to sing in a giggling fashion:

"What ha' ye there, master? What ha' ye there?"

He picked up the grass, which was sweet enough already, twisted it into shape and waved it round his head, answering the laughing voices with the customary cry:

"A ring! A ring!"

At once the field was filled with noises. Merry, flushed and nervous, moistened her lips, and held her skirts ready for flight. She took no part in the tantalizing song:

"What will ye du wi' the ring, master?"

Then the covey of maidens broke up, for the squire was running, feigning to pursue first one, then another, making them all scream.

Every girl was running except one, and she could not. Petronel stood beside the gate, and nobody took any notice of her except Aunt Issy, who muttered in her cynical way:

"Aw, let 'em run if they 've a mind to. There be brave witchery upon mun, and where it leads he 'll follow."

"'T is Merry Rundle I 'll lay a hundred guineas," shouted the rough old parson. "I 'll lay another hundred I splice 'em avore Martinmas."

Richard was chasing Merry, but not as though he loved her. His face was white, he ran like a man possessed, he looked mazed. An influence was over him, the charm was working, as Aunt Issy had always said it would. The spirit of good and the spirit of evil were fighting in the field of sweet hay for the redemption of Richard Furze and the blotting out of his father's vileness. The Rundles were no better than the Furzes; Merry would urge him to defy the prince and erect more long-stones. Beside the gate was the limping grandchild of Eli Dewstone, whose end was violence; and she would coax him to overthrow those idol-like stones, to restore what had been taken away, and to rest content with Godbeer. Perhaps the charm was over Merry, too, for she ran toward the gate.

Richard went on as though he was being hunted by all his father's long-stones.

A cry, then a sort of groan, went up, and the old parson swore as gentlemen would in those days, and that grim old sibyl Aunt Issy laughed wildly, while Merry hung upon the wall in an agony of shame and tears. The ring of hay had fallen somehow about the neck of Petronel, and Richard drew her forward, her beautiful head gleaming in the hot sunlight,—how the cruel folk laughed when they saw her limping!—and he kissed her in the middle of the field, and swore that she, and she only, was the sweetener of the hay.

The good fairies had driven out the bad ones for the time being, and down its golden gorge the silver Ladybrook was

Drawn by Norman Price. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

"OLD NICHOLAS WAS SPEAKING; HIS PATIENCE HAD BROKEN DOWN"

singing almost inaudibly its summer song of love and peace and forgiveness of sins.

AUTUMN

THE pixies were back again, Aunt Issy said, and she was an expert in witchcraft. Things went very well in the lonely parish, which was a long way off the route of coaches. No deaths occurred, nor did any evil charm work; it was a happy time, a sort of perpetual Christmas eve. Startling things happened, especially at Godbeer. If bullocks strayed, they were brought home again; if a hedge needed repairing, it was done mysteriously; if a load of wood was brought home, invisible hands cut it up during the night. The influence for good was so strong upon Richard that he could not do wrong if he tried.

But there was in him base metal which rebelled against happiness. He was to marry Petronel, and she had enemies. Just because she was good and unfortunate, she was hated; because she was poor, because she was plain, because of that pa-

thetic limp, because of the weird old father—there were many reasons why she should be hated after she had captured squire by witchcraft.

For a time Richard was a good suitor, then the anonymous letters began; they were pushed under the door of Godbeer by night, dropped into the cream-pans or thrown into the garden by day. The Rundle family saw to it that the flood of lies should not fail, and children were bribed to call after Squire Furze, "Who be agwaine to marry the pixy maiden?" until one of them had his head half broken. Richard was weak-minded, and the spirit of evil became so noisy that it frightened the spirit of good away.

"You are afraid of me, Richard," said Petronel, and he returned the shuffling answer that he could not understand her, not knowing that the good things of life depart from people because they cannot understand them.

"You hear strange stories about us."

"Volks say there be witchery abroad. Aunt Issy tells the like."

"It is white witchery, Richard."

"If I brings in a fagot o' wood, 't is cut up in the morning. If I loses a digging-pick, some one leaves 'en back beside the door."

"Do you complain?" she said, smiling.

"Gude or bad, 't is witchery," he said stubbornly. And so it was, the simple witchcraft of kind hearts. It was old Nicholas who passed here and there, so small and brown as to be hardly noticed, saying nothing, but performing those little acts which made life run easily at Godbeer.

"Father," said Petronel, "we shall not be here long. Don't you hear the sound of the water?"

"I ha' hearkened to mun while the leaves wur drappiting from the oaks, and it tells louder every day. There be rough weather coming along," the old man answered.

It was the eve of Richard's birthday, at the beginning of November, and there was a frisk of snow to powder the tussocks and ice the tors. Out upon the village street streamed the light of the inn and the noise—for it was hardly music—of the ballad-singers. The squire, passing that way, yielded to temptation, entered, and was confronted by Ben Rundle, the father of Merry, a dark, rough fellow who loved liquor better than his fellow-commoners.

"Here he be—the man who made a vule of my Merry. He 'm mazed by a witch maiden," Rundle shouted.

Richard said nothing because his blood was cold. He called for a pot of ale, drank it, wiped his mouth, turned to the company, who watched him like sheep, and said slowly:

"Furzes and Rundles ha' allus been neighborly."

"Till yew made a game of my maiden," cried Rundle.

"I reckoned to marry Merry," growled Richard, and then cried with hot passion, "I reckons to yet."

His mind was turning to the dirt again.

"Tell it ag'in, will ye?" said Rundle, greedily. "Give me your hand on it, man."

"Let 's ha' some drink," said Richard, furiously. "I ha' been a vule, Ben Rundle, but witchery wur over me. I craves vor Merry; I ha' allus craved vor her. I drinks to my Merry avore yew, neighbors, and the witch maiden may drown herself in Ladybrook Water."

There was a noise of thunder heard, the door swung open, an old moorman came in, pinched with cold, his shoulders white with snowflakes.

"Squire Furze," he said, "I wur coming along Metheral an hour agone by your southerly long-stone. I saw mun in the dimsy, and I reckoned he moved, first one side, then t' other. A brave wind be blowing beyond, and whiles I wur watching the long-stone I saw mun no more. I walked up over to find mun, and he wur lying in the heather, tored by the wind."

There was a short silence before the croakers began to mutter. When a boundary-stone was overthrown by an act of God, he was a bold man who set it up again. The spell of good fortune had ended, and the storm was near.

"Set mun up ag'in, Richard. Lord love ye, man, old squire would ha' cursed creation and ha' set mun up in the middle o' the lightning," roared Ben Rundle.

"I 'll set 'en up," shouted Richard. "The day I marries Merry I 'll set 'en up. And there 's my hand on 't."

"Squire Furze, Squire Furze," piped a queer old voice, and the door opened to

admit old Nicholas. "The rick o' sweet hay be burning cruel in Bellsands."

Richard squared his shoulders, flung his glass to the stone floor, and went mad.

"Yew ha' done it. Lay hands on mun," he shouted.

"The hand what fired the rick be the hand o' that man's daughter," said Nicholas, pointing to Rundle.

"Yew 'm a liar—"

"I saw she go away laughing." As he spoke, the little man pulled the door back. A red glow was lighting the sky and making the moor ghastly.

"Yew ha' come along to ruin me, yew and Petronel. Us 'll use ye both as yew desarves."

"Spoke like your old vaither, Richard," cried Rundle.

"Yew done it," growled Richard, his eyes half closed. "I 'll bump ye vor 't."

He staggered forward, and the neighbors stamped their feet for joy. Nicholas stood there quietly, small and weak, pathos on his ugly face, and said:

"Us ha' done yew gude." He drew from his pocket a woolen comforter and unfolded it tenderly. "Petronel ha' made 'en vor your birthday."

Richard snatched the pretty, warm thing, and tore it apart with his strong hands, shouting:

"I ha' done wi' yew and she. If yew bides another day by Ladybrook Water, I 'll tear ye out on 't as I tears abroad this wool." He struck the little old creature upon the shoulder, and knocked him back against the wall.

"Done like a man, Richard," chuckled Rundle.

"Neighbors," said old Nicholas, recovering himself, "the Dewstones be poor and weak, I reckon. They ha' been robbed, aw, and murdered, vor God ha' given them little 'cept their hearts. But the curse o' the poor and weak be an awful thing. It be, neighbors, the curse o' heaven biding vorever. There be an old man come along to tak' his own, and his little maiden what be lame, and they ha' tried to du gude to others. Us bain't witches, neighbors, though us be small and lame. Us be human volk like yew."

"Don't ye be a coward, Richard. Bump 'en, man," shouted Ben Rundle.

"Neighbors, I 'll tell ye a thing avore he touches me," went on the queer voice, like wind from the tors. "A curse will lie outside the door of Godbeer. Yew will see 'en, neighbors—a curse that will tear abroad Furze barton, and tear abroad they long-stones, like the vuzzy-bushes what the fire ha' whistled through. Let me go, neighbors. The maiden be waiting vor me."

Richard felt his father's spirit in him. The eyes of the people were upon him, and he had to do something great and brave to be worthy of Merry Rundle. Once he shuddered, but rough Ben pushed him forward, and he caught little Nicholas, threw him on the stones, picked him up, flung him down again, and then the small creature dragged his body to the door. He was not much like a prophet, perhaps; but he was one, for he knew how blind, mad passion ends.

"Squire Furze," he whispered, while tears of pain trickled into his wild beard, "dost hearken to the sound of Ladybrook Watter?"

WINTER

ONLY a few hours had gone, but the seasons change rapidly upon Dartmoor, and winter had come all in white. It was Sunday, and the church bell clanged at dawn across the moor to tell the scattered people that parson happened to be at home and would hold a service later on. It was also Richard's birthday. His little son was yelling, the barton was filled with bitter smoke. Richard's head was wild and his throat was dry; he could neither think nor remember as he left his bed, which had been as sharp as a furze-bush, and yet something grim had happened, something cruel, people had been punished for their sins. He was free again; that fact he could grasp. The chains of witchcraft had fallen, Ladybrook had been restored, the spirits of evil were driven out, and he was his father's son, holding to what he had. There stood his long-stones high upon the moor, stiff against the frosty sky, horribly black against the pure whiteness, and they should stand forever.

He went down-stairs, and Aunt Issy was in the kitchen.

"A whist birthday, Squire. I ha' come to tell ye, as I told your vaither, that the man who takes Ladybrook Watter be a-calling the pixies. Yew kept mun, and the pixies ha' come, the gude pixies, Squire,

and yew ha' used 'em cruel. 'T is worse than death to the man who crosses pixies, vor 't is their duty to punish whether 'em wants to or no."

"They mazed me," said Richard, sullenly. He dared not quarrel with Aunt Issy, lest she might mutter a spell which would change him into a toad.

"They 'll ride ye," cried the witch. "I ha' seen the maiden, and her hair be twisted up in stirrups. They 'll ride ye over and under Dartmoor. Them what won't ha' the gude must tak' the bad."

"What did us du?" Richard muttered. "I don't seem to mind it, woman. Ben Rundle and me—aw, 't wur him, not me, took 'em—"

"It wur yew, Squire Furze."

"I minds blacksmith wi' his gurt hammer, and the lanterns all round, and the witch maiden limping—"

"Her bain't a witch maiden. Her be the gude fairy sent yew, Squire. 'T is the limp of her what will ride ye vorever."

Aunt Issy was gone, and Richard went after her. The street was full of commoners shrinking against the hedges, because some of them had heard the whist-hounds hunting in the night. Ben Rundle was with them, and Merry, dressed in her best. They were on their way to Godbeer.

"Here her be," cried Rundle, "the finest maiden on Dartmoor, and her forgives yew, Richard. Her be an angel o' forgiveness, I reckon."

"Be yew of a mind to give me a happy birthday, Merry?" asked the trembling Richard.

"If yew puts 'em in the stocks, I will," said Merry, fiercely. "If yew shames her as yew shamed me, I will. Not unless."

"Merry thought o' that. Her be a fine maiden," cried Ben Rundle.

"Where be the stocks to?"

"In parson's garden."

They had been thrown aside for some years, and nobody thought they would ever be used again.

"Yew shall put she in yourself," said Merry.

"Yew can't draw back, Richard. Us 'll shame ye if yew du," cried Rundle.

There seemed to be no way out; it was too late then, after the madness of the night. Richard was cold and shivering, dazed with superstitious terror, and yet admiring Merry because she was strong and fierce and walked so well. She did not limp, except with her mind, and that was nothing. He led the way to the vicarage, and the rotten old stocks were dragged off the lawn and placed at the entrance to the churchyard.

"Where be 'em to?" he muttered, remembering nothing.

"In the linhay to Godbeer, where us locked 'em in last night. Yew locked 'em in, Richard. Don't ye mind me holding the lantern vor ye, and blacksmith driving in the staples?"

"It ha' been rough and frosty," groaned Richard, remembering that gleaming head.

"There be plenty o' fern in the linhay. Fetch 'em out, man. Us wants none o' their trade in the parish."

"Fetch 'em out yourself," said Richard, hoarsely.

They were brought, old Nicholas cold and stiff, his head low beneath his shoulders; Petronel the same as ever, her face white and proud, the frosty light making her hair shine, looking fresh, somehow, despite the terrible night, and few who watched her took much notice of the limping. Neither said a word, nor did they offer useless resistance. They were forced into the stocks, Nicholas first; and when his feet had been picketed, Richard was pushed forward. He went on his knees, dumb and stupid, brought the cross-beam down upon two pretty feet, too small and fragile to be human; and as he did so the wind caught Petronel's hair, which had been dragged down during the struggle of the night, and a stirrup of that hair was blown across his neck, and there lay resting until she snatched it away. Those who saw it shuddered, because of the omen hinting at a pixy of remorse riding the young squire's shoulders forever. But others were shouting, and the bells started a wild clanging over the moor because it was Squire's birthday and he was going to marry Ben Rundle's daughter.

Only Richard wondered what was passing in the mind of Petronel. Perhaps she was thinking of her garden, which she would never tend again, of the ferns and herbs she had planted to be a witness of her presence a hundred years later, of the long grasses and scarlet mosses and the asphodels on the rocks. Perhaps she was thinking of her lameness; perhaps she

wondered why girls like Merry Rundle flourished while she was cast aside. She said nothing; her head was down, and the hair made a curtain through which two wet, reproachful eyes gleamed like stars in a mist. But old Nicholas was speaking; his patience had broken down, and he muttered curses upon all who stood near.

It was nearly church-time, and the crowd increased about the gate. Richard crossed the road, and stood with his back against the hedge. He was fascinated; he could not move away. He tried to remove his eyes from the wooden instrument of shame, but a figure there called them back. He was sane at last; the madness had died out, and some cynical touch of nature swept away his dullness, gave him consciousness, and with it a knowledge of the truth, the horrible truth, that he hated Merry Rundle and loved Petronel,—loved her lameness because it was hers, loved her head and her heart and her soul, and the character which had brought him good things since the night when she came to Ladybrook Water.

"Let 'em out!" he shouted, reeling from the hedge, striking Merry and Ben Rundle from him. "Let 'em out!" he shouted again, while every one stared, and the noisy bells made the moorland echo. And Petronel looked up at last, and smiled a little.

"Hold mun," cried Rundle. "Witchery be on 'en yet."

"'T is the witchery of evil minds," shouted Richard, speaking the truth, and again without knowing it. "The witchery o' yew, Ben Rundle, and your doxy daughter, who burnt my rick what the gude angel sweetened."

There would have been a fight had not a little green gate in the opposite wall swung open, revealing the parson, who had heard of what was taking place and had come to put a stop to it.

"Call yourselves sportsmen!" he bawled. But before he could say more the master of Godbeer was at him, pointing to the stocks and crying:

"There her be, parson. I takes she vor my lawful wife—"

"She won't have ye, man. Torture a woman for the love of her! That be you Squire Furzes, father and son. Take her out, or I 'll be laying my whip about the legs of ye," shouted the rough huntsman, who, with all his faults, was a man, while the crowd swayed to and fro, and the Rundles slipped away, knowing that the game was lost.

Nicholas and Petronel were taken from the stocks, and with the habit strong upon her the girl put up her numbed hand to stroke her hair. It was the small touch of nature which made the cruel mind of Richard pitiful; and he tried to approach, but the strong parson pushed him roughly back.

"Petronel," he called, "look to me, maiden."

But she did not look. She only sighed as Nicholas helped those little feet to walk. The shame had entered into her soul. It was the old story of human error. Those who come to save are crucified.

"Petronel! Petronel!" he called, but there was no answer. It was too late; the day of redemption had gone by, the curse had been uttered, the line of Furze squires was to end, the property they had inclosed was to go back to the duke and the moorland.

"Petronel! Petronel!" So the call went on, as it does still at night-time, when the wind screams wildly in black January down the roaring gorge of Ladybrook Water. "Petronel! Petronel!" Perhaps it will call in that haunted way until the water runs no longer.

Another morning, gray and full of fog, shivering with winter fierceness. Upon the road outside Godbeer appeared an object horrible in shape—a rough stone chest, a sort of box, a cistvaen; and within—But the neighbors looked and turned away frozen; and no one dared to touch that chest of stone. The curse of the weak Dewstones, which was to tear down those strong long-stones, was there. But Nicholas and Petronel were never seen again. Some said they were over the moor, some said they were under it; for every one believed they belonged to the green children. But Aunt Issy said they had gone into the pixy-pool, which is near the summit of Ladybrook Water, and is the place where the voices come from. Perhaps they were only ordinary human beings, after all, so small and unimportant that nobody saw them limping back, to their original stone hut, to Fernworthy Circle, the Windypost, the Round Pound of Batworthy, and the Hemstone Rocks.

THE SPOILING OF SERVANTS

BY ANNIE PAYSON CALL

Author of "Power through Repose," etc.

THERE are, fortunately, women in this country who do not spoil their maids—women who are considerate, womanly, and wise in directing their servants, and who heartily appreciate their servants' point of view. But most women are often in "servant trouble" not from any conscious fault of their own, but from lack of understanding, which a little observant thought might supply. Such observation and thoughtfulness, we know, are needed all over this country, for the servants are rapidly being spoiled to such an extent that a nervous fear of them is a not uncommon physical symptom among housekeepers.

If it were not pathetic, it would seem very funny to observe how, in these United States, mistress and maid are almost always at enmity with each other. Both are human, both women, both have desires and sometimes aspirations in life, both have more or less plain common sense, according to their breeding, education, and manner of life; and yet each considers the other her natural enemy. While the enmity does not appear at first, and the attitude of suspicion which each holds toward the other is often entirely subconscious, it takes very little to raise the flame. From the time when, in the intelligence office or in the home, the mistress is questioning the maid and the maid is questioning the mistress, each looking at the other askance, each not more than half believing what the other says—from that time to the "month's notice" each is uninterruptedly suspicious of the other.

Women spoil their servants because they do not trust them, and the fault is more with the mistress than with the maid. For women who are educated and mature should be clearer and wiser in their dealings than women who are not educated and who, because of their antecedents and limited experience, are so immature that in many ways they are very like children.

If the maid suspects her mistress of trying to get every bit of work out of her that is possible and of paying her the smallest wages that she can persuade her to take, if the mistress is sure that the maid will do as little work as she can and will "strike" for the maximum wages, what else can they be but enemies, how else can they look at each other but askance? Fancy having in your house not only a perfect stranger, but one who considers you to be her enemy, with the certain knowledge also that she is unfriendly to you! And yet that is the kind of discord which exists every day and all day in "the best-regulated families." The countenancing

of such discord is the first cause of women's spoiling their servants, but the discord is often so submerged, so to speak, that I am quite certain that some mistresses may indignantly stop reading this article when they note my emphasis on what I believe to be in this country a general enmity between mistresses and maids.

But if they will kindly be lenient, and join me in calling a spade a spade, and so dragging the devil into the lime-light, they will see him as he really is, and we can all individually make the beginning of a beginning of *un*spoiling our servants. For a long time to come we must, it appears to me, expect our maids to feel hostile to us and expect them also to suspect us of enmity to them. The spoiling habit has now been going on too long for things to be otherwise, but we can immediately and decidedly cease to be their enemies, and try to guide them practically and helpfully in their work.

There is a certain amount of work to be done, and having told them in detail just what the work is from morning to night, with a friendly air of expecting them of course to do it well, we shall be wise if we step back and leave them a margin to work in, meanwhile observing them keenly, but avoiding nagging or petty faultfinding. When things do go wrong, however, it will be well to point out their mistakes, but with the clearly implied belief that they will be corrected. By doing this kindly and without condescension, we shall begin to rub off a little of the enmity. It may be that our first attempt will fail, and the enmity will not disappear; but it will be wise to persist until we succeed, or discover that the maid in question is unteachable.

A practical knowledge of the work to be done, an ability to convey that knowledge to servants, to observe without appearing to observe, to correct without nagging, and to show friendliness without familiarity—all these will enable us to give to a maid a sense of personal freedom and responsibility and a practical knowledge of the detail of her work which will tend to dissipate the hostility engendered by years of misunderstanding.

But it is possible to sugar-coat the existing enmity without really undermining it, and this greatly increases the spoiling of *servants*. There is a pose of personal kindness to servants which masquerades as the most disinterested friendliness, and which the maid, in her childlike simplicity and directness, often sees through entirely; so that, when she appears to show ingratitude, she is often only revolting against the oppressive, though perhaps unconscious, hypocrisy of her mistress.

Often we hear a mistress complain of a maid's leaving her when, as she says: "I have worked so hard to train her! Why, really, I have taught that girl everything she knows, and just as she has learned and is doing well and allows me a little time to myself, she says she is going to leave me. I suppose she has found a place where she can get more wages, and all because of what I have taught her. Did you ever hear of such ingratitude? But it is just like them all. Mrs. Smith's cook served her in just such a mean way, and Mrs. Ferguson had a perfect waitress who did not know anything when she came to her, and after Mrs. Ferguson had taught her so that she was really efficient, she left for higher wages and, as she said, a 'more stylish' family. Oh, dear! they are all alike. Now I must begin and teach another green girl, and get treated in the same way, I suppose."

And so the hidden hostility crops out through the cracked sugar-coating, and finally the sugar-coating disappears altogether, only to form again as, with renewed appearance of friendliness, the mistress begins to train another enemy.

Neither by birth, education, nor breeding are our maids like ourselves. I do not say that they are not our equals, but I say that they are unlike us. For the breeding of a maid often proves her to be more than the equal of her mistress in that the maid knows how to keep her place and to respect the dignity of her position when the mistress frequently does not. If one could imagine a lady, a thoroughly well-bred, refined woman, finding it necessary to go into service, would she not keep her place perfectly in every detail? And in keeping her place, would she consider herself any lower in the real social scale than the mistress whose orders she obeyed? Certainly not. Neither would she ever be servile in her obedience or arrogant in her thoughts.

There are well-bred mistresses and ill-bred mistresses, there are well-bred maids and there are ill-bred maids. In this case

the distinction of breeding is not social, but individual. A king may be ill bred, and his valet may be excellently well bred. This does not prove that the valet would make a good king, or, unfortunately, that the king would make a good valet. It would prove, however, that the well-bred valet could see from the king's point of view and would be sensitive to the king's discrepancies, while it would be quite impossible for the king, who was ill bred, to take the valet's point of view or be sensitive to his finer instincts. Relatively speaking, it would prove that the valet had the qualities of a gentleman and the king had not. That is what I mean when I say that, in the present day, the essence of good breeding has nothing whatever to do with social or class distinctions. In the best breeding there is no class feeling; the distinction takes care of itself.

It is reported that in the family of Ralph Waldo Emerson the maid-of-all-work, from what was considered true social principle, was invited to sit at table with the family; but while the family could stand it, the maid could not, and asked to be released and allowed to have her meals by herself.

There is a sort of "I-will-look-after-you" attitude that some mistresses take toward their maids that the maid always resents subconsciously, if not consciously, and the subconscious resentment is sure to break forth sooner or later, especially if there goes with that attitude another, namely, "See how very good and thoughtful I am!" The class of people who go into domestic service, especially the Irish, are like children in their sensitiveness to hypocrisy, and as their minds are more experienced than children's, they certainly

> Keek thro' ev'ry other man,
> With sharpened, sly inspection,

and their keenness with regard to the poses of the members of the family they serve is sometimes startling. They resent equally a kind of familiarity which mistresses assume with an "thou-art-as-good-as-I" attitude, which in the background really carries always an "I-am-better—much-better—than-thou," and an "I-can-condescend," attitude, although, to do the mistress justice, she is often quite unsuspicious of her real feeling. Such condescension often breeds impudence in the servant, and then the mistress finds her maid startlingly ungrateful, and finally discharges her—spoiled!

I know of a case where an attempt was made to take a maid who was very ill into the room of one of the ladies of the house and to care for her there. The girl's discomfort at having the ladies do for her, and her longing for those in her own station, were so evident that it was an "eye-opener" to her mistress, and she took the earliest opportunity to see that her maid had the surroundings that she needed and those about her to whom she felt near. There was no ingratitude in this case, for the woman seemed really very grateful for the kindness; but it was easy to see that she did not feel at home and could not get well so fast while she was not at ease. To her the care she was getting did not seem fitting; it was fortunate that her mistress was as well bred as she, and so was sensitive to her maid's state of mind. If the mistress had insisted, and the maid had finally become well in those surroundings, she might have become blunted, impudent, and spoiled just because of her own sensitiveness. The sensitiveness of the immature, if not regarded, often brings trouble to all concerned, and the Irish especially are very sensitive.

I have seen servants with sensitive temperaments in large houses where they were regarded merely as obedient machines, and one could see that they had been fearfully blunted by being brought habitually in touch with the subconscious enmity of their mistresses. There is no situation in which man's inhumanity to man is more evident, and such servants, when asked to work in a family where the human element is more alive, show themselves to be spoiled, and not only spoiled as really good servants, but dulled beyond reparation as human beings.

If a servant, having learned to be a good machine, always remains in a place where only a machine is wanted, she will, to all appearances at least, remain a good servant, but her initiative will be steadily dulled unless she has remarkable character. In saying this I speak only of this country. With servants in England, where the customs of mistress and maid are somewhat different, the maid is not so much a machine as she appears, nor the

mistress so inhuman. The distinctions of class are more hard and fast there, without being necessarily artificial.

One thing that tends very much toward spoiling a good servant is the effort that a mistress sometimes makes to save the girl's soul. The attempt may begin with various moral criticisms; then the way leads deeper and deeper, until the maid's religious deficiencies are pointed out. All this is done in obedience to a conscience which inclines to feel that the souls of other people are mainly our responsibility and not that of the Lord. And here it seems certain that the best way to help the souls of those who are about us is to attend carefully to the laws that we believe will save our own. It is not what we say, it is not what we criticize in others, or the effort to enlighten them, which influences those about us for good or for evil; it is what we *are,* what we *do,* and the way we do it. This is clearly illustrated in the case of servants; they are as a rule very observant, and a maid may enter your house spoiled and leave it unspoiled, or the reverse, entirely influenced by what you are, the way you arrange her work, and your freedom from any intrusion into her personal affairs.

Before closing I must say a word of sincere deprecation of so-called "confidential lady's-maids." Nothing so spoils a maid as receiving intimate confidences from her mistress, and nothing shows more clearly the selfish attitude of the mistress toward her servant, as well as toward those whose confidence she should respect, as the pouring out of all her personal woes to her maid. Such a habit is weakening and harmful on both sides, and often breeds deeper enmity. I speak only of selfish confidences which the mistress gives for the pleasure or comfort of talking about herself. There are many times where a confidence given to a maid for some definite use brings respectful advice that is most enlightening, and such confidences, when rightly placed, are never by word or look betrayed. Our servants should be our friends, and we theirs, but that does not imply the intimacy which can really come only between like and like.

To respect the servants' point of view, to be generous in our dealings with them, explicit in our directions, and to give them what might be called an interested, considerate margin of personal freedom and responsibility, will lead to better service and better servants. Whatever is done in contradiction to this is spoiling. We in the United States have a long way to go before we are relieved of the burden of spoiled servants. Let us begin now. And if we really begin, there will be behind our care always a disinterested friendliness which follows up any suggestion which our maid may give us with regard to her personal interests, but never intrudes or asks questions, any more than we should of a friend on our own plane of life. When we feel an affectionate interest in our servants they will know it, and they will appeal to us in need without our asking.

Unfortunately, the old days are gone when servants lived and grew old, when they married or died, in the family they served, and when the interest in them, and the affection for them, felt by members of the family was akin to that which they felt for one another. Just the remnant of that is left with some of us now, but if we all work with interest and affectionate intelligence, we can bring back the spirit of those days on perhaps a broader plane, and the servants cannot but respond individually, and so, as time goes on, collectively.

There can be no doubt that the fault of the spoiling is entirely with the mistress. We cannot blame the servants for being spoiled any more than we can blame spoiled children. That does not mean that the servants have no responsibility; it means merely that the mistress, being normally the leader and director, is naturally the guide. A woman may of course be a good servant despite an ill-bred mistress, but it requires unusual character on the servant's part, and that we sometimes find. In so far as mistresses agree with regard to their entire responsibility, complaining will cease and the work of reform will begin. When the spirit of reform in this question has taken hold of us somewhat as a nation, the details will be taken up gradually and will spread in an orderly way. There never yet has been a reform started upon a true principle that men and women did not appear capable of executing the necessary details. In this case it is the recognition of the true principle which appears to have been wanting.

IN THE LAND OF SINAI

BY FREDERICK JONES BLISS

Dean for Men, University of Rochester

THE land of Sinai—a silent land, a changeless land, an ageless land, a land of vast simplicity, of elemental grandeur, of ineffaceable impressions! It is this general recollection that emboldens me to jot down these particular memories, now twenty-five years old. Indeed, had my visit been made last year, this little article could not have differed in substance. For what is a quarter of a century where centuries are not counted? To the dwellers in the desert, a thousand years are as one day, and one day is as a thousand years. This element of timelessness was vividly illustrated for Dr. James Rendel Harris and me at the turquoise-mines of Wady Maghara, one of the halts on the way to Mount Sinai. These were worked by the Pharaohs of the earliest dynasties, as the inscriptions show. About the middle of the last century one Major Macdonald reopened the mines. His hut, now in ruins, was pointed out to us by the gentle-mannered cameleers.

"But who constructed that sloping road to the mines?" we asked.

"Oh," they said, "that was made by the gentlemen who came before the major —by the Pharaohs."

To get to Sinai, you may ride on a camel or you may walk; no other method is available. Along the desert track between Damascus and Palmyra motors have traveled several times. The route to Sinai takes you over long stretches of narrow valleys, winding among the granite mountains, where the automobilist would find a roadway as smooth and hard as could be desired, save when, after a storm, they are swept by torrents. But, before the goal is reached, the Pass of the Winds, leading from one valley system to another, presents an insurmountable obstacle to a car. There are, in fact, two classes of visitors to Sinai: one class rides and the other walks. The first includes the tourists; the second consists of Russian pilgrims. The tourists bring their tents, commissariat, and cook from Cairo; their camels are hired from the Arabs attached as guides to the Monastery of St. Catharine. They travel assured of comparative comfort, save for the possibility of sandstorms, against which there is no refuge. So blinding was the blown sand one morning, I remember, that we had to dismount and crouch in the lee of our kneeling camels till the worst of the storm was over. At night Dr. Harris had occasion to examine his camera. Now, the camera was in a tight case, and the case was in a locked leather trunk, and the trunk, if I remember right, had been wrapped in a rug before it was tied on the camel. But through all these coverings the grains of sand had sifted into the very camera itself, obstructing the working of the screws!

The mounted tourist makes no better time than the pilgrim, for the rate of camel-travel is two miles an hour. We encountered several bands of pilgrims in the Sinaitic Peninsula. We saw them plodding with stolid patience through the sand, men and women of all ages, each carrying a kit, which included the indispensable samovar. We saw them at their journey's end, assembled at the monastery in the little Chapel of the Burning Bush, and we almost envied the look of seraphic peace that illumined their faces as they listened to a little address of welcome delivered in Russian. We saw and heard them later, full of fun and laughter, as they awkwardly descended the stone steps built for such excursions to the summit of the mountain.

Travelers to Sinai usually mount their camels near Suez, following the traditional route of the children of Israel, and arriving at the monastery on the seventh or eighth day. The journey may be reduced almost by half by taking the route from Tur, a port farther south on the Red Sea. This is no place to enter into the vexed and vexing question of identification of sites, which ramifies into endless questions of Biblical criticism. Skepticism regarding the traditional sites has ranged from placing the giving of the Law at

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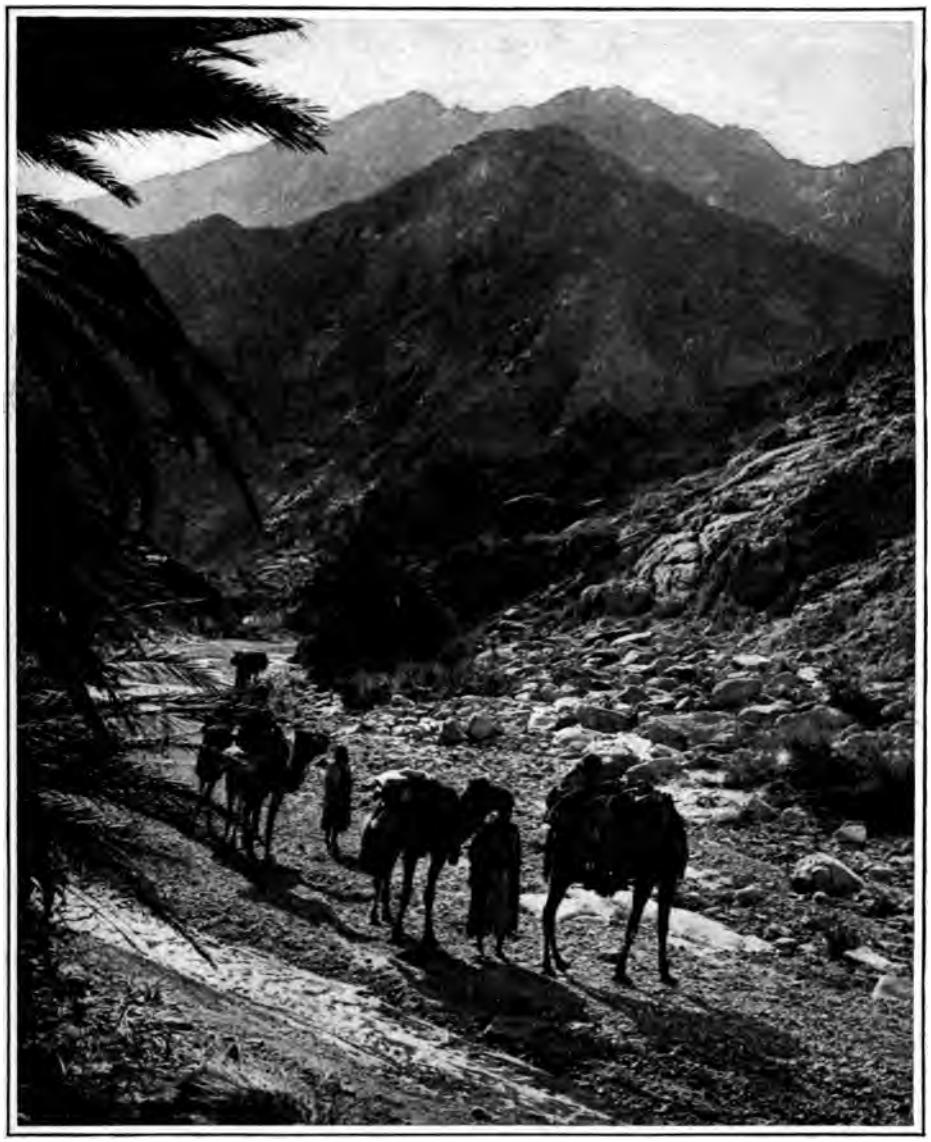
THE LARGEST OF THE SPRINGS OF MOSES

Mount Serbal, another mountain of the Sinai mass, to the declaration that the Israelites never entered the peninsula now known by the name of Sinai. Whatever may be the correct view, the dramatic narrative, culminating in the terrors of Sinai itself, could find no more perfect setting than is furnished by the traditional sites. The Wells of Moses, Elim, the Place of Palm-trees, the Red Sea Encampment—all these are encountered before we penetrate into the granite mountain fastnesses. From the Red Sea Encampment we pass first among the outflanking hills of bare sandstone, wonderful masses of color, each different from the others. One pyramidal hill is softly brown; another is pale yellow; another is chocolate; another is green. We had read beforehand the seemingly lurid descriptions of these hills by that intrepid traveler, Miss Isabella Bird (later Mrs. Bishop), and had laughed at her



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WADY HEBRAN, ON THE ROAD BETWEEN TUR AND SINAI

word-pictures of their colors, just as the reader may be laughing now at mine. If we laughed when we saw them, it was from sheer wonder and delight. Soon the sandstone gives place to granite, the variety in color to a lovely monochrome, the angles to curves. For the beauty of the central Sinai mountains is double—a beauty of color and a beauty of contour. The color is a warm red, almost pink in certain lights. The contours take the forms of curves, of scallops, lending the charm of gracefulness to the sky-line. And everywhere both color and contour are evident; for there are no trees, there is no underbrush, there is hardly a bush. Indeed, there is so little sand, gravel, or shale on the clean rocky slopes that one is tempted to call them monoliths; not Rocky Mountains, but Mountains of Stone. There is verdure in Sinai-land, but it is concentrated in valleys where there may

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A GREEK SHRINE AT SINAI

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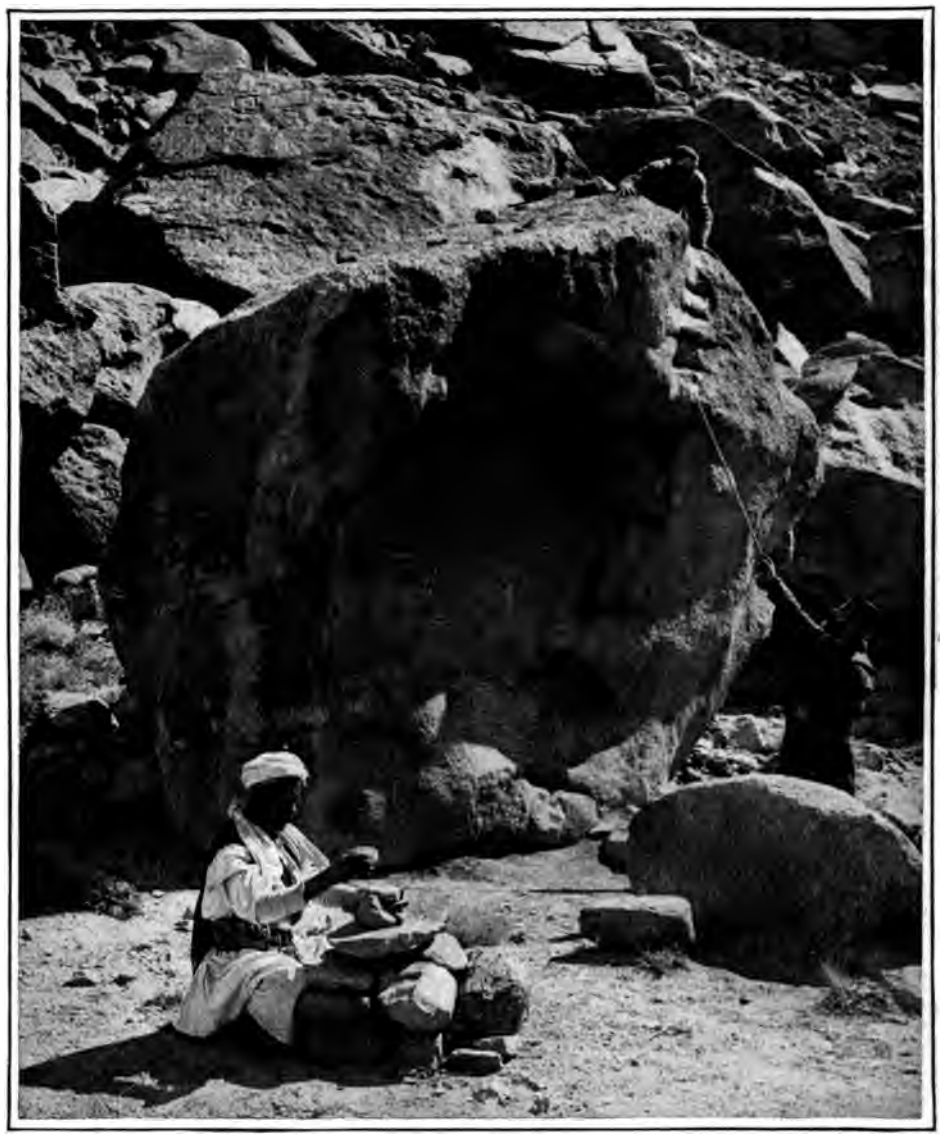
THE LIBRARY OF THE MONASTERY OF ST. CATHARINE



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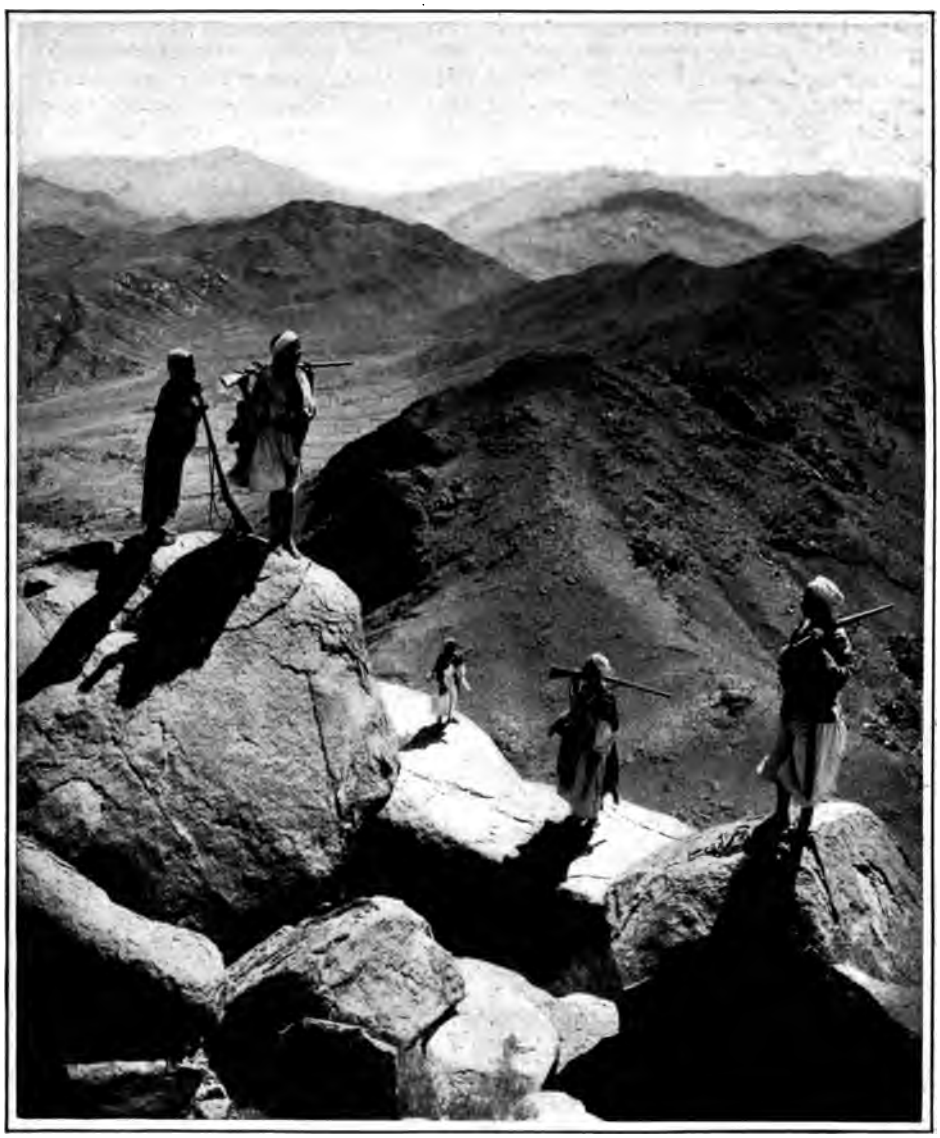
THE ROCK WHICH TRADITION HOLDS TO BE THE ONE THAT MOSES STRUCK FOR WATER

chance to be perennial streams, as in the lush, luxuriant Wady Firan.

If one knows Arabic, he may help to pass the long hours on camel-back by chatting with the Moslem guides who walk by his side. To us they showed themselves a friendly, childlike folk, eager to please, naïve in their simplicity, proud of their desert home. Among the young people real, romantic courtship goes on. This is supposed to differentiate them from Orientals in general; but I am inclined to the view that, notwithstanding the family marriage arrangements, there is much more of this courtship in the East than the foreigner is led to believe. I found ample proof of it in a Christian village on the Orontes in northern Syria. Between the monks of St. Catharine and these Arabs a sort of feudal relationship exists. In the precincts of the monastery itself a mosque has been built for the lat-



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THE SUMMIT OF JEBEL KATHERIN

ter, but I believe it is now neglected. In fact, the forms of religion sit pretty lightly on the dwellers in the desert, though I have been told by a missionary to Arabia that he has heard the Arabs talking to God as a man talks to his friend.

The first glimpse of the traditional Mount Sinai gives one a dramatic thrill. On the morning of the last day of the journey from Suez the camels toil painfully up the rocks to the steep and narrow Pass of the Winds, with many an angry growl as they miss beneath their splay feet the soft, familiar sand. The view from the top breaks as a surprise upon the traveler. Below him stretches out an oval, treeless plain, encircled by scalloped mountains of bare red granite. Directly opposite rises almost perpendicularly a hill of granite, with two rounded heads, which the fancy may liken to a gigantic copy of the tables of stone on which were

written the commandments. For this perpendicular hill represents one end of the traditional Mount Sinai, though the place where the law was given is pointed out at a spot nearer the middle of the mass. As I have intimated before, the scene seems to have been made to suit the story. As one gazes, his imagination is fired. The desolate plain becomes peopled with the multitudes of Israel. There are the tents set in orderly array. There is the pillar of cloud resting on the tabernacle without the camp. Now the people dance about the calf of gold. A dense smoke envelops the opposite hill; the lightnings flash and the thunder rolls.

The precipitous mountain-end, which we have likened to the tables of stone, is called Jebel Sufsafeh, or the Willow Mountain. To the west rises the highest peak of the Sinai group, Jebel Katherin (8538 feet), on the summit of which the red granite gives place to gray. To the east a narrow and somewhat rocky valley debouches into the Plain of Assembly. Some distance up this valley stands the Monastery of St. Catharine. This constitutes the smallest church in the Eastern World. As ruler over one of the fifteen branches of the Holy Orthodox Church, the largest of which is the Church of Russia, the archbishop claims complete independence over his desert see. This claim is recognized by St. Petersburg, but not by Constantinople. The archbishop receives consecration from the Patriarch of Jerusalem, but usually resides in a dependency of the monastery at Cairo. In former times visitors to Sinai were hauled up in a basket by rope and pulley, gaining admittance by an opening far up in the wall. We entered by the gateway, however, and were at once conducted to the room of the prior, who examined our credentials from the monastery at Jerusalem and elsewhere. A comfortable apartment was assigned to us off an open gallery, though one of the party preferred to sleep in our camp, pitched among the fruit-trees of the pleasant garden. For seventeen days Dr. Harris and I were dwellers in the monastery. It would take longer than that to master its bewildering topography. At first it seemed to be a confused jumble of courts and galleries, stairways and passages, chapels and cells, vaults and gardens. Later I became more familiar with it, and even learned to grope my way about at night on a visit to some monk in his cell. Travelers had given the monks a bad name for idleness and surliness. In turn the monks had looked askance at all travelers, whom they suspected of illicit designs on the treasures of their library. For they never forgot that Tischendorf had carried off—stolen is their word—the priceless Greek codex of the New Testament known now as the Sinaiticus.

At the time of our visit, which on the part of Dr. Harris was a scientific mission, the "library" was in a state of chaos. Wooden boxes were brought out for our inspection, in which scores of vellum manuscripts had been thrown pell-mell. Among these Dr. Harris identified the Syriac version of the early "Apology" of Aristides, known previously only in an Armenian version. In 1892 it fell to the lot of the twin sisters of Cambridge, England, Mrs. Lewis and Mrs. Gibson, to discover the oldest known Syriac text of the Gospels, dating from the fifth century.[1] The manuscript is a palimpsest, for over the ancient text the "Lives of the Saints" had been written in the eighth century. The text was published in 1894 by Mrs. Lewis, Mrs. Gibson, Dr. Harris, Dr. Bensly, and Mr. Burkitt, who visited the monastery together for the sake of copying. Mrs. Lewis in a popular volume generously recognizes a sort of preparation for this discovery in our earlier visit, during which the suspicions of the monks were allayed by mutual intercourse. Through the direct efforts and coöperation of these ladies, the precious library has now been reduced to order.

Our return journey was made by the short route leading through the ancient Egyptian settlement of Serabit-el-Khadem, excavated in 1906 by Dr. Flinders Petrie. Turquoises were sought for here by Seneferu, of the fourth dynasty, as early as 4750 B.C. From the inscriptions we learn that at times as many as 700 workmen were employed in the mines. Fragments of offerings at the shrine of the goddess of turquoise show the names of many Pharaohs.

[1] See THE CENTURY for September, 1904, for an account by Mrs. Lewis of her discovery of these manuscripts.

THE CAPTURE OF NEW YORK

BY CAPTAIN PAUL B. MALONE

United States Army

A CAREFUL review of the history of all great armed conflicts from the period when Bactra was the first important trade center of recorded history down to the present time, when all Europe, under arms, awaits the determination of trade supremacy in the Ægean and the Adriatic, reveals the fact that trade rivalry is, and always has been, the main cause of war. The teaching of history may be more specifically stated as follows:

Whenever two trade centers, controlled by different nations, become rivals for the trade of a common terminus, they will either consolidate or fight. War is merely economic competition in its sharpest aspect.

As the potentiality of any nation depends principally upon its commerce, so the most serious disaster that can befall any nation is the destruction of its commerce. Recognizing this fact, all great military leaders have striven to defeat the opposing army and then to destroy the enemy's remaining powers of resistance by securing control of the great arteries of commerce, thus arresting the flow of money to the heart of the nation and compelling submission to the will of the conqueror. Thus it is that the location of the main trade lines of the world controls the strategy of campaigns, determines the location of theaters of military operations, and fixes with virtual certainty the identity of the principal combatants in the struggle for economic and military supremacy.

Guided by these principles, it is not difficult to locate approximately American theaters of future conflict, nor is it difficult to foresee the probable results of such conflicts when one considers the relative preparedness for war service of the nations concerned.

To-day the main trade lines of the world, trending east and west, pass completely around the globe, and along these lines the sun never sets upon the struggle of the principal commercial competitors for economic supremacy. Upon these lines lie the ports of China and Japan, Manila, San Francisco, New York, Liverpool, London, Hamburg, and St. Petersburg. The greatest seaport of all these is New York, and in all probability Hamburg is destined to be next.

Upon the opening of the Panama Canal, the United States and Europe will become rivals for the control of common trade termini in South America and in eastern Asia, and for the first time in our history the advantage of proximity will rest with the United States. In view of the history of the past, it would seem opportune to invite the attention of thoughtful Americans to the military problems which confront us and which cannot be divorced from their affiliations with the commercial struggle about to be opened.

The location of the great centers of population and wealth, fixed in size and position by the dictates of trade, and the location of harbors capable of floating and docking the largest vessels, limit the military operations of nations to fairly fixed objectives, and reduce the study of our future war plans to a series of fairly definite problems. Thus the great strategic front of the Atlantic seaboard has its left in the vicinity of Boston, its right near the mouth of the Chesapeake Bay, and its center at New York, where all the great trunk-lines of commerce unite.

An examination of the relief-map of the eastern portion of the United States on the next page, and a close study of the Atlantic coast-line, will serve to illustrate the application of the above principles.

The Appalachian Mountain system, roughly paralleling our coast-line from Maine to Alabama, constitutes a formidable obstacle which profoundly influences the distribution of population and wealth along our eastern seaboard, and fixes our strategic relations with Europe. This great barrier, which divides the easterr portion of our country into the vulnerable coast-line and the comparatively safe interior, is completely broken at only one point by an important artery of commerce, this point being the junction of the Mohawk and the Hudson rivers. The De-

ware, Susquehanna, and Potomac rivers penetrate this mountain system, but the regions they traverse are in general too rough and broken to lend much importance to these avenues to the interior. South of the Potomac not a river breaks through the mountain system, and the region which lies between the mountains and the sea is low-lying and semitropical; a low beach shelves out to deep water; the

RELIEF-MAP OF THE EASTERN PART OF THE UNITED STATES

waves and tides check the velocity of the streams, precipitating their sediment, and forming sand-bars, which the wind and waves beat up into islands. Between the islands and the mainland the depth of water is insufficient for heavy-draft vessels: this condition can never be otherwise. Commerce turns elsewhere for easier facilities, and so must the warring invader.

The regions south of the Chesapeake Bay, therefore, may be disregarded in any study of defensive operations against an invading army from the continent *of Europe*. Possession of a base of operations accessible to a harbor capable of floating the largest vessels must be secured by the enemy. Such harbors exist at Boston, New York, and in Hampton Roads. That harbor will suit best the purpose of the invader which lies upon the main line of trade, possession of which will enable him to cut the arteries of commerce which lead to the great sources of supply. Success here will yield the maximum result to the victor, and will produce the maximum injury to the vanquished.

The location of such theaters is not subject to man's control. When Mother Earth upheaved the Appalachians and broke the back of the mountains at the present site of Albany; when the ice-sheet ground its way over the face of New York, dug out great furrows like a gigantic shovel, and piled up Long Island at the end of its course; when the Northern portion of the American continent uptilted and turned the flood rivers of the Champlain epoch in torrents to the sea, the physical conditions were established which were destined to make the mouth of the Hudson the great mart of the world and the American continent the economic center of the world. Thus, in geologic epochs, millions of years before man existed, nature was preparing the future history of mankind, and the earth throes of the Paleozoic and Cænozoic eras were fixing the strategy of modern armies.

Man accommodates himself to the geographic conditions of his environment. The savage followed the beautiful valleys of the Hudson and the Mohawk along the easiest paths to the sources of supply; to-day steamboats and canal-boats follow the same course. Equally obedient to the laws which guided the footsteps of the savage, the great railroad trunk-lines of the country converge as they trend eastward to escape the climb over the Appalachian barrier, and pass through the break in the backbone of the system to reach the greatest harbor of the continent by the shortest profitable trade route. Four tracks parallel the Hudson from New York to Albany; six tracks parallel the Mohawk

from Albany to Buffalo, upon which converge six additional tracks from Jersey City. Four tracks reach Pittsburgh through the passes of the Appalachians, and four tracks parallel the mountain system from New York to Baltimore and Washington. To the south of the capital city the roads are of poorer quality and of inferior carrying capacity. It is estimated that five eighths of the east-and-west trade of the country passes through Buffalo, two eighths through Pittsburgh, and one eighth through Washington; the bulk of all this trade reaches New York, the great commercial city of the nation.

Let us suppose, then, that a competitor for the control of South American trade has decided that an appeal to arms, by which all the chances of successful competition would be turned in her favor, is to be preferred to a continuance of the peaceful commercial competition which she might think would work her ruin, and has landed troops and set up her flag in Panama or South America in defiance of the Monroe Doctrine. Let us suppose also that other nations are induced to remain neutral spectators of the effort to destroy American commercial supremacy, which has proved as injurious to their interests as it has to those of the belligerent state. In the light of recent events it can scarcely be hoped that the Atlantic fleet, caught separated by thousands of miles from the Pacific fleet, would prove to be "as big as the Monroe Doctrine" in conflict with a concentrated European navy. The defeat of our fleet and control of the sea must be conceded to our competitor. He would then be at liberty to strike where the injury would be greatest.

Where would he strike?

The ease with which Boston might be captured was illustrated in the manœuvers of 1909, but the possession of Boston by the enemy would in no way disturb our internal commerce or destroy our powers of combat. The blow would fall upon Boston, not upon the United States. Again, it is well known that the entrance to Chesapeake Bay is as yet unfortified, and that a hostile fleet might establish a base within the harbor without coming under the fire of a single gun, pass in or out at pleasure, have access to a large quantity of supplies, and land troops in smooth water at almost any point in the bay.

The British in 1814 selected Benedict, forty miles from Washington, as their point of landing. To-day a fleet of transports and battle-ships might be pushed to the vicinity of Chautauqua Beach, seize Annapolis, and then turn on either Baltimore, twenty-five miles distant, or upon Washington, thirty-seven miles distant. A landing so close to the objective might not be attempted, but in the present state of our national defenses the plan is entirely feasible, and the capture of Baltimore or Washington or both could be easily accomplished. By the capture of Washington the entire machinery of government, rooted to the spot by the routine of more than a century, would collapse, and we should see repeated the disaster of 1814, when our fugitive Congress fled before a handful of British regulars. The hurt to our pride would be great, but the injury to our actual resources would be small. Less than one eighth of the nation's commerce flows through these channels. Not a great industry of the country would be fatally affected, and the tremendous resources of the nation, virtually unimpaired by the loss of the capital, would remain available for full development as soon as order could be restored. But what would result from the capture of New York?

In 1910 the population of the city was 4,766,883. It is at the present time as great as the combined populations of Chicago, Philadelphia, and Pittsburgh.

Boston, Baltimore, Cleveland, Buffalo, San Francisco, Cincinnati, Detroit, Milwaukee, New Orleans, and Washington are all splendid cities, and yet New York in population is considerably in excess of the aggregate of them all.[1]

Second only to London in population, New York is the greatest seaport in the world, possessing one of the four harbors of the earth which can receive boats of the *Mauretania* type. Next to her in order rank London, Antwerp, Hamburg, Hong-Kong, Rotterdam, and Shanghai.[2]

More than fifty-seven per cent. of all the imports and nearly forty per cent. of all the exports, or about forty-eight per cent. of the total foreign commerce of the United States, passes through this port.

[1] Bulletin, Chamber of Commerce, State of New York, May, 1910. [2] "The World Almanac," 1912, p. 238.

The total value of her foreign commerce in 1909 was $1,521,966,090.[1]

Her trade is double that of all the other Atlantic ports combined, three times that of all the gulf ports combined, and seven times that of the Pacific ports combined.[2]

Newport News, Virginia, was created from nothing to a city of more than nineteen thousand inhabitants by receiving the surplus trade of New York, yet the trade of New York is one hundred times that of Newport News, ten times that of Baltimore, and sixteen times that of San Francisco, the greatest seaport of the Pacific.[2]

If Boston had been completely eliminated from the commercial map in the winter of 1907, the loss in foreign commerce due to that disaster would barely have equaled New York's decline in commerce in 1908, due to the panic. The mere fluctuation in New York's tonnage is equal to the tonnage of the next most important American port.[2]

These facts emphasize the commercial supremacy of New York and suggest the damage which could be inflicted upon the United States by its capture. But it is not in commerce alone that this city leads in the industries of this country.

According to the census of 1905, there were in New York City 20,839 manufacturing establishments, representing a capital of $1,042,946,487, employing 464,716 wage-earners, who, with their families, constituted over fifty per cent. of the city's population.[2]

There is paid in wages to these workmen $248,128,259 per year, a sum equal to the entire internal revenue of the United States, approximately sufficient to support the army of the United States for a period of three years.[1]

The total value of the manufactured products of New York City in 1905 was about one tenth the value of the total manufactured products of the whole United States, and the capital invested amounted to eight per cent. of the industrial capital of the entire country, or more than that invested in any State in the Union except the States of New York and Pennsylvania.[1]

These considerations alone make New York the principal objective in any campaign against our Atlantic seaboard, but other considerations add to her importance. Not only is New York City supreme commercially and industrially, but she is also the financial center of the United States, and with London, Paris, and Berlin forms one of the four financial centers of the world. We find here concentrated twenty-six per cent. of the banking power of the United States and ten per cent. of the banking power of the world; the money in the banks of New York City is equal to fourteen per cent. of all the money in the United States and nearly equal to the entire amount of all kinds of money in Austria-Hungary. Sixty-two per cent. of the bank clearings of the country are handled in New York, while one sixth of the wealth of the nation, expressed in securities, is listed in the New York Stock Exchange.[1]

Such is the magnificent commercial, industrial, and financial position of New York City—a position which would seem at first glance almost impregnable, but which upon closer analysis is seen to be weak in the extreme.

This weakness arises from the fact that New York City produces no raw material. The cotton for her leading industry, the manufacture of clothing, comes from the South; her wool from England, Australia, Argentina, and the West; her lumber from Maine, Michigan, and the South; her tobacco from Virginia and Kentucky, while the raw material for her flour-mills comes from the Mississippi basin. For all her manufactured articles the raw materials must reach the city, and the finished products must find an exit; her 464,000 laborers depend for their existence upon the maintenance of her lines of supply and the continuance of markets for her finished products.

More important still, New York depends upon the surrounding territory for her daily bread, while her contact with the sources of supply depends upon her ability to maintain communication in all directions across formidable streams. Her daily supply of food comes in on trains run on fixed schedule, and the failure of a single train to reach its destination on time causes a shortage and a certain amount of distress. The military student of Europe understands this perfectly. It is given due consideration in his plans of campaign. He is well aware that the distress is not limited to New York City alone, but ex-

[1] Bulletin, Chamber of Com., State of N. Y., May, 1910.

[2] C. M. Keys in "The World's Work," September, 1909.

tends to New England. Though the foreign commerce of New York is great, yet her commercial wealth depends far more on her domestic than upon her foreign trade, which is in the approximate ratio of 670 to 12.

Her domestic water-borne commerce alone is valued at $10,500,000,000, more than one third of the estimated trade of the whole United States.[1] Three fourths of her water-borne trade with New England is conducted along Long Island Sound. The rest of the trade with New England crosses the Hudson at Poughkeepsie and Albany.

The relations of New England to the rest of the United States and to Europe were fixed before man inhabited the earth. The recession of the ice-sheet left here a region of rock-strewn hummocks, low, rocky ledges, terminal moraines, small lakes, and rivers interrupted at frequent intervals by falls and rapids. The abundance of cheap power furnished by these rivers and their falls has made New England a great manufacturing center. Except lumber, not one of the raw products for the manufacture of her commodities is produced in New England. Her cotton is drawn from the Southern States and Egypt, her wool from the West and from Australia. She possesses neither coal nor iron; both are drawn from Pennsylvania and other points within the United States. Farming is possible only in the valleys, and even here it is difficult. Many farms have been abandoned, and much of the grain and meat and other necessities of New England life are shipped from the basin of the Mississippi. Just as England depends on the United States for her food-supplies, so New England not only depends upon the regions west of the Hudson for the bulk of her food, but also for the bulk of the raw materials which she uses in her manufacturing processes.

An enemy has only to cut the lines which lead to these sources of supply to throw all New England into a state of distress which would soon approach famine and produce bankruptcy.

The principal lines which lead to the sources of supply pass through New York City, and the principal avenue of trade with New England east of New York is Long Island Sound. The capture of New York would be a more serious blow to New England than the occupation of Boston and the conquest of the whole State of Massachusetts.

So great, then, is the commercial and strategic importance of New York that it is difficult to imagine any campaign against the Atlantic seaboard by a European power which would not have for its primary object the defeat of the forces defending the city and the capture of New York, and for its secondary object the defeat of the forces defending Washington and the taking of the capital.

During the brief existence of this nation, both New York and Washington have been captured by the enemy.

The plan of the British in the Revolutionary War, founded on considerations analogous to those above outlined, contemplated the capture of New York, the control of the Hudson Valley, and the occupation of strong positions in Chesapeake Bay.

After withdrawing from Boston in March, 1775, General Howe landed on Staten Island with 30,000 troops. Washington, whose army numbered about 18,000 men, knew that he could not hold New York and realized that he ought to withdraw and fight in the open, but the Continental Congress would not hear of withdrawal. He therefore occupied Brooklyn Heights, where he was defeated, but he succeeded in withdrawing his forces to New York across the East River only because General Howe made no effort to pursue or push his victory. Two weeks later General Howe crossed his army at the present site of Twenty-third Street, and, having driven Washington from Harlem Heights, secured complete control of New York, which the British retained throughout the war.

During the War of 1812 the British had not the power to assume a vigorous offensive, but in August, 1814, General Ross, with about 5000 British soldiers, entered Chesapeake Bay, landed at Benedict, forty miles from Washington, defeated the American troops, captured the city, and burned the Capitol, the White House, and other important buildings.

The strategical principles which dictated these operations more than a century ago remain to-day unchanged in their es-

[1] Bulletin, Chamber of Commerce, State of New York, May, 1910.

T. TEMBAROM

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

Author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's," "The Shuttle," etc.

WITH DECORATIVE PICTURES BY CHARLES S. CHAPMAN

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

T. TEMBAROM, son of an immigrant Englishman and a little seamstress, is left penniless as a boy in New York. By the time he is twenty-two he has fought his way up to the office of the Sunday "Earth." He has a chance of becoming "up-town society" reporter. In Mrs. Bowse's boarding-house he meets "Little Ann" Hutchinson, the practical daughter of an unsuccessful Manchester inventor. She helps him with the style of his articles. Late one night in Harlem Tembarom rescues a man who has lost all memory of his identity. He gives Tem a roll of money to keep for him. Tembarom puts him up at Mrs. Bowse's.

On the night when Tem's editor is to tell him whether or no the "society reporter's" berth is his for good, there is an oyster-stew supper in the Hutchinson rooms. It is also a farewell party. The Hutchinsons are returning to England. Upon this festive scene enters Mr. Palford of Palford & Grimby, Lincoln's Inn, London, England. Tembarom is informed that, through his father's long-ignored distant relationship, he has inherited the estate of Temple Barholm in Lancashire. The solicitor wants Tem to depart immediately for the other side. Tem takes "Strangeways" with him. The Hutchinsons cross in another boat. "Little Ann" will not listen to Tem's proposal of marriage. He must first find out for himself whether she is the girl he really needs, and must first realize just what being "lord of the manor" means.

Once in England and settled upon his estate, Tem is rather ill at ease. He cannot understand the "valet" provided for him. He takes him, Pearson, into his confidence, makes a "pal" of him, and is soon planning the future of Pearson and Pearson's lady-love, who is a lady's-maid in service in London. He helps Pearson materially on the spot with a five-pound note. But, in the future, Pearson is to "valet" Mr. Strangeways. American independence thus asserts itself in the new lord of Temple Barholm.

CHAPTER XIII

IN the course of two days Mr. Palford, having given his client the benefit of his own exact professional knowledge of the estate of Temple Barholm and its workings and privileges as far as he found them transferable and likely to be understood, returned to London, breathing perhaps something like a sigh of relief when the train steamed out of the little station. Whatsoever happened in days to come, Palford & Grimby had done their most trying and awkward duty by the latest Temple Barholm. Bradford, who was the steward of the estate, would now take him over, and could be trusted to furnish practical information of any ordinary order.

It did not appear to Mr. Palford that the new inheritor was particularly interested in his possessions or exhilarated by the extraordinary turn in his fortunes. The enormity of Temple Barholm itself, regarded as a house to live in in an every-day manner, seemed somewhat to depress him. When he was taken over its hundred and fifty rooms, he wore a detached air as he looked about him, and such remarks as he made were of an extraordinary nature and expressed in terms peculiar to America. Neither Mr. Palford nor Burrill understood them, but a young footman who was said to have once paid a visit to New York, and who chanced to be in the picture-gallery when his new master was looking at the portraits of his ancestors, overhearing one observation, was guilty of a convulsive snort, and immediately made his way into the corridor, coughing violently. From this Mr. Palford gathered that one of the transatlantic jokes had been made. That was the New York idea —to be jocular. Yet he had not looked jocular when he had made the remark

which had upset the equilibrium of the young footman. He had, in fact, looked reflective before speaking as he stood and studied a portrait of one of his ancestors. But, then, he had a trick of saying things incomprehensibly ridiculous with an unmoved expression of gravity, which led Palford to feel that he was ridiculous through utter ignorance and was not aware that he was exposing the fact. Persons who thought that an air of seriousness added to a humorous remark were especially annoying to the solicitor, because they frequently betrayed one into the position of seeming to be dull in the matter of seeing a point. That, he had observed, was often part of the New York manner—to make a totally absurdly exaggerated or seemingly ignorance-revealing observation, and then leave one's hearer to decide for himself whether the speaker was an absolute ignoramus and fool or a humorist.

More than once he had somewhat suspected his client of meaning to "get a rise out of him," after the odious manner of the tourists described in "The Innocents Abroad," though at the same time he felt rather supportingly sure of the fact that generally, when he displayed ignorance, he displayed it because he was a positive encyclopedia of lack of knowledge.

He knew no more of social customs, literature, and art than any other street lad. He had not belonged to the aspiring self-taught, who meritoriously haunt the night schools and free libraries with a view to improving their minds. If this had been his method, he might in one sense have been more difficult to handle, as Palford had seen the thing result in a bumptiousness most objectionable. He was markedly not bumptious, at all events.

A certain degree of interest in or curiosity concerning his ancestors as represented in the picture-gallery Mr. Palford had observed. He had stared at them and had said queer things—sometimes things which perhaps indicated a kind of uneducated thought. The fact that some of them looked so thoroughly alive, and yet had lived centuries ago, seemed to set him reflecting oddly. His curiosity, however, seemed to connect itself with them more as human creatures than as historical figures.

"What did that one do?" he inquired more than once. "What did he start, or did n't he start anything?"

When he disturbed the young footman he had stopped before a dark man in armor.

"Who 's this fellow in the tin overcoat?" he asked seriously, and Palford felt it was quite possible that he had no actual intent of being humorous.

"That is Miles Gaspard Nevil John, who fought in the Crusades with Richard Cœur de Lion," he explained. "He is wearing a suit of armor." By this time the footman was coughing in the corridor.

"That 's English history, I guess," Tembarom replied. "I 'll have to get a history-book and read up about the Crusades."

He went on farther, and paused with a slightly puzzled expression before a boy in a costume of the period of Charles II.

"Who 's this Fauntleroy in the lace collar?" he inquired. "Queer!" he added, as though to himself. "I can't ever have seen him in New York." And he took a step backward to look again.

"That is Miles Hugo Charles James, who was a page at the court of Charles II. He died at nineteen, and was succeeded by his brother Denzel Maurice John."

"I feel as if I 'd had a dream about him sometime or other," said Tembarom, and he stood still a few seconds before he passed on. "Perhaps I saw something like him getting out of a carriage to go into the Van Twillers' fancy-dress ball. Seems as if I 'd got the whole show shut up in here. And you say they 're all my own relations?" Then he laughed. "If they were alive now!" he said. "By jinks!"

His laughter suggested that he was entertained by mental visions. But he did not explain their nature to his companion. His legal adviser was not in the least able to form any opinion of what he would do, how he would be likely to comport himself, when he was left entirely to his own devices. He would not know also, one might be sure, that the county would wait with repressed anxiety to find out. If he had been a minor, he might have been taken in hand, and trained and educated to some extent. But he was not a minor.

On the day of Mr. Palford's departure a thick fog had descended and seemed to enwrap the world in white wool. Tem-

barom found it close to his windows when he got up, and he had dressed by the light of tall wax candles, the previous Mr. Temple Barholm having objected to more modern and vulgar methods of illumination.

"I guess this is what you call a London fog," he said to Pearson.

"No, not exactly the London sort, sir," Pearson answered. "A London fog is yellow—when it is n't brown or black. It settles on the hands and face. A fog in the country is n't dirty with smoke. It 's much less trying, sir."

When Palford had departed and he was entirely alone, Tembarom found a country fog trying enough for a man without a companion. A degree of relief permeated his being with the knowledge that he need no longer endeavor to make suitable reply to his solicitor's efforts at conversation. He had made conversational efforts himself. You could n't let a man feel that you would n't talk to him if you could when he was doing business for you, but what in thunder did you have to talk about that a man like that would n't be bored stiff by? He did n't like New York, he did n't know anything about it, and he did n't want to know, and Tembarom knew nothing about anything else, and was homesick for the very stones of the roaring city's streets. When he said anything, Palford either did n't understand what he was getting at or he did n't like it. And he always looked as if he was watching to see if you were trying to get a joke on him. Tembarom was frequently not nearly so much inclined to be humorous as Mr. Palford had irritably suspected him of being. His modes of expression might on numerous occasions have roused to mirth when his underlying idea was almost entirely serious. The mode of expression was merely a result of habit.

Mr. Palford left by an extremely early train, and after he was gone, Tembarom sat over his breakfast as long as possible, and then, going to the library, smoked long. The library was certainly comfortable, though the fire and the big wax candles were called upon to do their best to defy the chill, mysterious dimness produced by the heavy, white wool curtain folding itself more and more thickly outside the windows.

But one cannot smoke in solitary idleness for much more than an hour, and when he stood up and knocked the ashes out of his last pipe, Tembarom drew a long breath.

"There 's a hundred and thirty-six hours in each of these days," he said. "That 's nine hundred and fifty-two in a week, and four thousand and eighty in a month—when it 's got only thirty days in it. I 'm not going to calculate how many there 'd be in a year. I 'll have a look at the papers. There 's 'Punch.' That 's their comic one."

He looked out the American news in the London papers, and sighed hugely. He took up "Punch" and read every joke two or three times over. He did not know that the number was a specially good one and that there were some extremely witty things in it. The jokes were about bishops in gaiters, about garden-parties, about curates or lovely young ladies or rectors' wives and rustics, about Royal Academicians or esthetic poets. Their humor appealed to him as little and seemed as obscure as his had seemed to Mr. Palford.

"I 'm not laughing my head off much over these," he said. "I guess I 'm not on to the point."

He got up and walked about. The "L" in New York was roaring to and fro loaded with men and women going to work or to do shopping. Some of them were devouring morning papers bearing no resemblance to those of London, some of them carried parcels, and all of them looked as though they were intent on something or other and had n't a moment to waste. They were all going somewhere in a hurry and had to get back in time for something. When the train whizzed and slackened at a station, some started up, hastily caught their papers or bundles closer, and pushed or were pushed out on the platform, which was crowded with other people who rushed to get in, and if they found seats, dropped into them hastily with an air of relief. The street-cars were loaded and rang their bells loudly, trucks and carriages and motors filled the middle of the thoroughfares, and people crowded the pavements. The store windows were dressed up for Christmas, and most of the people crowded before them were calculating as to what they could get for the inadequate sums they had on hand.

The breakfast at Mrs. Bowse's boarding-house was over, and the boarders had gone on cars or elevated trains to their day's work. Mrs. Bowse was getting ready to go out and do some marketing. Julius and Jim were down-town deep in the work pertaining to their separate "jobs." They 'd go home at night, and perhaps, if they were in luck, would go to a "show" somewhere, and afterward come and sit in their tilted chairs in the hall bedroom and smoke and talk it over. And he would n't be there, and the Hutchinsons' rooms would be empty, unless some new people were in them. Galton would be sitting among his papers, working like mad. And Bennett—well, Bennett would be either "getting out his page," or would be rushing about in the hundredth streets to find items and follow up weddings or receptions.

"Gee!" he said, "every one of them trying their best to put something over, and with so much to think of they 've not got time to breathe! It 'u'd be no trouble for *them* to put in a hundred and thirty-six hours. They 'd be darned glad of them. And I 'm here, with three hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year round my neck and not a thing to spend it on, unless I pay some one part of it to give me lessons in tatting. What is tatting, anyhow?"

He did n't really know. It was vaguely supposed to imply some intensely feminine fancy-work done by old ladies, and used as a figure of speech in jokes.

"If you could ride or shoot, you could amuse yourself in the country," Palford had said.

"I can ride in a street-car when I 've got five cents," Tembarom had answered. "That 's as far as I 've gone in riding—and what in thunder should I shoot?"

"Game," replied Mr. Palford, with chill inward disgust. "Pheasants, partridges, woodcock, grouse—"

"I should n't shoot anything like that if I went at it," he responded shamelessly. "I should shoot my own head off, or the fellow's that stood next to me, unless he got the drop on me first."

He did not know that he was ignominious. Nobody could have made it clear to him. He did not know that there were men who had gained distinction, popularity, and fame by doing nothing in particular but hitting things animate and inanimate with magnificent precision of aim.

He stood still now and listened to the silence.

"There 's not a sound within a thousand miles of the place. What do fellows with money *do* to keep themselves alive?" he said piteously. "They 've got to do *something*. Shall I have to go out and take a walk, as Palford called it? Take a walk, by gee!"

He could n't conceive it, a man "taking a walk" as though it were medicine—a walk nowhere, to reach nothing, just to go and turn back again.

"I 'll begin and take in sewing," he said, "or I 'll open a store in the village—a department store. I could spend something on that. I 'll ask Pearson what he thinks of it—or Burrill. I 'd like to see Burrill if I said that to him."

He decided at last that he would practise his "short" awhile; that would be doing something, at any rate. He sat down at the big writing-table and began to dash off mystic signs at furious speed. But the speed did not keep up. The silence of the great room, of the immense house, of all the scores of rooms and galleries and corridors, closed in about him. He had practised his "short" in the night school, with the "L" thundering past at intervals of five minutes; in the newspaper office, with all the babel of New York about him and the bang of steam-drills going on below in the next lot, where the foundation of a new building was being excavated; he had practised it in his hall bedroom at Mrs. Bowse's, to the tumultuous accompaniment of street sounds and the whizz and *ting-a-ling* of street-cars dashing past, and he had not been disturbed. He had never practised it in any place which was silent, and it was the silence which became more than he could stand. He actually jumped out of his chair when he heard mysterious footsteps outside the door, and a footman appeared and spoke in a low voice which startled him as though it had been a thunderclap.

"A young person with her father wants to see you, sir," he announced. "I don't think they are villagers, but of the working-class, I should say."

"Where are they?"

"I did n't know exactly what to do, sir,

so I left them in the hall. The young person has a sort of quiet, determined way—"

"Little Ann, by gee!" exclaimed Tembarom with mad joy, and shot out of the room.

The footman—he had not seen Little Ann when she had brought Strangeways—looked after him and rubbed his chin.

"Would n't you call that a rummy sort for Temple Barholm?" he said to one of his fellows who had appeared in the hall near him.

"It 's not my sort," was the answer. "I 'm going to give notice to old Butterworth."

Hutchinson and Little Ann were waiting in the hall. Hutchinson was looking at the rich, shadowy spaces about him with a sort of proud satisfaction. Fine, dark corners with armored figures lurking in them, ancient portraits, carved oak settles, and massive chairs and cabinets—these were English, and he was an Englishman, and somehow felt them the outcome of certain sterling qualities of his own. He looked robustly well, and wore a new rough tweed suit such as one of the gentry might tramp about muddy roads and fields in. Little Ann was dressed in something warm and rough also, a brown thing, with a little close, cap-like, brown hat, from under which her red hair glowed. The walk in the cold, white fog had made her bloom fresh, soft-red and white-daisy color. She was smiling, and showing three distinct dimples, which deepened when Tembarom dashed out of the library.

"Hully gee!" he cried out, "but I 'm glad to see you!"

He shook hands with both of them furiously, and two footmen stood and looked at the group with image-like calm of feature, but with curiously interested eyes. Hutchinson was aware of them, and endeavored to present to them a back which by its stolid composure should reveal that he knew more about such things than this chap did and was n't a bit upset by grandeur.

"Hully gee!" cried Tembarom again, "how glad I am! Come on in and sit down and let 's talk it over."

Burrill made a stately step forward, properly intent on his duty, but his master waved him back.

"Say," he said hastily, "don't bring in any tea. They don't want it. They 're Americans."

Hutchinson snorted. He could not stand being consigned to ignominy before the footmen.

"Nowt o' the sort," he broke forth. "We 're noan American. Tha 'rt losing the head, lad."

"He 's forgetting because he met us first in New York," said Little Ann, smiling still more.

"Shall I take your hat and cane, sir?" inquired Burrill, unmovedly, at Hutchinson's side.

"He was n't going to say anything about tea," explained Little Ann as they went into the library. "They don't expect to serve tea in the middle of the morning, Mr. Temple Barholm."

"Don't they?" said Tembarom, reckless with relieved delight. "I thought they served it every time the clock struck. When we were in London it seemed like Palford had it when he was hot and when he was cold and when he was glad and when he was sorry and when he was going out and when he was coming in. It 's brought up to me, by jinks! as soon as I wake, to brace me up to put on my clothes—and Pearson wants to put those on."

He stopped short when they reached the middle of the room and looked her over.

"O Little Ann!" he breathed tumultuously. "O Little Ann!"

Mr. Hutchinson was looking about the library as he had looked about the hall.

"Well, I never thought I 'd get inside Temple Barholm in my day," he exclaimed. "Eh, lad, tha must feel like a bull in a china shop."

"I feel like a whole herd of 'em," answered Tembarom.

Hutchinson nodded. He understood.

"Well, perhaps tha 'll get over it in time," he conceded, "but it 'll take thee a good bit." Then he gave him a warmly friendly look. "I 'll lay you know what Ann came with me for to-day." The way Little Ann looked at him—the way she looked at him!

"I came to thank you, Mr. Temple Barholm," she said—"to thank you." And there was an odd, tender sound in her voice.

"Don't you do it, Ann," Tembarom answered. "Don't you do it."

"I don't know much about business, but the way you must have worked, the way you must have had to run after people, and find them, and make them listen, and use all your New York cleverness—because you *are* clever. The way you 've forgotten all about yourself and thought of nothing but father and the invention! I do know enough to understand that, and it seems as if I can't think of enough to say. I just wish I could tell you what it means to me." Two round pearls of tears brimmed over and fell down her cheeks. "I promised mother *faithful*' I 'd take care of him and see he never lost hope about it," she added, "and sometimes I did n't know whatever I was going to do."

It was perilous when she looked at one like that, and she was so little and light that one could have snatched her up in his arms and carried her to the big arm-chair and sat down with her and rocked her backward and forward and poured forth the whole thing that was making him feel as though he might explode. Hutchinson provided salvation.

"Tha pulled me out o' the water just when I was going under, lad. God bless thee!" he broke out, and shook his hand with rough vigor. "I signed with the North Electric yesterday."

"Good business!" said Tembarom. "Now I 'm in on the ground floor with what 's going to be the biggest money-maker in sight."

"The way tha talked New York to them chaps took my fancy," chuckled Hutchinson. "None o' them chaps wants to be the first to jump over the hedge."

"We 've got 'em started now," exulted Tembarom.

"Tha started 'em," said Hutchinson, "and it 's thee I 've got to thank."

"Say, Little Ann," said Tembarom, with sudden thought, "who 's come into money now? You 'll have it to burn."

"We 've not got it yet, Mr. Temple Barholm," she replied, shaking her head. "Even when inventions get started, they don't go off like sky-rockets."

"She knows everything, does n't she?" Tembarom said to Hutchinson. "Here, come and sit down. I 've not seen you for 'steen years."

She took her seat in the big arm-chair and looked at him with softly examining eyes, as though she wanted to understand him sufficiently to be able to find out something she ought to do if he needed help.

He saw it and half laughed, not quite unwaveringly.

"You 'll make me cry in a minute," he said. "You don't know what it 's like to have some one from home and mother come and be kind to you."

"How is Mr. Strangeways?" she inquired.

"He 's well taken care of, at any rate. That 's where he 's got to thank you. Those rooms you and the housekeeper chose were the very things for him. They 're big and comfortable, and 'way off in a place where no one 's likely to come near. The fellow that 's been hired to valet me valets him instead, and I believe he likes it. It seems to come quite natural to him, anyhow. I go in and see him every now and then and try to get him to talk. I sort of invent things to see if I can start him thinking straight. He 's quieted down some and he looks better. After a while I 'm going to look up some big doctors in London and find out which of 'em 's got the most plain horse sense. If a real big one would just get interested and come and see him on the quiet and not get him excited, he might do him good. I 'm dead stuck on this stunt I 've set myself—getting him right. It 's something to work on."

"You 'll have plenty to work on soon," said Little Ann. "There 's a lot of every-day things you 've got to think about. They may seem of no consequence to you, but they *are,* Mr. Temple Barholm."

"If you say they are, I guess they are," he answered. "I 'll do anything you say, Ann."

"I came partly to tell you about some of them to-day," she went on, keeping the yearningly thoughtful eyes on him. It was rather hard for her, too, to be firm enough when there was so much she wanted to say and do. And he did not look half as twinkling and light-heartedly grinning as he had looked in New York.

He could n't help dropping his voice a little coaxingly, though Mr. Hutchinson was quite sufficiently absorbed in examination of his surroundings.

"Did n't you come to save my life by letting me have a look at you, Little Ann—did n't you?" he pleaded.

She shook her wonderful, red head.

"No, I did n't, Mr. Temple Barholm," she answered with Manchester downrightness. "When I said what I did in New York, I meant it. I did n't intend to hang about here and let you—say things to me. You must n't say them. Father and me are going back to Manchester in a few days, and very soon we have to go to America again because of the business."

"America!" he said. "Oh, Lord!" He groaned. "Do you want me to drop down dead here with a dull, sickening thud, Ann?"

"You 're not going to drop down dead," she replied convincedly. "You 're going to stay here and do whatever it 's your duty to do, now you 've come into Temple Barholm."

"Am I?" he answered. "Well, we 'll see what I 'm going to do when I 've had time to make up my mind. It may be something different from what you 'd think, and it may n't. Just now I 'm going to do what you tell me. Go ahead, Little Ann."

She thought the matter over with her most destructive little air of sensible intentness.

"Well, it may seem like meddling, but it is n't," she began rather concernedly. "It 's just that I 'm used to looking after people. I wanted to talk to you about your clothes."

"My clothes?" he replied, bewildered a moment; but the next he understood and grinned. "I have n't got any. My valet—think of T. T. with a valet!—told me so last night."

"That 's what I thought," she said maternally. "I got Mrs. Bowse to write to me, and she told me you were so hurried and excited you had n't time for anything."

"I just rushed into Cohen's the last day and yanked a few things off the ready-made counter."

She looked him over with impersonal criticism.

"I thought so. Those you 've got on won't do at all."

Tembarom glanced at them.

"That 's what Pearson says."

"They 're not the right shape," she explained. "I know what a gentleman's clothes mean in England, and—" her face flushed, and sudden, warm spirit made her speak rather fast—"I could n't *abide* to think of you coming here and—being made fun of—just because you had n't the right clothes."

She said it, the little thing, as though he were hers—her very own, and defend him against disrespect she *would*. Tembarom, being but young flesh and blood, made an impetuous dart toward her, and checked himself, catching his breath.

"Ann," he said, "has your grandmother got a dog?"

"Y-e-s," she said, faltering because she was puzzled.

"How big is he?"

"He 's a big one. He 's a brindled bulldog. Why?"

"Well," he said, half pathetic, half defiant, "if you 're going to come and talk to me like that, and look like that, you 've got to bring that bull along and set him on me when I make a break; for there 's nothing but a dog can keep me where you want me to stay—and a big one at that."

He sat down on an ottoman near her and dropped his head on his hands. It was not half such a joke as it sounded.

Little Ann saw it was n't and she watched him tenderly, catching her breath once quickly. Men had ways of taking some things hard and feeling them a good bit more than one would think. It made trouble many a time if one could n't help them to think reasonable.

"Father," she said to Hutchinson.

"Aye," he answered, turning round.

"Will you tell Mr. Temple Barholm that you think I 'm right about giving him his chance?"

"Of course I think she 's right," Hutchinson blustered, "and it is n't the first time either. I 'm not going to have my lass married into any family where she 'd be looked down upon."

But that was not what Little Ann wanted; it was not, in fact, her argument. She was not thinking of that side of the situation.

"It 's not me that matters so much, Father," she said; "it 's him."

"Oh, is it?" disagreed Hutchinson, dictatorially. "That 's not the road I look at it. I 'm looking after you, not him. Let him take care of himself. No chap shall put you where you won't be looked up to, even if I *am* grateful to him. So there you have it."

"He can't take care of himself when he

feels like this," she answered. "That 's *why* I 'm taking care of him. He 'll think steadier when he 's himself again." She put out her hand and softly touched his shoulder.

"Don't do that," she said. "You make me want to be silly." There was a quiver in her voice, but she tried to change it. "If you don't lift your head," she added with a great effort at disciplinarian firmness, "I shall have to go away without telling you the other things."

He lifted his head, but his attempt at a smile was not hilarious.

"Well, Ann," he submitted, "I 've warned you. Bring along your dog."

She took a sheet of paper out of one of the neat pockets in her rough, brown coat.

"I just wrote down some of the very best tailors' addresses—the very best," she explained. "Don't you go to any but the very best, and be a bit sharp with them if they 're not attentive. They 'll think all the better of you. If your valet 's a smart one, take him with you."

"Yes, Ann," he said rather weakly. "He 's going to make a list of things himself, anyhow."

"That sounds as if he 'd got some sense." She handed him the list of addresses. "You give him this, and tell him he must go to the very best ones."

"What do I want to put on style for?" he asked desperately. "I don't know a soul on this side of the Atlantic Ocean."

"You soon will," she replied, with calm perspicacity. "You 've got too much money not to."

A gruff chuckle made itself heard from Hutchinson's side of the room.

"Aye, seventy thousand a year 'll bring the vultures about thee, lad."

"We need n't call them vultures exactly," was Little Ann's tolerant comment; "but a lot of people will come here to see you. That was one of the things I thought I might tell you about."

"Say, you 're a wonder!"

"I 'm nothing of the sort. I 'm just a girl with a bit of common sense—and grandmother 's one that 's looked on a long time, and she sees things. The country gentlemen will begin to call on you soon, and then you 'll be invited to their houses to meet their wives and daughters, and then you 'll be kept pretty busy."

Hutchinson's bluff chuckle broke out again.

"You will that, my lad, when the match-making mothers gets after you. There 's plenty on 'em."

"Father 's joking," she said. Her tone was judicially unprejudiced. "There are young ladies that—that 'u'd be very suitable. Pretty ones and clever ones. You 'll see them all."

"I don't want to see them."

"You can't help it," she said, with mild decision. "When there are daughters and a new gentleman comes into a big property in the neighborhood, it 's nothing but natural that the mothers should be a bit anxious."

"Aye, they 'll be anxious enough. Mak' sure o' that," laughed Hutchinson.

"Is that what you want me to put on style for, Little Ann?" Tembarom asked reproachfully.

"I want you to put it on for yourself. I don't want you to look different from other men. Everybody 's curious about you. They 're ready to *laugh* because you came from America and once sold newspapers."

"It 's the men he 'll have to look out for," Hutchinson put in, with an experienced air. "There 's them that 'll want to borrow money, and them that 'll want to drink and play cards and bet high. A green American lad 'll be a fine pigeon for them to pluck. You may as well tell him, Ann; you know you came here to do it."

"Yes, I did," she admitted. "I don't want you to seem not to know what people are up to and what they expect."

That little note of involuntary defense was a dangerous thing for Tembarom. He drew nearer.

"You don't want them to take me for a fool, Little Ann. You 're standing up for me; that 's it."

"You can stand up for yourself, Mr. Temple Barholm, if you 're not taken by surprise," she said confidently. "If you understand things a bit, you won't be."

His feelings almost overpowered him.

"God bless your dear little soul!" he broke out. "Say, if this goes on, that dog of your grandmother's would n't have a show, Ann. I should bite him before he could bite me."

"I won't go on if you can't be sensible, Mr. Temple Barholm. I shall just

away and not come back again. That 's what I shall do." Her tone was that of a young mother.

He gave in incontinently.

"Good Lord! no!" he exclaimed. "I 'll do anything if you 'll stay. I 'll lie down on the mat and not open my mouth. Just sit here and tell me things. I know you won't let me hold your hand, but just let me hold a bit of your dress and look at you while you talk." He took a bit of her brown frock between his fingers and held it, gazing at her with all his crude young soul in his eyes. "Now tell me," he added.

"There 's only one or two things about the people who 'll come to Temple Barholm. Grandmother 's talked it over with me. She knew all about those that came in the late Mr. Temple Barholm's time. He used to hate most of them."

"Then why in thunder did he ask them to come?"

"He did n't. They 've got clever, polite ways of asking themselves sometimes. He could n't bear the Countess of Mallowe. She 'll come. Grandmother says you may be sure of that."

"What 'll she come for?"

Little Ann's pause and contemplation of him were fraught with thoughtfulness.

"She 'll come for you," at last she said.

"She 's got a daughter she thinks ought to have been married eight years ago," announced Hutchinson.

Tembarom pulled at the bit of brown tweed he held as though it were a drowning man's straw.

"Don't you drive me to drink, Ann," he said. "I 'm frightened. Your grandmother will have to lend *me* the dog."

This was a flightiness which Little Ann did not encourage.

"Lady Joan—that 's her daughter—is very grand and haughty. She 's a great beauty. You 'll look at her, but perhaps she won't look at you. But it 's not her I 'm troubled about. I 'm thinking of Captain Palliser and men like him."

"Who 's he?"

"He 's one of those smooth, clever ones that 's always getting up some company or other and selling the stock. He 'll want you to know his friends and he 'll try to lead you his way."

As Tembarom held to his bit of her dress, his eyes were adoring ones, which was really not to be wondered at. She *was* adorable as her soft, kind, wonderfully maternal girl face tried to control itself so that it should express only just enough to help and nothing to disturb.

"I don't want him to spoil you. I don't want anything to make you—different. I could n't bear it."

He pulled the bit of dress pleadingly.

"Why, Little Ann?" he implored quite low.

"Because," she said, feeling that perhaps she was rash—"because if you were different, you would n't be T. Tembarom; and it was T. Tembarom that—that was T. Tembarom," she finished hastily.

He bent his head down to the bit of tweed and kissed it.

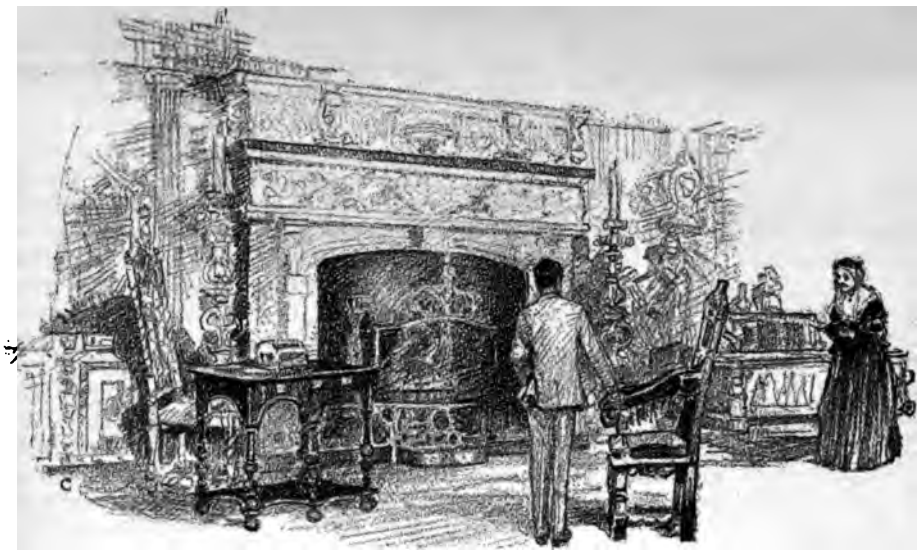
"You just keep looking after me like that," he said, "and there 's not one of them can get away with me."

She got up, and he rose with her. There was a touch of fire in the forget-me-not blue of her eyes.

"Just you let them see—just you let them see that you 're not one they can hold light and make use of." But there she stopped short, looking up at him. He was looking down at her with a kind of matureness in his expression. "I need n't be afraid," she said. "You can take care of yourself; I ought to have known that."

"You did," he said, smiling; "but you wanted to sort of help me. And you 've done it, by gee! just by saying that thing about T. Tembarom. You set me right on my feet. That 's *you.*"

BEFORE they went away they paid a visit to Strangeways in his remote, undisturbed, and beautiful rooms. They were in a wing of the house untouched by any ordinary passing to and fro, and the deep windows looked out upon gardens which spring and summer would crowd with loveliness from which clouds of perfume would float up to him on days when the sun warmed and the soft airs stirred the flowers, shaking the fragrance from their full incense-cups. But the white fog shut out to-day even their winter bareness. There were light and warmth inside, and every added charm of rich harmony of deep color and comfort made beautiful. There were books and papers waiting to be looked over, but they lay untouched on



the writing-table, and Strangeways was sitting close to the biggest window, staring into the fog. His eyes looked hungry and hollow and dark. Ann knew he was "trying to remember" something.

When the sound of footsteps reached his ear, he turned to look at them, and rose mechanically at sight of Ann. But his expression was that of a man aroused from a dream of far-off places.

"I remember you," he said, but hesitated as though making an effort to recall something.

"Of course you do," said Little Ann. "You know me quite well. I brought you here. Think a bit. Little—Little—"

"Yes," he broke forth. "Of course, Little Ann! Thank God I 've not forgotten." He took her hand in both his and held it tenderly. "You have a sweet little face. It 's such a wise little face!" His voice sounded dreamy.

Ann drew him to his chair with a coaxing little laugh and sat down by him.

"You 're flattering me. You make me feel quite shy," she said. "You know *him*, too," nodding toward Tembarom.

"Oh, yes," he replied, and he looked up with a smile. "He is the one who remembers. You said you did." He had turned to Tembarom.

"You bet your life I do," Tembarom answered. "And you will, too, before long."

"If I did not try so hard," said Strangeways, thoughtfully. "It seems as if I were shut up in a room, and so many things were knocking at the doors—hundreds of them—knocking because they want to be let in. I am damnably unhappy—damnably." He hung his head and stared at the floor. Tembarom put a hand on his shoulder and gave him a friendly shake.

"Don't you worry a bit," he said. "You take my word for it. It 'll all come back. I 'm working at it myself." Strangeways lifted his head.

"You are the one I know best. I trust you." But there was the beginning of a slight drag in his voice. "I don't always—quite recollect—your name. Not quite. Good heavens! I must n't forget that."

Little Ann was quite ready.

"You won't," she said, "because it 's different from other names. It begins with a letter—just a letter, and then there was the name. Think."

"Yes, yes," he said anxiously.

Little Ann bent forward and fixed her eyes on his with concentrated suggestion. They had never risked confusing him by any mention of the new name. She began to repeat letters of the alphabet slowly and distinctly until she reached the letter T.

"T," she ended with much emphasis—"R, S, *T.*"

His expression cleared itself.

"T," he repeated. "T—Tembarom. R, S, T. How clever you are!"

Little Ann's gaze concentrated itself still more intently.

"Now you 'll never forget it again," she said, "because of the T. You 'll say the other letters until you come to it. R, S, T."

"T. Tembarom," he ended relievedly. "How you help me!" He took her hand and kissed it very gently.

"We are all going to help you," Ann soothed him, "T. Tembarom most of all."

"Say," Tembarom broke out in an aside to her, "I 'm going to come here and try things on him every day. When it seems like he gets on to something, however little a thing it is, I 'm going to follow it up and see if it won't get somewhere."

Ann nodded.

"There 'll be something some day," she said. "Are you quite comfortable here?" she asked aloud to Strangeways.

"Very comfortable, thank you," he answered courteously. "They are beautiful rooms. They are furnished with such fine old things. This is entirely Jacobean. It 's quite perfect." He glanced about him. "And so quiet. No one comes in here but my man, and he is a very nice chap. I never had a man who knew his duties better."

Little Ann and Tembarom looked at each other.

"I should n't be a bit surprised," she said after they had left the room, "if it would n't be a good thing to get Pearson to try to talk to him now and then. He 's been used to a man-servant."

"Yes," answered Tembarom. "Pearson did n't rattle *him*, you bet your life."

CHAPTER XIV

HE could not persuade them to remain to take lunch with him. The firmness of Hutchinson's declination was not unconnected with a private feeling that "them footmen chaps 'u'd be on the lookout to see the way you handled every bite you put in your mouth." He could n't have stood it, dang their impudence! Little Ann, on her part, frankly and calmly said, "It would n't *do*." That was all, and evidently covered everything.

After they had gone, the fog lifted somewhat, but though it withdrew from the windows, it remained floating about in masses, like huge ghosts, among the trees of the park. When Tembarom sat down alone to prolong his lunch with the aid of Burrill and the footmen, he was confronted by these unearthly shapes every time he lifted his eyes to the window he faced from his place at the table. It was an outlook which did not inspire to cheerfulness, and the fact that Ann and her father were going back to Manchester and later to America left him without even the simple consolation of a healthy appetite. Things were bound to get better after a while; they were *bound* to. A fellow would be a fool if he could n't fix it somehow so that he could enjoy himself, with money to burn. If you made up your mind you could n't stand the way things were, you did n't have to lie down under them, with a thousand or so "per" coming in. You could fix it so that it would be different. By jinks! there was n't any law against your giving it all to the church but just enough to buy a flat in Harlem outright, if you wanted to. But you were n't going to run crazy and do a lot of fool things in a minute, and be sorry the rest of your life. Money was money. And first and foremost there was Ann, with her round cheeks flushed and her voice all sweet and queer, saying, "You would n't be T. Tembarom; and it was T. Tembarom that—that was T. Tembarom."

He could n't help knowing what she had begun to say, and his own face flushed as he thought of it. He was at that time of life when there generally happens to be one center about which the world revolves. The creature who passes through this period of existence without watching it revolve about such a center has missed an extraordinary and singularly developing experience. It is sometimes happy, often disastrous, but always more or less developing. Speaking calmly, detachedly, but not cynically, it is a phase. During its existence it is the blood in the veins, the sight of the eyes, the beat of the pulse, the throb of the heart. It is also the day and the night, the sun, the moon, and the

stars, heaven and hell, the entire universe. And it does n't matter in the least to any one but the creatures living through it. T. Tembarom was in the midst of it. There was Ann. There was this new crazy thing which had happened to him —"this fool thing," as he called it. There was this monstrous, magnificent house,—he knew it was magnificent, though it was n't his kind,—there was old Palford and his solemn talk about ancestors and the name of Temple Barholm. It always reminded him of how ashamed he had been in Brooklyn of the "Temple Temple" and how he had told lies to prevent the fellows finding out about it. And there was seventy thousand pounds a year, and there was Ann, who looked as soft as a baby,—Good Lord! how soft she 'd feel if you got her in your arms and squeezed her!—and yet was somehow strong enough to keep him just where she wanted him to stay and believed he ought to stay until "he had found out." That was it. She was n't doing it for any fool little idea of making herself seem more important: she just believed it. She was doing it because she wanted to let him "have his chance," just as if she were his mother instead of the girl he was clean crazy about. His chance! He laughed outright —a short, confident laugh which startled Burrill exceedingly.

When he went back to the library and lighted his pipe he began to stride up and down as he continued to think it over.

"I wish she was as sure as I am," he said. "I wish she was as sure of me as I am of myself—and as I am of her." He laughed the short, confident laugh again. "I wish she was as sure as I am of us both. We 're all right. I 've got to get through this, and find out what it 's best to do, and I 've got to show her. When I 've had my chance good and plenty, us two for little old New York! Gee! won't it be fine!" he exclaimed imaginatively. "Her going over her bills, looking like a peach of a baby that 's trying to knit its brows, and adding up, and thinking she ought to economize. She 'd do it if we had ten million." He laughed outright joyfully. "Good Lord! I should kiss her to death!"

The simplest process of ratiocination would lead to a realization of the fact that though he was lonely and uncomfortable, he was not in the least pathetic or sorry for himself. His normal mental and physical structure kept him steady on his feet, and his practical and unsentimental training, combining itself with a touch of iron which centuries ago had expressed itself through some fighting Temple Barholm and a medium of battle-axes, crossbows, and spears, did the rest.

"It 'u'd take more than this to get me where I 'd be down and out. I 'm feeling fine," he said. "I believe I 'll go and 'take a walk,' as Palford says."

The fog-wreaths in the park were floating away, and he went out grinning and whistling, giving Burrill and the footman a nod as he passed them with a springing young stride. He got the door open so quickly that he left them behind him frustrated and staring at each other.

"It was n't our fault," said Burrill, gloomily. "He 's never had a door opened for him in his life. This won't do for me."

He was away for about an hour, and came back in the best of spirits. He had found out that there was something in "taking a walk" if a fellow had nothing else to do. The park was "fine," and he had never seen anything like it. When there were leaves on the trees and the grass and things were green, it would be better than Central Park itself. You could have base-ball matches in it. What a cinch it would be if you charged gate-money! But he supposed you could n't if it belonged to you and you had three hundred and fifty thousand a year. You had to get used to that. But it did seem a fool business to have all that land and not make a cent out of it. If it was just outside New York and you cut it up into lots, you 'd just pile it up. He was quite innocent—calamitously innocent and commercial and awful in his views. Thoughts such as these had been crammed into his brain by life ever since he had gone down the staircase of the Brooklyn tenement with his twenty-five cents in his ten-year-old hand.

The stillness of the house seemed to have accentuated itself when he returned to it. His sense of it let him down a little as he entered. The library was like a tomb—a comfortable, luxurious tomb with a bright fire in it. A new "Punch" and the morning papers had been laid

upon a table earlier in the day, and he sat down to look at them.

"I guess about fifty-seven or eight of the hundred and thirty-six hours have gone by," he said. "But, gee! ain't it lonesome!"

He sat so still trying to interest himself in "London Day by Day" in the morning paper that the combination of his exercises in the fresh air and the warmth of the fire made him drowsy. He leaned back in his chair and closed his eyes without being aware that he did so. He was on the verge of a doze.

He remained upon the verge for a few minutes, and then a soft, rustling sound made him open his eyes.

An elderly little lady had timidly entered the room. She was neatly dressed in an old-fashioned and far-from-new black silk dress, with a darned lace collar and miniature brooch at her neck. She had also thin, gray side-ringlets dangling against her cheeks from beneath a small, black lace cap with pale-purple ribbons on it. She had most evidently not expected to find any one in the room, and, having seen Tembarom, gave a half-frightened cough.

"I—I beg your pardon," she faltered. "I really did not mean to intrude—really."

Tembarom jumped up, awkward, but good-natured. Was she a kind of servant who was a lady?

"Oh, that 's all right," he said.

But she evidently did not feel that it was all right. She looked as though she felt that she had been caught doing something wrong, and must properly propitiate by apology.

"I 'm so sorry. I thought you had gone out—Mr. Temple Barholm."

"I did go out—to take a walk; but I came in."

Having been discovered in her overt act, she evidently felt that duty demanded some further ceremony from her. She approached him very timidly, but with an exquisite, little, elderly early-Victorian manner. She was of the most astonishingly perfect type, though Tembarom was not aware of the fact. The manner, a century earlier, would have expressed itself in a curtsy.

"It—*is* Mr. Temple Barholm, is n't it?" she inquired.

"Yes; it has been for the last few weeks," he answered, wondering why she seemed so in awe of him and wishing she did n't.

"I ought to apologize for being here," she began.

"Say, don't, please!" he interrupted. "What I feel is, that it ought to be up to *me* to apologize for being here."

She was really quite flurried and distressed.

"Oh, please, Mr. Temple Barholm!" she fluttered, proceeding to explain hurriedly, as though he without doubt understood the situation. "I should of course have gone away at once after the late Mr. Temple Barholm died, but—but I really had nowhere to go—and was kindly allowed to remain until about two months ago, when I went to make a visit. I fully intended to remove my little belongings before you arrived, but I was detained by illness and could not return until this morning to pack up. I understood you were in the park, and I remembered I had left my knitting-bag here." She glanced nervously about the room, and seemed to catch sight of something on a remote corner table. "Oh, there it is. May I take it?" she said, looking at him appealingly. "It was a kind present from a dear lost friend, and—and—" She paused, seeing his puzzled and totally non-comprehending air. It was plainly the first moment it had dawned upon her that he did not know what she was talking about. She took a small, alarmed step toward him.

"Oh, I *beg* your pardon," she exclaimed in delicate anguish. "I 'm afraid you don't know who I am. Perhaps Mr. Palford forgot to mention me. Indeed, why should he mention me? There were so many more important things. I—I am a sort of distant—*very* distant relation of yours. My name is Alicia Temple Barholm."

Tembarom was relieved. But she actually had n't made a move toward the knitting-bag. She seemed afraid to do it until he gave her permission. He walked over to the corner table and brought it to her, smiling broadly.

"Here it is," he said. "I 'm glad you left it. I 'm very happy to be acquainted with you, Miss Alicia."

He was glad just to see her looking up at him with her timid, refined, intensely feminine appeal. Why she vaguely brought back something that reminded

him of Ann he could not have told. He knew nothing whatever of types early-Victorian or late.

He took her hand, evidently to her greatest possible amazement, and shook it heartily. She knew nothing whatever of the New York street type, and it made her gasp for breath, but naturally with an allayed terror.

"Gee!" he exclaimed whole-heartedly, "I 'm glad to find out I 've got a relation. I thought I had n't one in the world. Won't you sit down?" He was drawing her toward his own easy-chair. But he really did n't know, she was agitatedly thinking. She really must tell him. He seemed so good tempered and—and *different*. She herself was not aware of the enormous significance which lay in that word "different." There must be no risk of her seeming to presume upon his lack of knowledge.

"It is *most* kind of you," she said with grateful emphasis, "but I must n't sit down and detain you. I can explain in a few words—if I may."

He positively still held her hand in the oddest, natural, boyish way, and before she knew what she was doing he had made her take the chair—quite *made* her.

"Well, just sit down and explain," he said. "I wish to thunder you would detain me. Take all the time you like. I want to hear all about it—honest Injun."

There was a cushion in the chair, and as he talked, he pulled it out and began to arrange it behind her, still in the most natural and matter-of-fact way—so natural and matter-of-fact, indeed, that its very natural matter-of-factedness took her breath away.

"Is that fixed all right?" he asked.

Being a little lady, she could only accept his extraordinary friendliness with grateful appreciation, though she could not help fluttering a little in her bewilderment.

"Oh, thank you, thank you, Mr. Temple Barholm," she said.

He sat down on the square ottoman facing her, and leaned forward with an air of making a frank confession.

"Guess what I was thinking to myself just two minutes before you came in? I was thinking, 'Lord, I 'm lonesome—just sick lonesome!' And then I opened my eyes and looked—and there was a relation! Hully gee! I call that luck!"

"Dear me!" she said, shyly delighted. "*Do* you, Mr. Temple Barholm—*really?*"

Her formal little way of saying his name was like Ann's.

"Do I? I 'm tickled to death. My mother died when I was ten, and I 've never had any women kin-folks."

"Poor bo—" She had nearly said "Poor boy!" and only checked the familiarity just in time—"Poor Mr. Temple Barholm!"

"Say, what are we two to each other, anyhow?" He put it to her with great interest.

"It is a very distant relationship, if it is one at all," she answered. "You see, I was only a second cousin to the late Mr. Temple Barholm, and I had not really the *slightest* claim upon him." She placed pathetic emphasis on the fact. "It was most generous of him to be so kind to me. When my poor father died and I was left quite penniless, he gave me a—a sort of home here."

"A sort of home?" Tembarom repeated.

"My father was a clergyman in *very* straitened circumstances. We had barely enough to live upon—barely. He could leave me nothing. It actually seemed as if I should have to starve—it did, indeed." There was a delicate quiver in her voice. "And though the late Mr. Temple Barholm had a great antipathy to ladies, he was so—so noble as to send word to me that there were a hundred and fifty rooms in his house, and that if I would keep out of his way I might live in one of them."

"That was noble," commented her distant relative.

"Oh, yes, indeed, especially when one considers how he disliked the opposite sex and what a recluse he was. He could not endure ladies. I scarcely ever saw him. My room was in quite a remote wing of the house, and I never went out if I knew he was in the park. I was most careful. And when he died of course I knew I must go away."

Tembarom was watching her almost tenderly.

"Where did you go?"

"To a kind clergyman in Shropshire who thought he might help me."

"How was he going to do it?"

She answered with an effort to steady a somewhat lowered and hesitating voice.

"There was near his parish a very nice —charity,"—Her breath caught itself pathetically,—"some most comfortable almshouses for decayed gentlewomen. He thought he might be able to use his influence to get me into one." She paused and smiled, but her small, wrinkled hands held each other closely.

Tembarom looked away. He spoke as though to himself, and without knowing that he was thinking aloud.

"Almshouses!" he said. "Would n't that jolt you!" He turned on her again with a change to cheerful concern. "Say, that cushion of yours ain't comfortable. I 'm going to get you another one." He jumped up and, taking one from a sofa, began to arrange it behind her dexterously.

"But I must n't trouble you any longer. I must go, really," she said, half rising nervously. He put a hand on her shoulder and made her sit again.

"Go where?" he said. "Just lean back on that cushion, Miss Alicia. For the next few minutes this is going to be *my* funeral."

She was at once startled and uncomprehending. What an extraordinary expression! What *could* it mean?

"F—funeral?" she stammered.

Suddenly he seemed somehow to have changed. He looked as serious as though he was beginning to think out something all at once. What was he going to say?

"That 's New York slang," he answered. "It means that I want to explain myself to you and ask a few questions."

"Certainly, certainly, Mr. Temple Barholm."

He leaned his back against the mantel, and went into the matter practically.

"First off, have n't you *any* folks?" Then, answering her puzzled look, added, "I mean relations."

Miss Alicia gently shook her head.

"No sisters or brothers or uncles or aunts or cousins?"

She shook her head again.

He hesitated a moment, putting his hands in his pockets and taking them out again awkwardly as he looked down at her.

"Now here 's where I 'm up against it," he went on. "I don't want to be too fresh or to butt in, but—did n't old Temple Barholm leave you *any* money?"

"Oh, no!" she exclaimed. "Dear me! no! I could n't possibly *expect* such a thing."

He gazed at her as though considering the situation. "Could n't you?" he said.

There was an odd reflection in his eyes, and he seemed to consider her and the situation again.

"Well," he began after his pause, "what I want to know is what you expect *me* to do."

There was no unkindness in his manner, in fact, quite the contrary, even when he uttered what seemed to Miss Alicia these awful, unwarranted words. As though she had forced herself into his presence to make demands upon his charity! They made her tremble and turn pale as she got up quickly, shocked and alarmed.

"Oh, nothing! nothing! nothing *whatever,* Mr. Temple Barholm!" she exclaimed, her agitation doing its best to hide itself behind a fine little dignity. He saw in an instant that his style of putting it had been " 'way off," that his ignorance had betrayed him, that she had misunderstood him altogether. He almost jumped at her.

"Oh, say, I did n't mean *that!*" he cried out. "For the Lord's sake! don't think I 'm such a Tenderloin tough as to make a break like that! Not on your life!"

Never since her birth had a male creature looked at Miss Alicia with the appeal which showed itself in his eyes as he actually put his arm half round her shoulders, like a boy begging a favor from his mother or his aunt.

"What I meant was—" He broke off and began again quite anxiously, "say, just as a favor, will you sit down again and let me tell you what I did mean?"

It was that natural, warm, boyish way which overcame her utterly. It reminded her of the only boy she had ever really known, the one male creature who had allowed her to be fond of him. There was moisture in her eyes as she let him put her back into her chair. When he had done it, he sat down on the ottoman again and poured himself forth.

"You know what kind of a chap I am. No, you don't, either. You may n't know a thing about me; and I want to tell you. I 'm so different from everything you 've ever known that I scare you. And no wonder. It 's the way I 've lived. If you knew, you 'd understand what I was

thinking of when I spoke just now. I 've been cold, I 've been hungry, I 've walked the wet streets on my uppers. I know all about *going without*. And do you expect that I am going to let a—a little thing like you—go away from here without friends and without money on the chance of getting into an almshouse that is n't vacant? Do you expect that of me? Not on your life! That was what I meant."

Miss Alicia quivered; the pale-purple ribbons on her little lace cap quivered.

"I have n't," she said, and the fine little dignity was piteous, "a *shadow* of a claim upon you." It was necessary for her to produce a pocket-handkerchief. He took it from her, and touched her eyes as softly as though she were a baby.

"Claim nothing!" he said. "I 've got a claim on *you*. I 'm going to stake one out right now." He got up and gesticulated, taking in the big room and its big furniture. "Look at all this! It fell on me like a thunderbolt. It 's nearly knocked the life out of me. I 'm like a lost cat on Broadway. You can't go away and leave me, Miss Alicia; it 's your duty to stay. You 've just *got* to stay to take care of me." He came over to her with a wheedling smile. "I never was taken care of in my life. Just be as noble to me as old Temple Barholm was to you: give me a sort of home."

If a little gentlewoman could stare, it might be said that Miss Alicia stared at him. She trembled with amazed emotion.

"Do you mean—" Despite all he had said, she scarcely dared to utter the words lest, after all, she might be taking for granted more than it was credible could be true. "Can you mean that if I stayed here with you it would make Temple Barholm seem more like *home?* Is it possible you—you mean *that?*"

"I mean just that very thing."

It was too much for her. Finely restrained little elderly gentlewoman as she was, she openly broke down under it.

"It can't be true!" she ejaculated shakily. "It is n't possible. It is too—too beautiful and kind. Do forgive me! I c-a-n't help it." She burst into tears.

She knew it was most stupidly wrong. She knew gentlemen did not like tears. Her father had told her that men never really forgave women who cried at them. And here, when her fate hung in the balance, she was not able to behave herself with feminine decorum.

Yet the new Mr. Temple Barholm took it in as matter-of-fact a manner as he seemed to take everything. He stood by her chair and soothed her in his dear New York voice.

"That 's all right, Miss Alicia," he commented. "You cry as much as you want to, just so that you don't say no. You 've been worried and you 're tired. I 'll tell you there 's been two or three times lately when I should like to have cried myself if I 'd known how. Say," he added with a sudden outburst of imagination, "I bet anything it 's about time you had tea."

The suggestion was so entirely within the normal order of things that it made her feel steadier, and she was able to glance at the clock.

"A cup of tea would be refreshing," she said. "They will bring it in very soon, but before the servants come I must try to express—"

But before she could express anything further the tea appeared. Burrill and a footman brought it on splendid salvers, in massive urn and tea-pot, with chaste, sacrificial flame flickering, and wonderful, hot buttered and toasted things and wafers of bread and butter attendant. As they crossed the threshold, the sight of Miss Alicia's small form enthroned in their employer's chair was one so obviously unanticipated that Burrill made a step backward and the footman almost lost the firmness of his hold on the smaller tray. Each recovered himself in time, however, and not until the tea was arranged upon the table near the fire was any outward recognition of Miss Alicia's presence made. Then Burrill, pausing, made an announcement entirely without prejudice:

"I beg pardon, sir, but Higgins's cart has come for Miss Temple Barholm's box; he is asking when she wants the trap."

"She does n't want it at all," answered Tembarom. "Carry her trunk up-stairs again. She 's not going away."

The lack of proper knowledge contained in the suggestion that Burrill should carry the trunks of distinguished persons up-stairs caused Miss Alicia to quail in secret, but she spoke with outward calm.

"No, Burrill," she said. "I am not going away."

"Very good, Miss," Burrill replied,

and with impassive civility he prepared to leave the room. Tembarom glanced at the tea-things.

"There 's only one cup here," he said. "Bring one for me."

Burrill's expression might perhaps have been said to start slightly.

"Very good, sir," he said, and made his exit. Miss Alicia was fluttering again.

"That cup was really for you, Mr. Temple Barholm," she ventured.

"Well, now it 's for you, and I 've let him know it," replied Tembarom.

"Oh, *please,*" she said in an outburst of feeling—"*please* let me tell you how *grateful*—how grateful I am!"

But he would not let her.

"If you do," he said, "I 'll tell you how grateful *I* am, and that 'll be worse. No, that 's all fixed up between us. It goes. We won't say any more about it."

He took the whole situation in that way, as though he was assuming no responsibility which was not the simple, inevitable result of their drifting across each other—as though it was only what any man would have done, even as though she was a sort of delightful, unexpected happening. He turned to the tray.

"Say, that looks all right, does n't it?" he said. "Now you are here, I like the way it looks. I did n't yesterday."

Burrill himself brought the extra cup and saucer and plate. He wished to make sure that his senses had not deceived him. But there she sat who through years had existed discreetly in the most unconsidered rooms in an uninhabited wing, knowing better than to presume upon her privileges—there she sat with an awed and rapt face gazing up at this new outbreak into Temple Barholm's and "him joking and grinning as though he was as pleased as Punch."

(To be continued)

THE VOICE OF THE DOVE

BY GEORGE STERLING

HEAR I the mourning-dove,
As now the swallow floats
Low o'er the shadowed oats?
Soft as the words of love,
Hear I her slow and supplicating notes?

O fugitive! O lone!
O burden pure and strong
That summer noons prolong!
O link in music shown
Between the silence and an angel's song!

The dulcimer and lute
Hoard not so swoonless woe.
What grief of long ago
Would now thy tone transmute
To what we sought afar and could not know?

Thy yearnings yet elude
Our quest and scrutiny,
Though mortals echo thee
Thy moan in solitude
For dreams that are not nor shall ever be.

So broken waters hold
A voice to sorrow set,
A world's foreknown regret,
Immutable, untold.
So seas remember, though our souls forget.

TOPICS OF THE TIME

THE LARGER HOPE AGAINST TAMMANY

NEW YORK'S IMPENDING BATTLE-ROYAL FOR THE WHOLE COUNTRY

OUR oldest and toughest political problems have now and then a way of putting on a face of hope. Long deemed insoluble, a possible solution is suddenly offered. What cynics describe as the intractable stuff of debased politics, youth and ardor and ingenuity find pliable at some unexpected touch. Counsels of despair give way to the high promise of reform.

Take our inveterate American municipal evil, the thing conveniently stated in a single word—Tammany. To make head against it has been said again and again to be hopeless. We gain spasmodically by inches, but we lose by yards. Reformers come and go, but Tammany goes on forever. So it is often said; but there have always been those who fought on undaunted, and this year of a mayoralty election in New York finds them in better heart than ever. They are working for a union against the common enemy, and they are sanguine of victory. Asked for reasons of the faith that is in them, they would answer somewhat as follows:

First, one great point is now fixed by common consent. Tammany is not a political party. It is not even a political machine, pure and simple. The people generally know it now as a private association of selfish men bent on private profit. The party mask has been torn from its face. We see it for what it really is—utterly self-seeking, entirely unscrupulous, wholly callous, evermore plotting to enrich its leaders at the expense of the city. It is the most powerful combination of irresponsibility and political rascality that the world has ever seen. *Voilà l'ennemi!* We know perfectly where we stand.

Second, this open unmasking and discrediting of Tammany before the whole country is a tremendous resource in fighting it. It can summon no allies from afar. The kind of moral countenance given it in other years by Democrats of national reputation is no longer to be had. The course of events at Baltimore last July settled this. In the Democratic National Convention Tammany had the most humiliating and, at the same time, enlightening experience. It was an object of general hissing and hatred. Again and again in the course of the convention the rain of contempt so pelted upon its sponsors' faces that even a front of triple brass could not conceal their mortification. Tammany entered the convention distrusted; it left it detested and impotent. The legend of its invincible political power had been swept away. In the Presidential campaign it was thought of as at best a nullity, at the worst a handicap. All this exposure and humbling last year constitutes an auspicious stripping for the fray next autumn. The right *atmosphere* for a stout and aggressive campaign against Tammany has been created. It is really a national fight. The eyes of the nation will be upon New York City.

Third, so far from Tammany reaping any advantage from a Democratic administration coming into power, the contrary effect is almost certain. Anything like aid and comfort from Woodrow Wilson to Charles F. Murphy is unthinkable. A political alliance, or even a working agreement, between the two would call to mind Carlyle's Heaven-and-Hell-Amalgamation Society. Tammany can expect no more than the barest and coldest "recognition" from the new President. In any clear-cut struggle for good government it would be more likely to have his open hostility. It was Grover Cleveland's boast and comfort that, in the course of his long political career he was never in Tammany Hall. Mr. Wilson may improve on that record. Certainly, the least he could do would be to keep hands off in a straight-out anti-Tammany fight. That he would, at all events privately, cry God-speed to the

sailants is what those who know him believe. In any case, he would not allow Tammany to hide behind the name "Democratic," or to seek to show that there was any agreement, or could be party fellowship, between him and it. Here is, then, another powerful reserve force in the battle against Tammany: it cannot pretend to have sympathy from the White House.

Fourth, added encouragement springs from the more stringent corrupt-practices acts now on the statute-books. Tammany's trusted weapons of bribery and corruption and debauching of the franchise on a large scale will break in its hands this year. And the old secret strength through sinister alliances with public-utility and other corporations will fail it. There is a new temper or, at any rate, a new attitude on the part of the unpatriotic rich men who used to finance Tammany for the sake of the protection or the special favors that Tammany could give them in return. Such sinews of war will be largely cut off this year. Those who used to supply them will be afraid to do it again; they will also doubt Tammany's ability to deliver the *quid pro quo;* they will dread the penalties of the law; they will be ashamed to look their fellows in the face. The fight against Tammany can be waged this year without the suspicion of limitless funds in its war-chest.

Fifth, also to be reckoned for good cheer is the high probability of a complete union against Tammany in the coming struggle for the city. The precedent of fusion in 1909 stands both as an encouragement and as an example to be improved upon. Concentric forces will be almost irresistible this year. As a proof of this, one need only note the instant condemnation which fell upon the suggestion that the Progressive party should stand by itself in the city campaign. That plan was at once denounced by Progressives themselves. They made it plain that they would disobey an order even from their commander-in-chief if it meant any diversion of strength from the assault upon Tammany. For thousands of the most ardent New York Progressives that would mean an order to commit suicide. When selfish politicians combine, honest men must unite. The pressure impelling to such a union this year will be greater than ever. It promises, in fact, to be irresistible.

With all these reasons for trusting, and not faintly, the larger hope against Tammany, there is no lack of justification for thinking the outlook flattering. The sole need is the right men to lead and the right spirit in those who follow. Given these, and the year 1913 should be the date to which the city and the nation will look back as the time when Tammany was smitten hip and thigh.

NATIONAL HONOR ON THE BARGAIN-COUNTER

AMERICAN public opinion has made adequate demonstration of the fact that whatever discredit there may be attached to our violation of the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty by reason of our discrimination in favor of our own shipping in the matter of Panama tolls, it must be charged not to the people, but to the small majority of the recently expired Congress, who, it is now seen, were speciously led to misrepresent the country by interested persons who were catching at a small, even a doubtful, local advantage. The vote of the New York Chamber of Commerce for repeal of the exemption, 332 to 8, gives a fair idea of the public attitude. It was left to the advocates of peace and arbitration—not, as is charged, to a railway lobby—to establish a prima-facie case of the willingness, even the eagerness, of Americans to keep the national faith and the national obligations. But this is not enough. The exemption must be repealed, and every day's delay in doing this adds to the immense injury we have done to our reputation, prestige, and trade throughout the world. Until that is done, patriotic citizens must continue to cry aloud in the market-place.

The new Congress has no more binding or pressing duty than to pass the bill for repeal which Messrs. Adamson of Georgia and Sims of Tennessee introduced in the House the moment the news was received of the signing of the Panama Act last August, and which Mr. Root introduced in the Senate at the winter session. We cannot believe that Congress will not respond to the conscience of the people. The new members are under no necessity of "saving their face," and the reëlected members who voted for the exemption now have a chance to save the face of the

country. The fallacy of Senator O'Gorman's plea that because—"in the thick and middle of the night—" the exemption policy was inserted in the Democratic national platform it must be considered sacrosanct, was promptly exposed by the New York "Sun," which reminded the senator that the same platform contained a downright declaration of hostility to subsidies, of which this is the most flagrant example, since it is a subsidy to a monopoly. Moreover, the exemption was never discussed before the people as a party measure, while anti-subsidy has been the slogan of Democrats for years. It is astounding that in the minds of some conscientious senators and members the plain and dominant relations of the question to the national honor and to subsidies can be obfuscated by talk about our traditional waterways policy and our right to do as we please with our own. The fact is that we own the canal only as a man owns his estate when it is subject to public right of way or to the lien of a mortgage.

Putting it at its best, we have simply marked down the national honor and tossed it on the bargain-counter. Was there ever such a sacrifice of the great for the little? What merchant would throw to the winds so lightly the "good will" of his firm? And for what purpose have Democrats forsworn their principles? Again, what do Irish members find to oppose in an English ministry that has just passed the Home Rule act? And why should advocates of a world policy for America endeavor to break a contract with the nation that was our one friend in Europe during the war with Spain? A distinguished American has put the situation in a nutshell in saying: "It is such manifest folly to do an unjustifiable thing in order to attain an unjustifiable end. It is like stealing something you don't want."

Every now and then an article appears of "The Battle of Dorking" type to show the danger of invasion of our country by reason of our lack of defenses, military or naval. In the present number we offer such a paper by Captain Malone on "The Capture of New York." In our judgment every such demonstration only makes clearer the necessity of a consistent and continuous policy of fair-treatment of other nations and of agreements to arbitrate to the utmost every possible difference. If we are to act dishonorably toward another country and then refuse to arbitrate the point because by our own action it has become a question of honor —then, indeed, have our obligations become but ropes of sand.

THE SILENT SUFFRAGISTS OF AMERICA

A TIME TO REVERSE THE PASSIVE POLICY TOWARD VIOLENCE

THE alarming feature of the growing lawlessness of women in England in alleged promotion of the cause of equal suffrage is not the actual violence there committed by a small fraction of the party, but the failure of American suffrage organizations to perceive their duty to follow the mass of English federated societies in disavowal of these acts. This is alarming because it implies one of two things: either that at heart the American party sympathizes with the violent method and is willing to have the cause profit, as they think, by the advertisement it thus receives —which is exactly the attitude of some labor leaders toward the McNamara campaign of dynamite; or that they have a false and dangerous idea of the functions of government and the responsibility of citizens to maintain them.

The English societies, under the wise leadership of Mrs. Fawcett, have gone on record creditably against hammer and vitriol and bomb. Up to the moment when this is written the American societies have not only been silent, but in prominent instances have given aid and comfort, sympathy and honor to Mrs. Pankhurst and her hysterical associates. It may well be the fact that American dollars have helped to sustain the hands that have destroyed plate-glass windows in Regent Street. It behooves right-meaning suffragists who disapprove of assaults on property and life to reflect on the results of allowing themselves to be counted with the party of violence against the party of reason.

Much as one may speak of the "different conditions" of England and the United States, one has only to hear the frank expressions of many cultivated American women to know that there is in this country a party of violence in embryo. The very terms in which they extenuate

the London crimes and misdemeanors reveal their inability to anchor their tempest-tossed minds to the main principle of government—*the tacit compact of citizens to abide by the law until it shall have been changed in orderly fashion.* They do not see that two wrongs do not make a right, and that the heaviest sense of wrong of a class cannot be allowed to submerge principles of government.

Again, they do not see that in a turbulent and lawless age they are called upon not only to refrain from imitation of the violence of the English militants—which, to their credit, they have done—but to throw their whole force on the side of order and reason. Unless they do this, and do it soon, they must not complain if as organizations they are regarded not as a conservative force to be added to the body politic to accomplish social reforms, but as an encouragement to the firebrand type of reformer.

"As a man thinketh, so he is," and women, under the convenient assumption of us anarchist that "this is war," cannot it d toleration and encouragement to disa er, even in theory, without undermin- w in their own thoughts the basis of civ- wation, which is obedience to law, with t ceable agitation for its improvement.

It is futile to say that because there is no such violence here American women are not called upon to disavow it. The noxious seeds have blown across the Atlantic and only await favorable conditions to bear fruit. If women are to be prepared for new responsibilities as citizens the Woman's Suffrage organizations ought by positive and downright public declaration and teaching to place the movement in line with the party of reason in England, and thus steady the emotional aberrations of many of their members who are sadly in need of direction.

A WRONG APPLICATION OF STATE RIGHTS

THE DANGER OF LOSING MUCH THAT HAS BEEN GAINED BY CONSERVATION

"THE perilous second year" has come to be an axiom of business. Something similar might be applied to reform movements. After the first enthusiasm every reform is likely to encounter if not a reaction at least a lull of enthusiasm. Just now this seems to be the case with the cause of Conservation. It is evident that a new and vigorous attack is impending upon the policy of national control of national resources. Incidentally, if not fundamentally, this attack is directed against the general policy of conservation, of which forest preservation is so large a part. We believe that the peril involved in this attack needs only to be made known to arouse to activity the latent force and conviction of the people.

The purpose of this attack, primarily, is to obtain a transfer to the States of the care of those extensive areas of national forests, chiefly at the headwaters of great rivers, which since 1891 have been reserved from private appropriation but not from public use, nor, under proper restrictions, even from private use. All our later Presidents—Harrison, Cleveland, McKinley, Roosevelt, and Taft—have been in substantial unanimity in this policy. Our readers do not need to be reminded that from its inception it has had the earnest support of THE CENTURY. It is too late in the day even to rehearse, much less to argue, the reasons which lie at the basis of this great revolution, this epochal change from chaos and extravagance, waste and neglect, to order, and economy, and wisdom. The people know the reasons and approve the policy.

In the face of the national drift of public opinion toward a larger interpretation of the functions and scope of the national government, there seems little prospect that the country will react to the academic position that the care of national forests is among the powers reserved by the Constitution to the States. The sovereignty of the nation is paramount in the States, at least over lands with the title of which it never has parted. If one hold otherwise it must be in the face of the consistent theory and uniform practice of Congress ever since we had a land policy. If the Government has not had the right to dispose of the public lands and forests, then there is a cloud upon the title of every "homesteader" west of the Mississippi River. That Congress has a right to turn over the reservations to the States is quite another question. But woe to the members who should vote to do so!

The other argument, that the States

would take better care of the forests, has not a leg to stand on. A case in point is the Yosemite Valley, the neglect of which during the time when it was held in trust by California was a national scandal, while since its recession to the United States it has been kept in excellent condition. Local control of national affairs is nearly always unfortunate. This is partly due to the human weakness that willingly sacrifices the "abstract" rights of a distant government to the concrete desires of neighbors and friends, who might embarrass the guardians or even terminate their tenure of office. The proverbial superiority of the Northwest Mounted Police of British Columbia over the locally appointed sheriff's posses on this side of the border is due to the fact that they are not accountable to the local authorities but to those of the Empire in London.

It is not less incorrect to assert that the forests are not well cared for by the present system. The Forestry Bureau with its vast responsibilities has successfully resisted all assaults upon the general wisdom of its management, while its integrity has been above question. It has well executed its task of laying out on blank paper, without American precedents, a program of administration that should not only provide against the destruction of the forests by greed or fire, so that their largest value to the country may be conserved, but for their proper use by bona fide residents in the vicinity. Every question has been studied with thoroughness in its economic aspects and in the light of the experience of the world, and to abandon a well-settled, advantageous, comprehensive, continuous, and civilized plan would be a folly little short of madness.

We have yet to refer to the irrepressible conflict of which the forestry policy is the center. Involved in its support are the profoundest questions of current interest. Its slogan, "The forests for the whole people," reflects the feeling of vast numbers of citizens of all political parties that a new era is upon us, that from now forward stronger safeguards must be thrown about all valuable national resources,—including especially forests, water power, and coal lands—not to prevent proper private exploitation, but to see that the public shares to a commensurate extent in its products. Nothing should now be given away, and franchises should not only be made to yield revenue to the Government but should be made to revert to it under definite conditions. The administration of these vast national utilities could and should be made to reduce appreciably the general cost of living. The old saying that "Uncle Sam is rich enough to give us all a farm" is not yet antiquated, and it will have a deeper significance when the impending income tax shall have made the taxpayer realize the expense of national housekeeping.

OPEN LETTERS

ON THE TWO KINDS OF REPORTERS

To a Future Graduate of the School of Journalism, from a Veteran

My dear Henry:

When they hand you your diploma in journalism, and you are on board the subway express bound for Park Row, you may state the problem that confronts you in the form of a very simple question: Will you be, for several years to come, a thirty-dollar-a-week-reporter or a seventy-dollar-a-week-reporter? This reads very much like the advertisement of a correspondence school, does n't it? Only the proper answer is not the same in both cases.

If you have ambition and ideals, you will aspire to a thirty-dollar position. If you do not feel yourself to be an exceptional man, you will be content with seventy dollars a week. I mean the first few years of your apprenticeship to the newspaper business when I say that the choice confronting you is between thirty dollars a week, with self-

respect, and seventy dollars a week—without self-respect.

When I say "without self-respect," don't imagine that I am about to fall into the common habit of describing the newspaper reporter as a creature half damnable and half damned. If ever a sinner has been heavily sinned against, it is he. Your ordinary citizen is likely to use the terms "reporter" and "press" interchangeably, and so heap on the poor fellow the vices of an entire institution. Your ordinary citizen is under the innocent impression that the reporter is the man that makes up the entire newspaper as it confronts the citizen on his breakfast-table, from the head-lines to the theatrical puffs. How should he know that the newspaper office, instead of being a free and independent assembly of news-searchers whose daily contributions determine each day what the paper shall be, is really a little general staff composed of various persons known as managing editors, city editors, night and day editors, special editors, and supplement editors, who stretch out tentacles in all directions. The tentacles are the reporters. Now, a reporter is not incarnate evil; he is not incarnate anything; he acts only in obedience to the directing intelligence at the center. He brings in the raw material. Whether the raw material is turned to good or ill, to food or poison, whether it evolves into a fair statement of the truth under a modest head-line, or becomes a hideous, shrieking falsehood four inches high and painted red, depends only to a minor degree on the reporter himself.

The odd thing is that this reporter shares largely in the common delusion regarding his functions and his influence in the newspaper world. He pictures himself as the world has depicted him—alert, restless, searching, sniffing, trailing, a skirmisher flung into the unknown by that advance-guard of civilization—the press. His ways are as unpredictable as those of a comic-opera prima donna, a cheap automobile, or George Bernard Shaw. He is capable of anything and everything. Well, in a sense, he may be. But it is true also that this restless agent of curiosity who is above all standards and conventions, is the creature of a pretty rigid set of conventions of his own. He has his methods and his foibles. In most cases, the way in which he goes about his business can be foretold as easily as if he were a plumber.

Thus, imagine that you are a distinguished foreigner on your first visit to this country. The reporter will board your ship, at a distance down New York harbor proportionate to your station in life, and will ask you the following questions:

1. How do you like New York, and is there anything abroad comparable to our sky-scrapers?

2. How soon is England going to fight Germany? (If you are a Frenchman he will ask whether immorality is on the increase in Paris. If you are a German he will ask why the Kaiser hates the Socialists. If you are a Russian he will ask you for the truth concerning the home life of the Czar.)

3. Will Turkey be driven from Europe?

4. Are taxicab rates abroad going up?

5. What do you think of the Zeppelin airship?

6. Does everybody in St. Petersburg wear a fur coat in winter?

7. Will Lloyd-George be the next prime minister?

8. Do you approve of the Montessori system?

These questions he will put to you when you are not talking of your own initiative. Our reporters always prefer to have the visitor talk instead of directing and monopolizing the conversation, differing in this respect from most English journalists.

But if you are an American citizen whom chance or merit has launched into fame, if you have written a book, let us say, and a certain ex-President has mentioned your book from the platform and so made you immortal, you will then be asked:

1. Do you do your writing in the morning or in the afternoon?

2. Should the tariff be reduced?

3. Is your wife at the hotel with you?

4. What results do you expect from the completion of the Panama Canal?

5. Do you (according to season) approve of a sane Fourth of July and in doing one's Christmas shopping early?

6. Do you use a fountain-pen or do you dictate your stuff?

7. What do you think of anti-vivisection?

8. Do you make many corrections in your proofs?

The nature of the separate questions may vary, but their logical relation, the entire

spirit of the interview, will always be very much the same.

Does it seem to you a very queer huddle of facts you have been asked to pronounce upon? Think it over before you laugh. Consider in the first place that if the reporter approaches you without knowledge he approaches you without prejudice also, and that is a great deal. Of course he has had no time to "bone up" on you in the "Britannica." You say he should make the time? Not if he is a seventy-dollar-a-week man. In the first place he works under too high pressure, and in the second place a real community of understanding between you two would spoil him for the very task to which he has been assigned. It is not your reasoned, commonplace opinion his employers want to print, but anything unreasonable, illogical, startling, and therefore picturesque, that you may happen to utter. If you are a distinguished German scientist the reporter will ask you about your specialty, in case he gets nothing else out of you. But if you should happen to mention that the most graceful ankles in the world are to be seen on Broadway, that is what will get into the head-lines.

You see, then, that the reporter approaches people and facts with that "innocence of the eye" which Ruskin said the artist must win back before he can discern the real world. The reporter is a clean slate for your impressions. He accepts facts, figures, names, dates, in an unquestioning mood. Mathematics especially is a closed book to him. Tell him that Germany is prepared to put twenty-five million armed men into the field against France, and he never will stop to ask you what is the male population of Germany. Tell him that in writing down the population of Great Britain he has put down a zero too much and he will say "All right," and strike off the zero. A million-dollar diamond necklace is just as probable to him as a ten-thousand-dollar necklace, and of course much more appealing from a professional point of view. It is not a case of native ignorance. The reporter has steeled himself to regard all facts as alike, because there is no telling what particular fact will appeal to the imagination of the man who writes the head-lines. On his last afternoon in New York, before sailing for a vacation in Bermuda, the next President of the United States spent a few minutes in shopping. The reporter, like a good reporter, chronicled the fact.

The result, in one evening paper, was this head-line:

"Wilson Buys Shirt And Sails For Bermuda!"

Am I too indulgent to the reporter? Very probably. I confess, for example, that I cannot always share the alarm and disgust of many good people who look upon the reporter and his employers as one of our most highly perfected institutions for the dissemination of error. College professors write to the editor, tearfully or indignantly complaining that they have been sadly misrepresented by the reporter who quoted them as saying that within five years we shall be creating life by artificial means. Clergymen write to deny that they have said dancing for young people is as highly a moral function as going to church. There is, of course, no excuse for such distortion of the facts; but it is proper to point out that the exaggerations of the press have often done a great deal of good by conferring publicity on a deserving cause. I wonder how many millionaires have been moved to give handsome endowments to research by sensational newspaper stories of consumption cures and cancer cures that are just about to be perfected.

Such is the newspaper man who works for seventy dollars a week, as the public and his victims know him. The other kind—the thirty-dollar man—does not bulk large in the public eye, even if they do constitute the bone and sinew of the profession, and also its salvation. It is for you, my dear Henry, to decide which camp you will join. Trained to a fair standard of knowledge, and imbued with a proper sense of moral responsibility, it is within your power to render service of the kind your professors have held up as an ideal. You will have to work for a respectable newspaper and be a thirty-dollar man for some years to come. But, after all, is n't it true of every calling that you must pay back your employer for the self-respect he permits you to retain? You will not be asked to rout a distinguished citizen out of bed to answer a charge of defalcation or bigamy. You will not be required, for the sake of obtaining an interview, to break in on weddings, funerals, and baptismal services. In general, you will be granted the luxury of so doing your work as to inflict a minimum of pain on the weak and the innocent. You will not be sent to interview aged gentlemen who are growing a third set of teeth, with instructions to bring back a wax impression of the new teeth and a photograph of the aged gentleman open-mouthed. You will not have to climb through windows or peer through transoms.

And I imagine you will find the thirty-dollar job quite as profitable as the other kind, in the long run.

Simeon Strunsky.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

AFTER-DINNER STORIES

THE SULTAN OF MORO ON THE *CHARLESTON*

BY E. C. ROST

FEW treaties ever were negotiated in more interesting and ludicrous circumstances than those that attended the one made in 1899 between General Bates and the Sultan of Moro. When, after much dilly-dallying, the Filipino potentate was finally induced to come on board the *Charleston,* the general's headquarters, every effort was made to put him in good humor. He and his suite partook freely of drink, but refused all food, as coming from the hands of Christians; yet they were in no danger of starving, for they had been careful to bring with them enormous sacks of rice.

When the guests were conducted over the man-of-war, they marveled at its mechanical mysteries. At the suggestion of an officer, the sultan touched an electric button, and instantly a Chinese servant appeared. Again, in response to suggestion, he touched the button twice, and a United States marine stood in the doorway. From that time every ornament aboard the ship that in any way suggested an electric button was pushed by the sultan or by some member of his suite. An officer conducted him into a dark room and showed him how to turn the button that adjusted the lighting-apparatus. The flood of light that resulted left him with gaping mouth and dilated eyes. His wonderment continued to grow throughout the afternoon, and whenever an opportunity afforded, he repeated the performance of pushing electric buttons and turning electric lights on and off. He even went so far, when he thought himself unwatched, as to try to appropriate one of the lighted bulbs.

When ice-water was brought in, the lump of ice in the pitcher was immediately seized by his royal highness and as quickly dropped to the floor. As the lump gradually diminished in size, the sultan's party looked at it in suspicion.

Mr. Shuck suggested to the sultan that he order one of his men aloft, and recall him when he reached the crow's-nest. The first order was easy to execute, but when a return was ordered, his voice having failed to carry, a megaphone was brought, and into this the sultan shouted for the man to return under penalty of instant death. Immediately the thoroughly frightened Moro dropped to the deck. The ruler took the dimensions of the strange mouthpiece and declared that he would make one for himself.

The most amusing incident occurred when the sultan, upon invitation, fired a Colt automatic gun. The explosion of the first discharge appeared to root him to the spot. His hands gripped the trigger, with the result that shells continued to pepper the surrounding waters. Again and again the royal gunner begged the officers to stop the action of the infernal machine, not knowing that the means of doing it lay in his own hands. So thoroughly frightened was he that it was impossible to make him loosen his hold, and an officer ordered the tape cut, thus stopping the supply of ammunition. The one-pounder was next brought into play; but the sultan refused to go near one of the eight-inch guns, which he had been invited to fire. Meantime the knives of his attendants had been taken to the dynamo-room and charged with electricity, with the result that the suite were of the opinion that the evil one himself was aboard. They begged and implored to be taken ashore, and, quite forgetful of their bags of rice, scurried down the gang-ladder. At night the search-light was brought to bear upon the Moro town of Bus Bus, and the instant desertion of the town followed, even the dogs leaving it. For many weeks thereafter no amount of persuasion could induce the inhabitants to return.

General Bates made his headquarters in the town of Jolo, and thither the sultan and his staff came on several occasions to discuss the treaty; subsequently they made another visit to the *Charleston.* This time the mother of the sultan accompanied the party, and during the visit a phonograph owned by one of the officers rendered selections for the entertainment of the guests. The aged dame sat entranced throughout the performance, and it was not until the time came for her son to affix his signature to the treaty that she awakened. On one condition only would she permit the sultan to sign: the

phonograph must become hers at once. For a time that phonograph threatened to be the means of upsetting all General Bates's well-laid plans for the amicable taking-over of the islands; but fortunately the owner was prevailed upon to part with the machine in the interests of his Government, and the treaty was executed.

REMINGTON ON TIGER-HUNTING

BY S. WALTER JONES

A CHARACTERISTIC story is told of the late Frederic Remington, the distinguished illustrator and sculptor, who also possessed marked ability as a writer. Besides being an admirable companion, with an inexhaustible fund of adventure and anecdote, he had a remarkable faculty of visualizing his experiences in his verbal descriptions.

One day the big genial artist was seated with a number of friends at the general table of a certain club, when the conversation turned upon various kinds of hunting. In the company was a short English army officer on his way through America to an Australian post. It was not long after the topic had been introduced that Remington, after talking enthusiastically of other kinds of sport, reached the climax in tiger-hunting.

"Oh, but the very best of all," he said, "must be tiger-hunting in India. Just imagine the experience," he continued, launching into a description of the sport as he had read of it, and getting more excited as he proceeded, emphasizing his words by descriptive gestures, which added to the enjoyment of his audience. "You see, it 's this way. You go out into the edge of the jungle, all mounted on elephants, and fully equipped, and just thrilling with anticipation; then you get down and go into the jungle while the beaters are scaring up the game. As you stand there all agog, it must be terribly exciting, every nerve and muscle on strain, and your eyes peering anxiously into the dim forest." Here Remington wobbled an imaginary rifle, to correspond with the excitement of his voice. "Pretty soon you hear shouts, and a crashing through the bushes. First thing you know—*whist!* before you can pull a trigger—a black-and-yellow streak goes past your head and disappears on the other side, with no chance for you to fire. The beaters come following along, and dash in after the tiger. There you stand more excited than ever. After what seems an eternity, come more shouts, and confusion, and excitement, and crash through the bushes comes the tiger again, and streaks past your head, and there you stand as if you had never fired a gun in your life."

Remington's voice had now grown louder, and his gestures more emphatic, and everybody in the room was listening. Just at this moment he caught the eye of the little English captain, who did not seem to be sharing the interest which Remington's graphic description had awakened in the company. Suddenly, Remington's voice dropped to an ordinary tone, and he said:

"Captain, have you ever been in India?"

"Oh, yes; oh, yes," said the captain with a decided English accent on the "oh," like the croaking of a small frog.

"Have you ever been tiger-hunting?"

"Oh, yes; oh, yes."

"Have you ever shot any tigers?"

"Oh, yes; oh, yes, about five-and-twenty."

Remington hesitated a little, but recovered himself, and went on earnestly:

"Well, Captain, is n't tiger shooting as I 've described it? Is n't it awfully thrilling and exciting and demoralizing? Don't they come leaping at you?"

"Oh, yes," said the little captain in something above a whisper; "they do bound about a bit."

CARREL-ATIVE THANATOLOGY

BY CORINNE ROCKWELL SWAIN

My Muse is stirred by the latest word
  In the annals of anthropology—
The mending of man on a composite plan,
  Like a marvel of old mythology.
With assorted glands and organs and hands,
  The gift of the new biology,
We 'll lengthen our days, to sound the praise
  Of Carrelative thanatology.

The Ethiop's hide he may change with pride,
  If he 'll patronize dermatology;
The criminal cell our "cures" may swell,
  Contributing its necrology.
Were Cæsar's clay but preserved to-day,
  He 'd be utilized *sans* apology;
What matters the source, if we speed the course
  Of Carrelative thanatology?

Hypotheses rise in weirdest guise
  To stagger our poor psychology;
Shall the infant's vein and the dotard's brain
  Unite to confuse chronology?
May the prelate's jaw plus the "bruiser's" paw
  Suggest new kinks in theology?
Must an Ego lost be the fearful cost
  Of Carrelative thanatology?

Is man to be but a potpourri
  Of pathology and zoölogy?
Will science claim to restrict and frame
  The ontology of cosmology?
Oh, I hope it 's clear, despite the queer
  Cryptology of nosology,
That I 'm deeply stirred by the latest word
  In Carrelative thanatology!

A STRANGE NEW PLAY

NOT long ago a passenger in a Washington street-car overheard two ladies discussing the theater.

"Have you been to see any new plays?"

"No, not yet, but we 're going on Monday night—to that foreign play that came over this fall—you know, that one with the queer name."

"You mean the one they 're going to give in New York, about the Greek suffragettes —'Lys-is'-tra-ta'?"

"No, not that. They say in the papers that it 's very interesting—it 's called 'Milés-to-nes.'"

THE EDITOR AND THE SONG

BY DEEMS TAYLOR

I BREATHED a song into the air;
It fell to earth by the editor's chair.
He, with scornfully curling lip,
Returned it, with a rejection slip.

Long, long afterward, when I 'd sold
My song elsewhere, for a sum untold,
This editor, by some hazard strange,
Reprinted it bodily, signed—*Exchange.*

OLD DADDY DO-FUNNY'S WISDOM JINGLES

BY RUTH MC ENERY STUART

THE PRIZE-WINNER

DAT Berkshire horg in de blue ribbon pen
Come home wid de heavy-weight prize again;
He looks mighty pompious in 'is stall,
But he 's on'y a fat horg, after all.
  An' he ain't by 'isself in dat, in dat—
  An' he ain't by 'isself in dat!

THE CHIMNEY-SWALLOW

WID 'is nest in de flue whar de suctions blow,
Storms due above an' fire below,
No wonder Brer Swaller sags an' sways
Like a pusson ableeged to dodge bofe ways.
  An' he ain't by 'isself in dat, in dat—
  An' he ain't by 'isself in dat!

THE ARISTOCRAT

DAT three-name chicken wid de feathery legs
Wha' 'merged f'om de ten dollar settin' of eggs,
Is a lonesome bird an' I s'picion he frets
Caze he can't outgrow dem pantalettes.
  An' he ain't by 'isself in dat, in dat—
  An' he ain't by 'isself in dat!

From a drawing by Abel Faivre, in the "Figaro"

AT AN EXHIBITION OF "CUBIST," OR "FUTURIST," PICTURES

SHE: Perhaps it is a map of the Balkan Mountains?